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1738.

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. I.



M. B. Schuyler

A. Duck, sculp.

NEW YORK
Harper & Brothers.
1837.



THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH
NOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO EACH PLAY,

BY
SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F.S.A.

AND
A LIFE OF THE POET,

BY
CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
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1837.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

'CAN it be wondered at (says Mr. Gifford) that Shakspeare should swell into twenty or even twice twenty volumes, when the latest editor (like the wind Cecias) constantly draws round him the floating errors of all his predecessors?' Upwards of twenty years ago, when the evil was not so great as it has since become, Steevens confessed that there was an 'exuberance of comment,' arising from the 'ambition in each little Hercules to set up pillars ascertaining how far he had travelled through the dreary wilds of black letter;' so that there was some danger of readers being 'frighted away from Shakspeare, as the soldiers of Cato deserted their comrade when he became bloated with poison—*crescens fugere cadaver.*' He saw with a prophetic eye that the evil must cure itself, and that the time would arrive when some of this ivy must be removed, which only served to 'hide the princely trunk, and suck the verdure out of it.'

This expurgatory task has been more than once undertaken, but has never hitherto, it is believed, been executed entirely to the satisfaction of the admirers of our great Poet: and the work has even now devolved upon one who, though not wholly unprepared for it by previous studies, has perhaps manifested his presumption in undertaking it 'with weak and unexamined shoulders.' He does not, however, shrink from a comparison with the labours of his predecessors, but would rather solicit that equitable mode of being judged; and will patiently, and with all becoming submission to the decision of a competent tribunal, abide the result.

As a new candidate for public favour, it may be expected that the Editor should explain the ground of his pretensions. The object then of the present publication is to afford the general reader a correct edition of Shakspeare, accompanied by an abridged commentary, in which all superfluous and refuted explanations and conjectures, and all the controversies and squabbles of contending critics should be omitted; and such elucidations only of obsolete words and obscure phrases, and such critical illustrations of the text as might be deemed most generally useful be retained. To effect this it has been necessary, for the sake of compression, to condense in some cases several pages of excursive discussion into a few lines, and often to blend together the information conveyed in the notes of several commentators into one. When these explanations are mere transcripts or abridgments of the labours of his predecessors, and are unaccompanied by any observation of his own, it will of course be understood that the Editor intends to imply by silent 'acquiescence that he has nothing better to propose.' Fortune, however, seems to have been propitious to his labours, for he flatters himself that he has been enabled in many instances to present the reader with more satisfactory explanations of difficult passages, and with more exact definitions of obsolete words and phrases, than are to be found in the notes to the various editions.

The causes which have operated to overwhelm the pages of Shakspeare with superfluous notes are many; but Steevens, though eminently fitted for

the task he undertook, was chiefly instrumental in increasing the evil. He has indeed been happily designated 'the Puck of commentators;' he frequently wrote notes, not with the view of illustrating the Poet, but for the purpose of misleading Malone, and of enjoying the pleasure of turning against him that playful ridicule which he knew so well how to direct. Steevens, like Malone, began his career as an Editor of Shakspeare with scrupulous attention to the old copies, but when he once came to entertain some jealousy of Malone's intrusion into his province, he all at once shifted his ground, and adopted maxims entirely opposed to those which guided his rival editor. Upon a recent perusal of a considerable portion of the correspondence between them, one letter seemed to display the circumstances which led to the interruption of their intimacy in so clear a light, and to explain the causes which have so unnecessarily swelled the comments on Shakspeare, that it has been thought not unworthy of the reader's attention. The letter has no date:—

'Sir,—I am at present so much harassed with private business that it is not in my power to afford you the long and regular answer which your letter deserves. Permit me, however, to desert order and propriety, replying to your last sentence first.—I assure you that I only erased the word *friend* because, considering how much controversy was to follow, that distinction seemed to be out of its place, and appeared to carry with it somewhat of a burlesque air. Such was my single motive for the change, and I hope you will do me the honour to believe I had no other design in it.

'As it is some time since my opinions have had the good fortune to coincide with yours in the least matter of consequence, I begin to think so indifferently of my own judgment, that I am ready to give it up without reluctance on the present occasion.—You are at liberty to leave out whatever parts of my note you please. However we may privately disagree, there is no reason why we should make sport for the world, for such is the only effect of public controversies; neither should I have leisure at present to pursue such an undertaking. I only meant to do justice to myself; and as I had no opportunity of replying to your reiterated contradictions in their natural order, on account of your perpetual additions to them; I thought myself under the necessity of observing, that I ought not to be suspected of being impotently silent in regard to objections which I had never read till it was too late for any replication on my side to be made. You rely much on the authority of an editor; but till I am convinced that volunteers are to be treated with less indulgence than other soldiers, I shall still think I have some right at least to be disgusted; especially after I had been permitted to observe that truth, not victory, was the object of our critical warfare.

'As for the note at the conclusion of *The Puritan*, since it gives so much offence, (an offence as undesigned as unforeseen,) I will change a part of it, and subjoin reasons for my dissent both from you

and Mr. Tyrwhitt. You cannot surely suspect me of having wished to commence hostilities with either of you; but you have made a very singular comment on this remark indeed. Because I have said I could overturn some of both your arguments on other occasions with ease, you are willing to infer that I meant all of them. Let me ask, for instance sake, what would become of his "undertakers," &c. were I to advance all I could on that subject. I will not offend you by naming any particular position of your own which could with success be disputed. I cannot, however, help adding, that had I followed every sentence of your attempt to ascertain the order of the plays, with a contradiction sedulous and unremitted as that with which you have pursued my Observations on Shakspeare's Will and his Sonnets, you at least would not have found your undertaking a very comfortable one. I was then an editor, and indulged you with even a printed foul copy of your work, which you enlarged as long as you thought fit.—The arrival of people on business prevents me from adding more than that I hope to be still indulged with the correction of my own notes on the [Yorkshire] Tragedy. I expect almost every one of them to be disputed, but assure you that I will not add a single word by way of reply. I have not returned you so complete an answer as I would have done had I been at leisure. You have, however, the real sentiments of your most humble servant,

G. STEEVENS.

The temper in which this letter was written is obvious. Steevens was at the time assisting Malone in preparing his Supplement to Shakspeare, and had previously made a liberal present to him of his valuable collection of old plays; he afterwards called himself 'a dowager editor,' and said he would never more trouble himself about Shakspeare. This is gathered from a memorandum by Malone, but Steevens does in effect say in one of his letters; adding, 'Nor will such assistance as I may be able to furnish ever go towards any future *gratuitous* publication of the same author: ingratitude and impertinence from several booksellers have been my reward for conducting two laborious editions, both of which, except a few copies, are already sold.'

In another letter, in reply to a remonstrance about the suspension of his visits to Malone, Steevens says:—"I will confess to you without reserve the cause why I have not made even my business submit to my desire of seeing you. I readily allow that any distinct and subjoined reply to my remarks on your notes is fair; but to change (in consequence of private conversation) the notes that drew from me those remarks, is to turn my own weapons against me. Surely, therefore, it is unnecessary to let me continue building when you are previously determined to destroy my very foundations. As I observed to you yesterday, the result of this proceeding would be, that such of my strictures as might be just on the first copies of your notes, must often prove no better than idle cavils, when applied to the second and amended editions of them. I know not that any editor has insisted on the very extensive privileges which you have continued to claim. In some parts of my Dissertation on Pericles, I am almost reduced to combat with shadows. We had resolved (as I once imagined) to proceed without reserve on either side through the whole of that controversy, but finally you acquainted me with your resolution (in right of editorship) to have the last word. However, for the future, I beg I may be led to trouble you only with observations relative to notes which are *fixed* ones. I had that advantage over my predecessors, and you have enjoyed the same over me; but I never yet possessed the means of obviating objections before they could be effectually made," &c.

Here then is the secret developed of the subsequent, unceasing, and unrelenting opposition with which Steevens opposed Malone's notes: their controversies served not 'to make sport for the world,' but to annoy the admirers of Shakspeare, by overloading his page with frivolous contention.

Steevens had undoubtedly, as he says of himself on another occasion—

'Fallen in the plash his wickedness had made;'
and in some instances contested the force and propriety of his own remarks when applied by Malone to parallel passages; or, as Malone observes: 'They are very good remarks, so far forth as they are his; but when used by me are good for nothing; and the disputed passages become printers' blunders, or Heiningsisms and Condelisms.' Hence his unremitted censure of the first folio copy, and support of the readings of the second folio, which Malone treats as of no authority;—his affected contempt for the Poems of Shakspeare, &c.

Mr. Boswell has judiciously characterized Steevens:—"With great diligence, an extensive acquaintance with early literature, and a remarkably retentive memory: he was besides, as Mr. Gifford has justly observed, "a wit and a scholar." But his wit and the sprightliness of his style were too often employed to bewilder and mislead us. His consciousness of his own satirical powers made him much too fond of exercising them at the expense of truth and justice. He was infected to a lamentable degree with the jealousy of authorship; and while his approbation was readily bestowed upon those whose competition he thought he had no reason to dread, he was fretfully impatient of a brother near the throne: his clear understanding would generally have enabled him to discover what was right; but the spirit of contradiction could at any time induce him to maintain what was wrong. It would be impossible, indeed, to explain how any one, possessed of his taste and discernment, could have brought himself to advocate so many indefensible opinions, without entering into a long and ungracious history of the motives by which he was influenced.'

Malone was certainly not so happily gifted; though Mr. Boswell's partiality in delineating his friend, presents us with the picture of an amiable and accomplished gentleman and scholar. There seems to have been a want of grasp in his mind to make proper use of the accumulated materials which his unwearied industry in his favourite pursuit had placed within his reach: his notes on Shakspeare are often tediously circumlocutory and ineffectual: neither does he seem to have been deficient in that jealousy of rivalry, or that pertinacious adherence to his own opinions, which have been attributed to his competitor.

It is superfluous here to enlarge on this topic, for the merits and defects of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, as commentators on Shakspeare, and the characters of those who preceded them, the reader will find sketched with a masterly pen in the Biographical Preface of Dr. Symmons, which accompanies this edition. The vindication of Shakspeare from idle calumny and ill founded critical animadversion, could not have been placed in better hands than in those of the vindicator of Milton; and his eloquent Essay must afford pleasure to every lover of our immortal Bard. It should be observed that the Editor, in his adoption of readings, differs in opinion on some points from his able coadjutor, with whom he has not the honour of a personal acquaintance. It is to be regretted that no part of the work was communicated to Dr. Symmons until nearly the whole of the Plays were printed; or the Editor and the Public would doubtless have benefited by his animadversions and suggestions in its progress through the press. The reader will not therefore be surprised at the preliminary censure of some readings which are still retained in the text.

Dr. Johnson's far famed Preface—which has so long hung as a dead weight upon the reputation of our great Poet, and which has been justly said to look like 'a laborious attempt to bury the characteristic merits of his author under a load of cumbersome phraseology, and to weigh his excellencies and defects in equal scales stuffed full of swelling figures and sonorous epithets,'—will, for obvious reasons, form no part of this publication. His brief

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

strictures at the end of each play have been retained in compliance with custom, but not without an occasional note of dissent. We may suppose that Johnson himself did not estimate these observations very highly, for he tells us that 'in the plays which are condemned there may be much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned!' Far be it from us to undervalue or speak slightly of our great moralist; but his most strenuous admirers must acknowledge that the construction of his mind incapacitated him from forming a true judgment of the creations of one who was 'of imagination all compact,' no less than his physical defects prevented him from relishing the beautiful and harmonious in nature and art.

'Quid valet ad surdas si cantet Phebus aures?
Quid cæcum Thamyram picta tabella juvat?'

It has been the studious endeavour of the Editor to avoid those splenetic and insulting reflections upon the errors of the commentators, where it has been his good fortune to detect them, which have been sometimes too captiously indulged in by labourers in this field of verbal criticism. Indeed it would ill become him to speak contemptuously of those who, with all their defects, have deserved the gratitude of the age; for it is chiefly owing to the labours of Tyrwhitt, Warton, Percy, Steevens, Farmer, and their successors, that attention has been drawn to the mine of wealth which our early literature affords; and no one will affect to deny that a recurrence to it has not been attended with beneficial effects, if it has not raised us in the moral scale of nations.

The plan pursued in the selection, abridgment, and concentration of the notes of others, precluded the necessity of affixing the names of the commentators from whom the information was borrowed; and, excepting in a few cases of controversial discussion, and of some critical observations, authorities are not given. The very curious and valuable illustrations of Shakspeare by Mr. Douce have been laid under frequent contribution; the obligation has not always been expressed; and it is therefore here acknowledged with thankfulness.

It will be seen that the Editor has not thought, with some of his predecessors, that the text of Shakspeare was 'fixed' in any particular edition beyond the hope or probability of future amendment. He has rather coincided with the opinion of Mr. Gifford, 'that those would deserve well of the public who should bring back some readings which Steevens discarded, and reject others which he has dopted.'

The text of the present edition is formed upon those of Steevens and Malone, occasionally compared with the early editions; and the satisfaction arising from a rejection of modern unwarranted deviations from the old copies has not unfrequently been the reward of this labour.

The preliminary remarks to each play are augmented with extracts from the more recent writers upon Shakspeare, and generally contain brief critical observations which are in many instances opposed to the dictum of Dr. Johnson. Some of these are extracted from the Lectures on the Drama, by the distinguished German critic, A. W. Schlegel, a writer to whom the nation is deeply indebted, for having pointed out the characteristic excellencies of the great Poet of nature, in an eloquent and philosophical spirit of criticism; which, though it may sometimes be thought a little tinged with mystical enthusiasm, has dealt out to Shakspeare his due meed of praise; and has, no doubt, tended to dissipate the prejudices of some neighbouring nations who have been too long wilfully blind to his merits.

Mr. Gifford, as it appears, once proposed to favour the public with an edition of Shakspeare: how admirably that excellent critic would have performed the task the world need not now be told. The Editor, who has been frequently indebted to the remarks on the language of our great Poet which occur in the notes to the works of Ben Jonson and Massinger, may be permitted to anticipate the public regret that these humble labours were not presented by that more skilful hand. As it is, he must console himself with having used his best endeavour to accomplish the task which he was solicited to undertake; had his power equalled his desire to render it useful and acceptable, the work would have been more worthy of the public favour, and of the Poet whom he and all unite in idolizing—

'—— The bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of soul sublime,
Who, from the flowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refin'd,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind;
He whom I feel, but want the power to paint'

JUVENAL, SAT. VII. *Mr. Gifford's Translation.*

MICKLEHAM,
Dec. 3, 1825,

THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH SOME

REMARKS UPON HIS DRAMATIC WRITINGS.

WHEREVER any extraordinary display of human intellect has been made, there will human curiosity, at one period or the other, be busy to obtain some personal acquaintance with the distinguished mortal whom Heaven had been pleased to endow with a larger portion of its own ethereal energy. If the favoured man walked on the high places of the world; if he were conversant with courts; if he directed the movements of armies or of states, and thus held in his hand the fortunes and the lives of multitudes of his fellow-creatures, the interest, which he excites, will be immediate and strong: he stands on an eminence where he is the mark of many eyes; and dark and unlettered indeed must be the age in which the incidents of his eventful life will not be noted, and the record of them be preserved for the instruction or the entertainment of unborn generations. But if his course were through the vale of life: if he were unmingled with the factions and the contests of the great: if the powers of his mind were devoted to the silent pursuits of literature—to the converse of philosophy and the Muse, the possessor of the ethereal treasure may excite little of the attention of his contemporaries; may walk quietly, with a veil over his glories, to the grave; and, in other times, when the expansion of his intellectual greatness has filled the eyes of the world, it may be too late to inquire for his history as a man. The bright track of his genius indelibly remains; but the trace of his mortal footstep is soon obliterated for ever. Homer is now only a name—a solitary name, which assures us, that, at some unascertained period in the annals of mankind, a mighty mind was indulged to a human being, and gave its wonderful productions to the perpetual admiration of men, as they spring in succession in the path of time. Of Homer himself we actually know nothing; and we see only an arm of immense power thrust forth from a mass of impenetrable darkness, and holding up the hero of his song to the applauses of never-dying fame. But it may be supposed that the revolution of, perhaps, thirty centuries has collected the cloud which thus withdraws the father of poesy from our sight. Little more than two centuries have elapsed since William Shakspeare conversed with our tongue, and trod the selfsame soil with ourselves; and if it were not for the records kept by our Church in its registers of births, marriages, and burials, we should at this moment be as personally ignorant of the “sweet swan of Avon” as we are of the old minstrel and rhapsodist of Meles. That William Shakspeare was born in Stratford upon Avon; that he married and had three children; that he wrote a certain number of dramas; that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town, are positively the only facts, in the personal history of this extraordinary man, of which we are certainly possessed; and, if we should be

solicitous to fill up this bare and most unsatisfactory outline, we must have recourse to the vague reports of unsubstantial tradition, or to the still more shadowy inferences of lawless and vagabond conjecture. Of this remarkable ignorance of one of the most richly endowed with intellect of the human species, who ran his mortal race in our own country, and who stands separated from us by no very great intervention of time, the causes may not be difficult to be ascertained. William Shakspeare was an actor and a writer of plays; in neither of which characters, however he might excel in them, could he be lifted high in the estimation of his contemporaries. He was honoured, indeed, with the friendship of nobles, and the patronage of monarchs: his theatre was frequented by the wits of the metropolis; and he associated with the most intellectual of his times. But the spirit of the age was against him; and, in opposition to it, he could not become the subject of any general or comprehensive interest. The nation, in short, knew little and cared less about him. During his life, and for some years after his death, inferior dramatists outran him in the race of popularity; and then the flood of puritan fanaticism swept him and the stage together into temporary oblivion. On the restoration of the monarchy and the theatre, the school of France perverted our taste, and it was not till the last century was somewhat advanced that William Shakspeare arose again, as it were, from the tomb, in all his proper majesty of light. He then became the subject of solicitous and learned inquiry: but inquiry was then too late; and all that it could recover, from the ravage of time, were only a few human fragments, which could scarcely be united into a man. To these causes of our personal ignorance of the great bard of England, must be added his own strange indifference to the celebrity of genius. When he had produced his admirable works, ignorant or heedless of their value, he abandoned them with perfect indifference to oblivion or to fame. It surpassed his thought that he could grow into the admiration of the world; and, without any reference to the curiosity of future ages, in which he could not conceive himself to possess an interest, he was contented to die in the arms of obscurity, as an unlaurelled burgher of a provincial town. To this combination of causes are we to attribute the scantiness of our materials for the Life of William Shakspeare. His works are in myriads of hands: he constitutes the delight of myriads of readers: his renown is coextensive with the civilization of man; and, striding across the ocean from Europe, it occupies the wide region of transatlantic empire: but he is himself only a shadow which disappoints our grasp; an undefined form which is rather intimated than discovered to the keenest searchings of our eye. Of the little however, questionable or certain, which can be told of him, we must now proceed to make the best use in our power, to write what by courtesy may be called

his life; and we have only to lament that the result of our labour must greatly disappoint the curiosity which has been excited by the grandeur of his reputation. The slight narrative of Rowe, founded on the information obtained, in the beginning of the last century, by the inquiries of Betterton, the famous actor, will necessarily supply us with the greater part of the materials with which we are to work.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, or SHAKSPERE, (for the floating orthography of the name is properly attached to the one or the other of these varieties,) was baptized in the church of Stratford upon Avon, as is ascertained by the parish register, on the 26th of April, 1564; and he is said to have been born on the 23d of the same month, the day consecrated to the tutelar saint of England. His parents, John and Mary Shakspeare, were not of equal ranks in the community; for the former was only a respectable tradesman, whose ancestors cannot be traced into gentility, whilst the latter belonged to an ancient and opulent house in the county of Warwick, being the youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Wilmeccote. The family of the Ardens (or Ardernes, as it is written in all the old deeds,) was of considerable antiquity and importance, some of them having served as high sheriffs of their county, and two of them (Sir John Arden and his nephew, the grandfather of Mrs. Shakspeare,) having enjoyed each a station of honour in the personal establishment of Henry VII. The younger of these Ardens was made, by his sovereign, keeper of the park of Aldercar, and bailiff of the lordship of Codnore. He obtained, also, from the crown, a valuable grant in the lease of the manor of Yoxsal, in Staffordshire, consisting of more than 4,600 acres, at a rent of 42*l*. Mary Arden did not come dowryless to her plebeian husband, for she brought to him a small freehold estate called Asbies, and the sum of 6*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. in money. The freehold consisted of a house and fifty-four acres of land; and, as far as it appears, it was the first piece of landed property which was ever possessed by the Shakspeares. Of this marriage the offspring was four sons and four daughters; of whom Joan (or, according to the orthography of that time, Jone,) and Margaret, the eldest of the children died, one in infancy and one at a somewhat more advanced age; and Gilbert, whose birth immediately succeeded to that of our Poet, is supposed by some not to have reached his maturity, and by others, to have attained to considerable longevity. Joan, the eldest of the four remaining children, and named after her deceased sister, married William Hart, a hatter in her native town; and Edmund, the youngest of the family, adopting the profession of an actor, resided in St. Saviour's parish in London; and was buried in St. Saviour's Church, on the last day of December, 1607, in his twenty-eighth year. Of Anne and Richard, whose births intervened between those of Joan and Edmund, the parish register tells the whole history, when it records that the former was buried on the 4th of April, 1579, in the eighth year of her age, and the latter on the 4th of February, 1612-13, when he had nearly completed his thirtieth.

In consequence of a document, discovered in the year 1770, in the house in which, if tradition is to be trusted, our Poet was born, some persons have concluded that John Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic, though he had risen, by the regular gradation of office, to the chief dignity of the corporation of Stratford, that of high bailiff; and, during the whole of this period, had unquestionably conformed to the rites of the Church of England. The asserted fact seemed not to be very probable; and the document in question, which, drawn up in a testamentary form and regularly attested, zealously professes the Roman faith of him in whose name it speaks, having been subjected to a rigid examination by Malone, has been pronounced to be spurious. The trade of John Shakspeare, as well as his reli-

gious faith, has recently been made the subject of controversy. According to the testimony of Rowe, grounded on the tradition of Stratford, the father of our Poet was a dealer in wool, or, in the provincial vocabulary of his country, a wool-driver; and such he has been deemed by all the biographers of his son, till the fact was thrown into doubt by the result of the inquisitiveness of Malone. Finding, in an old and obscure MS. purporting to record the proceedings of the bailiff's court in Stratford, our John Shakspeare designated as a Glover, Malone exults over the ignorance of poor Rowe, and assumes no small degree of merit to himself as the discoverer of a long sought and a most important historic truth. If he had recollected the remark of the clown in the Twelfth Night,* that "a sentence is but a cheverel glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outwards!" he would, doubtless, have pressed the observation into his service, and brought it as an irresistible attestation of the veracity of his old MS.

Whatever may have been the trade of John Shakspeare, whether that of wool-merchant or of Glover, it seems, with the little fortune of his wife, to have placed him in a state of easy competence. In 1569 or 1570, in consequence partly of his alliance with the Ardens, and partly of his attainment of the prime municipal honours of his town, he obtained a concession of arms from the herald's office, a grant, which placed him and his family on the file of the gentry of England; and, in 1574, he purchased two houses, with gardens and orchards annexed to them, in Henley Street, in Stratford. But before the year 1578, his prosperity, from causes not now ascertainable, had certainly declined; for in that year, as we find from the records of his borough, he was excused, in condescension to his poverty, from the moiety of a very moderate assessment of six shillings and eight pence, made by the members of the corporation on themselves; at the same time that he was altogether exempted from his contribution to the relief of the poor. During the remaining years of his life, his fortunes appear not to have recovered themselves; for he ceased to attend the meetings of the corporation hall, where he had once presided; and, in 1586, another person was substituted as alderman in his place, in consequence of his magisterial inefficiency. He died in the September of 1601, when his illustrious son had already attained to high celebrity; and his wife, Mary Shakspeare, surviving him for seven years, deceased in the September of 1608, the burial of the former being registered on the eighth and that of the latter on the ninth of this month, in each of these respective years.

On the 30th of June, 1564, when our Poet had not yet been three months in this breathing world, his native Stratford was visited by the plague; and, during the six succeeding months, the ravaging disease is calculated to have swept to the grave more than a seventh part of the whole population of the place. But the favoured infant reposed in security in his cradle, and breathed health amid an atmosphere of pestilence. The Genius of England may be supposed to have held the arm of the destroyer, and not to have permitted it to fall on the consecrated dwelling of his and Nature's darling. The disease, indeed, did not overstep his charmed threshold; for the name of Shakspeare is not to be found in the register of deaths throughout that period of accelerated mortality. That he survived this desolating calamity of his townsmen, is all that we know of William Shakspeare from the day of his birth till he was sent, as we are informed by Rowe, to the free-school of Stratford; and was stationed there in the course of his education, till, in consequence of the straitened circumstances of his father, he was recalled to the paternal roof. As we are not told at what age he was sent to school, we cannot form any estimate of the time during which he remained there. But if he was placed under his

master when he was six years old, he might have continued in a state of instruction for seven or even for eight years; a term sufficiently long for any boy, not an absolute blockhead, to acquire something more than the mere elements of the classical languages. We are too ignorant, however, of dates in these instances to speak with any confidence on the subject; and we can only assert that seven or eight of the fourteen years, which intervened between the birth of our Poet in 1564 and the known period of his father's diminished fortune in 1578, might very properly have been given to the advantages of the free-school. But now the important question is to be asked—What were the attainments of our young Shakspeare at this seat of youthful instruction? Did he return to his father's house in a state of utter ignorance of classic literature? or was he as far advanced in his school-studies as boys of his age (which I take to be thirteen or fourteen) usually are in the common progress of our public and more reputable schools? That his scholastic attainments did not rise to the point of learning, seems to have been the general opinion of his contemporaries; and to this opinion I am willing to assent. But I cannot persuade myself that he was entirely unacquainted with the classic tongues; or that, as Farmer and his followers labour to convince us, he could receive the instructions, even for three or four years, of a school of any character, and could then depart without any knowledge beyond that of the Latin accidence. The most accomplished scholar may read with pleasure the poetic versions of the classic poets; and the less advanced proficient may consult his indolence by applying to the page of a translation of a prose classic, when accuracy of quotation may not be required; and on evidences of this nature is supported the charge which has been brought, and which is now generally admitted, against our immortal bard, of more than school-boy ignorance. He might, indeed, from necessity apply to North for the interpretation of Plutarch; but he read Golding's Ovid only, as I am satisfied, for the entertainment of its English poetry. Ben Jonson, who must have been intimately conversant with his friend's classic acquisitions, tells us expressly that, "He had small Latin and less Greek." But, according to the usual plan of instruction in our schools, he must have traversed a considerable extent of the language of Rome, before he could touch even the confines of that of Greece. He must in short have read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and a part at least of Virgil, before he could open the grammar of the more ancient, and copious, and complex dialect. This I conceive to be a fair statement of the case in the question respecting Shakspeare's learning. Beyond controversy he was not a scholar; but he had not profited so little by the hours, which he had passed in school, as not to be able to understand the more easy Roman authors without the assistance of a translation. If he himself had been asked, on the subject, he might have parodied his own Falstaff and have answered, "Indeed I am not a Scaliger or a Budeus, but yet no blockhead, friend." I believe also that he was not wholly unacquainted with the popular languages of France and Italy. He had abundant leisure to acquire them; and the activity and the curiosity of his mind were sufficiently strong to urge him to their acquisition. But to discuss this much agitated question would lead me beyond the limits which are prescribed to me; and, contenting myself with declaring that, in my opinion, both parties are wrong, both they who contend for our Poet's learning, and they who place his illiteracy on a level with that of John Taylor, the celebrated water-poet, I must resume my humble and most deficient narrative. The classical studies of William Shakspeare, whatever progress he may or may not have made in them, were now suspended; and he was replaced in his father's house, when he had attained his thirteenth or fourteenth year, to assist with his hand in the maintenance of the family. Whether

he continued in this situation whilst he remained in his single state, has not been told to us, and cannot therefore at this period be known. But in the absence of information, conjecture will be busy; and will soon cover the bare desert with unprofitable vegetation. Whilst Malone surmises that the young Poet passed the interval, till his marriage, or a large portion of it, in the office of an attorney, Aubrey stations him during the same term at the head of a country school. But the surmises of Malone are not universally happy; and to the assertions of Aubrey* I am not disposed to attach more credit than was attached to them by Anthony Wood, who knew the old gossip and was competent to appreciate his character. It is more probable that the necessity, which brought young Shakspeare from his school, retained him with his father's occupation at home, till the acquisition of a wife made it convenient for him to remove to a separate habitation. It is reasonable to conclude that a mind like his, ardent, excursive, and "all compact of imagination," would not be satisfied with entire inactivity; but would obtain knowledge where it could, if not from the stores of the ancients, from those at least which were supplied to him by the writers of his own country.

In 1582, before he had completed his eighteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter, as Rowe informs us, of a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. We are unacquainted with the precise period of their marriage, and with the church in which it was solemnized, for in the register of Stratford there is no record of the event; and we are made certain of the year, in which it occurred, only by the baptism of Susanna, the first produce of the union, on the 26th of May, 1583. As young Shakspeare neither increased his fortune by this match, though he probably received some money with his wife, nor raised himself by it in the community, we may conclude that he was induced to it by inclination, and the impulse of love. But the youthful poet's dream of happiness does not seem to have been realized by the result. The bride was eight years older than the bridegroom; and whatever charms she might possess to fascinate the eyes of her boy-lover, she probably was deficient in those powers which are requisite to impose a durable fetter on the heart, and to hold "in sweet captivity" a mind of the very highest order. No charge is intimated against the lady: but she is left in Stratford by her husband during his long residence in the metropolis; and on his death, she is found to be only slightly, and, as it were, casually remembered in his will. Her second pregnancy, which was productive of twins, (Hamnet and Judith, baptized on the 2d of February, 1584-5,) terminated her pride as a mother; and we know nothing more respecting her than that, surviving her illustrious consort by rather more than seven years, she was buried on the 8th of August, 1623, being, as we are told by the inscription on her tomb, of the age of sixty-seven. Respecting the habits of life, or the occupation of our young Poet by which he obtained his subsistence, or even the place of his residence, subsequently to his marriage, not a floating syllable has been wafted to us by tradition for the gratification of our curiosity; and the history of this great man is a perfect blank till the occurrence of an event, which drove him from his native town, and gave his wonderful intellect to break out in its full lustre on the world. From the frequent allusions in his writings to the elegant sport of falconry, it has been suggested that this, possibly, might be one of his favourite amusements: and nothing can be more probable, from the active season

* What credit can be due to this Mr. Aubrey, who picked up information on the highway and scattered it every where as authentic? who whipped Milton at Cambridge in violation of the university statutes; and who, making our young Shakspeare a butcher's boy, could embue his hands in the blood of calves, and represent him as exulting in poetry over the convulsions of the dying animals?

of his life, and his fixed habitation in the country, than his strong and eager passion for all the pleasures of the field. As a sportsman, in his rank of life, he would naturally become a poacher; and then it is highly probable that he would fall into the acquaintance of poachers; and, associating with them in his idler hours, would occasionally be one of their fellow-marauders on the manors of their rich neighbours. In one of these licentious excursions on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, for the purpose, as it is said, of stealing his deer, our young bard was detected; and, having farther irritated the knight by affixing a satirical ballad on him to the gates of Charlecote, he was compelled to fly before the enmity of his powerful adversary, and to seek an asylum in the capital. Malone,* who is prone to doubt, wishes to question the truth of this whole narrative, and to ascribe the flight of young Shakspeare from his native country to the embarrassment of his circumstances, and the persecution of his creditors. But the story of the deer-stealing rests upon the uniform tradition of Stratford, and is confirmed by the character of Sir T. Lucy, who is known to have been a rigid preserver of his game, by the enmity displayed against his memory by Shakspeare in his succeeding life; and by a part of the offensive ballad itself, preserved by a Mr. Jones of Tarbick, a village near to Stratford, who obtained it from those who must have been acquainted with the fact, and who could not be biased by any interest or passion to falsify or misstate it. Besides the objector, in this instance, seems not to be aware that it was easier to escape from the resentment of an offended proprietor of game, than from the avarice of a creditor: that whilst the former might be satisfied with the removal of the delinquent to a situation where he could no longer infest his parks or his warrens, the latter would pursue his debtor wherever bailiffs could find and writs could attach him. On every account, therefore, I believe the tradition, recorded by Rowe, that our Poet retired from Stratford before the exasperated power of Sir T. Lucy, and found a refuge in London, not possibly beyond the reach of the arm, but beyond the hostile purposes of his provincial antagonist.

The time of this eventful flight of the great bard of England cannot now be accurately determined: but we may somewhat confidently place it between the years 1585 and 1588; for in the former of these we may conclude him to have been present with his family at the baptism of his twins, Hamnet and Judith; and than the latter of them we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know† that before 1592 he had not only written two long poems, the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, but had acquired no small degree of celebrity as an actor and as a dramatic writer.

At this agitating crisis of his life, the situation of young Shakspeare was certainly, in its obvious aspect, severe and even terrific. Without friends to protect or assist him, he was driven, under the frown of exasperated power, from his profession; from his native fields; from the companions of his childhood and his youth; from his wife and his in-

fant offspring. The world was spread before him, like a dark ocean, in which no fortunate isle could be seen to glitter amid the gloomy and sullen tide. But he was blessed with youth and health; his conscience was unwounded, for the adventure for which he suffered, was regarded, in the estimation of his times, as a mere boy's frolic, of not greater guilt than the robbing of an orchard; and his mind, rich beyond example in the gold of heaven, could throw lustre over the black waste before him, and could people it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine him, then, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive as he is described by the poet—

*Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisset, et virilem
Torvus humi posuisse, vultum, &c.*

but touched with some feelings of natural sorrow, yet with an unflinching step, and with hope vigorous at his heart. It was impossible that he should despair; and if he indulged in sanguine expectation, the event proved him not to be a visionary. In the course of a few years, the exile of Stratford became the associate of wits, the friend of nobles, the favourite of monarchs; and in a period which still left him not in sight of old age, he returned to his birth-place in affluence, with honour, and with the plaudits of the judicious and the noble resounding in his ears.

His immediate refuge in the metropolis was the stage; to which his access, as it appears, was easy. Stratford was fond of theatrical representations, which it accommodated with its town or guildhall; and had frequently been visited by companies of players when our Poet was of an age, not only to enjoy their performances, but to form an acquaintance with their members. Thomas Greene, who was one of their distinguished actors, has been considered by some writers as a kinsman of our author's; and though he, possibly, may have been confounded by them with another Thomas Greene, a barrister, who was unquestionably connected with the Shakspeares, he was certainly a fellow townsman of our fugitive bard's; whilst Heminge and Burbage, two of the leaders of the company in question, belonged either to Stratford or to its immediate neighbourhood. With the door of the theatre thus open to him, and under the impulse of his own natural bias, (for however in after life he may have lamented his degradation as a professional actor, it must be concluded that he now felt a strong attachment to the stage,) it is not wonderful that young Shakspeare should solicit this asylum in his distress; or that he should be kindly received by men who knew him, and some of whom were connected, if not with his family, at least with his native town. The company, to which he united himself, was the Earl of Leicester's or the Queen's; which had obtained the royal license in 1574. The place of its performances, when our Poet became enrolled among its members, was the Globe on the Bankside; and its managers subsequently purchased the theatre of Blackfriars, (the oldest theatre in London,) which they had previously rented for some years; and at these two theatres, the first of which was open in the centre for summer representations, and the last covered for those of winter, were acted all the dramatic productions of Shakspeare. That he was at first received into the company in a very subordinate situation, may be regarded not merely as probable, but as certain: that he ever carried a link to light the frequenters of the theatre, or ever held their horses, must be rejected as an absurd tale, fabricated, no doubt, by the lovers of the marvellous, who were solicitous to obtain a contrast in the humility of his first to the pride of his subsequent fortunes. The mean and servile occupation, thus assigned to him, was incompatible with his circumstances, even in their present afflicted state: and his relations and connec-

* Malone was much addicted to doubt. Knowing, perhaps, that, on all the chief topics of the Grecian schools of philosophy, the great mind of Cicero faltered in doubt, our commentator and critic wished, possibly, to establish his claim to a superiority of intellect by the same academic withholding of assent. He ought, however, to have been aware that scepticism, which is sometimes the misfortune of wise men, is generally the affection of fools.

† The first stanza of this ballad, which is admitted to be genuine, may properly be preserved as a curiosity. But as it is to be found in every life of our author, with the exception of Rowe's, I shall refer my readers, to whom it could not be gratifying, to some other page for it than my own.

‡ From Robert Greene's posthumous work, written in 1592, and Chetle's *Kind Heart's Dream*, published very soon afterwards

tions, though far from wealthy, were yet too remote from absolute poverty, to permit him to act for a moment in such a degrading situation. He was certainly, therefore, immediately admitted within the theatre; but in what rank or character cannot now be known. This fact, however, soon became of very little consequence; for he speedily raised himself into consideration among his new fellows by the exertions of his pen, if not by his proficiency as an actor. When he began his career as a dramatic writer; or to what degree of excellence he attained in his personation of dramatic characters, are questions which have been frequently agitated without any satisfactory result. By two publications, which appeared toward the end of 1592, we know, or at least we are induced strongly to infer, that at that period, either as the corrector of old or as the writer of original dramas, he had supplied the stage with a copiousness of materials. We learn also from the same documents that, in his profession of actor, he trod the boards not without the acquisition of applause. The two publications, to which I allude, are Robert Greene's "Groatworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," and Henry Chettle's "Kind Hart's Dream." In the former of these works, which was published by Chettle subsequently to the unhappy author's decease, the writer, addressing his fellow dramatists, Marlowe, Peele, and Lodge, says, "Yes! trust me not," (the managers of the theatre;) "for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." As it could not be doubtful against whom this attack was directed, we cannot wonder that Shakspeare should be hurt by it: or that he should expostulate on the occasion rather warmly with Chettle as the editor of the offensive matter. In consequence, as it is probable, of this expression of resentment on the part of Shakspeare, a pamphlet from the pen of Chettle called "Kind Hart's Dream" issued from the press before the close of the same year (1592,) which had witnessed the publication of Greene's posthumous work. In this pamphlet, Chettle acknowledges his concern for having edited any thing which had given pain to Shakspeare, of whose character and accomplishments he avows a very favourable opinion. Marlowe, as well as Shakspeare, appears to have been offended by some passages in this production of poor Greene's: and to both of these great dramatic poets Chettle refers in the short citation which we shall now make from his page: "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them" (concluded to be Marlowe, whose moral character was unhappily not good) "I care not if I never be. The other," (who must necessarily be Shakspeare,) "whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had; for that, as I have moderated the hate of living authors, and might have used my own discretion, (especially in such a case, the author being dead,) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault: because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent in the quality he professes. Besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." Shakspeare was now twenty-eight years of age; and this testimony of a contemporary, who was acquainted with him, and was himself an actor, in favour of his moral and his professional excellence, must be admitted as of considerable value. It is evident that he had now written for the stage; and before he entered upon dramatic composition, we are certain that he had completed, though he had not published his two long and laboured poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*. We cannot, therefore, date his arrival in the capital later than 1588, or, perhaps, than 1587; and the four or five years which interposed between his

departure from Stratford and his becoming the object of Greene's malignant attack, constituted a busy and an important period of his life. Within this term he had conciliated the friendship of the young Thomas Wrietholies, the liberal, the high souled, the romantic Earl of Southampton: a friendship which adhered to him throughout his life; and he had risen to that celebrity, as a poet and a dramatist, which placed him with the first wits of the age, and subsequently lifted him to the notice and the favour of Elizabeth and James, as they successively sate upon the throne of England.

At the point of time which our narrative has now reached, we cannot accurately determine what dramatic pieces had been composed by him: but we are assured that they were of sufficient excellence to excite the envy and the consequent hostility of those who, before his rising, had been the luminaries of the stage. It would be gratifying to curiosity if the feat were possible, to adjust with any precision the order in which his wonderful productions issued from his brain. But the attempt has more than once been made, and never yet with entire success. We know only that his connection with the stage continued for about twenty years, (though the duration even of this term cannot be settled with precision,) and that, within this period he composed either partially, as working on the ground of others, or educating them altogether from his own fertility, thirty-five or (if that wretched thing, *Pericles*, in consequence of Dryden's testimony in favour of its authenticity, and of a few touches of *THE GOLDEN PEN* being discoverable in its last scenes, must be added to the number) thirty-six dramas; and that of these it is probable that such as were founded on the works of preceding authors were the first essays of his dramatic talent; and such as were more perfectly his own, and are of the first sparkle of excellence, were among the last. While I should not hesitate, therefore, to station "*Pericles*," the three parts of "*Henry VI.*," (for I cannot see any reason for throwing the first of these parts from the protection of our author's name,) "*Love's Labour Lost*," "*The Comedy of Errors*," "*The Taming of the Shrew*," "*King John*," and "*Richard II.*," among his earliest productions, I should, with equal confidence, arrange "*Macbeth*," "*Lear*," "*Othello*," "*Twelfth Night*," and "*The Tempest*," with his latest, assigning them to that season of his life, when his mind exulted in the conscious plenitude of power. Whatever might be the order of succession in which this illustrious family of genius sprang into existence, they soon attracted notice, and speedily compelled the homage of respect from those who were the most eminent for their learning, their talents, or their rank. Jonson, Selden, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Donne, were the associates and the intimates of our Poet: the Earl of Southampton was his especial friend: the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery were avowedly his admirers and patrons: Queen Elizabeth distinguished him with her favour; and her successor, James, with his own hand, honoured the great dramatist with a letter of thanks for the compliment paid in *Macbeth* to the royal family of the Stuarts.*

The circumstance which first brought the two lords of the stage, Shakspeare and Jonson, into that embrace of friendship which continued indissoluble, as there is reason to believe, during the permission of mortality, is reported to have been the kind assistance given by the former to the latter, when he was offering one of his plays (*Every Man in his Humour*) for the benefit of representation. The manuscript, as it is said, was on the point of being rejected and returned with a rude answer, when Shakspeare, fortunately glancing his eye over its pages, immediately discovered its

* The existence of this royal letter of thanks is asserted on the authority of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, who saw it in the possession of Davenant. The cause of this thanks is assigned on the most probable conjecture.

merit, and, with his influence, obtained its introduction on the stage. To this story some specious objections have been raised; and there cannot be any necessity for contending for it, as no lucky accident can be required to account for the inducement of amity between two men of high genius, each treading the same broad path to fame and fortune, yet each with a character so peculiarly his own, that he might attain his object without wounding the pride or invading the interests of the other. It has been generally believed that the intellectual superiority of Shakspeare excited the envy and the consequent enmity of Jonson. It is well that of these asserted facts no evidences can be adduced. The friendship of these great men seems to have been unbroken during the life of Shakspeare; and, on his death, Jonson made an offering to his memory of high, just, and appropriate panegyric. He places him above not only the modern but the Greek dramatists; and he professes for him admiration short only of idolatry. They who can discover any penuriousness of praise in the surviving poet must be gifted with a very peculiar vision of mind. With the flowers, which he strewed upon the grave of his friend, there certainly was not blended one poisonous or bitter leaf. If, therefore, he was, as he is represented to have been by an impartial and able judge, (Drummond of Hawthornden,) "a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; jealous of every word and action of those about him," &c. &c., how can we otherwise account for the uninterrupted harmony of his intercourse with our bard than by supposing that the frailties of his nature were overruled by that pre-eminence of mental power in his friend which precluded competition; and by his friend's sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners, which repressed every feeling of hostility. Between Shakspeare and Thomas Wriothesley, the munificent and the noble Earl of Southampton, distinguished in history by his inviolable attachment to the rash and the unfortunate Essex, the friendship was permanent and ardent. At its commencement, in 1593, when Shakspeare was twenty-nine years of age, Southampton was not more than nineteen; and, with the love of general literature, he was particularly attached to the exhibitions of the theatre. His attention was first drawn to Shakspeare by the poet's dedication to him of the "Venus and Adonis," that "first heir," as the dedicatory calls it, "of his invention;" and the acquaintance, once begun between characters and hearts like theirs, would soon mature into intimacy and friendship. In the following year (1594) Shakspeare's second poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," was addressed by him to his noble patron in a strain of less distant timidity; and we may infer from it that the poet had then obtained a portion of the favour which he sought. That his fortunes were essentially promoted by the munificent patronage of Southampton cannot reasonably be doubted. We are told by Sir William Davenant, who surely possessed the means of knowing the fact, that the peer gave at one time to his favoured dramatist the magnificent present of a thousand pounds. This is rejected by Malone as an extravagant exaggeration; and because the donation is said to have been made for the purpose of enabling the poet to complete a purchase which he had then in contemplation; and because no purchase of an adequate magnitude seems to have been accomplished by him, the critic treats the whole story with contempt; and is desirous of substituting a dedication fee of one hundred pounds for the more princely liberality which is attested by Davenant. But surely a purchase might be within the view of Shakspeare, and eventually not be effected; and then of course the thousand pounds in question would be added to his personal property; where it would just complete the income on which he is reported to have retired from the stage. As to the incredibility of the gift in consequence of its value, have we not witnessed a gift, made in the present day, by a noble of the

land to a mere actor, of ten times the nominal and twice the effective value of this proud bounty of the great Earl of Southampton's* to one of the master spirits of the human race? †

Of the degree of patronage and kindness extended to Shakspeare by the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, we are altogether ignorant: but we know, from the dedication of his works to them by Heminge and Condell, that they had distinguished themselves as his admirers and friends. That he numbered many more of the nobility of his day among the homagers of his transcendent genius, we may consider as a specious probability. But we must not indulge in conjectures, when we can gratify ourselves with the reports of tradition, approaching very nearly to certainties. Elizabeth, as it is confidently said, honoured our illustrious dramatist with her especial notice and regard. She was unquestionably fond of theatric exhibitions; and, with her literary mind and her discriminating eye, it is impossible that she should overlook; and that, not overlooking, she should not appreciate the man, whose genius formed the prime glory of her reign. It is affirmed that, delighted with the character of Falstaff as drawn in the two parts of Henry IV., she expressed a wish to see the gross and dissolute knight under the influence of love; and that the result of our Poet's compliance, with the desire of his royal mistress, was "The Merry Wives of Windsor."‡ Favoured, however, as our Poet seems to have been by Elizabeth, and notwithstanding the fine incense which he offered to her vanity, it does not appear that he profited in any degree by her bounty. She could distinguish and could smile upon genius: but unless it were immediately serviceable to her personal or her political interests, she had not the soul to reward it. However inferior to her in the arts of government and in some of the great characters of mind might be her Scottish successor, he resembled her in his love of letters, and in his own cultivation of learning. He was a scholar, and even a poet: his attachment to the general cause of literature was strong; and his love of the drama and the theatre was particularly warm. Before his accession to the English throne he had written, as we have before noticed, a letter, with his own hand, to Shakspeare,

* As the patron and the friend of Shakspeare, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, is entitled to our especial attention and respect. But I cannot admit his eventful history into the text, without breaking the unity of my biographical narrative; and to speak of him within the compass of a note will be only to inform my readers, that he was born on the 6th of October, 1573: that he was engaged in the mad attempts of his friend, the Earl of Essex, against the government of Elizabeth: that, in consequence, he was confined during her life by that Queen, who was so lenient as to be satisfied with the blood of one of the friends: that, immediately on her death, he was liberated by her successor, not disposed to adopt the enmities of the murderess of his mother: that he was promoted to honours by the new sovereign; and that, finally, being sent with a military command to the Low Countries, he caught a fever from his son, Lord Wriothesley; and, surviving him only five days, concluded his active and honourable career of life at Bergen-op-zoom, on the 10th of November, 1624. It may be added, that, impoverished by his liberalities, he left his widow in such circumstances as to call for the assistance of the crown.

† The late Duke of Northumberland made a present to John Kemble of 10,000*l*.

‡ Animated as this comedy is with much distinct delineation of character, it cannot be pronounced to be unworthy of its great author. But it evinces the difficulty of writing upon a prescribed subject, and of working with effect under the control of another mind. As he sported in the scenes of Henry IV., Falstaff was insusceptible of love: and the egregious dupe of Windsor, ducked and cudgelled as he was, cannot be the wit of Eastcheap, or the guest of Shallow, or the military commander on the field of Shrewsbury. But even the genius of Shakspeare could not effect impossibilities. He did what he could to revive his own Falstaff: but the life which he reinfused into his creature was not the vigorous vitality of Nature; and he placed him in a scene where he could not subsist.

acknowledging, as it is supposed, the compliment paid to him in the noble scenes of *Macbeth*; and scarcely had the crown of England fallen upon his head, when he granted his royal patent to our Poet and his company of the Globe; and thus raised them from being the Lord Chamberlain's servants to be the servants of the King. The patent is dated on the 19th of May, 1603, and the name of William Shakspeare stands second on the list of the patentees. As the demise of Elizabeth had occurred on the 24th of the preceding March, this early attention of James to the company of the Globe may be regarded as highly complimentary to Shakspeare's theatre, and as strongly demonstrative of the new sovereign's partiality for the drama. But James' patronage of our Poet was not in any other way beneficial to his fortunes. If Elizabeth were too parsimonious for an effective patron, by his profusion on his pleasures and his favourites, James soon became too needy to possess the means of bounty for the reward of talents and of learning. Honour, in short, was all that Shakspeare gained by the favour of two successive sovereigns, each of them versed in literature, each of them fond of the drama, and each of them capable of appreciating the transcendency of his genius.

It would be especially gratifying to us to exhibit to our readers some portion at least of the personal history of this illustrious man during his long residence in the capital;—to announce the names and characters of his associates, a few of which only we can obtain from Fuller; to delineate his habits of life; to record his convivial wit; to commemorate the books which he read; and to number his compositions as they dropped in succession from his pen. But no power of this nature is indulged to us. All that active and efficient portion of his mortal existence, which constituted considerably more than a third part of it, is an unknown region, not to be penetrated by our most zealous and intelligent researches. It may be regarded by us as a kind of central Africa, which our reason assures us to be glowing with fertility and alive with population; but which is abandoned in our maps, from the ignorance of our geographers, to the death of barrenness, and the silence of sandy desolation. By the Stratford register we can ascertain that his only son, Hamnet, was buried, in the twelfth year of his age, on the 11th of August, 1596; and that, after an interval of nearly eleven years, his eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to John Hall, a physician, on the 5th of June, 1607. With the exception of two or three purchases made by him at Stratford, one of them being that of New Place, which he repaired and ornamented for his future residence, the two entries which we have now extracted from the register, are positively all that we can relate with confidence of our great poet and his family, during the long term of his connection with the theatre and the metropolis. We may fairly conclude, indeed, that he was present at each of the domestic events, recorded by the register: that he attended his son to the grave, and his daughter to the altar. We may believe also, from its great probability, even to the testimony of Aubrey, that he paid an annual visit to his native town; whence his family were never removed, and which he seems always to have contemplated as the resting place of his declining age. He probably had nothing more than a lodging in London, and this he might occasionally change: but in 1596 he is said to have lived somewhere near to the Bear-Garden, in Southwark.

In 1606, James procured from the continent a large importation of mulberry trees, with a view to the establishment of the silk manufactory in his dominions; and, either in this year or in the following, Shakspeare enriched his garden at New Place with one of these exotic, and at that time, very rare trees. This plant of his hand took root, and flourished till the year 1752, when it was destroyed by the barbarous axe of one Francis Gast-

rell, a clergyman, into whose worse than Gothic hands New Place had most unfortunately fallen.

As we are not told the precise time, when Shakspeare retired from the stage and the metropolis to enjoy the tranquillity of life in his native town, we cannot pretend to determine it. As he is said, however, to have passed some years in his establishment at New Place, we may conclude that his removal took place either in 1612 or in 1613, when he was yet in the vigour of life, being not more than forty-eight or forty-nine years old. He had ceased, as it is probable, to tread the stage as an actor at an earlier period; for in the list of actors, prefixed to the *Volpone* of B. Jonson, performed at the Globe theatre, and published in 1605, the name of William Shakspeare is not to be found. However versed he might be in the science of acting, (and that he was versed in it we are assured by his directions to the players in *Hamlet*;) and, however well he might acquit himself in some of the subordinate characters of the drama, it does not appear that he ever rose to the higher honours of his profession. But if they were above his attainment, they seem not to have been the objects of his ambition; for by one of his sonnets* we find that he lamented the fortune which had devoted him to the stage, and that he considered himself as degraded by such a public exhibition. The time was not yet come when actors were to be the companions of princes: when their lives, as of illustrious men, were to be written; and when statues were to be erected to them by public contribution!

The amount of the fortune, on which Shakspeare retired from the busy world, has been the subject of some discussion. By Gildon, who forbears to state his authority, this fortune is valued at 300*l.* a year; and by Malone, who, calculating our Poet's real property from authentic documents, assigns a random value to his personal, it is reduced to 200*l.* Of these two valuations of Shakspeare's property, we conceive that Gildon's approaches the more nearly to the truth: for if to Malone's conjectural estimate of the personal property, of which he professes to be wholly ignorant, be added the thousand pounds, given by Southampton, (an act of munificence of which we entertain not a doubt,) the precise total, as money then bore an interest of 10*per cent.*, of the three hundred pounds a year will be made up. On the smallest of these incomes, however, when money was at least five times its present value, might our Poet possess the comforts and the liberalities of life: and in the society of his family, and of the neighbouring gentry, conciliated by the amiableness of his manners and the pleasantness of his conversation, he seems to have passed his few remaining days in the enjoyment of tranquillity and respect. So exquisite, indeed, appears to have been his relish of the quiet, which was his portion within the walls of New Place, that it induced a complete oblivion of all that had engaged his attention, and had aggrandized his name in the preceding scenes of his life. Without any regard to his literary fame, either present or to come, he saw with perfect unconcern some of his immortal works brought, mutilated and deformed, in surreptitious copies, before the world; and others of them, with an equal indifference to their fate, he permitted to remain in their unrevised or interpolated MSS. in the hands of the theatric prompter. There is not, probably, in the whole compass of literary history, such another instance of a proud superiority to what has been called by a rival genius,

"The last infirmity of noble minds,"

as that which was now exhibited by our illustrious dramatist and poet. He seemed

"As if he could not or he would not find,
How much his worth transcended all his kind."†

* See Sonnet cxi.

† Epitaph on a Fair Maiden Lady, by Dryden.

With a privilege, rarely indulged even to the sons of genius, he had produced his admirable works without any throes or labour of the mind: they had obtained for him all that he had asked from them,—the patronage of the great, the applause of the witty, and a competency of fortune adequate to the moderation of his desires. Having fulfilled, or, possibly, exceeded his expectations, they had discharged their duty; and he threw them altogether from his thought; and whether it were their destiny to emerge into renown, or to perish in the drawer of a manager; to be brought to light in a state of integrity, or to *revisit the glimpses of the moon with a thousand mortal murders on their head*, engaged no part of his solicitude or interest. They had given to him the means of easy life, and he sought from them nothing more. This insensibility in our Author to the offspring of his brain may be the subject of our wonder or admiration: but its consequences have been calamitous to those who in after times have hung with delight over his pages. On the intellect and the temper of these ill-fated mortals it has inflicted a heavy load of punishment in the dullness and the arrogance of commentators and illustrators—in the conceit and petulance of Theobald; the imbecility of Capell; the pert and tasteless dogmatism of Steevens; the ponderous littleness of Malone and of Drake. Some superior men, it is true, have enlisted themselves in the cause of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Hanmer, and Johnson have successively been his editors; and have professed to give his scenes in their original purity to the world. But from some cause or other, which it is not our present business to explore, each of these editors, in his turn, has disappointed the just expectations of the public; and, with an inversion of Nature's general rule, the little men have finally prevailed against the great. The blockheads have hooted the wits from the field; and, attaching themselves to the mighty body of Shakspeare, like barnacles to the hull of a proud man of war, they are prepared to plough with him the vast ocean of time; and thus, by the only means in their power, to snatch themselves from that oblivion to which Nature had devoted them. It would be unjust, however, to defraud these gentlemen of their proper praise. They have read for men of talents; and, by their gross labour in the mine, they have accumulated materials to be arranged and polished by the hand of the finer artist. Some apology may be necessary for this short digression from the more immediate subject of my biography. But the three or four years, which were passed by Shakspeare in the peaceful retirement of New Place are not distinguished by any traditional anecdote deserving of our record; and the chasm may not improperly be supplied with whatever stands in contiguity with it. I should pass in silence, as too trifling for notice, the story of our Poet's extempore and jocular epitaph on John Combe, a rich townsman of Stratford, and a noted money-lender, if my readers would not object to me that I had omitted an anecdote which had been honoured with a place in every preceding biography of my author. As the circumstance is related by Rowe, "In a pleasant conversation among their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph if he happened to outlive him: and, since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

Ten in the hundred lies here Ingraved:
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb:
Ho! Ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it." By Aubrey the story is differently told; and the lines a question, with some alterations, which evidently

make them worse, are said to have been written after Combe's death. Steevens and Malone discredit the whole tale. The two first lines, as given to us by Rowe, are unquestionably not Shakspeare's; and that any lasting enmity subsisted between these two burghers of Stratford is disproved by the respective wills of the parties, John Combe bequeathing five pounds to our Poet, and our Poet leaving his sword to John Combe's nephew and residuary legatee, John Combe himself being at that time deceased. With the two commentators above mentioned, I am inclined, therefore, on the whole, to reject the story as a fabrication; though I cannot, with Steevens, convict the lines of malignity; or think, with him and with Malone, that the character of Shakspeare, on the supposition of his being their author, could require any laboured vindication to clear it from stain. In the anecdote, as related by Rowe, I can see nothing but a whimsical sally, breaking from the mind of one friend, and of a nature to excite a good-humoured smile on the cheek of the other. In Aubrey's hands, the transaction assumes a somewhat darker complexion; and the worse verses, as written after the death of their subject, may justly be branded as malevolent, and as discovering enmity in the heart of their writer. But I have dwelt too long upon a topic which, in truth, is undeserving of a syllable; and if I were to linger on it any longer, for the purpose of exhibiting Malone's reasons for his preference of Aubrey's copy of the epitaph to Rowe's, and his discovery of the propriety and beauty of the single *Ho* in the last line of Aubrey's, as *Ho* is the abbreviation of *Hobgoblin*, one of the names of Robin Good-fellow, the fairy servant of Oberon, my readers would have just cause to complain of me, as sporting with their time and their patience.

On the 9th of July, 1614, Stratford was ravaged by a fire, which destroyed fifty-four dwelling-houses besides barns and out-offices. It abstained, however, from the property of Shakspeare; and he had only to commiserate the losses of his neighbours.

With his various powers of pleasing; his wit and his humour; the gentleness of his manners; the flow of his spirits and his fancy; the variety of anecdote with which his mind must have been stored; his knowledge of the world, and his intimacy with man, in every gradation of the society, from the prompter of a playhouse to the peer and the sovereign, Shakspeare must have been a delightful—nay, a fascinating companion; and his acquaintance must necessarily have been courted by all the prime inhabitants of Stratford and its vicinity. But over this, as over the preceding periods of his life, brood silence and oblivion; and in our total ignorance of his intimacies and friendships, we must apply to our imagination to furnish out his convivial board where intellect presided, and delight, with admiration, gave the applause.

On the 2d of February, 1615-16, he married his youngest daughter, Judith, then in the thirty-first year of her age, to Thomas Quiney, a vintner in Stratford; and on the 25th of the succeeding month he executed his will. He was then, as it would appear, in the full vigour and enjoyment of life; and we are not informed that his constitution had been previously weakened by the attack of any malady. But his days, or rather his hours, were now all numbered; for he breathed his last on the 23d of the ensuing April, on that anniversary of his birth which completed his fifty-second year. It would be gratifying to our curiosity to know something of the disease, which thus prematurely terminated the life of this illustrious man: but the secret is withheld from us; and it would be idle to endeavour to obtain it. We may be certain that Dr. Hall, who was a physician of considerable eminence, attended his father-in-law in his last illness; and Dr. Hall kept a register of all the remarkable cases, with their symptoms and treatment, which in the course of his practice had fallen under his observation. This curious MS., which had escaped the enmity of time, was obtained by Malone: but the recorded cases in

it most unfortunately began with the year 1617; and the preceding part of the register, which most probably had been in existence, could no where be found. The mortal complaint, therefore, of William Shakspeare is likely to remain for ever unknown; and as darkness had closed upon his path through life, so darkness now gathered round his bed of death, awfully to cover it from the eyes of succeeding generations.

On the 25th of April, 1616, two days after his decease, he was buried in the chancel of the church of Stratford; and at some period within the seven subsequent years, (for in 1623 it is noticed in the verses of Leonard Digges,) a monument was raised to his memory either by the respect of his townsmen, or by the piety of his relations. It represents the Poet with a countenance of thought, resting on a cushion and in the act of writing. It is placed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, the capitals and bases of which are gilt. The face is said, but, as far as I can find, not on any adequate authority, to have been modelled from the face of the deceased; and the whole was painted, to bring the imitation nearer to nature. The face and the hands wore the carnation of life: the eyes were light hazel: the hair and beard were auburn: a black gown, without sleeves, hung loosely over a scarlet doublet. The cushion in its upper part was green: in its lower, crimson; and the tassels were of gold colour. This certainly was not in the high classical taste; though we may learn from Pausanias that statues in Greece were sometimes coloured after life; but as it was the work of contemporary hands, and was intended, by those who knew the Poet, to convey to posterity some resemblance of his lineaments and dress, it was a monument of rare value; and the tastelessness of Malone, who caused all its tints to be obliterated with a daubing of white lead, cannot be sufficiently ridiculed and condemned. Its material is a species of free-stone; and as the chisel of the sculptor was most probably under the guidance of Doctor Hall, it bore some promise of likeness to the mighty dead. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich:—

Judicio Pylum; genio Socratem; arte Maronem
Terra tegit; populus meret; Olympus habet.

On a tablet underneath are inscribed these lines:—

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou can'st, whom envious death has placed
Within this monument—Shakspeare; with whom
Quick Nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost: since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit:

and the flat stone, covering the grave, holds out, in very irregular characters, a supplication to the reader, with the promise of a blessing and the menace of a curse:

Good Friend! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these bones;
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The last of these inscriptions may have been written by Shakspeare himself under the apprehension of his bones being tumbled, with those of many of his townsmen, into the charnel-house of the parish. But his dust has continued unviolated, and is likely to remain in its holy repose till the last awful scene of our perishable globe. It were to be wished that the two preceding inscriptions were more worthy, than they are, of the tomb to which they are attached. It would be gratifying if we could give any faith to the tradition, which asserts that the bust of this monument was sculptured from a cast moulded on the face of the departed poet; for then we might assure ourselves that we possess one authentic resemblance of this pre-eminently intellectual mortal. But the cast, if taken, must have been taken immediately after his death; and we know neither at

whose expense the monument was constructed; nor by whose hand it was executed; nor at what precise time it was erected. It may have been wrought by the artist, acting under the recollections of the Shakspeare family into some likeness of the great townsman of Stratford; and on this probability, we may contemplate it with no inconsiderable interest. I cannot, however, persuade myself that the likeness could have been strong. The forehead, indeed, is sufficiently spacious and intellectual: but there is a disproportionate length in the under part of the face: the mouth is weak; and the whole countenance is heavy and inert. Not having seen the monument itself, I can speak of it only from its numerous copies by the graver; and by these it is possible that I may be deceived. But if we cannot rely on the Stratford bust for a resemblance of our immortal dramatist, where are we to look with any hope of finding a trace of his features? It is highly probable that no portrait of him was painted during his life; and it is certain that no portrait of him, with an incontestible claim to genuineness, is at present in existence. The fairest title to authenticity seems to be assignable to that which is called the Chandos portrait; and is now in the collection of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe. The possession of this picture can be distinctly traced up to Betterton and Davenant. Through the hands of successive purchasers, it became the property of Mr. Robert Keck. On the marriage of the heiress of the Keck family, it passed to Mr. Nicholl, of Colney-Hatch, in Middlesex: on the union of this gentleman's daughter with the Duke of Chandos, it found a place in that nobleman's collection; and, finally, by the marriage of the present Duke of Buckingham with the Lady Anne Elizabeth Brydges, the heiress of the house of Chandos, it has settled in the gallery of Stowe. This was pronounced by the late Earl of Orford, (Horace Walpole,) as we are informed by Mr. Granger, to be the only original picture of Shakspeare. But two others, if not more, contend with it for the palm of originality; one, which in consequence of its having been in the possession of Mr. Felton, of Drayton, in the county of Salop, from whom it was purchased by the Boydells, has been called the Felton Shakspeare; and one, a miniature, which, by some connection, as I believe, with the family of its proprietors, found its way into the cabinet of the late Sir James Lamb, more generally, perhaps, known by his original name of James Bland Burgess. The first of these pictures was reported to have been found at the Bear's Head in Eastcheap, one of the favourite haunts, as it was erroneously called, of Shakspeare and his companions; and the second by a tradition, in the family of Somerville the poet, is affirmed to have been drawn from Shakspeare, who sat for it at the pressing instance of a Somerville, one of his most intimate friends. But the genuineness of neither of these pictures can be supported under a rigid investigation; and their pretensions must yield to those of another rival portrait of our Poet, which was once in the possession of Mr. Jennens, of Gopsal in Leicestershire, and is now the property of that liberal and literary nobleman, the Duke of Somerset. For the authenticity of this portrait, attributed to the pencil of Cornelius Jansenn, Mr. Boaden* contends with much zeal and ingenuity. Knowing that some of the family of Lord Southampton, Shakspeare's especial friend and patron, had been painted by Jansenn, Mr. Boaden speciously infers that, at the Earl's request, his favourite dramatist had, likewise, allowed his face to this painter's imitation; and that the Gopsal portrait, the result of the artist's skill on this occasion, had obtained a distinguished place in the picture-gallery of the noble Earl. This, however, is only unsupported assertion, and the mere idleness of conjecture. It is not pretended to be ascertained that the Gopsal portrait was ever in the possession of Shak-

* An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Pictures and Prints offered as Portraits of Shakspeare, p. 67—80

Shakespeare's illustrious friend; and its transfers, during the hundred and thirty-seven years, which intervened between the death of Southampton, in 1624, and the time of its emerging from darkness at Gopsal, in 1761, are not made the subjects even of a random guess. On such evidence, therefore, if evidence it can be called, it is impossible for us to receive, with Mr. Boaden, the Gopsal picture as a genuine portrait of Shakspeare. We are now assured that it was from the Chandos portrait Sir Godfrey Kneller copied the painting which he presented to Dryden, a poet inferior only to him whose portrait constituted the gift. The beautiful verses, with which the poet requited the kind attention of the painter, are very generally known: but many may require to be informed that the present, made on this occasion by the great master of the pencil to the greater master of the pen, is still in existence, preserved no doubt by the respect felt to be due to the united names of Kneller, Dryden, and Shakspeare; and is now in the collection of Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Castle.* The original painting, from which Droeshout drew the copy for his engraving, prefixed to the first folio edition of our Poet's dramas, has not yet been discovered; and I feel persuaded that no original painting ever existed for his imitation; but that the artist worked in this instance from his own recollection, assisted probably by the suggestions of the Poet's theatrical friends. We are, indeed, strongly of opinion that Shakspeare, remarkable, as he seems to have been, for a lowly estimate of himself, and for a carelessness of all personal distinction, would not readily submit his face to be a painter's study, to the loss of hours, which he might more usefully or more pleasurably assign to reading, to composition, or to conviviality. If any sketch of his features was made during his life, it was most probably taken by some rapid and unprofessional pencil, when the Poet was unaware of it; or, taken by surprise, and exposed by it to no inconvenience, was not disposed to resist it. We are convinced that no authentic portrait of this great man has yet been produced, or is likely to be discovered; and that we must not therefore hope to be gratified with any thing which we can contemplate with confidence as a faithful representation of his countenance. The head of the statue, executed by Scheemaker, and erected, in 1741, to the honour of our poet in Westminster Abbey, was sculptured after a mezzotinto, scraped by Simon nearly twenty years before, and said to be copied from an original portrait, by Zoust. But as this artist was not known by any of his productions in England till the year 1657, no original portrait of Shakspeare could be drawn by his pencil; and, consequently, the marble chiselled by Scheemaker, under the direction of Lord Burlington, Pope, and Mead, cannot lay any claim to an authorized resemblance to the man, for whom it was wrought. We must be satisfied, therefore, with knowing, on the authority of Aubrey, that our Poet "was a handsome, well-shaped man;" and our imagination must supply the expansion of his forehead, the sparkle and flash of his eyes, the sense and good-temper playing round his mouth; the intellectuality and the benevolence mantling over his whole countenance.

It is well that we are better acquainted with the rectitude of his morals, than with the symmetry of his features. To the integrity of his heart; the gentleness and benignity of his manners, we have the positive testimony of Chettle and Ben Jonson; the former of whom seems to have been drawn, by our Poet's good and amiable qualities, from the faction of his dramatic enemies; and the latter, in his love and admiration of the man, to have lost all his natural jealousy of the successful competitor for the

poetic palm. I have already cited Chettle: let me now cite Jonson, from whose pages much more of a similar nature might be adduced. "I loved," he says in his 'Discoveries,' "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions," &c. &c. When Jonson apostrophizes his deceased friend, he calls him, "My gentle Shakspeare," and the title of "the sweet swan of Avon," so generally given to him, after the example of Jonson, by his contemporaries, seems to have been given with reference as much to the suavity of his temper as to the harmony of his verse. In their dedication of his works to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, his fellows, Heminge and Condell, profess that their great object in their publication was "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakspeare;" and their preface to the public, appears evidently to have been dictated by their personal and affectionate attachment to their departed friend. If we wish for any further evidence in the support of the moral character of Shakspeare, we may find it in the friendship of Southampton; we may extract it from the pages of his immortal works. Dr. Johnson, in his much overpraised Preface, seems to have taken a view, very different from ours, of the morality of our author's scenes. He says, "His (Shakspeare's) first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience; and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of moral duty may be selected," (indeed!) "but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him:" (Would the preface-writer have wished the dramatist to give a connected treatise on ethics like the offices of Cicero?) "he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked: he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong; and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of the age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place." Why this commonplace on justice should be compelled into the station in which we here most strangely find it, I cannot for my life conjecture. But absurd as it is made by its association in this place, it may not form an improper conclusion to a paragraph which means little, and which, intending censure, confers dramatic praise on a dramatic writer. It is evident, however, that Dr. Johnson, though he says that a system of moral duty may be selected from Shakspeare's writings, wished to inculcate that his scenes were not of a moral tendency. On this topic, the first and the greater Jonson seems to have entertained very different sentiments—

—"Look, how the father's face

(says this great man)

Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners, brightly shines
In his well-torned and truefiled lines."

We think, indeed, that his scenes are rich in sterling morality, and that they must have been the effusions of a moral mind. The only crimination of his morals must be drawn from a few of his sonnets; and from a story first suggested by Anthony Wood, and afterwards told by Oldys on the authority of Betterton and Pope. From the Sonnets* we can collect nothing more than that their writer was blindly attached to an unprincipled woman, who preferred a young and beautiful friend of his to him self. But the story told by Oldys presents some

* I derive my knowledge on this topic from Malone; for till I saw the fact asserted in his page, I was not aware that the picture in question had been preserved amid the wreck of poor Dryden's property. On the authority also of Malone and of Mr. Boaden, I speak of Sir Godfrey's present to Dryden as of a copy from the Chandos portrait.

* See Son 141, 144, 147, 151, 152

thing to us of a more tangible nature; and as it possesses some intrinsic merit as a story, and rests, as to its principal facts, on the authority of Wood, who was a native of Oxford and a veracious man, we shall not hesitate, after the example of most of the recent biographers of our Poet, to relate it, and in the very words of Oldys. "If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, on his journey to and from London. The landlady was a beautiful woman and of a sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave, melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William Davenant) was then a little schoolboy, in the town, of about seven or eight years old; and so fond also of Shakspeare that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god-father*, Shakspeare. There is a good boy, said the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain! This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey."

On these two instances of his frailty, under the influence of the tender passion, one of them supported by his own evidence, and one resting on authority which seems to be not justly questionable, depend all the charges which can be brought against the strict personal morality of Shakspeare. In these days of peculiarly sensitive virtue, he would not possibly be admitted into the party of the saints: but, in the age in which he lived, these errors of his human weakness did not diminish the respect, commanded by the probity of his heart; or the love, conciliated by the benignity of his manners; or the admiration exacted by the triumph of his genius. I blush with indignation when I relate that an offence, of a much more foul and atrocious nature, has been suggested against him by a critic* of the present day, on the pretended testimony of a large number of his sonnets. But his own proud character, which raised him high in the estimation of his contemporaries, sufficiently vindicates him from this abominable imputation. It is admitted that one hundred and twenty of these little poems are addressed to a male, and that in the language of many of them love is too strongly and warmly identified with friendship. But in the days of Shakspeare love and friendship were almost synonymous terms. In the Merchant of Venice,† Lorenzo speaking of Antonio to Portia, says,

"But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to;
How dear a *lover* of my lord, your husband," &c.

and Portia, in her reply calls Antonio "*the bosom lover* of her lord." Drayton, in a letter to his friend, Drummond of Hawthornden, tells him that Mr. Joseph Davies is *in love with him*; and Ben Jonson concludes a letter to Dr. Donne by professing himself as ever his *true lover*. Many more instances of the same perverted language might be deduced from the writings of that gross and indelicate age; and I have not a doubt that Shakspeare, without exposing himself to the hazard of suspicion, employed this authorized dialect of his time to give the greater glow to these addresses to his young friend. But who was this young friend? The question has frequently been asked; and never once been even speciously answered. I would as readily believe, with the late Mr. G. Chalmers, that this object of our author's poetic ardour, was Queen Elizabeth, changed for the particular purpose, like the Iphis of

the Roman poet, into a man, as I would be induced to think, with the writer "On Shakspeare and his Times," that these familiar and fervent addresses were made to the proud and the lofty Southampton. Neither can I persuade myself, with Malone, that the friend and the mistress are the mere creatures of our Poet's imagination, raised for the sport of his muse, and without "a local habitation or a name." They were, unquestionably, realities: but who they were must for ever remain buried in inscrutable mystery. That those addressed to his male friend are not open to the infamous interpretation, affixed to them by the monthly critic, may be proved, as I persuade myself, to demonstration. The odious vice to which we allude, was always in England held in merited detestation; and would our Poet consent to be the publisher of his own shame? to become a sort of outcast from society? to be made

"A fixed figure for the hand of time
To point his slow, unmoving finger at?"

If the sonnets in question were not actually published by him, he refrained to guard them from manuscript distribution; and they soon, as might be expected, found their way to the press; whence they were rapidly circulated, to the honour of his poetry and not to the discredit of his morals. So pure was he from the disgusting vice, imputed to him, for the first time, in the nineteenth century, that he alludes to it only once (if my recollection be at all accurate) in all his voluminous works; and that is where the foul-mouthed Thersites, in Troilus and Cressida,* calls Patroclus "Achilles's masculine whore." Under all the circumstances of the case, therefore, that these sonnets should be the effusions of sexual love is incredible, inconceivable, impossible; and we must turn away from the injurious suggestion with honest abhorrence and disdain.

The Will of Shakspeare, giving to his youngest daughter, Judith, not more than three hundred pounds, and a piece of plate, which probably was valuable, as it is called by the testator, "My broad silver and gilt bowl," assigns almost the whole of his property to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband; whom he appoints to be his executors. The cause of this evident partiality in the father appears to be discoverable in the higher mental accomplishments of the elder daughter; who is reported to have resembled him in her intellectual endowments, and to have been eminently distinguished by the piety and the Christian benevolence which actuated her conduct. Having survived her estimable husband fourteen years, she died on the 11th of July, 1649; and the inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dugdale, commemorates her intellectual superiority, and the influence of religion upon her heart. This inscription, which we shall transcribe, bears witness also, as we must observe, to the piety of her illustrious father.

Witty above her sex; but that's not all:
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakspeare was in *that*; but *this*
Wholly of him, with whom she's now in bliss.
Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear
To weep with her, that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comforts cordial.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.

As Shakspeare's last will and testament will be printed at the end of this biography, we may refer our readers to that document for all the minor legacies which it bequeaths; and may pass immediately to an account of our great Poet's family, as far as it can be given from records which are authentic. Judith, his younger daughter, bore to her husband, Thomas Quiney, three sons; Shakspeare, who died in his infancy, Richard and Thomas, who deceased, the first in his 21st year, the last in his 19th,

* See Monthly Review for Dec. 1834: article, Skot-
tome's Life of Shakspeare.

† Act III. sc. 4

* Act V. sc. 1.

unmarried and before their mother; who, having reached her 77th year, expired in February, 1661-2—being buried on the 9th of that month. She appears either not to have received any education, or not to have profited by the lessons of her teachers, for to a deed, still in existence, she affixes her mark.

We have already mentioned the dates of the birth, marriage, and death of Susanna Hall. She left only one daughter, Elizabeth, who was baptized on the 21st of February, 1607-8, eight years before her grandfather's decease, and was married on the 22d of April, 1626, to Mr. Thomas Nash, a country gentleman, as it appears, of independent fortune. Two years after the death of Mr. Nash, who was buried on the 6th of April, 1647, she married on the 5th of June, 1649, at Billesley in Warwickshire, Sir John Barnard, Knight, of Abington, a small village in the vicinity of Northampton. She died, and was buried at Abington, on the 17th of February, 1669-70; and, as she left no issue by either of her husbands, her death terminated the lineal descendants of Shakspeare. His collateral kindred have been indulged with a much longer period of duration; the descendants of his sister, Joan, having continued in a regular succession of generations even to our days; whilst none of them, with a single exception, have broken from that rank in the community in which their ancestors, William Hart and Joan Shakspeare united their unostentatious fortunes in the year 1599. The single exception to which we allude is that of Charles Hart, believed, for good reasons, to be the son of William the eldest son of William and Joan Hart, and, consequently, the grand-nephew of our Poet. At the early age of seventeen, Charles Hart, as lieutenant in Prince Rupert's regiment, fought at the battle of Edgehill: and, subsequently betaking himself to the stage, he became the most renowned tragic actor of his time. "What Mr. Hart delivers," says Rymer, (I adopt the citation from the page of Malone,) "every one takes upon content; their eyes are prepossessed and charmed by his action before aught of the poet's can approach their ears; and to the most wretched of characters he gives a lustre and brilliancy, which dazzles the sight that the deformities in the poetry cannot be perceived." "Were I a poet," (says another contemporary writer,) "nay a Fletcher or a Shakspeare, I would quit my own title to immortality so that one actor might never die. This I may modestly say of him (nor is it my particular opinion, but the sense of all mankind) that the best tragedies on the English stage have received their lustre from Mr. Hart's performance: that he has left such an impression behind him, that no less than the interval of an age can make them appear again with half their majesty from any second hand." This was a brilliant eruption from the family of Shakspeare; but as it was the first so it appears to have been the last; and the Harts have ever since, as far at least as it is known to us, "pursued the noiseless tenor of their way," within the precincts of their native town on the banks of the soft-flowing Avon.*

* By intelligence, on the accuracy of which I can rely, and which has only just reached me, from the birthplace of Shakspeare, I learn that the family of the Harts, after a course of lineal descents during the revolution of two hundred and twenty-six years, is now on the verge of extinction; an aged woman, who retains in single blessedness her maiden name of Hart, being at this time (Nov. 1835) its sole surviving representative. For some years she occupied the house of her ancestors, in which Shakspeare is reported to have first seen the light; and here she obtained a comfortable subsistence by showing the antiquities of the venerated mansion to the numerous strangers who were attracted to it. Being dispossessed of this residence by the rapaciousness of its proprietor, she settled herself in a dwelling nearly opposite to it. Here she still lives; and continues to exhibit some relics, not reputed to be genuine, of the mighty bard, with whom her maternal ancestor was nourished in the same womb. She regards herself also as a dramatic poet; and, in support of her pretensions, she produces the rude sketch of a play, uninformed, as it is

Whatever is in any degree associated with the personal history of Shakspeare is weighty with general interest. The circumstance of his birth can impart consequence even to a provincial town; and we are not unconcerned in the past or the present fortunes of the place, over which hovers the glory of his name. But the house, in which he passed the last three or four years of his life, and in which he terminated his mortal labours, is still more engaging to our imaginations, as it is more closely and personally connected with him. Its history, therefore, must not be omitted by us; and if in some respects, we should differ in it from the narrative of Malone, we shall not be without reasons sufficient to justify the deviations in which we indulge. New Place, then, which was not thus first named by Shakspeare, was built in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton, Kt., the younger son of an old family resident near Stratford, who had filled in succession the offices of Sheriff and of Lord Mayor of London. In 1563 it was sold by one of the Clopton family to William Bott; and by him it was again sold in 1570 to William Underhill, (the purchaser and the seller being both of the rank of esquires) from whom it was bought by our Poet in 1597. By him it was bequeathed to his daughter, Susanna Hall; from whom it descended to her only child, Lady Barnard. In the June of 1643, this Lady, with her first husband Mr. Nash, entertained, for nearly three weeks, at New Place, Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I., when, escorted by Prince Rupert and a large body of troops, she was on her progress to meet her royal consort, and to proceed with him to Oxford. On the death of Lady Barnard without children, New Place was sold, in 1675,† to Sir Edward Walker, Kt., Garter King at Arms; by whom it was left to his only child, Barbara, married to Sir John Clopton, Kt., of Clopton in the parish of Stratford. On his demise, it became the property of a younger son of his, Sir Hugh Clopton, Kt., (this family of the Cloptons seems to have been peculiarly prolific in the breed of knights,) by whom it was repaired and decorated at a very large expense. Malone affirms that it was pulled down by him, and its place supplied by a more sumptuous edifice. If this statement were correct, the crime of its subsequent destroyer would be greatly extenuated; and the hand which had wielded the axe against the hallowed mulberry tree, would be absolved from the second act, imputed to it, of sacrilegious violence. But Malone's account is, unquestionably, erroneous. In the May of 1742, Sir Hugh entertained Garrick, Macklin, and Delany under the shade of the Shakspearian mulberry. On the demise of Sir Hugh‡ in the December of 1751, New Place was sold by his son-in-law and executor, Henry Talbot, the Lord Chancellor Talbot's brother, to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire; by whom, on some quarrel with the magistrates on the subject of the parochial assessments, it was razed to the ground, and its site abandoned to vacancy. On this completion of his outrages against the memory of Shakspeare, which his unlucky possession of wealth enabled him to

said, with any of the vitality of genius. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Charles Fellows, of Nottingham; who with the characteristic kindness of his most estimable family, sought for the intelligence which was required by me, and obtained it.

† Malone gives a different account of some of the transfers of New Place. According to him, it passed by sale, on the death of Lady Barnard, to Edward Nash, the cousin-german of that Lady's first husband; and, by him, was bequeathed to his daughter Mary, the wife of Sir Reginald Foster; from whom it was bought by Sir John Clopton, who gave it by deed to his youngest son, Sir Hugh. But the deed, which conveyed New Place to Sir Edward Walker, is still in existence; and has been published by R. B. Wheeler, the historian of Stratford.

‡ Sir Hugh Clopton was knighted by George I. He was a barrister at law; and died in the December of 1751, at the advanced age of eighty.—Malone.

§ Our days, also, have witnessed a similar profanation of the relics of genius; not, indeed, of genius

commit, Francis Gastrell departed from Stratford, hooted out of the town, and pursued by the execrations of its inhabitants. The fate of New Place has been rather remarkable. After the demolition of the house by Gastrell, the ground, which it had occupied, was thrown into the contiguous garden, and was sold by the widow of the clerical barbarian. Having remained during a certain period, as a portion of a garden, a house was again erected on it; and, in consequence also of some dispute about the parish assessments, that house, like its predecessor, was pulled down; and its site was finally abandoned to Nature, for the production of her fruits and her flowers: and thither may we imagine the little Elves and Fairies frequently to resort, to trace the footsteps of their beloved poet, now obliterated from the vision of man; to throw a finer perfume on the violet; to unfold the first rose of the year, and to tinge its cheek with a richer blush; and, in their dances beneath the full-orbed moon, to chant their harmonies, too subtle for the gross ear of mortality, to the fondly cherished memory of their darling, THE SWEET SWAN OF AVON.

Of the personal history of William Shakspeare, as far as it can be drawn, even in shadowy existence, from the obscurity which invests it, and of whatever stands in immediate connection with it, we have now exhibited all that we can collect; and we are not conscious of having omitted a single circumstance of any moment, or worthy of the attention of our readers. We might, indeed, with old Fuller, speak of our Poet's *wit-combats*, as Fuller calls them, at the Mermaid, with Ben Jonson: but then we have not one anecdote on record of either of these intellectual gladiators to produce, for not a sparkle of our Shakspeare's convivial wit has travelled down to our eyes; and it would be neither instructive nor pleasant to see him represented as a light skiff, skirmishing with a huge galleon, and either evading or pressing attack as prudence suggested, or the alertness of his movements emboldened him to attempt. The lover of heraldry may, perhaps, censure us for neglecting to give the blazon of Shakspeare's arms, for which, as it appears, two patents were issued from the herald's office, one in 1569 or 1570, and one in 1599; and by him, who will insist on the transcription of every word which has been imputed on any authority to the pen of Shakspeare, we may be blamed for passing over in silence two very indifferent epitaphs, which have been charged on him. We will now, therefore, give the arms which were accorded to him; and we will, also, copy the two epitaphs in question. We may then, without any further impediment, proceed to the more agreeable portion of our labours,—the notice of our author's works.

The armorial bearings of the Shakspeare family are, or rather were,—Or, on a bend sable, a tilting spear of the first, point upwards, headed argent. Crest, A falcon displayed, argent, supporting a spear in pale, or.

In a MS. volume of poems, by William Herrick and others, preserved in the Bodleian, is the follow-

equally hallowed with that of which we have been speaking, for Nature has not yet produced a second Shakspeare; but of genius, which had conversed with the immortal Muses, which had once been the delight of the good and the terror of the bad. I allude to the violation of Pope's charming retreat, on the banks of the Thames, by a capricious and tasteless woman, who has endeavoured to blot out every memorial of the great and moral poet from that spot, which his occupation had made classic, and dear to the heart of his country. In the mutability of all human things, and the inevitable shiftings of property, "From you to me, from me to Peter Walter," these lamentable desecrations, which mortally our pride and wound our sensibilities, will of necessity sometimes occur. The site of the Tusculan of Cicero may become the haunt of banditti, or be disgraced with the walls of a monastery. The residences of a Shakspeare and a Pope may be devastated and despoiled by a Parson Gastrell and a Baroness Howe. We can only sigh over the ruin when its deformity strikes upon our eyes; and execrate the hands by which it has been savagely accomplished.

ing epitaph, attributed, certainly not on its internal evidence, to our Poet. Its subject was, probably the member of a family with the surname of James, which once existed in Stratford.

When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposeth; as he lived he died;
The saying in him strongly verified,—
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly life and died as well.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Among the monuments in Tonge Church, in the county of Salop, is one raised to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knt., who is thought by Malons to have died about the year 1600. With the prose inscription on this tomb, transcribed by Sir W. Dugdale, are the verses which I am about to copy, said by Dugdale to have been made by William Shakspeare, the late famous tragedian.

ON THE EAST END OF THE TOMB.

Ask who lies here, but do not weep:
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones:
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none

ON THE WEST END.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame:
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands.
When all to time's a consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

As the great works of Shakspeare have engaged the attention of an active and a learned century since they were edited by Rowe, little that is new on the subject of them can be expected from a pen of the present day. It is necessary, however, that we should notice them, lest our readers should be compelled to seek in another page than ours for the common information which they might conceive themselves to be entitled to expect from us.

Fourteen of his plays were published separately, in quarto copies, during our Poet's life; and, seven years after his death, a complete edition of them was given to the public in folio by his theatric fellows, Heminge and Condell. Of those productions of his, which were circulated by the press while he was yet living, and were all surreptitious, our great author seems to have been as utterly regardless as he necessarily was of those which appeared when he was mouldering in his grave.* We have already

* In his essay on the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays, Malone concludes very properly from the title-page of the earliest edition of Hamlet, which he believed then to be extant, that this edition (published in 1604) had been preceded by another of a less correct and less perfect character. A copy of the elder edition, in question, has lately been discovered; and is, indeed, far more remote from perfection than its successor, which was collated by Malone. It obviously appears to have been printed from the rude draught of the drama, as it was sketched by the Poet from the first suggestions of his mind. But how this rude and imperfect draught could fall into the hands of its publisher, is a question not easily to be answered. Such, however, is the authority to be attached to all the early quartos. They were obtained by every indirect mean; and the first incorrect MS., blotted again and again by the pens of ignorant transcribers, and multiplied by the press, was suffered, by the apathy of its illustrious author, to be circulated, without check, among the multitude. Hence the grossest anomalies of grammar have been considered, by his far-famed restorers, as belonging to the dialect of Shakspeare; and the most egregious infractions of rhythm, as the tones of his *honey-sung* muse. The variations of the copy of Hamlet immediately before us, which was published in 1603, from the perfect drama, as it subsequently issued from the press, are far too numerous to be noticed in this place, if indeed this place could properly be assigned to such a purpose. I may, however, just mention that Cerambis and Montano are

observed on the extraordinary,—nay wonderful indifference of this illustrious man toward the offspring of his fancy; and we make it again the subject of our remark solely for the purpose of illustrating the cause of those numerous and pernicious errors which deform all the early editions of his plays. He must have known that many of these, his intellectual children, were walking through the community in a state of gross disease, with their limbs spotted, as it were, with the leprosy or the plague. But he looked on them without one parental feeling, and stretched not out his hand for their relief. They had broken from the confinement of the players, to whose keeping he had consigned them; and it was their business and not his to reclaim them. As for the rest of his intellectual progeny, they were where he had placed them; and he was utterly unconcerned about their future fate. How fraught and glowing with the principle of life must have been their nature to enable them to subsist, and to force themselves into immortality under so many circumstances of evil!

The copies of the plays, published antecedently to his death, were transcribed either by memory from their recitation on the stage; or from the separate parts, written out for the study of the particular actors, and to be pieced together by the skill of the editor; or, lastly, if stolen or bribed access could be obtained to it, from the prompter's book itself. From any of these sources of acquisition the copy would necessarily be polluted with very flagrant errors; and from every edition, through which it ran, it would naturally contract more pollution and a deeper stain. Such of the first copies as were fortunately transcribed from the prompter's book, would probably be in a state of greater relative correctness: but they are all, in different degrees, deformed with inaccuracies; and not one of them can claim the right to be followed as an authority. What Steevens and Malone call the restoring of Shakspeare's text, by reducing it to the reading of these early quartos, is frequently the restoring of it to error and to nonsense, from which it had luckily been reclaimed by the felicity of conjectural criticism. One instance immediately occurs to me, to support what I have affirmed; and it may be adduced instead of a score, which might be easily found, of these vaunted *restorations*.

In that fine scene between John and Hubert, where the monarch endeavours to work up his agent to the royal purposes of murder, the former says,

—If thou couldst
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone, &c. &c.

Then in despite of *brooded*, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts, &c. &c.

The passage thus stood in one of these old copies of *authority*: but Pope, not able to discover any meaning in the epithet, *brooded*, most happily substituted "*broad-eyed*," in its stead. As the compound was poetic and Shakspearian (for Shakspeare has dull-eyed and fire-eyed,) and was also most peculiarly suited to the place which it was to fill, the substitution for a while was permitted to remain; till Steevens, discovering the reading of the old copy, restored *brooded* to the station whence it had been felicitously expelled, and abandoned the line once more to the nonsense of the first editor.

In 1623, the first complete edition of our author's dramatic works was published in folio by his comrades of the theatre, Heminge and Condell; and in this we might expect a text tolerably incorrupt, if not perfectly pure. The editors denounced the copies which had preceded their edition as "*stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them*; even those are now offered to your

the names given in this copy to the Polonius and Reynaldo of the more perfect editions; and the young lord, Osrick, is called in it only a braggart gentleman.

view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." But notwithstanding these professions, and their honest resentment against impostors and surreptitious copies, the labours of these sole possessors of Shakspeare's MSS. did not obtain the credit which they arrogated; and they are charged with printing from those very quartos, on which they had heaped so much well-merited abuse. They printed, as there cannot be a doubt, from their prompter's book, (for by what temptation could they be enticed beyond it?) but then, from the same book, were transcribed many, perhaps, of the surreptitious quartos; and it is not wonderful that transcripts of the same page should be precisely alike. These editors, however, of the first folio, have incurred the heavy displeasure of some of our modern critics, who are zealous on all occasions to depreciate their work. Wherever they differ from the first quartos, which, for the reason that I have assigned, they must in general very closely resemble, Malone is ready to decide against them, and to defer to the earlier edition. But it is against the editor of the second folio, published in 1632, that he points the full storm of his indignation. He charges this luckless wight, whoever he may be, with utter ignorance of the language of Shakspeare's time, and of the fabric of Shakspeare's verse; and he considers him and Pope as the grand corrupters of Shakspeare's text. Without reflecting that to be ignorant of the language of Shakspeare's time was, in the case of this hapless editor, to be ignorant of his own, for he who published in 1632 could hardly speak with a tongue different from his who died only sixteen years before, Malone indulges in an elaborate display of the unhappy man's ignorance, and of his presumptuous alterations. He (the editor of the second folio) did not know that the double negative was the customary and authorized dialect of the age of Queen Elizabeth; (God help him, poor man! for if he were forty years old when he edited Shakspeare, he must have received the first rudiments of his education in the reign of the maiden queen;) and thus egregiously ignorant (ignorant, by the bye, where Shakspeare himself was ignorant, for his Twelfth Night,* the clown says, "If your four negatives make your two affirmatives—why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes," &c.) but thus egregiously ignorant, instead of

"Nor to her bed *no* homage do I owe."

this editor has stupidly printed,

"Nor to her bed *a* homage do I owe."

Again, in "As you Like It," for "I cannot go *no* further," this blockhead of an editor has substituted "I can go *no* further." In "Much Ado about Nothing," for

"There will she hide her
To listen our purpose."

this corrupting editor has presumed to relieve the halting metre by printing,—

"There will she hide her
To listen to our purpose."

In these instances, I feel convinced that the editor is right, and consequently that the critic is the blockhead who is wrong. In what follows also, I am decidedly of opinion that the scale inclines in favour of the former of these deadly opposites. The double comparative is common in the plays of Shakspeare, says Malone:—true, as I am willing to allow; but always, as I am persuaded, in consequence of the illiteracy or the carelessness of the first transcriber: for why should Shakspeare write more *or* *sin* *al* *ous* English than Spenser, Daniel, Hooker, and Bacon? or why in his plays should he be guilty of *berba-*

* Act v. sc. I.

risms with which those poems of his,* that were printed under his own immediate eye, are altogether unstained? But, establishing the double comparative as one of the peculiar anomalies of Shakespeare's grammar, Malone proceeds to arraign the unfortunate editor as a criminal, for substituting, in a passage of Coriolanus, *more worthy for more worthier*; in Othello—for, "opinion, a sovereign mistress, throws a *more safer* voice on you," "opinion, &c. throws a *more safe* voice on you;" and, in Hamlet, instead of "Your wisdom should show itself *more richer* to signify this to the doctor," "Your wisdom should show itself *more rich* to signify this to the doctor." Need I express my conviction that in these passages the editor has corrected the text into what actually fell from Shakespeare's pen? Can it be doubted also that the editor is accurate in his printing of the following passage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream?" As adopted by Malone it stands.

"So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

i. e., says the critic, to give sovereignty to, &c.—To be sure—and, without the insertion, in this instance, of the preposition, the sentence would be nonsense. As it is published by the editor, it is,—

"So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose *unwish'd* yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

Having now sufficiently demonstrated the editor's ignorance of Shakespeare's language, let us proceed with his critic to ascertain his ignorance of Shakespeare's metre and rhythm. In "The Winter's Tale,"† says Malone, we find,

"What wheels, racks, fires; what flaying, boiling
In leads and oils!"

Not knowing that 'fires' was used as a dissyllable, the editor added the word burning, at the end of the line (I wish that he had inserted it before 'boiling')—

"What wheels, racks, fires; what flaying, boiling,
burning."

It is possible that fires may be used by Shakespeare as a dissyllable, though I cannot easily persuade myself that, otherwise than as a monosyllable, it would satisfy an ear, attuned as was his, to the finest harmonies of verse; yet it may be employed as a dissyllable by the rapid and careless bard; and I am ready to allow that the defective verse was not happily supplied, in that place at least, with the word, burning, yet I certainly believe that Shakespeare did not leave the line in question as Malone has adopted it, and that some word has been omitted by the carelessness of the first transcriber. In the next instance, from Julius Cæsar, I feel assured that the editor is right, as his sup-

* In his "Venus and Adonis," and his "Rape of Lucrece," printed under his immediate inspection; and in his 134 Sonnets, printed from correct MSS., and no doubt with his knowledge, are not to be found any of these barbarous anomalies. "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "The Lover's Complaint," are, also, free from them. *Worse* and *lesser* may sometimes occur in these poems: but the last of these improprieties will occasionally find a place in the page of modern composition. In the "Rape of Lucrece," the only anomaly of the double negative, which I have been able to discover, is the following:—

"She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks," and the same impropriety may be found in three or four instances in the Sonnets. And substituted for *nor* would restore these few passages to perfect grammar.

† Act iii. sc. 2.

plement is as beneficial to the sense, as it is necessary to the rhythm. Malone's line is,

"And with the brands fire the traitors' houses:"

the editor's

"And with the brands fire *all* the traitors' houses."

The next charge, brought against the editor, may be still more easily repelled. In a noted passage of Macbeth—

"I would while it was smiling in my face
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this."

"Not perceiving," says Malone, "that 'sworn' was used as a dissyllable," (the devil it was?) "He (the editor) reads 'had I *but* so sworn,'"—much as we think, to the advantage of the sense as well as of the metre; and supplying, as we conceive, the very word which Shakespeare had written, and the carelessness of the transcriber omitted. 'Charms' our Poet sometimes uses, according to Malone, as a word of two syllables.—No! impossible! Our Poet might, occasionally, be guilty of an imperfect verse, or the omission of his transcriber might furnish him with one: but never could he use "charms" as a word of two syllables. We feel, therefore, obliged by the editor's supplying an imperfect line in "The Tempest," with the very personal pronoun which, it is our persuasion, was at first inserted by Shakespeare. In the most modern editions, the line in question stands—"Cursed be I that did so! all the charms," &c. but the second folio reads with unquestionable propriety, "Cursed be I that I did so! all the charms," &c. As 'hour' has the same prolonged sound with fire, sire, &c. and as it is possible, though, with reference to the fine ear of Shakespeare, I think most improbable, that it might sometimes be made to occupy the place of two syllables, I shall pass over the instance from "Richard II." in which Malone triumphs, though without cause, over his adversary; as I shall also pass over that from "All's Well that Ends Well," in which a defective line has been happily supplied by our editor, in consequence of his not knowing that 'sire' was employed as a dissyllable. In the first part of "Henry VI." "Rescued is Orleans from the English," is prolonged by the editor with a syllable which he deemed necessary because he was ignorant that the word, 'English,' was used as a trisyllable. According to him the line is—"Rescued is Orleans from the English *wolves*." We rejoice at this result of the editor's ignorance; and we wish to know who is there who can believe that 'English' was pronounced, by Shakespeare or his contemporaries, as *Engerlish*, or even as *Engleish*, with three syllables? Again, not knowing that 'Charles' was used as a word of two syllables, (and he was sufficiently near to the time of Shakespeare to know his pronunciation of such a common word: but the blockhead could not be taught the most common things,) this provoking editor instead of

"Orleans the bastard, Charles, Burgundy."

has printed,

"Orleans the bastard, Charles, and Burgundy."

In the next instance, I must confess myself to be ignorant of Malone's meaning. "Astræa being used," he says "as a word of *three* syllables," (I conclude that he intended to say, as a word of *four* syllables, the diphthong being dialytically separated into its component parts, and the word written and pronounced Astræa,) for "Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter," the editor has given "Divinest creature, *bright* Astræa's daughter."—Shameless interpolation! Not aware that 'sure' is used as a dissyllable, this grand corrupter of Shakespeare's text has substituted, "Gloster, we'll meet to thy dear cost, be sure," for "Gloster, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure."—Once more, and to conclude an examination which I could extend to a much greater

length in favour of this much-injured editor, but which I feel to be now becoming tedious, for,

"And so to arms, victorious father,"

as the line is sanctioned by Malone, 'arms,' being used, as he asserts, for a dissyllable, (arms a dissyllable!) the second folio presents us with—

"And so to arms, victorious, noble father."

I have said enough to convince my readers of the falsity of the charges of stupidity and gross ignorance, brought by Malone against the editor of the second folio edition of our Poet's dramatic works. I am far from assuming to vindicate this editor from the commission of many flagrant errors: but he is frequently right, and was unquestionably conversant, let Malone assert what he pleases, with his author's language and metro. It was not, therefore, without cause, that Steevens held his labours in much estimation. Malone was an invaluable collector of facts: his industry was indefatigable: his researches were deep: his pursuit of truth was sincere and ardent: but he wanted the talents and the taste of a critic; and of all the editors, by whom Shakspeare has suffered, I must consider him as the most pernicious. Neither the indulged fancy of Pope, nor the fondness for innovation in Hanmer, nor the arrogant and headlong self-confidence of Warburton has inflicted such cruel wounds on the text of Shakspeare, as the assuming dulness of Malone. Barbarism and broken rhythm dog him at the heels wherever he treads.

In praise of the third and the fourth folio editions of our author's dramas, printed respectively in 1664 and 1685, nothing can be advanced. Each of these editions implicitly followed its immediate predecessor, and, adopting all its errors, increased them to a frightful accumulation with its own. With the text of Shakspeare in this disorder, the public of Britain remained satisfied during many years. From the period of his death he had not enforced that popularity to which his title was undeniable. Great, though inferior, men, Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, Ford, &c. got possession of the stage, and retained it till it ceased to exist under the puritan domination. On the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, the theatre indeed was again opened; but, under the influence of the vicious taste of the new monarch, it was surrendered to a new school (the French school) of the drama; and its mastery was held by Dryden, with many subordinates, during a long succession of years. Throughout this whole period, Shakspeare was nearly forgotten by his ungrateful or blinded countrymen. His splendour, it is true, was gleaming above the horizon; and his glory, resting in purple and gold upon the hill-summits, obtained the homage of a select band of his worshippers: but it was still hidden from the eyes of the multitude; and it was long before it gained its "meridian tower," whence it was to throw its "glittering shafts" over a large portion of the earth. At length, about the commencement of the last century, Britain began to open her eyes to the excellency of her illustrious son, THE GREAT POET OF NATURE, and to discover a solicitude for the integrity of his works. A new and a more perfect edition of them became the demand of the public; and, to answer it, an edition, under the superintendence of Rowe, made its appearance in 1709. Rowe, however, either forgetting or shrinking from the high and laborious duties, which he had undertaken, selected, most unfortunately, for his model, the last and the worst of the folio editions; and, without collating either of the first two folios or any of the earlier quartos, he gave to the disappointed public a transcript much too exact of the impure text which lay opened before him. Some of its grosser errors, however, he corrected; and he prefixed to his edition a short memoir of the life of his author; which, meagre and weakly written as it is, still constitutes the most authentic biography that we possess of our mighty bard.

On the failure of this edition, after the pause of

a few years, another was projected; and that it might be more adequate to the claims of Shakspeare and of Britain, the conduct of it was placed, in homage to his just celebrity, in the hands of Pope. Pope showed himself more conscious of the nature of his task, and more faithful in his execution of it than his predecessor. He disclosed to the public the very faulty state of his author's text, and suggested the proper means of restoring it: he collated many of the earlier editions, and he cleared the page of Shakspeare from many of its deformities: but his collations were not sufficiently extensive; and he indulged, perhaps, somewhat too much in conjectural emendation. This exposed him to the attacks of the petty and minute critics; and, the success of his work falling short of his expectations, he is said to have contracted that enmity to verbal criticism, which actuated him during the remaining days of his life. His edition was published in the year 1725. Before this was undertaken, Theobald, a man of no great abilities and of little learning, had projected the restoration of Shakspeare; but his labours had been suspended, or their result had been withheld from the press, till the issue of Pope's attempt was ascertained by its accomplishment, and publication. The Shakspeare of Theobald's editing was not given to the world before the year 1733; when it obtained more of the public regard than its illustrious predecessor, in consequence of its being drawn from a somewhat wider field of collation; and of its less frequent and presumptuous admission of conjecture. Theobald, indeed, did not wholly abstain from conjecture: but the palm of conjectural criticism was placed much too high for the reach of his hand.

To Theobald, as an editor of Shakspeare, succeeded Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, in 1744, published a superb edition of the great dramatist from the press of Oxford. But Hanmer, building his work on that of Pope, and indulging in the wildest and most wanton innovations, deprived his edition of all pretensions to authenticity, and, consequently, to merit.

The bow of Ulysses was next seized by a mighty hand—by the hand of Warburton; whose Shakspeare was published in 1747. It failed of success; for, conceiving that the editor intended to make his author his showman to exhibit his erudition and intellectual power, the public quickly neglected his work; and it soon disappeared from circulation, though some of its proffered substitutions must be allowed to be happy, and some of its explanations to be just.

After an interval of eighteen years, Shakspeare obtained once more an editor of great name, and seemingly in every way accomplished to assert the rights of his author. In 1765 Doctor Samuel Johnson presented the world with his long-promised edition of our dramatist: and the public expectation, which had been highly raised, was again doomed to be disappointed. Johnson had a powerful intellect, and was perfectly conversant with human life; but he was not sufficiently versed in black-letter lore; and, deficient in poetic taste, he was unable to accompany our great bard in the higher flights of his imagination. The public in general were not satisfied with his commentary or his text: but to his preface they gave the most unlimited applause. The array and glitter of its words; the regular and pompous march of its periods, with its pervading affectation of deep thought and of sententious remark, seem to have fascinated the popular mind; and to have withdrawn from the common observation its occasional poverty of meaning; the inconsistency of its praise and censure; the falsity in some instances of its critical remarks; and its defects now and then even with respect to composition. It has, however, its merits, and Heaven forbid that I should not be just to them. It gives a right view of the difficulties to be encountered by the editor of Shakspeare: it speaks modestly of himself, and candidly of those who had preceded him in the path which he was treading:

it assigns to Pope, Hanmer, and Warburton, those victims to the rage of the minute critics, their due proportion of praise: it is honourably just, in short, to all, who come within the scope of its observations, with the exception of the editor's great author alone. To him also the editor gives abundant praise; but against it he arrays such a frightful host of censure as to command the field; and to leave us to wonder at our admiration of an object so little worthy of it, though he has been followed by the admiration of more than two entire centuries. But Johnson was of a detracting and derogating spirit. He looked at mediocrity with kindness: but of proud superiority he was impatient; and he always seemed pleased to bring down the man of the ethereal soul to the mortal of mere clay. His maxim seems evidently to have been that, which was recommended by the Roman poet to his countrymen,—

“Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.”

In the pre-eminence of intellect, when it was immediately in his view, there was something which excited his spleen; and he exulted in its abasement. In his page, “Shakspeare, in his comic scenes, is seldom successful when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm: their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious. In tragedy, his performance seems to be constantly worse as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are, for the most part, striking and energetic: but whenever he solicits his invention or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity! In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, &c. &c. His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of *Nature*! when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification; and, instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader?” “But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner moves than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted with sudden frigidity!” The egregious editor and critic then proceeds to confound his author with his last and most serious charge, that of an irreclaimable attachment to the offence of verbal conceit. This charge the editor illustrates and enforces, to excite our attention and to make an irresistible assault on our assent, with a variety of figurative and magnificent allusion. First, “a quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapours (a Will o’ the wisp) are to travellers: he follows it at all adventures: it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible,” &c. It then becomes a partridge or a peasant; for “whatever be the dignity or the profundity of his disquisition, &c. &c. let but a quibble *spring up before him* and he leaves his work unfinished.” It next is the golden apple of Atalanta:—“A quibble is to Shakspeare the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it at the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth;” and, lastly, the meteor, the bird of game, and the golden apple are converted into the renowned queen of Egypt: for “a quibble is to him (Shakspeare) the fatal Cleopatra, for which he lost the world,

and was content to lose it!” Shakspeare lost the world! He won it in an age of intellectual giants—the Anakims of mind were then in the land; and in what succeeding period has he lost it? But, not to take advantage of an idle frolic of the editor’s imagination, can the things be which he asserts? Can the author, whom he thus degrades, be the man, whom the greater Jonson, of James’s reign, hails as, “The pride, the joy, the wonder of the age!” No! it is impossible! and if we come to a close examination of what our preface writer has here alleged against his author, of which I have transcribed only a part, we shall find that one half of it is false, and one, something very like nonsense, disguised in a garb of tin sel embroidery, and covered, as it moves stately along, with a cloud of words:—

Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu,
Per medios, miscetque viris neque cernitur ulli

To discover the falsity or the inanity of the ideas, which strut in our editor’s sentences against the fame of his author, we have only to strip them of the diction which envelopes them; and then, with a Shakspeare in our hands, to confront them, in their nakedness, with the truth as it is manifested in his page. But we have deviated from our straight path to regard our editor as a critic in his preface, when we ought, perhaps, to consider him only in his notes, as a commentator to explain the obscurities; or, as an experimentalist to assay the errors of his author’s text. As an unfold of intricate and perplexed passages, Johnson must be allowed to excel. His explanations are always perspicuous; and his proffered amendments of a corrupt text are sometimes successful. But the expectations of the world had been too highly raised to be satisfied with his performance; and it was only to the most exceptionable part of it, the mighty preface, that they gave their unmingled applause. In the year following the publication of Johnson’s edition, in 1766, George Steevens made his first appearance as a commentator on Shakspeare; and he showed himself to be deeply conversant with that antiquarian reading, of which his predecessor had been too ignorant. In 1768, an edition of Shakspeare was given to the public by Capell; a man fondly attached to his author, but much too weak for the weighty task which he undertook. He had devoted a large portion of his life to the collection of his materials: he was an industrious collator, and all the merit, which he possesses, must be derived from the extent and the fidelity of his collations. In 1773 was published an edition of our dramatist by the associated labours of Johnson and Steevens; and this edition, in which were united the native powers of the former, with the activity, the sagacity, and the antiquarian learning of the latter, still forms the standard edition for the publishers of our Poet. In 1790 Malone entered the lists against them as a competitor for the editorial palm. After this publication, Malone seems to have devoted the remaining years of his life to the studies requisite for the illustration of his author; and at his death he bequeathed the voluminous papers, which he had prepared, to his and my friend, James Boswell, the younger son of the biographer of John son; and by him these papers were published in twenty octavo volumes, just before the close of his own valuable life. That the fund of Shakspearian information has been enlarged by this publication, cannot reasonably be doubted: that the text of Shakspeare has been injured by it, may confidently be asserted. As my opinion of Malone, as an annotator on Shakspeare, has been already expressed, it would be superfluous to repeat it. His stores of antiquarian knowledge were at least equal to those of Steevens: but he was not equally endowed by Nature with that popular commentator: Malone’s intellect was unquestionably of a subordinate class. He could collect and

amass; but he could not combine and arrange. Like a weak soldier under heavy armour, he is oppressed by his means of safety and triumph. He sinks beneath his knowledge, and cannot profitably use it. The weakness of his judgment deprived the result of his industry of its proper effect. He acts on a right principle of criticism: but, ignorant of its right application, he employs it for the purposes of error. He was not, in short, formed of the costly materials of a critic; and no labour, against the inhibition of Nature, could fashion him into a critic. His page is pregnant with information: but it is thrown into so many involutions and tangles, that it is lighter labour to work it out of the original quarry than to select it amid the confusion in which it is thus brought to your hand. If any copy of indisputable authority had been in existence, Malone would have produced a fac-simile of it, and would thus, indeed, have been an admirable editor of his author, for not a preposition, a copulative, a particle, a comma to be found in his original, would have been out of its place in his transcript. But no such authentic copy of Shakspeare could be discovered; and something more than diligence and accuracy was required in his editor: and to nothing more than diligence and accuracy could Malone's very humble and circumscribed abilities aspire. Attaching, therefore, fictitious authority to some of the earlier copies, he followed them with conscientious precision; and, disclaiming all emendatory criticism, he rejoiced in his fidelity to the errors of the first careless or illiterate transcriber. He closed the long file of the editors of Shakspeare. But although no formal editor or commentator has hitherto appeared to supply the place left vacant by Malone, yet does the importance of our bard continue to excite the man of talents to write in his cause, and to refresh the wreath of fame, which has hung for two centuries on his tomb. On this occasion I must adduce the name of Skottowe, a gentleman who has recently gratified the public with a life of Shakspeare, involving a variety of matter respecting him, in a style eminent for its compression and its neatness. To Mr. Skottowe I must acknowledge my especial obligations, for not infrequently relieving me from the prolixities and the perplexities of Malone; and sometimes for giving to me information in a compendious and lucid form, like a jewel set in the rich simplicity of gold.

When I speak of Malone as the last of the editors of Shakspeare, I speak, of course, with reference to the time at which I am writing, when no later editor has shown himself to the world. But when I am placed before the awful tribunal of the Public, a new Editor of our great dramatist will stand by my side: who, whilst I can be only a suppliant for pardon, may justly be a candidate for praise. With Mr. SINGER, the editor in question, I am personally unacquainted; and till a period, long subsequent to my completion of the little task which I had undertaken, I had not seen a line of his Shakspearian illustrations. But, deeming it right to obtain some knowledge of the gentleman, who was bound on the same voyage of adventure, in the same vessel with myself, I have since read the far greater part of his commentary on my author; and it would be unjust in me not to say, that I have found much in it to applaud, and very little to censure. Mr. Singer's antiquarian learning is accurate and extensive: his critical sagacity is considerable; and his judgment generally approves itself to be correct. He enters on the field with the strength of a giant; but with the diffidence and the humility of a child. We sometimes wish, indeed, that his humility had been less: for he is apt to defer to inferior men, and to be satisfied with following when he is privileged to lead. His explanations of his author are frequently happy; and sometimes they illustrate a passage, which had been left in unregarded darkness by the commentators who had preceded him. The sole fault of these explanatory notes (if such indeed can be deemed a fault) is their redundancy;

and their recurrence in cases where their aid seems to be unnecessary. Mr. Singer and I may occasionally differ in our opinions respecting the text, which he has adopted: but, in these instances of our dissent, it is fully as probable that I may be wrong as he. I feel, in short, confident, on the whole, that Mr. Singer is now advancing, not to claim, (for to claim is inconsistent with his modesty,) but to obtain a high place among the editors of Shakspeare; and to have his name enrolled with the names of those who have been the chief benefactors of the reader of our transcendent Poet.

We have now seen, from the first editorial attempt of Rowe, a whole century excited by the greatness of one man, and sending forth its most ambitious spirits, from the man of genius down to the literary mechanic, to tend on him as the vassals of his royalty, and to illustrate his magnificence to the world. Has this excitement had an adequate cause? or has it been only the frenzy of the times, or a sort of meteorous exhalation from an idle and over-exuberant soil? Let us examine our great poet, and dramatist, with the eye of impartial criticism; and then let the result of our examination form the reply to these interrogatories of doubt.

Shakspeare took his stories from any quarter, whence they were offered to him; from Italian novels; from histories; from old story-books; from old plays; and even from old ballads. In one instance, and in one alone, no prototype has been found for his fiction; and the whole of "The Tempest," from its first moving point to the plenitude of its existence, must be admitted to be the offspring of his wonderful imagination.* But whence soever he drew the first suggestion of his story, or whatever might be its original substance, he soon converts it into an image of ivory and gold, like that of the Minerva of Phidias; and then, beyond the efficacy of the sculptor's art, he breathes into it the breath of life. This, indeed, is spoken only of his tragedies and comedies: for his histories, as they were first called, or historical dramas, are transcripts from the page of Hall or Hollingshead; and, in some instances, are his workings on old plays, and belong to him no otherwise than as he imparted to them the powerful delineation of character, or enriched them with some exquisite scenes. These pieces, however, which affect not the combination of a fable; but, wrought upon the page of the chronicler or of the elder dramatist, follow the current of events, as it flows on in historic succession, must be made the first subjects of our remarks; and we will then pass to those dramas, which are more properly and strictly his own. To these historical plays, then, whatever may be their original materials, the power of the Poet has communicated irresistible attraction; not, as Samuel Johnson would wish us to believe, "by being not long soft or pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation:" not "by checking and blasting terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, with sudden frigidity," but by the strongest exertions of the highest poetry; and by commanding, with the royalty of genius, every avenue to the human heart. For the truth of what we assert, we will make our appeal to the frantic and soul-piercing lamentations of Constance in "King John;" to the scene between that monarch and Hubert; and between Hubert and young Arthur; to the subsequent scene between Hubert and his murderous sovereign, when the effects of the reported death of Arthur on the populace are described, and the murderer quarrels with his agent. To the scene, finally, in which the king dies, and which concludes the play.

For the evidence of the power of our great Poet we might appeal also to many scenes and descriptions even in "Richard II.;" though of all his historical dramas this, perhaps, is the least instinct

* This, perhaps, may be affirmed also of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

with animation, and the least attractive with dramatic interest. Of "Richard II." we may say with Mr. Skottowe, that, "though it is an exquisite poem, it is an indifferent play." But in the drama which, in its historic order, succeeds to it, we receive an ample compensation for any failure of the dramatist in "Richard II." In every page of "Henry IV.," both the serious and the comic, Shakspeare "is himself again;" and our fancy is either elevated or amused without the interruption of a single discordant or uncharacteristic sentiment. Worcester, indeed, says,

"And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads by raising of a head,"

and is thus guilty of a quibble; an offence of which the Prince, on two occasions, shows himself to be capable; once when he sees Falstaff apparently dead on the field of Shrewsbury; and once when, on his accession to the throne, he appoints his father's Chief Justice to a continuance in his high office: and these, as I believe, are the sole instances of our Poet's dalliance with his Cleopatra, for whose love he was content to lose the world, throughout the whole of the serious parts of this long and admirable drama.

The succeeding play of "Henry V." bears noble testimony to the poetic and the dramatic supremacy of Shakspeare: to the former, more especially in its three fine choruses, one of them serving as the prologue to the play, one opening the third act, and one describing the night preceding the battle of Agincourt: to the latter, in every speech of the King's, and in the far greater part of the remaining dialogue, whether it be comic or tragic. "Henry V.," however, is sullied with some weak and silly scenes; and, on the whole, is certainly inferior in dramatic attraction to its illustrious predecessor. But it is a very fine production, and far—far above the reach of any other English writer, who has been devoted to the service of the stage.

Of "Henry VI.," that *drum and trumpet thing*, as it has happily been called by a man of genius,* who ranged himself with the advocates of Shakspeare, I shall not take any notice on the present occasion, as the three parts of this dramatized history are nothing more than three old plays, corrected by the hand of Shakspeare, and here and there illustrious with the fire-drops which fell from his pen. Though we consider them, therefore, as possessing much attraction, and as disclosing Shakspeare in their outbursts of fine writing, and in their strong characteristic portraiture, we shall now pass them by to proceed without delay to their dramatic successor, "Richard III." Of "Richard II.," fine as it occasionally is in poetry, and rich in sentiment and pathos, we have remarked that, with reference to the other productions of its great author, it was low in the scale of merit. In "Richard II." he found an insufficient and an unawakening subject for his genius, and it acted drowsily, and as if it were half asleep: but in the third Richard there was abundant excitement for all its powers; and the victim of Tudor malignity and calumny rushes from the scene of our mighty dramatist in all the black efficiency of the demoniac tyrant. Besides Sir Thomas More's history of Richard of Gloster, our Poet had the assistance, as it seems, of a play upon the same subject, which had been popular before he began his career upon the stage. Adhering servilely neither to the historian nor to the old dramatist, Shakspeare contented himself with selecting from each of them such parts as were suited to his purpose; and with the materials thus obtained, compounded with others supplied by his own invention, he has produced a drama, which cannot be read in the closet, or seen in its representation on the stage without the strongest agitation of the mind. The character of Richard is drawn with

inimitable effect; and in the minor parts of the execution of the drama, there is nothing among all the creations of poetry more splendid and terrific than the dream of Clarence. But this noble effort of the tragic power is not altogether faultless. Some of its scenes, as not promoting the action of the drama, are superfluous and even tedious; and the violation of history, for the purpose of introducing the deposed queen, Margaret, upon the stage, may reasonably be censured. I am not certain, however, that I should be satisfied to resign her on the requisition of truth. Her curses are thrilling; and their fulfilment is awful. Shakspeare, as it may be remarked, has accumulated uncommitted crimes on the head of the devoted Richard. By the historian, this monarch is cleared of the deaths of Clarence and of Anne, his wife: to the latter of whom he is said to have approved himself an affectionate husband; whilst the murder of Clarence is imputed to the intrigues of the relations of his sister-in-law, the queen. His hand certainly did not shed the blood of the pious Henry; and even his assassination of the two illegitimate sons of his brother, Edward, is supported by very questionable evidence, for there is reason to think that the eldest of these young princes walked at his uncle's coronation; and that the youngest escaped to meet his death, under the name of Perkin Warbeck, from the hand of the first Tudor. But the scene of Shakspeare has stamped deeper and more indelible deformity on the memory of the last sovereign of the house of York, than all the sycophants of the Tudors had been able to impress; or than all that the impartiality, and the acute research of the modern historian have ever had the power to erase. We are certain that Richard possessed a lawful title to the throne which he filled: that he was a wise and patriotic sovereign: that his death was a calamity to his country, which it surrendered to a race of usurpers and tyrants, who trampled on its liberties, and stained its soil with much innocent and rich blood:—to that cold-blooded murderer and extortioner, Henry VII.—to that monster of cruelty and lust, his ferocious son: to the sanguinary and ruthless bigot, Mary: to the despotic and unamiable Elizabeth; the murderess of a suppliant queen, of kindred blood, who had fled to her for protection. Such was the result of Bosworth's field, preceded, as it was on the stage of Shakspeare, by visions of bliss to Richmond, and by visions of terror to Richard. But Shakspeare wrote with all the prejudices of a partisan of the Tudors; and at a time also when it was still expedient to flatter that detestable family.

His next task was one of yet greater difficulty:—to smooth down the rugged features of the eighth Henry, and to plant a wreath on the brutal and blood-stained brow of the odious father of Elizabeth. This task he has admirably executed, and without offering much violation to the truth of history. He has judiciously limited his scene to that period of the tyrant's reign in which the more disgusting deformities of his character had not yet been revealed—to the death of Catharine, the fall of Wolsey, and the birth of Elizabeth: and the crowned savage appears to us only as the generous, the munificent, the magnanimous monarch, striking down the proud, and supporting with a strong arm the humble and the oppressed. But the whole pathos and power of the scene are devoted to Catharine and Wolsey. On these two characters the dramatist has expended all his force; and our pity is inseparably attached to them to the last moment of their lives. They expire, indeed, bedewed with our tears. Of this, the last of Shakspeare's dramatic histories, it may be remarked that it is written in a style different from that of its predecessors: that it is less interspersed with comic scenes; that in its serious parts its diction is more stately and formal; more elevated and figurative: that its figures are longer and more consistently sustained; that it is more rich in theatric exhibition; or in the spectacle, as Aristotle calls it, and by whom it is

* The late Mr. Maurice Morgann; who wrote an eloquent essay on the dramatic character of Falstaff.

regarded as a component part of the drama. To any attentive reader these distinguishing characters of the dramatic history of Henry VIII. must be sufficiently obvious; and we can only wonder that the same mind should produce such fine pieces as those of "Henry IV.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII.," each written with a pen appropriate to itself, and the last with a pen not employed in any other instance.

If we were to pause in this stage of our progress, we might confidently affirm that we had suggested to the minds of our readers such a mass of poetic and dramatic genius as would be sufficient to excite the general interest of an intellectual and literary people. But we are yet only in the vestibule which opens into the magnificence of the palace, where Shakspeare is seated on the throne of his greatness. The plays, which we have hitherto been considering, are constructed, for the most part, with materials not his own, supplied either by the ancient chronicler, or by some preceding dramatist; and are wrought up without any reference to that essential portion of a drama, a plot or fable. But when he is disengaged from the incumbrances to which he had submitted in his histories, he assumes the full character of the more perfect dramatist; and discovers that art, for which, equally with the powers of his imagination, he was celebrated by Ben Jonson. In some of his plays, indeed, we acknowledge the looseness with which his fable is combined, and the careless hurry with which he accelerates its close: but in the greater triumphs of his genius, we find the fable artificially planned and solidly constructed. In "The Merchant of Venice," in "Romeo and Juliet," in "Lear," in "Othello," and, above all, in that intellectual wonder, "The Tempest," we may observe the fable managed with the hand of a master, and contributing its effect, with the characters and the dialogue, to amuse, to agitate, or to surprise. In that beautiful pastoral drama, "As You Like It," the sudden disappearance of old Adam from the scene has been a subject of regret to more than one of the commentators: and Samuel Johnson wishes that the dialogue between the hermit, as he calls him, and the usurping duke, the result of which was the conversion of the latter, had not been omitted on the stage. But old Adam had fulfilled the purposes of his dramatic existence, and it was, therefore, properly closed. He had discovered his honest attachment to his young master, and had experienced his young master's gratitude. He was brought into a place of safety; and his fortunes were now blended with those of the princely exiles of the forest. There was no further part for him to act; and he passed naturally from the stage, no longer the object of our hopes or our fears. On the subject of S. Johnson's wish respecting the dialogue between the *old religious man* and the guilty duke, we may shortly remark, that nothing could have been more undramatic than the intervention of such a scene of dry and didactic morality, at such a crisis of the drama, when the minds of the audience were heated, and hurrying to its approaching close. Like Felix in the sacred history, the royal criminal might have trembled at the lecture of the holy man: but the audience, probably, would have been irritated or asleep. No! Shakspeare was not so ignorant of his art as to require to be instructed in it by the author of Irene.

But it was in the portraiture of the human mind: in the specific delineation of intellectual and moral man, that the genius of Shakspeare was pre-eminently conspicuous. The curious inquisition of his eye into the characters, which were passing beneath its glance, cannot be made too much the subject of our admiration and wonder. He saw them not only under their broad distinctions; when they became obvious to the common observer; but he beheld them in their nicer tints and shadings, by which they are diversified, though the tone of their general colouring may be the same.

— "facies non omnibus una;
Nec diversa tamen."

To illustrate what I mean, let us contemplate Portia, Desdemona, Imogen, Rosalind, Beatrice, Cordelia, and Ophelia. They are equally amiable and affectionate women; equally faithful and attached as wives, as friends, as daughters: two of them, also, are noted for the poignancy and sparkle of their wit: and yet can it be said that any one of them can be mistaken for the other; or that a single speech can with propriety be transferred from the lips of her to whom it has been assigned by her dramatic creator? They are all known to us as the children of one family, with a general resemblance, and an individual discrimination. Benedict and Mercutio are both young men of high birth; of known valour; of playful wit, delighting itself in pleasantry and frolic: yet are they not distinguished beyond the possibility of their being confounded? So intimately conversant is our great dramatist with the varieties of human nature, that he scatters character, as a king on his accession scatters gold, among the populace; and there is not one, perhaps, of his subordinate agents, who has not his peculiar features and a complexion of his own. So mighty is our Poet as a dramatic creator, that characters of the most opposite description are thrown in equal perfection and with equal facility from his hand. The executive decision of Richard; the meditative inefficiency of Hamlet; the melancholy of Jaques, which draws subjects of moral reflection from every object around him; and the hilarity of Mercutio, which forsakes him not in the very act of dying; the great soul of Macbeth, maddened and bursting under accumulated guilt; and "the unimitated and inimitable Falstaff," (as he is called by S. Johnson, in the single outbreak of enthusiasm extorted from him by the wonders of Shakspeare's page) revelling in the tavern at Eastcheap, or jesting on the field of Shrewsbury, are all the creatures of one plastic intellect, and are absolute and entire in their kind. Malignity and revenge constitute the foundation on which are constructed the two very dissimilar characters of Shylock and Iago. But there is something terrific and even awful in the inexorability of the Jew, whilst there is nothing but meanness in the artifices of the Venetian standard-bearer. They are both men of vigorous and acute understandings: we hate them both; but our hatred of the former is mingled with involuntary respect; of the latter our detestation is made more intensely strong by its association with contempt.

In his representation of madness, Shakspeare must be regarded as imitatively excellent; and the picture of this last degradation of humanity, with nature always for his model, is diversified by him at his pleasure. Even over the wreck of the human mind he throws the variegated robe of character. How different is the genuine insanity of Lear from the assumed insanity of Edgar, with which it is immediately confronted; and how distinct, again, are both of these from the disorder which prevails in the brain of the lost and the tender Ophelia.

In one illustrious effort of his dramatic power, our Poet has had the confidence to produce two delineations of the same perversion of the human heart, and to present them, at once similar and dissimilar, to the examination of our wondering eyes. In Timon and Apemantus is exhibited the same deformity of misanthropy: but in the former it springs from the corruption of a noble mind, stricken and laid prostrate by the ingratitude of his species: in the latter, it is a noisome weed, germinating from a bitter root, and cherished by perverse cultivation into branching malignity. In each of them, as the vice has a different parentage, so has it a diversified aspect.

With such an intimacy with all the fine and subtle workings of Nature in her action on the human heart, it is not wonderful that our great dramatist should possess an absolute control over the passions; and should be able to unlock the cell of each

of them as the impulse of his fancy may direct. When we follow Macbeth to the chamber of Duncan: when we stand with him by the enchanted caldron; or see him, under the infliction of conscience, glaring at the spectre of the *blood-boltered Banquo* in the possession of the royal chair, horror is by our side, thrilling in our veins, and bristling in our hair. When we attend the Danish prince to his midnight conference with the shade of his murdered father, and hear the ineffable accents of the dead, willing, but prohibited, "to tell the secrets of his prison-house," we are appalled, and our faculties are suspended in terror. When we see the faithful and the lovely Juliet awaking in the house of darkness and corruption with the corpse of her husband on her bosom: when we behold the innocent Desdemona dying by the hand, to which she was the most fondly attached; and charging on herself, with her latest breath, the guilt of her murderer: when we witness the wretchedness of Lear, contending with the midnight storm, and strewing his white locks on the blast; or carrying in his withered arms the body of his Cordelia murdered in his cause, is it possible that the tear of pity should not start from our eyes and trickle down our cheeks? In the forest of Arden, as we ramble with its accidental inmates, our spirits are soothed into cheerfulness, and are, occasionally, elevated into gaiety. In the tavern at Eastcheap, with the witty and debauched knight, we meet with "Laughter holding both his sides;" and we surrender ourselves, willingly and delighted, to the inebriation of his influence. We could dwell for a long summer's day amid the fertility of these charming topics, if we were not called from them to a higher region of poetic enjoyment, possessed by the genius of Shakespeare alone, where he reigns sole lord, and where his subjects are the wondrous progeny of his own creative imagination. From whatever quarter of the world, eastern or northern, England may have originally derived her elves and her fairies, Shakespeare undoubtedly formed these little beings, as they flutter in his scenes, from an idea of his own; and they came from his hand, beneficent and friendly to man; immortal and invulnerable; of such corporeal minuteness as to lie in the bell of a cowslip; and yet of such power as to disorder the seasons; as

"to bedim
The noontide sun; call forth the mutinous winds:
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war."

To this little ethereal people our Poet has assigned manners and occupations in perfect consistency with their nature; and has sent them forth, in the richest array of fancy, to gambol before us, to astonish and delight us. They resemble nothing upon earth: but if they could exist with man, they would act and speak as they act and speak, with the inspiration of our Poet, in "The Tempest," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In contrast with his Ariel, "a spirit too delicate," as the servant of a witch, "to act her earthy and abhorred commands:" but ready, under the control of his philosophic master,

"To answer his best pleasure, be it to fly,
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds;"

in contrast with this aerial being, the imagination of Shakespeare has formed a monster, the offspring of a hag and a demon; and has introduced him into the scene with a mind and a character appropriately and strictly his own. As the drama, into which are introduced these two beings, beyond the action of Nature, as it is discoverable on this earth, one of them rising above, and one sinking beneath the level of humanity, may be received as the proudest evidence, which has hitherto been produced, of the extent and vigour of man's imagination; so it bids fair to stand unrivalled amid all

the loftiest aspirations of the human mind in the ages which are yet to come. The great Milton's imagination alone can be placed in competition with that of Shakespeare; and even Milton's must yield the palm to that which is displayed in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and in the almost divine "Tempest."

But having sported a while with the fairies,

"as on the sands with printless feet
They chase the ebbing Neptune,"

or

"in the spiced Indian air,
They dance their ringlets to the whistling wind,"

the mighty Poet turns from their bowers, "over-canopied with luscious woodbine," and plants us on "the blasted heath," trodden by the weird sisters, the Fates of the north; or leads us to the dreadful cave, where they are preparing their infernal caldron, and singing round it the incantations of hell. What a change, from all that is fascinating, to all that is the most appalling to the fancy; and yet each of these scenes is the product of the same astonishing intellect, delighting at one time to lull us on beds of roses, with the spirit of Orpheus, and at another to curdle our blood by throwing at us the viper lock of Alecto. But to show his supreme command of the super-human world, our royal Poet touches the sepulchre with his magic rod, and the sepulchre opens "its pond'rous and marble jaws," and gives its dead to "revisit the glimpses of the moon." The belief that the dead, on some awful occasions, were permitted to assume the semblance of those bodies, in which they had walked upon earth; or that the world of spirits was sometimes disclosed to the eye of mortality, has prevailed in every age of mankind, in the most enlightened as well as in the most dark. When philosophy had attained its widest extent of power, and had enlarged and refined the intellect, not only of its parent Greece, but of its pupil Rome, a spectre is recorded to have shaken the firmness of Dion, the scholar and the friend of Plato; and another to have assayed the constancy of the philosophic and the virtuous Brutus. In the superstitious age of our Elizabeth and of her Scottish successor, the belief in the existence of ghosts and apparitions was nearly universal; and when Shakespeare produced upon his stage the shade of the Danish sovereign, there was not, perhaps, a heart, amid the crowded audience, which did not palpitate with fear. But in any age, however little tainted it might be with superstitious credulity, would the ghost of royal Denmark excite an agitating interest, with such awful solemnity is he introduced, so sublimely terrible is his tale of woe, and such are the effects of his appearance on the persons of the drama, who are its immediate witnesses. We catch, indeed, the terrors of Horatio and the young prince; and if the illusion be not so strong as to seize in the first instance on our own minds, it acts on them in its result from theirs. The melancholy, which previously preyed on the spirits of the youthful Hamlet, was certainly heightened into insanity by this ghostly conference; and from this dreadful moment his madness is partly assumed, and partly unaffected. It is certain that no spectre, ever brought upon the stage, can be compared with this phantom, created by the power of Shakespeare. The apparition of the host, in "The Lover's Progress," by Fletcher, is too contemptible to be mentioned on this occasion: the spirit of Almanzor's mother, in "The Conquest of Granada," by Dryden, is not of a higher class; and even the ghost of Darius, in "The Persians," of the mighty and sublime Æschylus, shrinks into insignificance before this of the murdered Majesty of Denmark. For his success, indeed, in this instance, Shakespeare is greatly indebted to the superior awfulness of his religion; and the use which he has made of the Romish purgatory must be regarded as

supremely felicitous. When the imagination of Shakspeare sported without control amid these creations of its own, it unquestionably lifted him high above any competition. As he plays with the faeries in their bowers of eglantine and woodbine; or directs the operations in the magic cave; or calls the dead man from the "cold obstruction" of the tomb, "to make night hideous," he may challenge the poets of every age, from that of Homer to the present, and be fearless of the event. But either from his ignorance of them, which is not easily credible, or from his disregard to them, or rather, perhaps, from his desire to escape from their yoke, he violates without remorse the dramatic unities of time and place, contenting himself to preserve the unity of action or design, without which, indeed, nothing worthy of the name of composition can exist. And who steps forward, in this instance of his licentious liberty, as the champion of Shakspeare, but that very critic who brings such charges against him as a poet and a dramatist, that, if they were capable of being substantiated, would overturn him from his lofty pedestal; and would prove the object of our homage, during two centuries, to be a little deformed image, which we had with the most silly idolatry mistaken for a god? But Johnson's defence of Shakspeare seems to be as weak as his attack; though in either case the want of power in the warrior is concealed under the glare of his ostentatious arms. It is unquestionable that, since the days of the patrician of Argos, recorded by Horace,* who would sit for hours in the vacant theatre, and give his applause to actors who were not there, no man, unattended by a keeper, ever mistook the wooden and narrow platform of a stage for the fields of Philippi or Agincourt; or the painted canvass, shifting under his eye, for the palace of the Ptolemies or the Cæsars; or the walk, which had brought him from his own house to the theatre, for a voyage across the Mediterranean to Alexandria; or the men and women, with whom he had probably conversed in the common intercourse of life, for old Romans and Grecians. Such a power of illusion, quite incompatible with any degree of sanity of mind, has never been challenged by any critic, as attached to poetry and the stage; and it is adduced, in his accustomed style of argument, by Johnson, only for the purpose of confounding his adversaries with absurdity, or of baffling them with ridicule. But there is a power of illusion, belonging to genuine poetry, which, without overthrowing the reason, can seize upon the imagination, and make it subservient to its purposes. This is asserted by Horace in that often cited passage:

"Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis."

Assisted by the scenery, the dresses of the actors, and their fine adaptation of the voice and countenance to the design of the poet, this illusion becomes so strong as intimately to blend us with the fictitious personages whom we see before us. We know, indeed, that we are seated upon benches, and are spectators only of a poetic fiction: but the power, which mingles us with the agents upon the stage, is of such a nature that we feel, as it were, one interest with them; we resent the injuries which they suffer, we rejoice at the good fortune which betides them: the pulses of our hearts beat in harmony with theirs; and as the tear gushes from their eyes, it swells and overflows in ours. To account for this influence of poetic imitation, for this contagion of represented passion belongs to the metaphysician, the sole business of the critic is to remark and to reason from the fact. It is unquestionable that our imaginations are, to a certain extent, under the control of authentic poetry, and especially of that poetry which employs the scenic imitation for its

instrument. The stream of passion, like a stream of electricity, rushes from the actor to us, and we are as unable as we are unwilling to resist it. Now it is this feeling, which constitutes the poetic probability of what we see and hear, and which may be violated by an injudicious and lawless shifting of the scene. If our passions be interested by an action passing at a place called Rome, it must shock and chill them to have our attentions hurried suddenly, without any reason for the discontinuance of the action, to a place called Alexandria, separated by the intervention of a thousand miles. Let us suppose, then, that in the fulness of the scenic excitement, a friend at our elbow, with the impassible fibre of a Johnson, were to shake us and to say, "What! are you mad? Know you not where you are? in Drury Lane theatre? within a few hundred yards of your own chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and neither at Rome nor at Alexandria? and perceive you not that the old man whom you see there on his knee, with his hands clenched, and his eyes raised in imprecation to heaven, is our old friend, Garrick, who is reciting with much propriety some verses made by a man, long since in his grave? Yes! Garrick, with whom you conversed not many hours ago; and who, a few hours hence, will be talking with his friends, over a comfortable supper, of the effects of his present mimicry?" If we should be thus addressed, (and a sudden shifting of the scene may produce an equal dissipation of the illusion which delights us,) should we be thankful to our wise friend for thus informing our understanding by the interruption of our feelings? Should we not rather exclaim with the Argive noble of Horace, when purged by hellebore into his senses,

— "Pol me occidisti—
— cul sic exiorta voluptas
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error."

With the illusion of the poetic or dramatic imitation, established as an unquestionable truth in our minds, let us now turn and consider the dramatic unities in their origin and effect. The unity of action, indeed, may be thrown altogether from our notice; for, universally acknowledged to be essentially necessary to the drama, and constituting what may be called its living principle, it has escaped from violation even by our lawless Poet himself. The drama, as we know, in Greece, derived its origin from the choral odes, which were sung at certain seasons before the altar of Bacchus. To these, in the first instance, was added a dialogue of two persons; and, the number of speakers being subsequently increased, a regular dramatic fable was, at length, constructed, and the dialogue usurped the prime honours of the performance. But the chorus, though degraded, could not be expelled from the scene, which was once entirely its own; and, consecrated by the regard of the people, it was forced upon the acceptance of the dramatist, to act with it in the best manner that he could. It was stationed, therefore, permanently on the stage, and made to occupy its place with the agents who were to conduct the action of the fable. From the circumstance of its being stationary on the stage, it secured the strict observance of the unity of place: for with a stage, which was never vacant, and consequently with only one scene, the Grecian dramatist could not remove his agents whithersoever he pleased, in accommodation to his immediate convenience; but on the spot, where the scene opened, he was constrained to retain them till the action of the drama was closed, and what could not consistently be acted was necessarily consigned to narration. This was a heavy servitude to the dramatist; but it had its compensations in uninterrupted feeling, and in the greater conservation of probability. To the unity of time, as time is more pliant to the imagination than place, the Grecian dramatist seems to have paid little if any regard. In the Agamemnon of Æschylus, the fire signals have only just announced to Mycenæ the fall of Troy, when the herald arrives with the tidings of the victorious

—* Fuit haud ignobilis Argis, &c. Epis. lib. ii. Ep. li. l. 138.

king's approach; who must thus have passed from Phrygia to the Peloponnesus, obstructed also as his passage was by a tempest, with the celerity nearly of a ray of light; and in the Trachiniae of Sophocles, a journey of about one hundred and twenty miles is accomplished during the recitation of a hundred verses. The transgression of the unity of time was not, perhaps, much the subject of the auditor's calculation, or in any degree of his concern. With his mind intent on the still occupied stage and the unchanging scene, he was ready to welcome the occurrence of any new event, or to listen with pleasure to any new narration of facts beyond the stage, without pausing to investigate the poet's due apportionment of time. If the scene had been shifted, the feelings of the spectator would have been outraged by such an infringement of the unity of place. When the arbitrary separation of the drama into acts was accomplished by the Roman dramatists, the observance of the unity of place became more easy, though still it was not to be abandoned. An act constitutes a portion of the action of a drama, at the close of which the stage is vacated and the curtain drops. If, during the act, the scene be shifted, the unity of place is broken; the probability of the dramatic imitation is diminished, and our feelings are certainly offended: but in the interval between act and act, the scene may be removed to any place where it may suit the convenience of the poet to plant it, to Venice or to Cyprus; and any lapse of time may, readily and without absurdity, be imagined to intervene. The action of the drama must necessarily be maintained one and entire, and then, with the scene stationary during the act, all the dramatic unities will be sufficiently, if not rigidly, preserved. As we know nothing of the tragic writers of Rome, all their works having perished, with the exception of those of Seneca, from which not any thing of value can be learned, we cannot decide whether or not they availed themselves of the liberty which they had obtained by this division of their plays into acts; and that their plays were divided into acts, like those of the Roman comic writers, we are assured by Horace when he tells the Pisos—

"Neve minor, neu sit quinto productor actus
Fabula, &c."*

But if they did not assert the liberty, which they had gained by thus breaking the continued representation of the Grecian theatre, they had themselves only to blame; for they certainly possessed the means of effectively preserving all the power of the unities at a very small expense of difficulty and labour. It is for his inattention to the integrity of the scene during the continuance of each single act that I conceive Shakspeare to be principally censurable; and the variety, to which we are instructed to look as the consequence of his lawlessness in this instance, to be an insufficient compensation for the outrage of probability, for the frequent violation of our feelings, and for the vicious example with which he has corrupted the good taste, and has diminished the efficiency of the English stage. A recent commentator, however, has discovered, and he seems to applaud himself on the felicitous discovery, that our great bard has been faithful to one unity of the drama, though he has treated the others with disregard—that he has been faithful to the unity of feeling—to the unity of feeling! What! when he transports us from the revels and the wit of Falstaff to the council chamber of the politic Bolingbroke, to the military array of the young Percy, to the field of Shrewsbury, to the castle of the plaintiff Northumberland. The tragedies of Rowe, and the comedies of Congreve may vaunt of their unity of feeling: but that mixed species of drama, in which Shakspeare delights, will admit the praise of any other unity in preference to that of feeling.

If the limits prescribed to me on the present occasion would admit of such a disquisition, I would submit to my readers an analysis of one of our Poet's finest plays, that I might distinctly show how much he has lost by his neglect of the dramatic unities; and how much more effectually he might have wrought for his purpose if he had not disclaimed or been too idle to solicit their assistance. In two lines of supreme fustian and nonsense, Johnson says of him,

"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
And panting time toil'd after him in vain."

If he spurn'd the reign of existence, he must have plunged into some illimitable void, if there be such, in the infinity of space; and what is the idea intended to be conveyed by "Panting time toiling after him in vain," I will confess that I do not precisely comprehend. I conclude, however, that of these lines the first refers to the super-human creatures of the dramatist's invention, to his fairies, his magicians, and his ghosts: and these, indeed, are proud evidences of his imaginative powers; and that the second, in the ludicrous image, which it presents, of old Time, panting and toiling in vain to catch the active and runaway Poet, must allude to the contempt occasionally discovered by our lawless bard for probability and the limitation of time; and this, of which any scribbler may be guilty, is, in truth, the most effective dispraise. But it is more wonderful that Shakspeare, who may be regarded as the father of the English drama, accomplished so much for its perfection, than that he failed to accomplish more.

We have now considered this extraordinary man as the giver of a poetic soul to historic narration, as the framer of a dramatic fable, and excelling equally in the sublime, the pathetic, and the ludicrous; as luxuriating by himself, in a sort of inaccessible glory, in a world of his own imagination; as neglecting the dramatic unities, either from ignorance of their effect, or from an indolent dislike of their restraint. We have made, in short, a cursory survey of his excellencies and his defects. His diction only now remains to be the subject of our attention; and in this subordinate portion of the drama, we shall find him to be as superior to competition as he is in the characteristic and the imaginative. His diction is an instrument, which is admirably adapted to all his purposes. In his tragic strains, it sounds every note of the gamut; and is either sublime or tender, vehement or pathetic, with the passion of which it is the organ: in description it is picturesque, animated, and glowing; and every where its numbers are so harmonious, so varied, almost to infinity, in their cadence and their pauses, that they give to the ear a perpetual feast, in which there is no satiety. As the diction of Shakspeare rises in his higher scenes, without effort or tumour, to the sublime of poetry, so does it fall, in his comic, with facility and grace, into the humility of prose. It has been charged with being harsh and ungrammatical. I believe it to be harsh and unrhythmical (I confine the remark, of course, to the verse portion of it) only when it has been deformed by the perverse industry of tasteless commentators, referring us to incorrect transcriptions for authorities; and to the same cause may be ascribed, as I am satisfied, many, if not all, of its grosser grammatical errors. It will not, indeed, in every instance, as we are willing to allow, abide the rigid analysis of grammar; for it sometimes impresses the idea forcibly and distinctly on the mind without the aid of regular grammar, and without discovering the means by which the exploit has been achieved. As one example of this power of Shakspeare's diction, among many of a similar nature which might be adduced, we will transcribe the often-cited answer of Claudio to his sister, in "Measure for Measure," respecting the unknown terrors of death. The expressions in Italics convey their meaning with great accuracy to the hear-

* De Arte Poetica, l. 180.

er's or the reader's mind; but, if submitted to the philosophical grammarian's examination, they will not easily stand under it; and they may puzzle us to account for their effect in the communication of the poet's ideas.

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds;
And blown with restless violence about
The pendent world: or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howlings!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

This entire passage, terminating at "howling," is deficient in grammatical correctness, for it contains an antecedent not succeeded by a consequent: but is there a reader of taste who would wish it to be any thing but what it is? As for those barbarisms of the double negative and the double comparative, which Malone is studious to recall from the old copies into Shakspeare's text, I have already declared my conviction that they are falsely charged upon Shakspeare. They are not to be found in those effusions of his muse which issued from the press under his own immediate inspection; and they must assuredly be considered as the illiterate errors of an illiterate transcriber.

I could now easily, and the task would be delightful to me, produce examples, from the page of Shakspeare, of all the excellencies which I have attributed to his diction; of its sublimity, its force, its tenderness, its pathos, its picturesque character, its sweet and ever varying harmony. But I have already very far transgressed the limits prescribed to me in my volume; and I must restrain myself. When, therefore, I have cited, at the close of what I am now writing, the description by Jaques, in "As you Like it," of the seven ages of man, as an evidence of Shakspeare's power to touch the most familiar topics into poetry, as the Phrygian monarch could touch the basest substances into gold, I shall conclude this long and, as I fear, this fatiguing treatise on Shakspeare and his works, by asking if he be not a mighty genius, sufficiently illustrious and commanding to call forth the choice spirits of a learned and intellectual century to assert his greatness; and to march in his triumph to fame?

Yes, master of the human heart! we own
Thy sovereign sway; and bow before thy throne:
Where, rich y deck'd with laurels never sere,
It stands aloft, and baffles Time's career.
There warbles Poesy her sweetest song:
There the wild Passions wait, thy vassal throng.
There Love, there Hate, there Joy in turn presides;
And rosy Laughter holding both his sides.
At thy command the varied tumult rolls:
Now Pity melts, now Terror chills our souls.
Now, as thou wavest the wizard-rod, are seen
The Fays and Elves quick glancing o'er the green:
And, as the moon her perfect orb displays,
The little people sparkle in her rays.
There, mid the lightning's blaze, and whirlwind's
howl,

On the scath'd heath the fatal sisters scowl:
Or, as hell's caldron bubbles o'er the flame,
Prepare to do a deed without a name.

These are thy wonders, Nature's darling birth!
And Fame exulting bears thy name o'er earth.
There, where Rome's eagle never stoop'd for blood,
By hallow'd Ganges and Missouri's flood:
Where the bright eyelids of the Morn unclosed;
And where Day's seeds in golden stalls repose;
Thy peaceful triumphs spread; and mock the pride
Of Pella's Youth, and Julius slaughter-dyed.

In ages far remote, when Albion's state
Hath touch'd the mortal limit, marked by Fate:
When Arts and Science fly her naked shore:
And the world's Empress shall be great no more:
Then Australasia shall thy sway prolong;
And her rich cities echo with thy song.

There myriads still shall laugh, or drop the tear,
At Falstaff's humour, or the woes of Lear:
Man, wave-like, following man, thy powers admire;
And thou, my Shakspeare, reign till time expire.
C. S.

Newstead Abbey,
Aug. 4th, 1825.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE
PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini
nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini
1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long a time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue

of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,) that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [Hamnet] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemyng, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital message or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bishop-ton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that message or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever: to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue,

to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattles, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collyns,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamnet Sadler,
Robert Whatcott.

Probatum fuit testamentum superscriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susanna Hall, ali. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF MY BELOVED

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and ureth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek

For names ; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines !
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all : thy art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion. And that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muse's anvil ; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue : even so the race
 Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned, and true filed lines :
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were,
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those slights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there !
 Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
 like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volumes' light.

BEN JONSON.

ON

WORTHY MASTER SHAKSPEARE, AND HIS POEMS.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear
 And equal surface can make things appear,
 Distant a thousand years, and represent
 Them in their lively colours, just extent :
 To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
 Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
 Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
 Great heaps of ruinous mortality :
 In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
 A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn
 The physiognomy of shades, and give
 Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live ;
 What story coldly tells, what poets feign
 At second hand, and picture without brain,
 Senseless and soulless shews : To give a stage,—
 Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,

As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
 Them unto us, or to them had hurl'd :
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
 Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
 Joys in their joy and trembles at their rage :
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
 Both weep and smile ; fearful at plots so sad,
 Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad
 To be abus'd ; affected with that truth
 Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
 At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
 Tortur'd and tickl'd ; by a crab-like way
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
 Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—

— While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
 Creates and rules a world, and works upon
 Mankind by secret engines ; now to move
 A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;
 To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire ;
 To steer the affections ; and by heavenly fire
 Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves :—

This,—and much more, which cannot be express'd
 But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
 Was Shakspeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain
 Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train :—
 The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
 And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
 And nimble foot of the melodious pair,
 The silver-voic'd lady, the most fair
 Calliope, she whose speaking silence daunts,
 And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.

These jointly woo'd him, envying one another ;
 Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother :—
 And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
 Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
 And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
 The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright :
 Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;
 Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
 Of golden wire, each line of silk : there run
 Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;
 And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
 Birds of a foreign note and various voice ;
 Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair
 But chiding fountain, purled : not the air,
 Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn :
 Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
 But fine materials, which the Muses know,
 And only know the countries where they grow
 Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
 In mortal garments pent,—Death may destroy.
 They say, his body ; but his verse shall live,
 And more than nature takes our hands shall give :
 In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
 Shakspeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel
 crown'd,

Which never fades ; fed with ambrosian meat ;
 In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat :—
 So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it ;
 For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments,

I. M. S.

These admirable verses were first prefixed to the
 second folio printed in 1632 : they are here placed as a
 noble tribute from a contemporary to the genius of our
 immortal Poet. Conjecture has been vainly employed
 upon the initials I. M. S. affixed. I entirely subscribe
 to Mr. Boaden's opinion that they are from the pen of
 George Chapman ; the structure of the verse and the
 phraseology bear marks of his hand, and the vein of
 poetry such as would do honour to his genius.

S. W. S.

THE PREFACE OF THE PLAYERS.

Prefixed to the First Folio Edition published in 1623.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you will stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cockpit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

TEMPEST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

“THE Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream (says Warburton) are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense, or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits.”

No one has hitherto discovered the novel on which this play is founded; yet Collins the poet told Thomas Warton that the plot was taken from the romance of ‘Aurelio and Isabella,’ which was frequently printed during the sixteenth century, sometimes in three or four languages in the same volume. In the calamitous mental indisposition which visited poor Collins his memory failed him; and he most probably substituted the name of one novel for another; the fable of Aurelio and Isabella has no relation to the Tempest. Mr. Malone thought that no such tale or romance ever existed; yet a friend of the late Mr. James Boswell told him that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered Collins's description; but his memory, unfortunately, did not enable him to recover it.

My friend, Mr. Douce, in his valuable ‘Illustrations of Shakspeare,’ published in 1807, had suggested that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed from the account of Sir George Somers's voyage and shipwreck on the Bermudas in 1609; and had pointed out some passages which confirmed his suggestion. At the same time it appears that Mr. Malone was engaged in investigating the relations of this voyage: and he subsequently printed the results of his researches in a pamphlet, which he distributed among his friends; wherein he shows, that not only the title but many passages in the play were suggested to Shakspeare by the account of the tremendous *Tempest* which, in July, 1609, dispersed the fleet carrying supplies from England to the infant colony of Virginia, and wrecked the vessel in which Sir George Somers and the other principal commanders had sailed, on one of the Bermuda Islands.

Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the *Sea Venture*, which was called the *Admiral's Ship*; and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a *terrible tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours and scattered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. Two of them were wrecked, in their way home, on the point of Ushant; the others returned safely to England, ship after ship, in 1610, bringing the news of the supposed loss of the Admiral's ship and her crew. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September. The Council of Virginia published a narrative of the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape. Previously however to its appearance, one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet entitled “A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called *The Isle of Devils*”; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others:” in which he relates the circumstances of the storm. “They were bound for Virginia, and at that time in 30° N. latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost, and began to drink their strong waters, and to take leave of each other, intending to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on the poop, with no food and little rest, at length described land, and encouraged them (*many from weariness having fallen asleep*) to continue at the pumps. They

complied, and fortunately the ship was driven and jammed between two rocks, fast lodged and locked for further budging.” One hundred and fifty persons got on shore; and by means of their boat and skiff (for this was half a mile from land) they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

“But our delivery,” says Jourdan, “was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable; for the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were *never inhabited* by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and *enchanted place*, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wils, they have, by storms and dangerounesse of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwrecke. Yet did we finde there *the ayre so temperate* and the *country so abundantly fruitfull* of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere, and victual being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there:—wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath bene, and is still, accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorne place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and [most] pleasing land (the quantity and bignesse thereof considered,) and merely natural, as ever man set foote upon.”

The publication set forth by the Council of Virginia, entitled, “A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colony of Virginia, &c. 1610,” relates the same facts and events in better language, and Shakspeare probably derived his first thought of working these adventures up into a dramatic form from an allusion to the drama in this piece.

“These islands of the Bermudas,” says this narrative, “have ever been accounted as an *inchaunted* pile of rocks, and a *desert inhabitation for devells*; but all the *fairies* of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine.”

—What is there in all this *Tragicall Comedie* that should discourage us?

The covert allusions to several circumstances in the various narrations of this Voyage have been illustrated with great ingenuity by Mr. Malone; and many of them will no doubt have already struck the reader, but we must content ourselves with a reference to his more detailed account.

The plot of this play is very simple, independent of the magic; and Mr. Malone has pointed out two sources from whence he thinks Shakspeare derived suggestions for it. The one is a play by Robert Green, entitled “The Comical History of Alphonsus King of Arragon:” the other is the Sixth Metrical Tale of George Turberville,* formed on the fourth novel of the fourth day of the Decamerone of Boccaccio, to which he is probably indebted for the hint of the marriage of Claribel. The magic of the piece is unquestionably the creation of the great bard himself, suggested no doubt by the popular

* Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville in time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians, &c. 8vo 1597.

notions respecting the Bermudas. Mr. Malone confesses that the hints furnished by Green are so slight as not to detract from the merit of Shakspeare, and I have therefore not thought it necessary to follow him in his analysis. The late Dr. Vincent, the highly respected Dean of Westminster, pointed out a passage in Magellan's Voyage to the South Pole, which is to be found in "Eden's History of Travaile," printed in 1577, that may have furnished the first idea of Caliban, and as it is curious in itself, I shall venture to transcribe it. "Departing from hence," says Eden, "they sayled to the 49 degree and a halfe under the pole antartike; where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes, all which tyme they saw no man: except that one day by chance they espyed a man of the stature of a gyant, who came to the haven *dauncing and singing*, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore with the shippe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thynge the giant seeing, was out offeare, and came with the cartayne's servant, to his presence, into a litle islande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about him, he was greatly amazed; and made signes, *holding up his hande to heaven*, signifying thereby that *our men came from thence*. This giant was so byg that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporacion and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but for the most parte yellow. Upon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his apparell was the skynne of a beast sowed together. This beast (as seemed unto us) had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a cammell and tayle of a horae. The feete of the gyant were folded in the sayde skynne, after the manner of shooes. He had in his hande a bygge and shorte bowe; the sleying whereof was made of a sinewe of that beast. He had also a bundle of long arrowes made of reedes, feathered after the manner of ours, typte with sharp stones, in the stead of iron heades. The captayne caused him to eate and drinke, and gave him many thynges, and among other a great looking glasse, in the which as soon as he sawe his owne likeness, was so dauidly affrayde, and started backe with such violence, that he overthrew two that stood nearest about him. When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, with also a lookyng glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his owne men well armed. Shortly after, they sawe another gyant of somewhat greater stature with his bowe and arrowes in his hande. As he drew nearer unto our men hee laide his hande on his head, and pointed up towards heaven, and our men did the lyke. The captayne sent his shippe boate to bring him to a litle islande, beyng in the haven. This giant was very tractable and pleasaut. He *soong and daunced*, and in his dauncing left the print of his feete on the ground. After other xv. dayes were past, there came foure other giants without any weapons, but had hid their bowes and arrowes in certayne bushes. The captayne retayned two of these, which were youngest and best made. He tooke them by a deciete, in this manner; that giving them knyves, sheares, looking-glasses, belles, beades of chrystall, and such other trifles, he so fylled their handes, that they could holde no more; then caused two paire of shackels of iron to be put on their legges, making signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they liked very well because they were made of bright and shining metall. And whereas they could not carry them because theyr handes were full, the other giants would have carryed them, but the captayne would not suffer them. When they felt the shackels fast about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne did put them in comfort and bade them stand stille. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceyved, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed upon theyr *great devill Setebos*, to help them. They say that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xi devils *leaping and dauncing* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have theyr bodies paynted with divers colours, and that among other there is one seeme bigger than the residue, who maketh great mirth with rejoycing. This great devill they call *Setebos*, and call the lesse Cheuleu. One of these giants which they tooke, declared by signes that he had seen devylles with two hornes above theyr heades, with *long heare drowne to theyr feete*, and that they caste forth fyre at theyr throates both *before and behind*. The captayne named these people *Palagani*. The most parte of them weare the skynnes of such beastes whereof I have spoken before. They lyve of raw fleshe, and a certayne sweete roote which they call *capar*."

Caliban; as was long since observed by Dr. Farmer, is

merely the metathesis of Cannibal. Of the Cannibals a long account is given by Eden, *ubi supra*.

"The Tempest," says the judicious Schlegel, "has little action and progressive movement; the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is fixed at their first meeting, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and of Caliban and his drunken companions against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, as we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty, by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, the discovery, and final reconciliation. Yet this want is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry and the exhilaration of mirth; the details of the execution are so very attractive that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the denouement is, in some measure, already contained in the exposition. The history of the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful: an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and, on the other, of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the impression of the black falsehood of the two usurpers is mitigated by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

"Caliban has become a bye-word, as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of the gnome and the savage, half demon, half brute; in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally portrayed by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaical and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way; he always speaks too in verse.* He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pearly deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, merely serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings; as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

"In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an allusion to it; on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, in the Tempest, in the magical part of Macbeth, and wherever Shakspeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs; which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself."

It seems probable that this play was written in 1611 at all events between the years 1609 and 1614. It appears from the MSS. of Vertue that the Tempest was acted, by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613

* Schlegel is not quite correct in asserting that Caliban "always speaks in verse." Mr. Steevens, it is true, endeavoured to give a metrical form to some of his speeches, which were evidently intended for prose, and they are therefore in the present edition so printed. Shakspeare, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short prose speeches in the midst of blank verse.

† Lectures on Dramatic Literature by Aug. Will. Schlegel; translated by John Black, 1815. Vol. ii. p. 173.

TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
 SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
 PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
 ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
 FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
 GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
 ADRIAN, }
 FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
 CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
 TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
 STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*
 ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
 IRIS,
 CERES, }
 JUNO, } *Spirits.*
 Nymphs,
 Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

Master.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,² or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-mast; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.³

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,⁴ we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course.⁵ *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you hear? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched⁶ wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses;⁷ off to sea again, lay her off!

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! *[Exeunt.]*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely⁸ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
 The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet; Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut⁹ him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. *[Exit.]*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *[Exit.]*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long¹⁰ heath,

⁶ Mr. Steevens says *incontinent*, but the meaning is evident. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover* Chilas says to the frightened priestess:

Down, you dog, then;
 Be quiet and be staunch too, no inundations.

⁷ The *courses* are the main sail and fore sail. *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land and get her out to sea.

⁸ Merely, absolutely, entirely; *Merely*, Lat.

⁹ To englut, to swallow him.

¹⁰ Instead of—long heath, brown furze, &c. Sir Thomas Hamner reads—ling, heath, broom, furze, &c. and I have no doubt rightly.

¹ From the Folio Edition of 1623.

² That is, readily, nimbly.

³ That is, act with spirit, behave like men. Thus Baret in his *Alvearie*: "*To play the man*, or to show himself a vallant man in any matter. *Se virum præbere.*" P. 399.

"*Viceroy's and peers of Turkey play the men.*" *Tamberlaine*, 1590.

⁴ The present instant.

⁵ In Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a Ship in a Storm*:—"Let us lie as *Trie* with our main course; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheet close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboard."

brown furze, any thing : The wills above be done !
but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The Island : before the Cell of Prospero. Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting² souls within her.

Pro. Be collected :
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day !
Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better³
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle⁴ with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So :

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art :—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down ;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou can'st ; for then thou wast not
Out⁵ three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, *Miranda* : But
how is it,

That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm⁶ of time ?

If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How cam'st thou here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, *Miranda*, twelve
years since,

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was duke of Milan ; and his only heir
A princess ;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pro. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, where we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen⁷ that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you
further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,
Through all the signiorities it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapped in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them ; whom to advance, and whom
To trash⁸ for overtopping ; new created
The creatures that were mine ; I say, or chang'd⁹
them,

Or else new form'd them : having both the key
Of officer, and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature : and my trust,
Like a good parent,¹⁰ did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great

cumber and trash"—"to trash or overslow"—and
"foreslowed and trashed."

There was another word of the same kind used in
Falconry (from whence Shakspeare very frequently
draws his similes) : "*Trassing* is when a hawk
raises aloft any fowl, and soaring with it, at length
descends therewith to the ground."—*Dictionary*
Rusticum, 1704.

Probably this term is used by Chapman in his ad-
dress to the reader prefixed to his translation of Homer.

"That whosoever muse dares use her wing,
When his muse flies she will be *trass'd* by his,
And show as if a Bernacle should spring
Beneath an Eagle."

There is also a passage in the *Bonduca* of Beaumont
and Fletcher, wherein Caratach says :

"I fled too,
But not so fast ; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there, he *trash'd* me, Nonnius."
i. e. checked or stopped my flight.

I rather think it will be found that the Editors have
been very precipitate in changing *trass* to *trash* in
Othello, Act ii. Scene 1. See note on that passage.

1) Alluding to the observation that a father above the

1 I. e. or ever, ere ever ; signifying, in modern Eng-
lish, *sooner than at any time.*

2 Instead of *freighting* the first folio reads *fraughting*.

3 The double superlative is in frequent use among
our elder writers.

4 To *meddle*, is to *mix*, or to *interfere* with.

5 Lord Burielgh, when he put off his gown at night,
used to say "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."—*Fuller's*
Holy State, p. 257.

6 Out is used for *entirely, quite*. Thus in Act iv :
"And be a boy right out."

7 *Abysm* was the old mode of spelling *abyss* ; from
its French original *abisme*.

8 *Teen* is grief, sorrow.

9 To *trash* means to check the pace or progress of
any one. The term is said to be still in use among
sportsmen in the North, and signifies to correct a dog
for misbehaviour in pursuing the game ; or *overtopping*
or outrunning the rest of the pack. *Trashes* are clogs
strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his over-
speed.

Todd has given four instances from Hammond's works
of the word in this sense. "Clog and trash"—"on

As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact,—like one, Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory, To credit his own lie,¹—he did believe He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution, And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable: confederates (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples, To give him annual tribute, do him homage; Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!) To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens.

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin To think but² nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition. This king of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he in lieu³ o' the premises,—Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, The ministers for the purpose hurried thence Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity! I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,⁴ That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present business Which now's upon us; without the which, this story Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench; My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not; (So dear the love my people bore me) nor set A mark so bloody on the business; but With colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a bark; Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,

Nor tack'le, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively had quit⁵ it; there they hoist us, To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile, Infuse a fortitude from heaven, When I have deck'd⁶ the sea with drops full salt; Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me An undergoing stomach,⁷ to bear up Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine. Some food we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity, (who being then appointed Master of this design,) did give us; with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities, Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, From my own library, with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:— Sir still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in this island we arriv'd; and here Have I, thy school-master, made thee more part Than other princes can, that have more time For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now I pray you, sir, (For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.— By accident most strange, bountiful fortune, Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies Brought to this shore: and by my presence I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star; whose influence If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes, Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions; Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness, And give it way;—I know thou can'st not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.]
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now; Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds⁸: to thy strong bidding, task Ariel, and all his quality⁹.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit, Perform'd to point¹⁰ the tempest that I bade thee?

⁴ Hint is here for cause or subject. Thus in a future passage we have:—"Our hint of woe."

⁵ Quit was commonly used for quitted.

⁶ To deck, or deg, is still used in the northern counties for to sprinkle.

⁷ An undergoing stomach is a stubborn resolution a temper or frame of mind to bear.

⁸ This is imitated in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess; "—tell me, sweetest,

What new service now is meetest For the satire; shall I stray In the middle air, and stay The sailing racker, or nimbly take Hold by the moon, and gently make Suit to the pale queen of night, For a beam to give thee light? Shall I dive into the sea, And bring thee coral, making way Through the rising waves, &c."

⁹ Ariel's quality is not his confederates, but the powers of his nature as a spirit, his qualification in sprighting 10 i. e. to the minutest article, literally from the French a point; so in the Chances,

"—are you all fit? To point, Sir"

common rate of men has generally a son below it. *Herum filii noxæ.*

1 "Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it."

2 Tookes, in his Divisions of Purley, has clearly shewn that we use one word, *But*, in modern English, or two words *Bot* and *But*, originally (in the Anglo Saxon) very different in signification, though (by repeated abbreviation and corruption) approaching in sound. *Bot* is the imperative of the A. S. *Botan*, to boot. But is the imperative of the A. S. *Beutan*, to be out. By this means all the seemingly anomalous uses of *But* may be explained; I must however content myself with referring the reader to the Divisions of Purley, vol. 1. p. 190. Merely remarking that *but* (as distinguished from *Bot*) and *be-out* have exactly the same meaning, viz. in modern English, without.

3 In lieu of the premises; that is, "in consideration of the premises,—&c." This seems to us a strange use of this French word, yet it was not then unusual.

"But takes their oaths in lieu of her assistance."

Beaumont and Fletcher's Prophets.

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak¹,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out running were not: The fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil²
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad³, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.*

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,⁴ there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean fote,⁵
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six
and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou must give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumbings: thou didst pro-
mise

To bate me a full year,

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread
the ooze

Of the salt deep;—

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot

The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born?
speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.⁶

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,⁷ she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Savo for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honoured with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service, Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
be subject

To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go hence, with diligence.

[Exit ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake]

1 The *beak* was a strong pointed body at the head of ancient galleys; it is used here for the fore-castle or bolt-sprit. The *waist* is the part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle.

2 *Coil* is *tumble, tumult*.

3 *Tha* is such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fits on them.

4 The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of

the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters and devils*. Setebos, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia.

5 i. e. waves, or the sea. *Flot, Fr.*

6 The old English name of *Algiers*

7 *Behests, commands*

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss¹ him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?²

Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint³ Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
self
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins⁴
Shall, for that vast⁵ of night that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest
first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fer-
tile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty
me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee here
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Ah, horror'd slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid⁶ you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,⁷
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[Exit CALIBAN.]

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands:

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,

(The wild waves whist)⁸

Foot it feathery here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.]

The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this musick be? i' the air,
the earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

1 i. e. we cannot do without him. The phrase is still common in the midland counties.

2 This is a common expression of impatience. Vide note on King Richard II. Act i. Scene 1.

3 Quaint here means brisk, spruce, dexterous, from the French *coûte*.

4 Urchins were fairies of a particular class. Hedge-hogs were also called urchins; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the urchin being anciently deemed a very noxious animal. Shakespeare again mentions these fairy beings in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

5 Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies green and white." In the phrase still current, "a little urchin," the idea of the fairy still remains.

6 That vast of night is that space of night. So, in Hamlet:

"In the dead waste and middle of the night," *nox vasta*, midnight, when all things are quiet and still, making the world appear one great uninhabited waste. In the pneumatology of ancient times visionary beings

had different allotments of time suitable to the variety and nature of their agency.

6 Destroy.

7 The word *aches* is evidently a dissyllable here and in two passages of Timon of Athens. The reader will remember the senseless clamour that was raised against Kemble for his adherence to the text of Shakespeare in thus pronouncing it as the measure requires. "*Ache*," says Baret in his *Alvearie*, "is the verb of this substantive *Ache*, ch being turned into k." And that *ache* was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h* is placed beyond doubt by the passage in Much Ado about Nothing, in which Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries Heigh ho, and she answers for an *h*. i. e. *ache*. See this Epigram of Heywood adduced in illustration of that passage. This orthography and pronunciation continued even to the times of Butler and Swift. It would be easy to produce numerous instances.

8 "The giants when they found themselves fettered roared like bulls, and cried upon Setebos to help them"—Eden's *Hist. of Travayle*, 1577. p. 434.

9 Still, silent

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burden, ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond?

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free
thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here; My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid,² or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control³ thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [Aside.
They have chang'd eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:⁴ a
word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

1 *i. e. owns.* To owe was to possess or appertain to, in ancient language.

2 The folio of 1695 reads *made*, and many of the modern editors have laboured to persuade themselves that it was the true reading. It has been justly observed by M. Mason that the question is "whether our readers will adopt a natural and simple expression, which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported."

3 To control here signifies to confute, to contradict unanswerably. The ancient meaning of control was to check or exhibit a contrary account, from the old French *contre-roller*.

4 "— you have done yourself some wrong:"

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside,
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—[To FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [To FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[To FERD. and MIRA.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.

Mira. Be of comfort;

that is, spoken a falsehood. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"This is not well, master Ford, this wrongs you."

5 *Fearful* was sometimes used in the sense of *formidable, terrible, dreadful*, like the French *épouvantable*; as may be seen by consulting Cotgrave or any of our old dictionaries. Shakspeare almost always uses it in this sense. In *K. Henry VI. Act iii. Scene 2*, "A mighty and a fearful head they are." He has also *fearful wars; fearful bravery*; &c. &c. The verb to fear is most commonly used for to *fright*, to *terrify*, to *make afraid*. Mr. Gifford remarks, "as a proof how little our old dramatists were understood at the Restoration; that Dryden censures Jonson for an improper use of this word, the sense of which he altogether mistakes."

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Island. Enter*
ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, AD-
RIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint¹ of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,² and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor³ will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: — Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have: But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and de-
licate temperance.⁴

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-
livered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush⁵ and lusty the grass looks! how
green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye⁶ of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed al-
most beyond credit) —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their
freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd than
stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would
it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first in Africk, at the mar-
riage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the
king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a
paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said widower Æneas too?
good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me
study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy
next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments
seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at
the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.⁸

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-
riage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran.

Sir, he may live,

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon.

No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss;

That would not bless our Europe with your daugh-
ter,

But rather lose her to an African;

⁵ *Lush* is *luxuriant*, in like manner *luscious* is used
in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

"Quite over-canopied with *luscious* woodbine."

⁶ That is, with a *shade* or *small portion* of green.

"Red with an *eye* of blue makes a purple." — *Boyle.*

⁷ Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music

⁸ That is, in a *manner* or *degree.*

¹ See note 14, p. 20.

² It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*,
as we now say a *merchant-man*.

³ He calls Gonzalo the *visitor*, in allusion to the office
of one who visits the sick to give advice and consolati-
on.

⁴ Temperance is here used for *temperature*, or *tem-
perateness*.

Where she, at least, is vanish'd from your eye,
Who has cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd,¹ between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest² of the loss.

Gov. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gov. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gov. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gov. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape getting drunk, for want of wine.

Gov. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic³

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too; but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gov. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,⁴

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison,⁵ all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying among his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gov. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.⁶

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gov. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gov. I do well believe your highness; and did it
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are
of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always
use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gov. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am
nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gov. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you

would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.⁷

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gov. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me
asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
find,

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more;—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.⁸

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs thee.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it!⁹ Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended."

⁸ Antonio apparently means to say, "You must be more serious than you usually are, if you would pay attention to my proposals; which attention, if you bestow it, will in the end make you *thrice what you are*."

⁹ Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant waters to flow. "It has already learned to ebb," says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies—"O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages the design which I hint at; how, in stripping it of words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation."—*Edinburgh Magazine* Nov. 1786

¹ I. e. Deliberated, was in suspense.

² See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

³ See Montaigne's *Essays* translated by John Florio, fol. 1603, Chap. "Of the Canibales."

⁴ An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of machine in Shakespeare's age.

⁵ *Foison* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth. In a subsequent scene we have—

"Earth's increase, and foison plenty."

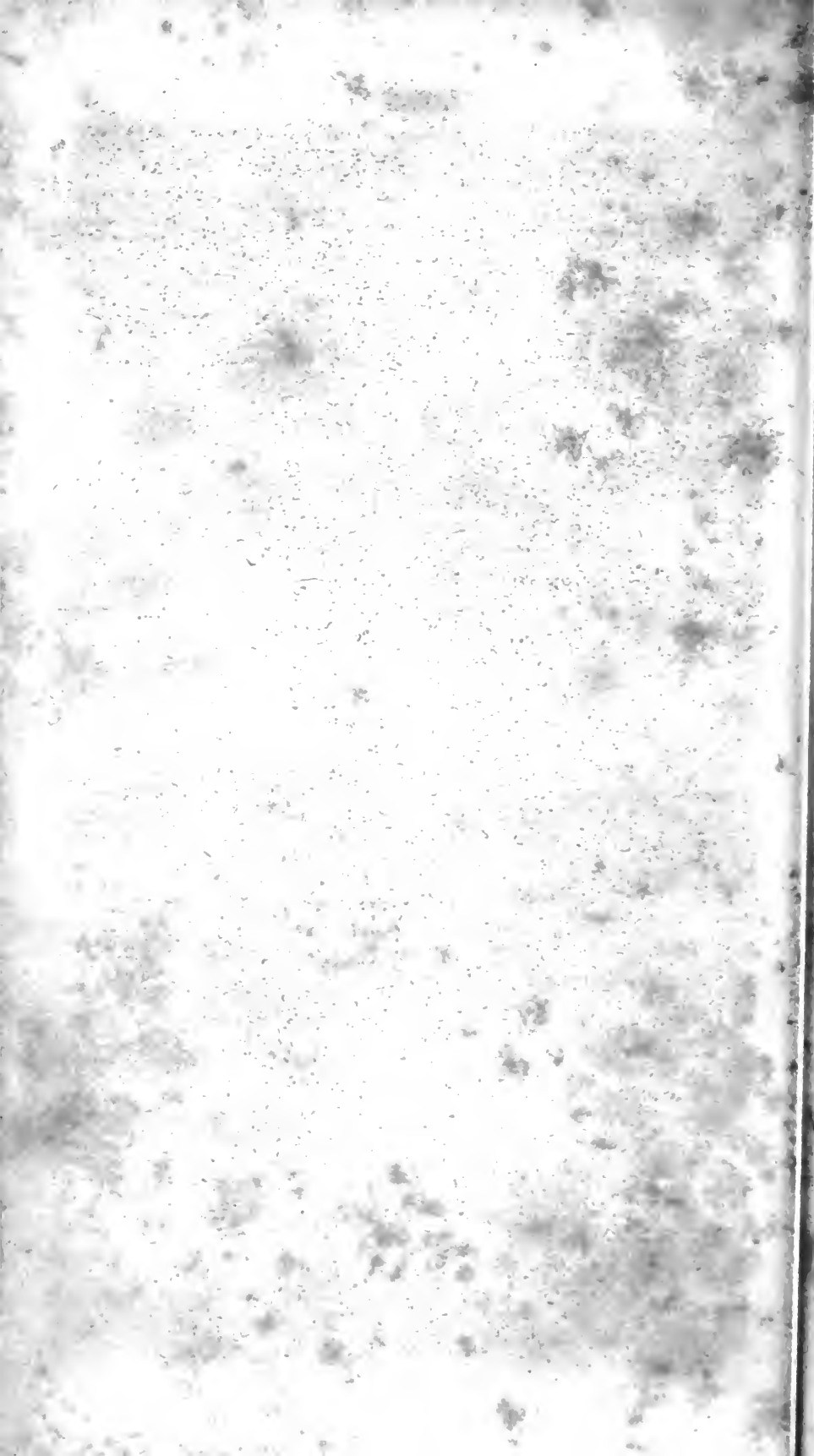
⁶ See Montaigne as cited before.

⁷ Warburton remarks that "all this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian Treatise of Government, and the



TEMPEST.

Act II Scene I.



Ant. Thus, sir :
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive ;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high in hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,¹
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis ; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from
Naples

Can have no note,² unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable : she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again ;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,
In your's and my discharge.³

Seb. What stuff is this ?—How say you ?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis ;
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples ?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake !—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them ; why they were no
worse

Than now they are : There be, that can rule
Naples,

As well as he that sleeps ; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough⁴ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper ; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion,⁵ as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together :
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*]

Musici. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth
For else his projects die,⁶ to keep them living.
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take :
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake ! awake !*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king.
[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho ! awake ! Why are
you drawn ?
Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?
Seb. Whiles we stood here scurrying your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions ; did it not wake you ?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;
To make an earthquake ; sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :
I shak'd you, sir, and cried ; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn :—there was a noise,
That's the verity : 'Best stand upon our guard ;
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make fur-
ther search

For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts !
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done : [Aside.]
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island. Enter
CALIBAN, with a burden of Wood. A noise of
Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark,

1 i. e. The utmost extent of the prospect of ambition,
the point where the eye can pass no farther.

2 The commentators have treated this as a remark-
able instance of Shakspeare's ignorance of geography ;
but though the real distance between Naples and Tunis
is not so immeasurable, the intercourse in early times
between the Neapolitans and the Tunisians was not
so frequent as to make it popularly considered less than
a formidable voyage ; Shakspeare may however be
contented in his poetical exaggeration, when we
remember that Æschylus has placed the river Eridanus
in Spain ; and that Apollonius Rhodius describes the
Rhône and the Po as meeting in one and discharging
themselves into the Gulf of Venice.

3 What is past is the prologue to events which are to
come ; that depends on what you and I are to perform.

4 A chough is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

5 Suggestion is frequently used in the sense of tempt-
ation, or seduction, by Shakspeare and his contem-
poraries. The sense here is, that they will adopt and
bear witness to any tale that may be dictated to them.

6 The old copies read "For else his project dies."
By the transposition of a letter, this passage, which
has much puzzled the editors, is rendered more intelligible.
—"to keep them living," relates to projects, and not
to *Alonso and Gonzalo*, as Steevens and Johnson er-
roneously supposed.

Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe¹ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prick² at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard³ that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond'
same cloud cannot choose but fall by painfuls.—
What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest,
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of
silver: there would this monster make a man; any
strange beast there makes a man: when they will
not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a
man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth!
I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer;
this is no fish but an islander, that hath lately suffer-
ed by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the
storm is come again: my best way is to creep
under his garberdine;⁴ there is no other shelter
hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange
bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of
the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's fu-
neral:

Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Megg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:

Then to sea boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men
of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, and be
asfeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said,
As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot

make him give ground: and it shall be said so again,
while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where
the devil should he learn our language? I will give
him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can re-
cover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples
with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever
trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;

I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he hath
never drunk wine afore,⁶ it will go near to remove
his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I
will not take too much⁷ for him: he shall pay for
him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you, cat;
open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I
can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell
who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—
But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! de-
fend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well
of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my
bottle will recover him, I will help his ague;
Come,——Amen! I will pour some in thy other
mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will
leave him; I have no long spoon.⁸

Trin. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano,
touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—
be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll
pull thee by the lesser legs; If any be Trinculo's
legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, in-
deed: How cam'st thou to be the siege⁹ of this
moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-
stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I
hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm
overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's¹⁰
garberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou
living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans
scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my
stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not
spirites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st
thou hither? 'sware by this bottle, how thou cam'st
hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the
sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I

Chapman's version of the fourth Book of the *Odyssey*:

“———The sea calvæ savour was

So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas)

It much afflicted us, for who can please

To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales”

6 No impertinent hint to those who indulge in the con-
stant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a
medicine, it produces no effect.

7 Any sum, ever so much, an ironical expression im-
plying that he would get as much as he could for him.

8 Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate lan-
guage, “They belch forth proverbs in their drink.”

9 “Good liquor will make a cat speak,” and “he who
eats with the devil had need of a long spoon.” The last
is again used in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

9 Siege for stool, and in the dirtiest sense of the
word.

10 The best account of the moon calf may be found in
Drayton's poem with that title

1 To moe is to make mouths. “To make a moe like an ape. Distorquere ora. Rictum deducere.”—*Baret.*

2 Pricks is the ancient word for prickles.

3 A bumbard is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

4 i. e. make a man's fortune. Thus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—

“We are all made men.”

And in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*—

“She's a wench

Waa born to make us all.”

5 A garberdine was a coarse outer garment. “A shepherd's pelt, frock, or garberdine, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments,” says *Cotgrave*. “A kind of rough casock or frock like an Irish mantle,” says *Philips*. It is from the low Latin *Galbardina*, whence the French *Galbardin* and *Gaban*. One would almost think Shakespeare had been acquainted with the following passage in

made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, msn, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon,¹ when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.—but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries:

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells³ from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

'Ban' 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

1 The Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were not come down from heaven.

2 The reader may consult a curious note on this passage in Mr. Douce's very interesting Illustrations of Shakspeare; where it is observed that Dante makes *Cain the man in the moon* with his bundle of sticks; or in other words describes the moon by the periphrasis 'Caino e le spine.'

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell. Enter FERDINAND, hearing a Log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and⁴ their labour

Delight in them sets off:⁵ some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress, The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature; I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And your's it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by at night.⁶ I do beseech you, (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,) What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father, I have broke your hest⁷ to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues Have I lik'd too several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,⁸ And put it to the foil: But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.⁹

3 A smaller species of sea-gulls.

4 Pope changed *and* to *but* here, without authority: we must read *and* in the sense of *and yet*.

5 *Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.*—Hor. Sat. ii. l. 2.

So, in Macbeth:

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

6 "Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra Lumen."

Tibull. lib. iv. el. 13.

7 See Note 27, p. 26. 8 See Note 37, p. 31.

9 In the first book of Sidney's Arcadia, a lover says of his mistress:

"She is herself of best things the collection."

In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakspeare's mind.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else! i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.²

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow³
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be;
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island. Enter*
STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following
with a Bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear
up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if the other two be brained like us,
the state totters.

¹ What else, for whatsoever else.

² Sieveens observes justly that this is one of those
ouches of nature which distinguish Shakspeare from
all other writers. There is a kindred thought in Romeo
and Juliet:

“Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.”

³ i. e. your companion. Malone has cited a very

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were
a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs;
and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am
in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou de-
boshed⁴ fish thou, was there ever man a coward,
that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt
thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and
half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,
my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head;
if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor
monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indig-
nity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made
thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a
tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated
me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee
asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied⁵ ninny's this? Thou scurvy
patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes⁶ are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: in-

apposite passage from Catullus; but, as Mr. Douce
remarks, Shakspeare had more probably the pathetic
old poem of The Nut Brown Maid in his recollection.

⁴ Deboshed, this is the old orthography of *debauched*;
following the sound of the French original. In
altering the spelling we have departed from the proper
pronunciation of the word.

⁵ He calls him a *pied ninny*, alluding to Trinculo's
party-coloured dress, he was a licensed fool or jester.

⁶ Quick freshes are living springs.

terrapt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand¹ with thy knife; Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) which,
when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-parcell: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, my lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen: (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch you taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*]

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em:
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.²

¹ *Wezand*, i. e. throat or windpipe.

² The picture of No-body was a common sign. There is also a wood cut prefixed to an old play of No-body and Some-body, which represents this notable person.

³ To *affear*, is an obsolete verb with the same meaning as to *affray*, or *make afraid*.

⁴ "You shall hear in the ayre the sound of *tabers* and *other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, &c. by evil spirits that make these soundes, and also do call diuerse of the travellers by their names, &c."—*Travels of Marcus Paulus, by John Frampton, Ato. 1579.* To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes;

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer:⁴ he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.* Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin,⁵ I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache; here's a maza trod, indeed, Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night:

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of solatation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery:⁶ Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix⁷ throne; one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

⁴ "—calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire; And airy tongues that syllable men's names On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses." ⁵ *By'r lakin* is a contraction of *By our ladykin*, the diminutive of our lady.

⁶ Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. "A living drollery," is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

⁷ "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the Bird Phoenix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

Alon. I cannot too much muse;²
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.³ [*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find,

Each putter-out on five for one,⁴ will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand too, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a Harpy;
claps his wings upon the table, and, by quaint de-
vice, the Banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad:

[*Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and
drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

(called in Greek *φοινίξ*;) for it was assured unto me,
that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of it-
self as the tree sprung againe.—*Holland's Transla-*
tion of Pliny, B. xiii. C. 4.

1 Certainly.

2 Wonder.

3 "Praise in departing," is a proverbial phrase
signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon,
lest you should have reason to retract your commen-
dation.

4 "Each putter-out on five for one," i. e. each tra-
veller; it appears to have been the custom to place out a
sum of money upon going abroad to be returned with
enormous interest if the party returned safe; a kind of
insurance of a gambling nature.

5 Bailey, in his dictionary, says that *dowle* is a fea-
ther, or rather the single particles of the down. Coles,
in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets young *dowle* by
Lanugo. And in a history of most Manual Arts, 1661,
wool and *dowle* are treated as synonymous. Tooke
contends that this word and others of the same form are
nothing more than the past participle of *deal*; and Ju-
nius and Skinner both derive it from the same. I fully
believe that Tooke is right; the provincial word *dool*

One dowle⁵ that's in my plume; my fellow min-
isters

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted; But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear⁶ life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then, to soft music, enter
the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,
and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hastd to say: so, with good life,⁷
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit PROSPERO from above.*]

Gon. P the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exit ANT. SEB. and ANR.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy⁸
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
Exit.

is a portion of unploughed land left in a field; Coles,
in his English Dictionary, 1701, has given *dowl* as a
cant word, and interprets it *deal*. I must refer the reader
to the Diversions of Purley for further proof.

6 A clear life: is a pure, blameless, life.

7 With good life, i. e. with the full bent and energy
of mind. Mr. Henley says that the expression is still
in use in the west of England.

8 The natives of Africa have been supposed to be
possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such
art as not to operate till several years after they were
administered. Their drugs were then as certain in
their effect as subtle in their preparation.

9 Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary aliena-
tion of mind, a fit, or madness. Minshew's definition of
this word will serve to explain its meaning wherever it
occurs throughout the following pages. "Extasis or
trance; G. extasis; Lat. extasis, abstractio mentis. Est
proprie mentis emotio, et quasi ex statione sua deturbatio
seu furor, seu admiratio, seu timore, aliove causa
docidat." *Guide to the Tongue*, 1617.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell. Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot¹ before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion³
Our worse Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are found'er'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of these young couple
Some vanity⁴ of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*

1 The same expression occurs in Pericles. Mr. Henley says that it is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity before marriage.

2 *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, at present it is used in its figurative sense of throwing out hints of calumny and detraction.

3 Suggestion here means *temptation* or wicked prompting.

4 "Some *vanity* of mine art" is some *illusion*. Thus in a passage, quoted by Warton, in his Dissertation on the *Gesta Romanorum*, from *Emare*, a motrical Romance.

"The emperor said on high
Sertes thys is a fayry
Or ellys a *vanite*."

5 That is, bring more than are sufficient. "Corollary, the addition or vantage above measure, an *overplus*, or *surplusage*."—*Blount*.

6 *Stover* is fodder for cattle, as hay, straw, and the like: *estovers* is the old law term, it is from *estouvier*, old French.

7 The old editions read *Pioned* and *Twill'd brims*. In Ovid's Banquet of Sense, by Geo. Chapman, 1595, we meet with

"—Cuplike *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus bowers."
If *twill* be the name of any flower, the old reading may stand. Mr. Henley strongly contends for the old reading, and explains *pioned* to mean faced up with mire in the manner that ditchers trim the banks of ditches: *twill'd*

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire; the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,⁵
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,⁶ them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lillied brims,⁷
Which spongy April at thy best betrim's,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy

broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen of the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:⁸
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky⁹ acres, and my unshrub'd down.
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hast thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

he derives from the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets, "filthily to mix, to mingle, confound, or shuffle together." He objects to *peonied* and *lillied* because these flowers never blow in April. But Mr. Boaden has pointed out a passage in Lord Bacon's Essay on Gardens which supports the reading in the text. "In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilly-flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lillies of all natures; rose-mary flowers, the tulippe, the double piony, &c." Lyte, in his Herbal, says one kind of *peonie* is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin peonie*. And Pliny mentions the water-lilly as a preserver of chastity, B. xxvi. C. 10. Edward Fenton, in his "Secret Wonders of Nature," 1569, 4to. B. vi. asserts that "the water-lilly mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality and defends from unchaste thoughts and dreams of venery." The passage certainly gains by the reading of Mr. Steevens, which I have, for these reasons, retained.

8 That is, *foraken by his lass*.

9 Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phœbus' Virgil *Æneid*, Lib. iv.

"Dame rainbow down therefore with saffron wings of
drooping showers,
Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun
devoures,
From heaven descending came."

10 *Bosky acres* are woody acres, fields intersected by
luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met a deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and her son
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
Mars' hot minion is returned again ;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison¹ plenty ;
Barns and garners never empty ;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing ;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly :² May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd³ father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[*JUNO AND CERES whisper, and send IRIS on
employment.*]

Pro. Sweet now, silence :
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp⁴ channels, and on this green
land

Answer your summons : Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
Make holy-day : your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the
end of which PROSPERO starts suddenly, and
speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and con-
fused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done ;—
avoid ;—no more.

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
passion

That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,⁵
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,⁶
Leave not a rack⁷ behind : We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mira.* We wish your peace.
[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought :—I thank you :—
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.
Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to : What's thy pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet⁸ with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets ?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink-
ing ;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet : yet always bending
Towards their project : then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,

It is evident that one poet imitated the other, and it seems probable that Shakespeare was the imitator. The exact period at which the *Tempest* was produced is not known, but it is thought not earlier than 1611. It was first printed in the folio of 1623. Lord Sterling also wrote a tragedy entitled *Julius Caesar*, in which there are parallel passages to some in Shakespeare's play on the same subject, and Malone thinks the coincidence more than accidental.

⁶ *Faded*, i. e. *vanished*, from the Latin *radio*. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions ; they were exhibited on stages in the open air. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Warton's *Hist. of Poetry*, ii. 199, 202, Fabian, ii. 382, and above all Mr. Gifford's *Ben Jonson passim*.

⁷ *A rapour* an exhalation. See Mr. Horne Tooke's admirable observation on this passage in the *Diversions of Purley*, Vol. ii. p. 388, 4to. ed.

⁸ *To counteract*, to play stratagem against strata-
gem.

"—— You may meet
With her abusive malice, and exempt
Yourself from the suspicion of revenge."

Cynthia's Revenge, 1613

¹ *Foison* is abundance, particularly of harvest corn.

² *For charmingly harmonious*.

³ "So rare a wonder'd father," is a father able to produce such wonders.

⁴ *Crisp* channels ; i. e. curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in *I K. Hen. IV. Act i. Sc. 3*.

"— Hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

⁶ In the tragedy of *Darius*, by Lord Sterling, printed in 1603, is the following passage :

"Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised soon
broken ;

And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,

Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

The preceding stanza also contains evidence of the same grain of thought with Shakespeare.

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
Then what avails the adorning of a name ?

A meer illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shadow of a dream."

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
P the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale¹ to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture² can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO; all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the
Jack³ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: for I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer!⁴ O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery:⁵—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The drosy drown this fool! what do you
mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone,⁶
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the
line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,
and prove a bald jerkin.

1 *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a bait or lure
to decoy birds.

2 *Nurture* is *Education*, in our old language.

3 To play the *Jack*, was to play the *Knave*.

4 This is a humorous allusion to the old ballad
"King Stephen was a worthy peer," of which Iago
sings a verse in *Othello*.

5 A shop for the sale of old clothes.—*Fripperie*, *Fr.*

6 The old copy reads—"Let's alone."

7 *Bird-line*.

8 The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish, *lepas anati-*

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excel-
lent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, comc, put some lime⁷ upon
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,⁸ or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear
this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard.⁹ Enter divers Spirits
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROS-
PERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,
hark!

[CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,
Than pard,¹⁰ or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of Prospero. Enter
PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime grove which weather-fends¹¹ your cell:
They cannot budge, till you release.¹² The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly

works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch,¹³ a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

fera, which ancient credulity believed to produce the
barnacle-goose. Bishop Hall refers to it in the second
Satire of his fourth Book—

"That Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,

That of a worm doth wax a winged goose." Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 1391, gives a full de-
scription of it; and the worthy Dr. Bullein treats those
as ignorant and incredulous, who do not believe in the
transformation.—*Bulwerke of Defence*, 1562. Cali-
ban's Barnacle is the *clakis*, or tree-goose.

9 See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Note on v. 6441

10 Pard, i. e. Leopard.

11 *Defends* it from the weather.

12 i. e. Until you release them

13 A sensation.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back ; you deiny-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pas-
time

Is to make midnight-mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though you be²) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar : graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd and let them forth,
By my so potent art : But this rough magic
I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a fran-
tic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN
and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN
and FRANCISCO : They all enter the circle which
PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ;
which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull³ ! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st ; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse⁴ and nature ; who with Sebas-
tian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive
thee,

Unnatural though thou art !—Their understanding
Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide

1 This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid ; the expressions are, many of them in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakspeare's own.

2 That is ; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves. Your employments are of the trivial nature before mentioned.

3 So in *Mids. Night's Dream*—

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains."

4 Remorse is *pity, tenderness of heart ; nature is natural affection.*

5 This was the received opinion so in *Fairfax's Tasso*, B. iv. St. 18.—

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;

[*Exit ARIEL.*

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan :—quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough⁶.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ; I shall miss thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit ARIEL.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero ;
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Wher's thou beest he, or no
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs :—But how should
Prospero

Be living, and be here ?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtillties⁷ o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors : at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
Pro. No :—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation :
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since⁸

"The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountains here,
And under every trembling leaf they sit."

6 Whether.

7 Subtillties are quaint deceptive inventions ; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

8 The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation. Mr. Stevens thinks that Shakspeare purposely designed to show the cavaliers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity.

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe! for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and portable²
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom, since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FER-
DINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,³

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merci-
ful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

[*Fer. kneels to ALON.*

Alon. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

1 I am sorry for it.

2 Bearable.

3 Mr. Pye says, I conceive Shakespeare, who was no
nice weigher of words, meant wrangling to be equiva-
lent with playing false, or with unfair advantage. So in
Henry V. the king, in allusion to the tennis balls, directs
the ambassadors to tell the dauphin—

"He hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France shall be disturb'd
With chases."

Mr. Pye's explanation is correct; but his deduction
that Shakespeare was "no nice weigher of words" is
totally false. Shakespeare's words are always the most

Fer.

Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.

Gen. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo

Gen. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy: and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.⁴

Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To FER. and MIRA.*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gen. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king, and company: the next our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare,⁵ and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went. } [*Aside.*

Pro. My tricky⁶ spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginging chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.

expressive and most appropriate. To *wrangle*, in the
language of his time, was to *huff* or *overthwart*; to run
back and yet not cease to contend.

4 When no man was in his senses or had self-pos-
session.

5 See Note 2. Sc. I.

6 *Neat, adroit.* Florio interprets "Pargoletta; quaint,
pretty, nimble, trixie, tender, small." When we re-
member the tiny dimensions of Ariel, who could lie in
the bell of a crowslip, the epithet, like all those of the
great poet, will be found peculiarly appropriate.

Ari. Was t well done? }
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } *[Aside.*
 be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:

And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct¹ of: some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on²
 The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
 (Which to you shall seem probable³) of every
 These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[Aside.

Set Caliban and his companions free:
 Untie the spell. *[Exit ARIEL.]* How fares my
 gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
 and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
 man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
 Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spics which I wear in my
 head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
 How fine my master is! I am afraid
 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
 What things are these, my lord Antonio!
 Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my
 lords,

Then say, if they be true:⁴—This mis-shapen
 knave,

His mother was a witch; and one so strong
 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbes,
 And deal in her command, without her power:⁵
 These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
 To take my life: two of these fellows you
 Must know, and own; and this thing of darkness I
 Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where
 should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?⁶—
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
 you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
 bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
 cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd
 on. *[Pointing to CALIBAN.]*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
 As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
 Take with you your companions; as you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
 And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
 Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
 you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.]

Pro. Sir, I invite you highness, and your train
 To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
 For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
 With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
 Go quick away: the story of my life,
 And the particular accidents, gone by,
 Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
 That is thy charge; then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well!—*[Aside.]* Please you,
 draw near. *[Exeunt.]*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island, by your spell;
 But release me from my bands,
 With the help of your good hands,
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please: Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be relief'd by prayer;
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.

[It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revisor* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.] JOHNSON..

5 That is, work the same effects as the moon without her delegated authority.

6 The allusion is to the *elixir* of the Alchemists. The phrase of being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk*. Fletcher uses it in the Chances:—

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

Wk. A little *gilded* o'er, sir; old sack, old boys.

7 By your *applause*. Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. Thus before in this play:—

“Hush! be mute;
 Or else our spell is marr'd.”

¹ Conductor.

² There is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import, “Still *hammering* at it.”

³ This parenthetical passage seems to mean:—“When I have explained to you, then these strange events shall seem more probable than they do now.”

⁴ *Honesty*.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS is one of Shakspeare's earliest if not his first play. It was not printed until 1623, but it is mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, printed in 1598. It bears strong internal marks of an early composition. Pope has observed, that "the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of Shakspeare's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote." Malone is inclined to consider this to be in consequence of that very circumstance, and that it is natural and unaffected because it was a youthful performance. "Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, written when he was an established and long practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years; in consequence of which his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction, in these and some other plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth."

Hammer thought Shakspeare had no other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines, which, he thinks, are easily distinguished from the rest. Upton peremptorily asserts, "that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere." "How otherwise," says he, "do painters distinguish copies from originals, and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?" To this Johnson replies very satisfactorily: "I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when a painter copies his own picture; so if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and, if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater."

"But by the internal marks of composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineation of life, but it abounds in *yoquet* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription."

Pope has set what he calls a mark of reprobation upon the low and trifling conceits which are to be found in this play. It is true that the familiar scenes abound with quibbles and conceits; but the poet must not be

condemned for adopting a mode of writing admired by his contemporaries; they were not considered low and trifling in Shakspeare's age, but on the contrary were very generally admired and allowed for pure and genuine wit. Yet some of these scenes have much farcical drollery and invention: that of Launce with his dog in the fourth act is an instance, and surely "Speed's mode of proving his master to be in love is neither deficient in wit or sense."

"The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression." Schlegel says: "It is as if the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love." Julia may be considered a light sketch of the lovely characters of Viola and Imogen. Her answer to Lucetta's advice against following her lover in disguise has been pointed out as a beautiful and highly poetical passage.

"That it should ever have been a question whether this comedy were the genuine and entire composition of Shakspeare appears to me very extraordinary," says Malone. "Hammer and Upton never seem to have considered whether it were his first or one of his latest pieces:—is no allowance to be made for the first flights of a young poet? nothing for the imitation of a preceding celebrated dramatist,* which in some of the lower dialogues of this comedy (and these only) may, I think, be traced? But even these, as well as the other parts of the play, are perfectly Shakspearian (I do not say as finished and beautiful as any of his other pieces); and the same judgment must, I conceive, be pronounced concerning the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labour's Lost, by every person who is intimately acquainted with his manner of writing and thinking."

Sir William Blackstone observes, "that one of the great faults of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation, to the *denouement*, which shows that it was one of Shakspeare's very early performances." Dr. Johnson in his concluding observations has remarked upon the geographical errors. They cannot be defended by attributing them to his youthful inexperience, for one of his latest productions is also liable to the same objection. To which Malone replies: "The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise which doubtless he had read; so he seems to have thought that the whole traqueous globe was at his command; and as he brought in a child at the beginning of a play, who in the fourth act appears as a woman, so he seems to have set geography at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime just as it suited his fancy or convenience."

Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from The *Arcadia*, book I. ch. vi. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots: The *Arcadia* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1588. The love adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels.

Mrs. Lennox informs us, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in "The *Diana*" of Montemayor. This pastoral romance was translated from the Spanish in Shakspeare's time, by Bartholomew Young, and published in 1598. It does not appear that it was previously published, though it was translated two or three years before by one Thomas Wilson, perhaps some parts of it may have been made public, or Shakspeare may have found the tale elsewhere. It has before been observed that Meres mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in his book, published in 1598. Malone conjectures that this play was the first that Shakspeare wrote, and places the date of its composition in the year 1591.

* Malone points at Lilly, whose comedies were performed with great success and admiration previous to Shakspeare's commencement of his dramatic career

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
 VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
 PROTEUS, }
 ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
 THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*
 EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
 SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*
 LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*
 PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonia.*
 Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
 Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*
 SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*
 LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the frontiers of MANTUA.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in Verona. Enter*

VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:¹
 Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.²
 But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy
 danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy head's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.³

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;

For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the
 boots.⁴

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
 groans;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,⁵ I fear, you'll
 prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

1 Milton has the same play upon words in his *Comus*.

"It is for homely features to keep home,

They had their name thence."

2 The expression *shapeless idleness* is admirably
 expressive, as implying that idleness prevents the giving
 form or character to the manners.

3 The allusion is to Marlow's poem of *Hero and
 Leander*, which was entered on the Stationers' books
 i.e. 1593, though not published till 1598. It was proba-
 bly circulated in manuscript in the interim, as was the
 custom at that period. The poem seems to have made
 an impression on Shakespeare, who appears to have
 recently perused it, for he again alludes to it in the
 third act. And in *As You Like It* he has quoted a line
 from it.

And he that is so yok'd by a fool,
 Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to council thee,
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
 leave.

To⁶ Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
 Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love.

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my
 master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for
 Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
 And I have played the sheep,⁷ in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,

As if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shep-
 herd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whe-
 ther I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

4 A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying,
 'Don't make a laughing-stock of me.' The French
 have a phrase *Bailler join en corne*: which Cotgrave
 interprets, 'to give one the boots; to sell him a bargain.'
 Perhaps deduced from a humorous punishment at har-
 vest home feasts in Warwickshire.

5 *Circumstance* is used equivocally. It here means
conduct; in the preceding line, *circumstantial de-
 duction*.

6 The construction of this passage, is, "Let me hear
 from thee by letters to Milan," i. e. addressed to Milan.

7 In Warwickshire, and some other counties, a *sheep*
 is pronounced a *ship*. Without this explanation the
 jest, such as it is, might escape the reader.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear! gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;¹ and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?²

[*SPEED nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir? I say she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you hav' a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd³ me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
 Being destined to a drier death on shore:—

I must go send some better messenger;

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
 Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheeded fully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
 That every day with parle⁴ encounter me,
 In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
 But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
 That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure⁵ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
 I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love or him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire,⁶ that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think,

from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!⁷

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
 To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
 And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
 Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

1 Cotgrave explains *laced mutton*, une garce, putain, fille de joye. It was so established a term for a courtesan, that a lane in Clerkenwell, much frequented by loose women, is said to have been thence called Mutton Lane.

2 These words were supplied by Theobald to introduce what follows. In *Speed's* answer, the old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwise the conceit would be unintelligible. *Noddy* was a game at cards.

3 *Testens*, or (as we now commonly call them, *testers*), from a head that was upon them, were coined in 1542. Sir H. Spelman says they were a French coin of the value of 18d.; and he does not know but that they

might have gone for as much in England. They were afterwards reduced to 12d., 9d., and finally, to *six pence*.

4 *Parle* is talk.

5 To *censure*, in Shakspeare's time, generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act. ii. Sc. 1:

"—How blest am I

In my just *censure*? in my true opinion?"

6 *Fire* is here pronounced as a dissyllable.

7 A matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procurer.

Jul. Will you¹ be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Erit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter. It was a shame to call her back again, And pray her to a fault for which I chid her. What fool is she, that knows I am a maid, And would not force the letter to my view! Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*. Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love, That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse, And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod! How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly I would have had her here! How angrily I taught my brow to frown, When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile! My penance is, to call Lucetta back, And ask permission for my folly past:— What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were:

That you might kill your stomach² on your meat, And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up

So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns, Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune: Give me a note: your ladyship can set.³

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible: Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out: And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:⁴ There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁵ for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil⁶ with protestation!

[*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter.

[*Erit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were as anger'd with the same! O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey, And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings! I'll kiss each several paper for amends. And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia! As in revenge of thy ingratitude, I throw thy name against the bruising stones, Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain. Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:— Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd; And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss. But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down: Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away, Till I have found each letter in the letter, Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock, And throw it thence into the raging sea! Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,— *Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus, To the sweet Julia*;—that I'll tear away; And yet I will not, sih' so prettily He couples it to his complaining names: Thus will I fold them one upon another; Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down: Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind⁷ to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Antonio's House. Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad⁸ talk was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you,

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment¹¹ to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

7 Since.

8 "for catching cold," i. e. lest they should catch cold, anciently a common form of expression. See Horne Tooke's explanation of this word in the first volume of "The Diversions of Purley."

9 *Month's mind*, a *longing*, probably from "the longing of women, which takes place (or commences, at least) in the first month of pregnancy." This is the ingenious conjecture of John Croft, Esq. of York. The commentators have endeavoured to refer this passage to the *month's minds*, or periodical celebrations in memory of dead persons, usual in times of popery;—but the phrase in this place can have no relation to them.

10 i. e. grave or serious.

11 *Impeachment* in this passage means *reproach* or *imputation*.

1 First folio, *ye*.

2 *Stomach*, for passion or obstinacy.

3 *Set* is here used equivocally; in the preceding speech in the sense in which it is used by musicians, and in the present line in a quite different sense. To *set by* in old language signifies, to make account of, to estimate. See the first Book of Samuel, xviii. 30.

4 *Descant* signified formerly what we now call *variations*. It has been well defined to be musical paraphrase. The *mean* is the tenor in music.

5 To *bid the base* means, to run fast, challenging another to pursue at the rustic game called *Base*, or *Prisonbase*. The allusion is somewhat obscure, but it appears to mean here, "to challenge to an encounter."

6 i. e. bustle, stir.

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither :

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel : well hast thou advised :
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known ;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-
phonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.¹

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart :

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents !
O heavenly Julia !

Ant. How now ? what letter are you reading
there ?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or
two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord ; but that he
writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd

And daily graced by the emperor ;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish ?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish ;

Muse² not that I thus suddenly proceed ;

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition³ thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go :

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent
after thee :

No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employed

To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt ANT. and PANT.]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning ;

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :

I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth⁴

The uncertain glory of an April day ;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;

He is in haste, therefore, I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ i. e. break the matter to him.

² i. e. wonder not.

³ Exhibition is allowance of money ; it is still used
in the Universities for a stipend.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Pa-
lace.* *Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is
but one.⁵

Val. Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's
mine :—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !

Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

Speed. Madam Silvia ! madam Silvia !

Val. How now, sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too
slow.

Val. Go to, sir ; tell me, do you know madam
Silvia ?

Speed. She that your worship loves ?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love ?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks : First,
you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your
arms like a male-content : to relish a love-song,
like a robin-red-breast ; to walk alone, like one that
had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a school-boy that
had lost his A, B, C ; to weep, like a young wench
that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that
takes diet ;⁶ to watch, like one that fears robbing ;
to speak puling, like a beggar at Hollowmas.⁷
You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a
cock ; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the
lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after din-
ner ; when you looked sadly, it was for want of
money : and now you are metamorphosed with a
mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly
think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me ?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me ? They cannot.

Speed. Without you ! nay, that's certain, for,
without you were so simple, none else would : but
you are so without these follies, that these follies
are within you, and shine through you like the wa-
ter in an urnal ; that not an eye, that secs you, but
is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia ?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at
supper ?

Val. Hast thou observed that ? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
and yet know'st her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir ?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know ?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-
favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but
her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and
the other out of all count.

Val. How painted ? and how out of count ?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair,
that no man counts of her beauty.

⁴ *Resembleth* is pronounced as if written *resembleth*,
which makes it a quadrisyllable.

⁵ *On* and *one* were anciently pronounced alike, and
frequently written so.

⁶ *To take diet* is to be under a regimen for a disease.

⁷ The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which
time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish
a *souling*, as they call it ; i. e. *begging* and *puling*, (or
singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary explains *puling*,)
for soul cakes, and singing what they call the *souler's*
song. These terms point out the condition of this benevo-
lence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the
souls of the giver's departed friends.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!¹

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set,² so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion!³ O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-mornings.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. *[Aside.]*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly⁴ done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. *[Aside.]*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ: But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request; But I will none of them; they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

¹ Going ungartered is enumerated by Rosalind as one of the undoubted marks of love. "Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded," &c. As You Like It, iii. 2.

² Set, for seated, in opposition to stand in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour; And so good-morrow, servant. *[Exit SILVIA.]*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor. O excellent device! was there ever heard a better? That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.⁵

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else, some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print;⁶ for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the camellion Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming: answer not:

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should;

[Exit JULIA.]

the horizon in the west. It is a miserable quibble hardly worth explanation.

³ Motion signified, in Shakespeare's time, a puppet-show. *Speed* means to say, what a fine puppet-show shall we have now? Here is the principal puppet to whom my master will be the interpreter. The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.

⁴ I. e. like a scholar.

⁵ There's the conclusion.

⁶ I. e. with exactness

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word!
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same. A Street. Enter

LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind¹ of the Launces have this very fault; I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father's:—no, this left shoe is my father's;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother's;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worse sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother's; and this my father's: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister's; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog;—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood² woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: And the tide!—Why, nan, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.³

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Happily⁴ I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote⁵ you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful

To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy

We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time,

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;

Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,

Made use and fair advantage of his days;

His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;

And, in a word, (for far behind his worth

Come all the praises that I now bestow,)

He is complete in feature,⁶ and in mind,

⁵ To quote is to mark, to observe, the old pronunciation was evidently *cote* from the French original

⁶ Feature In the poet's age was often used for form or person in general. Thus Baret: "The *feature* and facion, or the proportion and figure of the whole body. Conformatio quædam et figura totius oris et corporis." So in Ant. and Cleop. Act. ii. Sc. 5.

"Report the *feature* of Octavian."

Thus also Spenser:

"Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did *hide*."

¹ Kind, is kindred.

² Crazy, wild, distracted.

³ i. e. you are serious.

⁴ i. e. perhaps.

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beslrew¹ me, sir, but, if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, *Sir Thurio*:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite² him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Beave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;

Servant you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*]

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe⁴ to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love:

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she's an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,⁵

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,

Except thou wilt except against thy love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—

To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth

Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,

And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;

She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;

Nay, more, our marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;

The ladder made of cords: and all the means

Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road,⁶ to disembark

Some necessities that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?

She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;

4 No woe, no misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love.

5 A principality is an angel of the first order

6 i. e. the haven where the ships lie at anchor.

7 Alluding to the figures made by witches as representatives of those they meant to destroy or torment. F.

Macbeth, Act II. Sc. 2.

1 A petty mode of adjuration equivalent to *ill betide* me.

2 Cite, for incite.

3 i. e. imperial. Thus in Hamlet:

"Impetuous Caesar dead and turn'd to clay"

And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady, too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,¹
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture² I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled³ my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street. Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, wilt't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,⁴ that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]

1 i. e. on further knowledge, on better consideration.

2 Proteus means to say, that as yet he had only seen outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

3 Dazzled is used as a trisyllable.

4 i. e. what say'st thou to this circumstance.

SCENE VI.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace. Enter PROTEUS.*

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggesting⁵ love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken:
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair,⁶
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:⁶
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in Julia's House. Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee⁷,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

⁵ To suggest, in the language of our ancestors, was to tempt.

⁶ i. e. myself who am his competitor or rival, being admitted to his counsel. Competitor here means confederate, assistant, partner. Thus in Ant. Cleop. Act v. Sc. 1.

That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war.

⁷ i. e. proposed or intended flight. The verb *pretendre* has the same signification in French.

⁸ The verb to conjure, or earnestly request, was then accented on the first syllable.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's¹ extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st² it up, the more it burns;

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,³
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may besecm some well reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,⁴ madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta; that will be ill favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstead a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Thou never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. This is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite⁵ of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;

1 Fire as a dissyllable, as if spelt *Fier*.

2 i. e. closest.

3 Trouble.

4 Whoever wishes to be acquainted with that singular appendage to dress, a *cod-piece*, may consult "*Bulwer's Artificial Changeling*." Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's in the *Tower*. However offensive this language may appear to modern ears, it certainly gave none to any of the spectators in Shakespeare's days. He only used the ordinary language of his contemporaries.

5 The second folio reads—"as infinite of love," Malone wished to read of the infinite of love, because he

And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of;
To furnish me upon my longing⁶ journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Anti-room in the Duke's Palace.* Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit THURIO*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care.
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim⁷ might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggest'd,⁸
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence⁹.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee on this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace there is a messenger

found "*the infinite of thought*" in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The text seems to me sufficiently intelligible, though we are not used to such construction. Malone has cited an instance of *infinite* used for an *infinity* from Lord Lonsdale's Memoirs, written in 1688.

6 By her *longing journey*, Julia means a journey which she shall pass in longing.

7 i. e. guess. In Romeo and Juliet we have—

"I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd."

8 i. e. tempted. Vide Note on Act II. Sc. 5, p. 136.

9 i. e. disguise.

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a
while;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, for-
ward.

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father:

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

And where¹ I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in
this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,

And nought esteems my aged eloquence:

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,

(For long ago I have forgot to court:

Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best con-
tents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;

For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you;

But rather to beget more love in you:

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:

For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her
friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,² but one may enter at her win-
dow?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,

Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the
turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, my cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To
Silvia!*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them:

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd
them,*

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for³ they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaeton (for thou art Merop's son),

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit DUKE.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living tro-
ment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection,⁴

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon:

She is my essence; and I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;⁵

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find; there's not a hair⁶ on's
head, but 'tis a Valentine.

⁴ And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Animus pictura pascit inani. Virgil.

⁵ I. e. by flying, or in flying. It is a Gallicism.

⁶ Launce is still quibbling, he is running down the
hare he started when he first entered.

¹ Where for *whereas*, often used by old writers.

² I. e. hinders.

³ I. e. cause.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—

What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banished, O, that's the news:
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevs'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
speak'st,

Have some malignant pow'r upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.¹

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou can'st not
help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

¹ Grief.

² So in Hamlet:

"These to her excellent white bosom."

To understand this mode of addressing letters, &c. it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love letters and love tokens, but even their money. &c. In many parts of England rustic damsels still continue the practice. A very old lady informed Mr. Steevens, that when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays it was the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them.

³ Gossips not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tautling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble is evident.

⁴ Bare, has two senses, mere and naked. Launce, quibbling on, uses it in both senses, and opposes the naked female to the water-spaniel covered with hairs of remarkable thickness.

"Condition, honest behaviour or demeanour in living, a custome or facion. Mos. Moris, façon de

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.²

The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself: and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips³: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare⁴ christian. Here is the cate-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her condition.⁵ Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still, mistake the word:

What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this; Who be-
got thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.⁶

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There: and saint Nicholas' be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Bless
ing of thy heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with
a wench, when she can knit him a stock.⁷

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

faire. Baret. The old copy reads *condition*, which was changed to *conditions* by Rowe.

⁶ It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. Launce infers that if Speed could read, he must have read this well known observation.

⁷ St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called St. Nicholas' clerks; either because the legend makes this saint to have been a bishop while yet a boy, or from his having restored three young scholars to life. By a quibble between *Nicholas* and *Old Nick* highwaymen are called Nicholas' clerks in Henry IV. part 1. The parish clerks of London finding that scholars, more usually termed clerks, were under the patronage of this saint, conceived that clerks of any kind might have the same right, and accordingly took him as their patron, much in the same way as the woolcombers did St. Blaise, who was martyred with an instrument like a carding comb; the nailmakers St. Clow; and the booksellers St. John Port Latin.

⁸ i.e. stocking.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.¹*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.²*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,³ and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit.*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt,⁴ and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.⁵ Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why did'st not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she has despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trench'd⁶ in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do, to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine

With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must, with circumstance,⁷ be spoken

By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;

Especially against his very⁸ friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your lord.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me:⁹

Which must be done, by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

¹ Speed uses the term *a sweet mouth* in the sense of *a sweet tooth*; but Launce chooses to understand it in the literal and laudatory sense. Cotgrave renders "*Friend, A sweet-tips, daintie-mouthed, sweet-toothed.*" &c.

² *Liberal* is *licentious, free, frank*, beyond honesty or decency. Thus in *Othello*, Desdemona says of Iago: "is he not a most profane and *liberal* counselor?"

³ This was an old familiar proverb, of which Steevens has given many examples. I will add one from Florio: "A tisty-tosty wag feather, *more haire than wit.*"

⁴ The ancient English *salt-cellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean.

There was but one on the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.

⁵ *Gracious* was sometimes used for *favoured, countenanced*, like the Italian *Gratiato*, v. As you Like It. Act i. Sc. 2.

⁶ i. e. *cut, carved*; from the Fr. *trancher*.

⁷ i. e. with the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief.

⁸ *Very*, that is, *true*; from the Lat. *verus*. Massinger calls one of his plays "*A Very Woman.*"

⁹ As you unwind her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. A bottom is the housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind ;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime,¹ to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes,
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort :² to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump :³ the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.⁴

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort⁵ some gentlemen well skill'd in music :
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper :
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near Mantua. Enter certain Out-laws.*

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace, by ; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity :
My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :

I kill'd a man, whose death I must repent ;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so ;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy ;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,⁵

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him ; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungodly youth

Thrust from the company of awful men :

Myself was from Verona banish'd ;

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Whom, in my mood,⁶ I stabbed unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)

And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape ; and by your own report

A linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality⁷ much want ;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :

Are you content to be our general ?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consort ?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all ;

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you ;

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And shew thee all the treasure we have got ;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 i. e. birdlime.

2 i. e. sincerity, such as would be manifested by such impassioned writing. Malone suspects that a line following this has been lost.

3 The old copy has *consort*, which, according to Bullokar and Philips, signified "a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert*, as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word. It is true that Shakespeare frequently refers to words not expressed, but implied in the former part of a sentence. But the reference here is to *consort*, as appears by the subsequent words, "to their instruments."

4 A *dump* was the ancient term for a mournful elegy.

5 To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for to obtain possession of, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. Milton in *Comus* has *disinherit* Chaos, meaning only to dispossess it.

6 To *sort*, to choose out.

7 A proper man, was a comely, tall, or well proportioned man. *Uomo di bel taglio*.

8 Friar Tuck, one of the associates of Robin Hood.

9 *Auful* men, men full of awe and respect for the laws of society, and the duties of life.

10 *Mood* is anger or resentment.

11 i. e. Condition, profession, occupation, v. *Hamlet* Act ii. Sc. 2.

SCENE II.—Milan. *Court of the Palace. Enter PROTEUS.*

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her
window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept
before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
you where you shall hear music, and see the gentle-
man that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Sylvia? What is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing,

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were
before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my
ery heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have
a slow heart.

1 *Sudden quips, hasty, passionate reproaches.*

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but
one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,
often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,
he loved her out of all nick.²

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for a pre-
sent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THU. and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's

truth,

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,

Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;

Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-
ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:

And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTEUS; and SILVIA from above.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,³ I was fast asleep.

2 i. e. Out of all reckoning or count; reckonings were kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

3 *Halidom*, (says Minshew,) an old word, used by old countrywomen by manner of swearing.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call and know her mind: There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose,² I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, (Think not, I flatter, for I swear, I do not,) Valiant, wise, remorseful,³ well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine; Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd. Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say, No grief did ever come so near thy heart, As when thy lady and thy true love died, Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.⁴ Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine, To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode; And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honour I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief; And on the justice of my flying hence, To keep me from a most unholly match, Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues. I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands, To bear me company, and go with me: If not, to hide what I have said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;⁵ Which since I know thy virtuously are placed, I give consent to go along with you; Recking⁶ as little what betideth me, As much I wish all good beforneth you. When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship: Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.* Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went

to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep⁷ himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; What cur is that?—says another; Whip him out, says the third; Hang him up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry; do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madame Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When did'st thou see me heave up my vex, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!

[*To LAUNCE.*]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again. Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end⁸ turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee, Partly, that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my business. For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish low; But, chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour: Which (if my augury deceive me not)

¹ In Shakespeare's time *griefs* frequently signified grievances; and the present instance shows that in return *grievance* was sometimes used in the sense of *grief*.

² To *reck* is to *care for*. So in Hamlet: "And *reck* not his own read."

³ i. e. *restrain*.

⁴ Still an *end*, and most an *end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean *perpetually*, generally. See *Gifford's Massinger*, iv. 282.

⁵ Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing

To be a widow out of Term-time! I Do feel such awful qualms, and dumps, and fits, And shakings still an *end*" *The Ordinary*

¹ The double superlative is very often used by the writers of Shakespeare's time.

² *Impose* is *injunction*, *command*; a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still called an *imposition*.

³ i. e. *pitiful*.

⁴ It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. Besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil, and a mourning habit. The same distinction may have been made in respect of male votaries; this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should be dressed; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth :
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia :
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token :
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so ; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas !

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas ?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia :

She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary :

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas !

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter ; —that's her chamber. —Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit PROTEUS.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?

Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertained

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :

Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good-will :

And now am I (unhappy messenger !)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;

To carry that which I would have refus'd ;

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love ;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him : but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

[*Enter SILVIA, attended.*]

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you wish her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O ! —he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this : tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me ;

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure :

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :

To think upon her woes, I do protest,

That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsok
her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me ;

Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And, at that time, I made her weep a good,¹

For I did play a lamentable part :

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning²

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight,

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth ! —

Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left ! —

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st
her.

Farewell.

[*Exit SILVIA.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her. —

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself !

Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers :

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.³

Her eyes are grey as glass ;⁴ and so are mine :

Av, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,

But I can make respective⁵ in myself,

If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;

My, were there sense in this idolatry,

And substance should be statue⁶ in thy stead.

1 i. e. in good earnest, tout de bon.

2 To passion was used as a verb formerly.

3 False hair was worn by the ladies long before wigs were in fashion. So, in 'Northward Hoe,' 1607, "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen of periwig making." Periwicks are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earliest poems. And Barnabe Rich, in 'The Honesty of this Age,' 1613, has a philippic against this folly.

4 By grey eyes were meant what we now call blue eyes. Grey, when applied to the eyes is rendered by Coles, in his Dictionary, 1679, *Ceruleus, glaucus.*

5 A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in 'The Tempest,' shows that low foreheads were in disesteem.

— with foreheads villainous low.

6 Respective, i. e. considerate, regardful, v. Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1.

7 The word statue was formerly used to express a portrait, and sometimes a statue was called a picture. Stowe says (speaking of Elizabeth's funeral,) that when the people beheld "her statue or picture lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." Thus in the 'City Madam,' by Massinger, Sir John Frugal de

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress sake.
That us'd me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey. Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes; Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!

Out at the postern by the abbey wall;

I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder,

Pro. But love will not be spur'd to what it loaths.¹

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True, from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe² them. [Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by lease.³

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

sires that his daughters may take leave of their lovers' statues, though he had previously described them as pictures, which they evidently were.

1 Mr. Boswell thought that this line should be given to Julia, as well as a subsequent one, and that they were meant to be spoken aside. They are exactly in the style of her other sarcastic speeches; and Proteus, who is playing on Thurio's credulity, would hardly represent him as an object of loathing to Silvia.

2 i. e. possess them, own them.

3 By Thurio's possessions he himself understands his lands. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his mental endowments, and when he says they are out by lease, he means, that they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she:

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain foot

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish⁴ girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her:

I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,

Than for the love of reckless⁵ Silvia. [Exit.]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.]

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest. Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.*

Out. Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled:

The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:

Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest. Enter VALENTINE.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record⁶ my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase:

They love me well; yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here? [Steps aside.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)

fool,) but are leased out to another. *Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1796.*

4 Peevish in ancient language signified foolish.

5 i. e. careless, heedless.

6 To record, anciently signified to sing. It is still used by bird fanciers to express the first essays of a bird to sing; and is evidently derived from the recorder or pipe with which they were formerly taught.

7 "O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was."

It is hardly possible (says Steevens) to point out four lines in Shakspeare more remarkable for ease and elegance than the preceding.

To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender¹ to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look?

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd.²

When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now,³ unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friends?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest:—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

1 i. e. as dear.

2 approv'd is confirm'd by proof.

3 The word *now* was supplied in the folio of 1632.

4 Stevens confounded the phrases of *to cry aim* Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. 2) and to *give aim*, both terms in archery. He who gave aim appears to have been called the *mark*, and was stationed near the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the butt. We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for distinguishing the terms.—Vide *Massinger*, vol. ii. p. 27. Julia means to say that she was the *mark* that gave direction to his vows.

All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy!

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see: why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook; this is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim⁴ to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?⁵

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins;

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close?

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee.⁶ Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means⁷ for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

5 i. e. of her heart, the allusion to archery is continued, and to *cleaving the pin* in shooting at the butts.

6 "Verona shall not hold thee," is the reading of the only authentic copy. Theobald proposed the reading, "Milan shall not behold thee," which has been adopted by all subsequent editors, but there is no authority for the change. If the reading is erroneous, Shakespeare must be held accountable for this as well as some other errors in his early productions.

7 "To make such means for her," to make such interest, to take such disingenuous pains about her

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars!
With triumphs,¹ mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discover'd:

That done, one day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Include is here used for conclude. This is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms: "include, to include, to shut in, to close in."—*Cooper.*

² Triumphs are pageants, such as masks and shows.

[In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just, but the author conveys his heroica by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.]

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakespeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakespeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest. JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This however is not a blunder of Shakespeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless says to her:

I was mad once, when I loved pictures;
For what are shape and colours else, but pictures.

M. MASON.]

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

A FEW of the incidents of this Comedy might have been taken from an old translation of *Il Pecorone di Giovanni Fiorentino*. The same story is to be met with in 'The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers, 1632.' A somewhat similar one occurs in the *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola. Notti iv. Favola iv.*

The adventures of Falstaff seem to have been taken from the story of the lovers of Pisa in 'Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie,' *bl. l. no date*, but entered on the Stationers' books in 1590. The fishwife's tale, in 'Westward for Smelts,' a book from which Shakespeare borrowed part of the fable of Cymbeline, probably led him to lay the Scene at Windsor.

Mr. Malone thinks that the following line in the earliest edition of this comedy, 'Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores,' shows that it was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596.

The first edition of the Merry Wives of Windsor was printed in 1602, and it was probably written in 1601, after the two parts of King Henry IV. being, as it is said, composed at the desire of Queen Elizabeth,* in order to exhibit Falstaff in love, when all the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted.

It may not be thought so clear that it was written after King Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in that play, yet appear in Merry Wives of Windsor.

* This story seems to have been first mentioned by Dennis in the Dedication to his alteration of this play, under the title of 'The Comical Gallant.' 'This Comedy,' says he, 'was written at Queen Elizabeth's command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation.' The information probably came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir W. Davenant, had opportunities of learning many particulars concerning Shakespeare.

Falstaff is disgraced in King Henry IV. Part II. and dies in King Henry V. Yet in the Merry Wives of Windsor he talks as if he was still in favour at court. "If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed," &c. & Page discomfited Fenton's addresses to his daughter, because he kept company with the wild Prince and with Poins. These circumstances seem to favour the supposition that this play was written between the first and second parts of King Henry IV. But that it was not written then may be collected from the tradition above mentioned. The truth, probably is, that though it ought to be read (as Dr. Johnson observed,) between the second part of Henry IV. and Henry V. it was written after King Henry V. and after Shakespeare had killed Falstaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited; Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Page; and disposed of them as he found it convenient without a strict regard to their situations or catastrophes in former plays.

Mr. Malone thinks that The Merry Wives of Windsor was revised and enlarged by the author after its first production. The old edition, in 1602, like that of Romeo and Juliet, he says, is apparently a rough draught and not a mutilated or imperfect copy.† The precise time when the alterations and additions were made has not been ascertained: some passages in the enlarged copy may assist conjecture on the subject, but nothing decisive can be concluded from such evidence.

This comedy was not printed in its present form till 1623, when it was published with the rest of Shakespeare's plays in folio. The imperfect copy of 1602 was again printed in 1619.

† Mr. Boaden thinks that the chasms which occur in the story of the drama in this old copy afford evidence that it was imperfectly taken down during the representation.

The bustle and variety of the incidents, the rich assemblage of characters, and the skilful conduct of the plot of this delightful comedy, are unrivalled in any drama, ancient or modern.

Falstaff, the inimitable Falstaff, here again 'lards the lean earth'—a butt and a wit, a humourist, and a man of humour, a touchstone and a laughing-stock, a jester and a jest—the most perfect comic character that ever

was exhibited.' The jealous Ford, the uxorious Page, and their two joyous wives are admirably drawn.—Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius no less so, and the duel scene between them irresistibly comic. The swaggering jolly Boniface mine host of the Garter; and last, though not least, Master Slender and his cousin Shallow, are such a group as were never yet equalled by the pen or pencil of genius.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country Justice.

SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.

MR. FORD, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

MR. PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.

DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }

PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.

NYM, }

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.

RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.

MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slén. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.²

Slén. Ay, and *rotolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done³ any time these three hundred years.

Slén. All his successors, gone before him, have done⁴; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lutes in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lute is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.⁵

Slén. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pe'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council⁶ shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments⁶ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slén. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small⁷ like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [knocks] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much

3 i. e. all the Shallows have done.

¹ *Sir*, was a title formerly applied to priests and curates generally. *Dominus* being the academical title of a Bachelor (bas chevalier) of Arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English, and as most clerical persons had taken that degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*.

² A corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. It seems doubtful whether Shakespeare designed Shallow to make this mistake, for though he gives him folly enough, he makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. Unless we suppose, with Mr. Malone, that it might have been intended to ridicule the abbreviations used in writs, &c.

⁴ It seems that the latter part of this speech should be given to Sir Hugh. Shallow has just before said the coat is an old one: and now, that it is 'the lute, the fresh fish.' No, replies the parson, it cannot be old and fresh too—the salt fish is an old coat. Shakespeare is supposed to allude to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him for a misdemeanour in his youth, and whom he now ridiculed under the character of Justice Shallow.

⁵ The Court of Star-chamber is meant.

⁶ Adviseement. ⁷ Soft.

good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love! you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.²

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good words.

Fal. Good words!³ good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching⁴ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!⁵

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephistophilus?⁶

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*;⁷ slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fideliect*, master Page; and there is myself, *fideliect*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

¹ First folio. *I thank*. The reading in the text is from the 4to. 1619.

² The Cotswood Hills in Gloucestershire, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing.

³ Words was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.

⁴ A common name for cheats and sharpers in the time of Elizabeth. 'By a metaphor taken from those that rob warrens and conie grounds.' *Minshew's Dict.*

⁵ Said in allusion to the thin carcass of Slender. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601. "Put off your clothes, and you are like a Banbury Cheese, nothing but paring."

⁶ The name of a spirit, or familiar, in the old story book of Faustus: to whom there is another allusion Act II. Sc. 2. It was a cant phrase, probably, for an ugly fellow.

⁷ Few words.

⁸ Mill shillings were used as counters: and King Edward's shillings used in the game of shuffle-board.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, He hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-shillings, and two Edward shovel-boards,⁸ that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:⁹

Word of denial in thy labras¹⁰ here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry*, *trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's¹¹ humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,¹² sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careres.¹³

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit ANNE PAGE.]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well mot: by your leave, good mistress.

[Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but SHAL, SLENDER, and EVANS.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets¹⁴ here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

⁹ *Latten*, from the Fr. *Latton*, Brass. *Bilbo*, from Bilbao in Spain where fine sword blades were made. Pistol therefore calls Slender a weak blade of base metal, as one of brass would be.

¹⁰ Lips.

¹¹ Metaphorically a bailiff or constable, who hooks or seizes debtors or malefactors with a staff or otherwise. The meaning apparently is, 'if you try to bring me to justice.'

¹² *Fap* was evidently a cant term for *Foolish*. It may have been derived from the Italian *Vappa*, which Florio explains "any wine that hath lost his force: used also for a man or woman without wit or reason." In Hutton's Dict. 1583, one of the meanings of the Latin *Vappa* is a *Dissard* or *foolish man*, &c.

¹³ A military phrase for running the charge in a tour nament or attack; here used metaphorically.

¹⁴ Slender means a popular book of Shakespeare's time, "*Songes and Sonnettes*," written by the Earle of Surrey and others," and published by Tottel in 1557.

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slén. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slén. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slén. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slén. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel² of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slén. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slén. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slén. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slén. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR H. EVANS.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slén. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slén. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:

¹ This is an intended blunder. Theobald would in sober sadness have corrected it to Martlemas.

² I. e. *part*, a law term, often used in conjunction with its synonyme.

³ It was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.

⁴ *Master of fence* here signifies not merely a fencing-master, but a person who had taken his master's degree in the science. There were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played with various weapons, in some open place or square. Tarlton the player was allowed a master's on the 23d of October, 1587, 'he being ordinary

Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow³ [*Exit SIMPLE.*]. A justice of peace sometimes may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slén. Faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slén. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,⁴ three veneys⁵ for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears 'i the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slén. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slén. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson⁶ loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:⁷—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slén. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye,⁸ you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slén. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slén. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slén. Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slén. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,⁹ his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.* Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

groom of her majesty's chamber.' The unfortunate Robert Greene played his master's prize at Lendenhall with three weapons, &c. The MS. from which this information is derived is a Register belonging to some of the Schools of the noble Science of Defence, among the Sloane MSS.—*Brit. Mus.* No. 2530, xxvi. D.

⁵ Veneys, or Venue, *Fr.* a touch or hit in the body at fencing, &c.

⁶ The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

⁷ I. e. passed all expression.

⁸ By cock and pye was a popular adjuration See Note on Henry IV. P. 2, Act v. Sc. 1.

⁹ I. e. *launder*, from the *Fr. Lavandiere*

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar,¹ and Pheeze, I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime:² I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Host.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[Exit BARD.]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico³ for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,⁴ she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.⁵

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyiads:⁶ sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

¹ *Keysar* old spelling for Cæsar, the general word for an emperor. Kings and Keysars is an old phrase in very common use, *Pheeze*, a made word from Pheeze, in the Induction to Taming of a Shrew.

² To froth beer and to lime sack were tapster's tricks. Mr. Steevens says the first was done by putting soap in the bottom of the tankard; the other by mixing lime with the wine to make it sparkle in the glass.

³ 'A fico for the phrase.' See K. Henry IV. Part 2. A. S.

⁴ It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*: "Your husband is wondrous discontented. *Vil.* I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at supper time."

⁵ Gold coin.

⁶ *Ocellades*. French. Ogles, wanton looks of the eyes. Cotgrave translates it, 'to cast a sheep's eye.'

⁷ What distinguishes the languages of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falstaff is the constant repetition of this phrase. In the time of Shakespeare such an affectation seems to have been sufficient to mark a character. Some modern dramatists have also thought so.

⁸ I. e. attention.

⁹ *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.⁷

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,⁸ that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her. she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater⁹ to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah [*to ROB.*] bear you these letters tightly;¹⁰

Sail like my pinnace¹¹ to these golden shores.—Rogues, hence away! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[Exit FALSTAFF and ROBIN.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts!¹² for gourd and fullam¹³ holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor: Tester¹⁴ I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense¹⁵ Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,¹⁶ for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on.

[Exit Nym.]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Dr. Caius's House. Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.

¹⁰ Cleverly, adroitly.

¹¹ A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, and was also called a *Brigantine*. Under the words *Cata-scopium* and *Celox* in Hutton's Dictionary, 1583, we have 'a Brigantine or Pinnace, a light ship that goeth to espie.' Hence the word is used for a go-between. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Justice Overdo says of the pig-woman, "She has been before me, punk, pinnace, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years."

¹² A burlesque on a passage in Tamburlaine, or the Scythian Shepherd

"and now doth ghastly death

With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,

And like a harper tyers on my life."

Again, *ibid.*

"Gripping our bowels with retorted thoughts."

¹³ In Decker's Bellman of London, 1640, among the false dice are enumerated 'a bale of fullams'—'a bale of gordes, with as many high men as low men for passage.' The false dice were chiefly made at Friburg, hence the name. The manner in which they were made is described in *The Complete Gamester*, 1676, 12mo.

¹⁴ Sixpence I'll have in pocket.

¹⁵ Instigate

¹⁶ Jealousy.

An honest, wilful, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:¹ his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish² that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

Sim. Ay, for a fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,³ like a Glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.⁴

Quick. A softly-sprigged man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,⁵ as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrenier.⁶

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune? Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent:⁷ Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, adown-a, &c. [*Sings.*]

*Enter Doctor Caius.*⁸

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier verd; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a-green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*]

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, mai foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la Cour, —la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Depeche, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby? John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! Qu'ay-j'oublie? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—

¹ i. e. breeder of debate, maker of contention.

² Foolish. Mrs. Quickly possibly blunders, and would say precise.

³ See a Note on K. Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 6.

⁴ And what a beard of the general's cut.

⁵ It is said that Cain and Judas in old pictures and tapestry were constantly represented with yellow beards. In an age when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from these representations. One of the copies reads a cane-coloured beard, i. e. of the colour of cane, and the reading of the 4to. a whey-coloured beard favours this reading.

⁶ This phrase has been very imperfectly explained by the commentators, though they have written 'about it, and about it.' Malone's quotation from Cotgrave was near the mark, but misused it: "*Haut a la main, Homme a la main, Homme de main. A man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him; proud, surly, sullen, stubborn.*" So says this truly valuable old dictionary: from which it is evident that a tall man of his hands was only a free version of the French *Homme haut a la main*. This equivocal use of the words *Haut* and

Villany? larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a-your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baillez me some paper:—Tarry you a little-awhile. [*Writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy:—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stiones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter—a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!⁹

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vid me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind

tall will also explain the expression a tall fellow, or a tall man, wherever it occurs. Mercutio ridicules it as one of the affected phrases of the fantasiosos of his age, 'a very good blade,' 'a very tall man!'—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

⁶ The keeper of a warren.

⁷ Scolded, reprimanded.

⁸ It has been thought strange that Shakspeare should take the name of Caius for the Frenchman, as an eminent physician of that name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's reign. But Shakspeare was little acquainted with literary history, and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been some foreign quack. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's Quest of Enquire, 1604, a story called 'the Foole of Windsor,' turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physicke.

⁹ The gougere, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. The good-jer and good yeare were common corruptions of this phrase.

than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman: how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose your suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I detest! an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly² and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[Exit.]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before PAGE's House. Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [Reads.]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precian,³ he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an un-

¹ She means, I protest.

² Melancholy.

³ The meaning of this passage is at present obscure. Dr. Johnson conjectured, with much probability, that Shakespeare wrote *Physician*, which would render the sense obvious.

⁴ To sack was the appropriate term for chopping off the spurs of a knight when he was to be degraded. The meaning therefore appears to be—"these knights will degrade you for an unqualified pretender." Another explanation has been offered; supposing this to be a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. "These knights

weighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty: and gave such orderly and well behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more), and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press,⁶ when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in his fury.

will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one."

⁵ A proverb applicable to superfluous actions in general.

⁶ Mrs. Page, who does not seem to have been intended in any degree for a learned lady, is here without the least regard to propriety made to talk like an author about the press and printing. The translations of the Classics, as Warton judiciously observes, soon inundated our poetry with pedantic allusions to ancient fable, often introduced as incongruously as the mention of Pelion here. The nautical allusions in the succeeding passages are not more appropriate. But Shakespeare does not often *run* in this way.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a shove of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness¹ of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greedy knight: Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail² dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford:

He loves the gally-mawfry;³ Ford, perpend.⁴

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot:⁵ Prevent or go thou, Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, Sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit PISTOL.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [To PAGE.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit NYM.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humour⁶ out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,⁷ though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.⁸

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[Aside to MRS. FORD.]

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exit MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and MRS. QUICKLY.]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter HOST and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[They go aside.]

Asp. But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,

The cable hatband, or the three-piled ruff,

A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot

On his French garters, should affect a humour,

O 'tis worse than most ridiculous.

Cor. He speaks pure truth; and now if an idiot

Have but an apish or fantastic strain,

It is his humour.—

Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour.

Steevens quotes an Epigram from Humours Ordinarie,

1607, to the same effect.

7 i. e. a Chinese, *Cataia*, *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dexterous thieving of the people there; hence a sharper or thief was sometimes called a *Cataian*.

8 This and the two preceding speeches are soliloquies of Ford, and have no connection with what Page says, who is also making comments on what had passed without attending to Ford.

1 i. e. the caution which ought to attend on it.

2 A curtail dog was a common dog not meant for sport, part of the tails of such dogs being commonly cut off while they are puppies; it was a prevalent notion that the tail of a dog was necessary to him in running, hence a dog that missed his game was called a curtail, from which cur is probably derived.

3 A medley.

4 Consider.

5 The liver was anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passions. Thus in an old Latin distich:

'Cor ardet, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras

Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.'

6 The first folio reads—*English*. The abuse of this word *humour* by the excoorbs of the age had been admirably satirized by Ben Jonson. After a very pertinent disquisition on the real meaning and true application of the word, he concludes thus:

Shal. Will you [to PAGE] go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, Cavaliers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page: 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,² I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt. Host, Shal. and Page.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily; She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made³ there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.— I will retort the sum in equipage.⁴

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow⁵ Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,⁶ I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickthatch,⁸ go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconformable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I my-

self sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you, rogue, will ensconce⁹ your rags, your catamountain looks, your red-lattice¹⁰ phrases, and your bold-heating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; what would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,——

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries¹¹ as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk,) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;¹² but I warrant you, all is one with her.

feathers, silver into handles, some of which were made of gold, fixed, or ivory of curious workmanship.

7 I.e. go and cut purses in a crowd. Purses being then worn hanging at the girdle.

8 Pickthatch was in Turnbull Street, Cow Cross, Clerkenwell, a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. The unsensational and obstreperous interruptions of the swash-bucklers of that age rendered a hatch or half door with spikes upon it a necessary defence to a brothel, and hence the term became a cant phrase to denote a part of the town noted for brothels.

9 A scone is a fortification; to ensconce is therefore to protect as with a fort.

10 Althouse language. Red lattice windows formerly denoted an alehouse, as the chequers have done since.

11 A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*. *Canary* was, however, a quick and lively dance mentioned in All's Well that Ends well, Act II. Sc. 1.

12 I.e. Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence, Shakespeare, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be pensioners to the Fairy Queen.

1 The folio of 1623 reads *An-heires*, which is unintelligible; the word in the text, the conjecture of Mr. Bowden, Malone considered the best that had been offered. *Cavaleires* would have been the orthography of the old copy, and the host has the term frequently in his mouth. Mr. Stevens substituted on hearts.

2 Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier. See note on K. Henry IV. P. 1, Act II. Sc. 4.

3 An obsolete phrase, signifying—'what they did there.' In Act IV. Sc. 2. of this play we have again, what make you here; for what do you here

4 Equipage appears to have been a cant term, which Warburton conjectured to mean stolen goods. Mr. Stevens thinks it means attendance; i.e. 'if you will lend me the money, I will pay you again in attendance,' but has failed to produce an example of the use of the word in that sense.

5 I.e. he who *draves* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.

6 Fane were costly appendages of female dress in Shakspeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and, ther-

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealous man; she leads a very frampold² life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves;³ her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word,⁴ that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exit QUICKLY AND ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;⁵ Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.⁶

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; via!⁷

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith⁸ you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance;⁹ engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, need, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased

acquaintance. The practice was continued as late as the Restoration. In the Parliamentary History, vol. xxii. p. 114, we have the following passage from The Life of General Monk, by Dr. Price. "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

⁷ *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains:—"an adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, sway forward, go on, despatch." It appears to have been a common exclamation in Shakespeare's time. Antonini renders it in Latin *ejja, age*.

⁸ Since.

⁹ *Observance* is diligent heed, or attention.—*Bul-loukar*.

¹ *To wot* is to know. So in K. Henry VIII. *wot* you what I found?

² *Frampold* here means *frifful*, *peevish*, or *veracious*. This obsolete word is of uncertain etymology.

³ *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more than *by all means*, for the sake of all love. It is again used in Othello and in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

⁴ A *watchword*.

⁵ *Fights* are the waist cloths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight; or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their arms.—*Phillips's World of Words*.

⁶ It seems to have been a common custom in taverns in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to

at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,¹ authentic in your place and person, generally allowed² for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward³ of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured, I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

1 i. e. admitted into all, or the greatest companies.

2 *Allowed is approved.* So in King Lear:

—"if your sweet away

Allow obedience," &c.

3 i. e. defence.

4 This is a phrase from the Herald's Office. Falstaff means that he will add more titles to those Ford is already distinguished by.

5 Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, may be consulted concerning these demons. "Amaimon," he says, "was King of the East, and Barbatos

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile;⁴ thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,⁵ well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol⁶ cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ⁷ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Windsor Park. Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Fible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, too, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,⁸ to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.⁹ Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully!

a great countie or earle." But Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armory*, informs us that "*Amayman* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulf; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and has thirty legions under him."

6 A tame contented cuckold knowing himself to be one. From the Saxon *wittan*, to know.

7 Ukebaugh.

8 The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing.

9 Terms in fencing. The *stoccado*, the *reverse*, &c. from the Italian.

What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?¹ ha! is he dead, bully Stale?² is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vittness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.³

Caius. Muck-vater; vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is va-lour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-law me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Sten. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring

thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game,⁴ said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary to-wards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore. Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard,⁵ when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*]

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls⁶
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.*

To shallow—

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Babylon,⁷
And a thousand vagram posies.*

To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice,

Helicon, 1600, it is attributed to Christopher Marlowe, and to it is subjoined an answer, called 'The Nymph's Reply,' signed *Ignoto*, which is thought to be the signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. Walton has inserted them both in his *Complete Angler*, under the character of that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.—'Old fashioned poetry but choicely good.' Sir Hugh misrecites the lines in his panic. The reader will be pleased to find them at the end of the play.

⁷ This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

*"When we did sit in Babylon,
The rivers round about
Then the remembrance of Sion,
The tears for grief burst out."*

The word *rivers* in the second line was probably brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of the madrigal he had just repeated; and in his fright he blends the sacred and profane songs together. The old quarto has—'There lived a man in Babylon,' which was the first line of an old song mentioned in Twelfth Night; but the other line is more in character

¹ *Heart of elder.* The joke is that elder has a heart of pith.

² *Bully-state* and *king-urinal*, these epithets will be sufficiently obvious to those who recollect the prevalence of empirical water-doctors. *Castilian*, a cant word (like Catalan and Ethiopian), appears to have been generally used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Host avails himself of the poor doctor's ignorance of English phraseology in applying to him these high-sounding opprobrious epithets; he here means to call him *coward*.

³ Drain of a dunghill.

⁴ Stevens tried to give some kind of meaning to this passage. "*Cry'd game*," says he, "might mean in those days a professed buck, who was well known by the report of his gallantry as he could have been by proclamation." Warburton conjectures that we should read *Cry Sim*, that is, "Encourage me, do I not deserve it!" This suits the speaker and occasion, and is therefore very plausible. See the second scene of the third act of this play, where the phrase again occurs.

⁵ Head.

⁶ This is a part of a beautiful little pastoral, printed among Shakspeare's Sonnets in 1599: but in England's

and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and nose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who be like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder; here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are do coward, do Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt SHAL. SLEN. PAGE, and HOST.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot' of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.²—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,³ scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The street in Windsor.* *Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sign in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acteon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.⁴ [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Trust me, &c Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Your me good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

1 Fool.
2 Flouting-stock.
3 I. e. scall'd-head, a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse—
"Under thy long locks mayest thou have the scalls"

4 To cry aim, in archery was to encourage the archers by crying out aim when they were about to shoot. Hence it came to be used for to applaud or encourage, in a general sense. It seems that the spectators in general cried aim occasionally, as a mere word of encouragement or applause. Thus, in K. John, Act II. Sc. 1.

"It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill tuned repetitions"

Slender. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shallow. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday,¹ he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;² he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having;³ he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have, waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—And you, Sir Hugh.

Shallow. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine⁴ first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Ford's House.* Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly! quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this

basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters⁵ in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?⁶ what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John has come in at your back door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,⁷ have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you my cue.

[*Exit ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit MRS. PAGE.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.⁸

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?⁹ Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent¹⁰ of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.¹¹

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy five¹² were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

1 A stuffed puppet thrown at throughout lent, as cocks were at shrovetide. So, in 'The Weakest goes to the Wall', 1600.

2 A mere anatomy a Jack of Lent.

3 I.e. honest women from loose ones. The word Putta in Italian signifies both a jay and a loose woman. So, in Cymbeline:

—“some jay of Italy

Whose mother was her painting,” &c.
9 This is the first line in the second song of Sidney's Astrophel and Stella.

10 First folio—beauty.

11 That is, any fanciful head-dress worn by the celebrated beauties of Venice, or approved by them. In how much request the Venetian tire or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624. “Let her have the Spanish gait, the Venetian tire, Italian compliments and endowments.”

12 Fortune my Foe is the beginning of a popular old ballad enumerating all the misfortunes that fall on mankind through the caprice of Fortune. The tune was the same with that of ‘Death and the Lady,’ to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals were chanted for two hundred years and more.

1 To speak out of the common style, superior to the vulgar, in allusion to the better dress worn on holidays. So in K. Henry IV. P. 1.

2 With many holiday and lady terms.

3 Alluding to an ancient custom among rustics, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses by carrying the flower called bachelor's buttons in their pockets. They judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not growing there. Hence, to wear bachelor's buttons, seems to have grown into a phrase for being unmarried.

4 I.e. Fortune or possessions. So, in Twelfth Night:

—“My having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.”

5 Canary is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. Pipe-wine is wine, not from the bottle but the pipe or cask. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine and a musical instrument.—I'll give him pipe wine, which will make him dance.

6 Bleachers of linen.

7 Young sparrow-hawk, here used as a jocular term for a small child.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury¹ in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter²-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.³

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind:

Rob. [within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.⁴

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.—[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*—]'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed: call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

¹ Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs green as well as dry.

² The Counter as a prison was odious to Falstaff.

³ So, in Coriolanus—

—Whose breath I hate
As reek of the rotten fens."

The name of this prison was a frequent subject of jocularly with our ancestors. Shakespeare has availed himself of it in the Comedy of Errors. My old acquaintance Baret records one pleasantly enough in his *Alvearie*, 1573.—"We sale merrily of him who hath been in the Counter or such like places of prison: He can sing his counter-tenor very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this gear: meaning imprisonment."

⁴ The spaces left between the walls and wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.

⁵ Bleaching time.

⁶ These words, which are characteristic, and spoken to Mrs. Page aside, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time⁷, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't; let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee;⁸ help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never.

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin; Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cow-staff?⁹ look, how you drumble:¹⁰ carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead;¹¹ quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck? Ay, buck? I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkenne! the fox:—Let me stop this way first;—So, now uncape.¹²

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is very fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

⁷ A staff used for carrying a coal or tub with two handles to fetch water in. "*Bicetto, a coule-staffe* to carlie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carlie two buckets at once."—*Florio's Dictionary*, 1598.

⁸ To drumble and drone meant to move sluggishly. To drumble, in Devonshire, means to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice. A drumble drone, in the western dialect signifies a drone or humble-bee. That master genius of modern times, who knows so skillfully how to adapt his language to the characters and manners of the age in which his fable is laid, has adopted this word in 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' vol. ii. p. 298:—"Why how she drumbles—I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."

⁹ Dennis observes that, 'it is not likely Falstaff would suffer himself to be carried to Datchet mead, which is half a mile from Windsor; and it is plain that they could not carry him, if he made any resistance.'

¹⁰ Hamner proposed to read *uncaple*; but, perhaps, *uncaple* had the same signification. It means, at any rate, to begin the hunt after him, when the holes for escape had been stopped.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who¹ was in the basket!

Mrs. Page. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that. And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts?

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—Come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow, on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [Exeunt.]

1 Ritson thinks we should read *what*. This emendation is supported by a subsequent passage, where Falstaff says: "the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* was in the basket." It is remarkable that Ford asked no such question.

2 Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fix his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. Below we have:

SCENE IV. *A Room in Page's House.* Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan. *Anne.* Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth:

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth² Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne; Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[They converse apart]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:³ slid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice, O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[Aside.] *Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hast a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. *Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail,⁴ under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

¹ O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year?

² A shaft was a long arrow, and a bolt a thick short one. The proverb probably means "I'll make something or other of it.—I will do it by some means or other."

³ The sense is obviously "Come who will to contend with me, under the degree of a squire." *Cut and long-tail* means all kinds of curtail curs, and sporting dogs, and all others. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in writers of the period; every kind of dog being comprehended under *cut and long-tail*, every rank of people the expression when metaphorically used.

Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fenton. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fenton. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exit PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fenton. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bow'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

[Exit MRS. PAGE and ANNE.]

Fenton. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fenton. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it?

[Exit.]

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn. *Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. *[Exit BARD.]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drowned, but that the shore was

shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir; to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—*[Exit BARDOLPH.]*—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her mien; they mistake her erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! *[Exit.]*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within; I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

or lot be happy man.' *Dole* is the past participle and past tense of the A. S. verb *Dælan*, to deal, to divide, to distribute.

2 I e. some time to-night. 3 Specially. 4 Neglect. 5 Pity. 6 Cups.

7 M. Mason proposes to read *direction*, but perhaps the change is not necessary.

1 This is a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence. The apparent signification here is: 'Happiness be his portion who succeeds best,' but the general meaning of the phrase may be interpreted: 'Let his portion

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in a basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with¹ a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo,² in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate—you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address³ me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*—Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous⁴ mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but

¹ With, by, and of were used indiscriminately with much licence by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have—

² I sooner would suspect the sun with cold.

³ Detected appears to have been used in the sense of suspected, impeached. Cavendish, in his Metrical Vi-

bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns,

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you peace. What is lapis, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is lapis; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genetivo, hujus: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the fociative case, William?

Will. O—vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember, William; fociative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genetivo,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is ki, kæ, cod; if you forget your kies, your kæs, and your cods, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

sions, has this very phrase—*detected with*, for *impeached with*, or *held in suspicion by*:—

“What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory

To heare our names *with vile fame so detected.*”

Detected must have the same meaning here, for *Fal.* staff was not *discovered*, but *suspected* by the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with*.

² A Bilbo is a Spanish blade remarkable for its tem per and flexibility. The best were made at Bilbos, town in Biscay.

³ Make myself ready.

⁴ Outragious

⁵ Breeched, i. e. flogged

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag¹ memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Ford's House.* Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious² in your love, and I profess your requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes³ again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*⁴ that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his aspersion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. He is by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him, better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, trusts of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,⁵ that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make⁶ you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

¹ Quick, alert. The word is *sprack*.

² So, in Hamlet; 'To do obsequious sorrow.' The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which obsequies are performed.

³ i. e. lunacy, frenzy.

⁴ Shakespeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns:

'Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,

Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.'

⁵ This is one of Shakespeare's anachronisms: he has also introduced pistols in Pericles, in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.

⁶ This phrase has been already noticed. It occurs again in *As You Like It*, in the scene of do:

'Now, sir, what make you here?'

It also occurs in Hamlet, Othello, and Love's Labour's Lost.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract⁷ for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford,⁸ has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat,⁹ and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.¹⁰

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draft.*

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter MRS. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him, quickly despatch.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up. [*Exit.*]

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain!—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you

⁷ i. e. a list, an inventory, or short note of.

⁸ In the early 4to. it is: 'My maid's aunt Gillian of Brentford.'

⁹ A hat composed of the weaver's tufts or *thrums*, or of very coarse cloth. A *muffler* was a part of female attire which only covered the lower part of the face.

¹⁰ This old witch Jyl or Gillian of Brentford seems to have been a character well known in popular story at the time. 'Jyl of Brentford's Testament' was printed by Copland long before, and Laneham enumerates it as in the collection of Capt. Cox, the mason, now well known to all, from the mention of him in the romance of Kenilworth.

panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,¹ a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes!² Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, Sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that ha— the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect wi— it cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness! you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold t out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed! let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not be he there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.³

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.⁴ Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman is that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it's my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery⁵ as this is; beyond our element; we know nothing.—Come down; you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you pole-

cat, you ronyon!⁶ out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail,⁷ never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exit PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass that he did not; he beat him most unprofitably, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; if natn done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,⁸ he will never, I think, in the way of waste,⁹ attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period¹⁰ to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn. Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.*

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They snail have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;¹¹ I'll sauce them; Come. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Ford's House. Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,¹² Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

acquired her knowledge of these terms he has not informed us.

⁹ This is another forensic expression. Mr. Steevens says that the meaning of the passage is, "he will not make further attempts to ruin us by corrupting our virtue and destroying our reputation."

¹⁰ i.e. right period, or proper catastrophe.

¹¹ To come off is to pay, to come down (as we now say), with a sum of money. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays.

¹² The reading in the text was Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read 'I rather will suspect the sun with gold'

¹ Gang.

² Surpasses, or goes beyond all bounds.

³ i.e. 'This is below your character, unworthy of you.'

⁴ Lover.

⁵ Falsehood, imposition.

⁶ Means much the same as *scall* or *scab*, from *Rog-neuse*, Fr.

⁷ Expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out* is to open, or bark.

⁸ Ritson remarks that Shakespeare 'had been long enough in an attorney's office to know that *fee-simple* is the largest estate, and *fine and recovery* the strongest assurance, known to English Law.' How Mrs. Page

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submissiōn,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they
spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him
in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.
Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers;
and has been grievously peaten, as an old
oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that
he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished,
he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when
he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes¹ the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed² clod³
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;⁴
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouches,⁵ and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused⁶ song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch⁷ the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,⁸
And burn him with their tapers.

1 To take signifies to seize or strike with a disease;
to blast. So, in Lear, Act ii. Sc. 4:
'Strike her young bones, ye taking airs, with lame-
ness.'

And in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 1:

"No planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm."

"Of a horse that is taken. A horse that is bereft of
his feeling, moving, or stirring, is said to be taken, and in
sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villanous a
disease: yet some farriers, not well understanding the
ground of the disease, conster the word taken to be
stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false."

—C. vii. *Markham on Horses*, 1595. Thus also in Hor-
man's *Vulgaria*, 1519. "He is taken, or benomed. At-
tonitue est."

2 Old age.

3 The tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's
oak; being totally decayed, was cut down by his late
majesty's order in 1795.

4 Elf, hobgoblin.

5 Some diffused song, appears to mean some obscure
strange song. In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* the word

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit;
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the
fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*] Go, send to Fal-
staff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-
perties.⁹

And tricking for our fairies.
Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]
Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed:¹⁰ 'tis painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new:
Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropo-
phaginian*¹¹ unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone
up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir,
till she come down: I come to speak with her, in-
deed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John!
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it
is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the
coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend,
bully, let her descend; my chambers are honour-
able: Fye! privacy? fye!

occurs in this sense: "speak you Welsh to him: I doubt
not but thy speech shall be more diffuse to him, than his
French shall be to thee." Cotgrave explains *diffused*
by the French *diffus, espars, obscure*, and in Cooper's
Dictionary, 1584, I find *obscurem* interpreted 'obscure,
difficult, diffuse, hard to understand.' Skelton uses
diffuse several times for strange or obscure; for instance,
in the Crown of Laurel:

"Perseus pressed forth with problems diffuse."

6 *To-pinch*: to has here an augmentative sense, like
be has since had: all was generally prefixed, Spenser
has all to-torn, all to-rent, &c. and Milton in *Comus* all
to-ruffled.

7 *Sound*, for *soundly*, the adjective used as an adverb

8 *Properties* are little incidental necessities to a thea-
tre: *tricking* is dress or ornament.

9 The usual furniture of chambers, at that time, was
a *standing-bed*, under which was a *truckle, truckle, or
running bed*: from *truchlea*, a low wheel or castor. In
the standing bed lay the master, in the truckle the ser-
vant.

10 i. e. a cannibal: mine host uses these fustian words
to astonish Simple.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell;¹ What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.]

Host. Thou art clerly,² thou art clerly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid³ for my learning

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and flouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarterre.

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparations for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit Host and BARDOLPH.]

1 He calls poor Simple 'muscle-shell' because he stands with his mouth open.

2 i. e. Scholar-like.

3 To pay, in Shakespeare's time, signified to beat; in which sense it is still not uncommon in familiar lan-

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transmutation hath been washed and cudged, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*.⁴ Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth wherof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[Showing the letter.]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is here;⁵ in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

guage: 'Seven of the eleven I paid,' says Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I.

4 *Primero* was the fashionable game at cards in Shakespeare's time.

5 In the letter

To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,) *That, quaint¹ in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.*

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I ever more be bound to thee ;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Garter Inn.* Enter FALSTAFF AND MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling :—go.—I'll hold :² This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head and mince.³ *[Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.]*

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook ? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man : but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman ; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam ; because I know also, life is a shuttle.⁴ I am in haste ; go along with me ; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese,⁵ played truant, and whipped too, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me : I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford : on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow : Strange things in hand, master Brook ! follow. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.* Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come ; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth ; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word⁶ how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum* ; she cries, *budget* ; and by that we know one another.

¹ *Quaint*, here, may mean *neatly*, or *elegantly*, which were ancient acceptations of the word, and not *fantastically* : but either sense will suit.

² Keep to the time.

³ *I. e. walk* : to *mince* signified to walk with affected delicacy.

⁴ An allusion to the Book of Job, c. vii. v. 6.

⁵ My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.

⁶ To strip a wild goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.

⁶ Watchword.

Shal. That's good too : But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget* ; the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark ; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport ! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away ; follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.* Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green ; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly : Go before into the park ; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do ; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit CAIUS.]* My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter : but 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies ? and the Welsh devil, Hugh ?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights ; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked ; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on ; To the oak, to the oak ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.* Enter SIR HUGH EVANS AND FAIRIES.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies ; come ; and remember your parts : be bold, I pray you ; follow me into the pit ; and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you ; Come, come ; trib, trib. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.* Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve ; the minute draws on : Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me :—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa ; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love ! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man ; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda ;—O, omnipotent love ! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose ?—A fault done first in the form of a beast :—O Jove, a beastly fault ! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl ; think on't, Jove ; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do ? For me, I am here a Windsor stag ; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest : send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow ?⁷ Who comes here ? my doe ?

Enter Mrs. FORD AND Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John ? art thou there, my deer ? my male deer ?

Fal. My doe with the black scut ?—Let the sky rain potatoes ; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves* ; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes ; let there come a tempest of provocation,⁸ I will shelter me here. *[Embracing her.]*

⁷ Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.

⁸ This is technical. "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushrooms helpeth well to make them pyse their greace they are then in so vehement heat."—*Turberville's Book of Hunting*, 1515.

⁹ The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries and

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bride-buck,¹ each a haunch : I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow² of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman?³ ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! What noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*They run off.*]

Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs⁴ of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.⁵— Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys. Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap : Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry :

Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttish.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die :

I'll wink and couch : No man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fantasy,⁶ Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ; But those as sleep, and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about ; Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out : Strew good luck, ouphen, on every sacred room ; That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit ; Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm, and every precious flower :⁷ Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blest ! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring : The expressure that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;

was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.

1 i. e. like a buck sent as a bribe.

2 The keeper. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

3 The woodman was an attendant on the forester. It is here however used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game for the object of his pursuit.

4 The old copy reads orphan-heirs. Warburton reads ouphen, and not without plausibility; ouphen being mentioned before and afterward. Malone thinks it means mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: o-phans in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on destiny herself.

5 Profession.

6 i. e. elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision, though she sleep as soundly as an infant.

7 It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. So, in the Baucis and Philemon of Ovid, Met. viii.

—mensam—

—aquatam *Mentha* abstersere virenti.

And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write, In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white ; Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee ; } Fairies use flowers for their character.⁸ } Away ; disperse : But, 'till 'tis one o'clock, Our dance of custom, round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in order set :

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay ; I smell a man of middle earth.⁹

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy !

lest he transform me to a piece of cheese !

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd¹⁰ even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial fire touch me his finger-end :

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire ?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !

About him fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme :

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right ; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Eye on sinful fantasy !

Eye on lust and luxury !

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire.

Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;

Pinch him for his villany ;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly : I think, we have watch'd you now ;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve you turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher :—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives ? See you these, husband ? do not these fair yokes¹¹ Become the forest better than the town ?

Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.

8 "Characterly, is a writing by characters, or by strange marks."—*Bullock's English Expositor*, 12 mo. 1656.

9 By this term is merely meant a mortal man, in contradistinction to a spirit of the earth or of the air, such as a fairy or gnome. It was in use in the north of Scotland a century since, and appears borrowed from the Saxon *Middan Eard*.

10 By o'er-looked is here meant bewitched by an evil eye, the word is used in that sense in Glanvill's *Sadducism's Triumph*, p. 95. Steevens erroneously interprets it 'Slighted as soon as born.' See note on the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2.

"Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-looked me—"

11 The extremities of yokes for oxen, as still used in several counties of England. bent upwards, and rising very high, in shape resemble horns. In *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, voce *Jouelles*, we have 'Arched or yoked vines ; vines so under propped or fashioned that one may go under the middle of them.' See also Hutton's Latin, Greek, and English Lexicon, 1585, in voce *ju-*

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Fal. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications and to taverns, and sack and wine, and methegins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel;³ ignorance itself is a plummet n'er me:⁴ use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee:⁴ Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo! ho! ho! father Page.

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slender. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garcon*, a boy; *un paison*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit CAIUS.*]

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze⁵ her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or undutious title; Since therein she doth evitate⁶ and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amn'd: here is no remedy:—In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

³ *gum*; 'a thing made with *forkes*, like a gallows, a frame whereon vines are joynd.'

⁴ I. e. a fool's cap made out of Welsh materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

⁵ The very word *flannel* is derived from a Welsh one, and it is almost unnecessary to add that it was originally the manufacture of Wales.

³ Ignorance itself weighs me down, and oppresses me

⁴ Dr. Johnson remarks, that the two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

⁵ Confound her by your questions.

⁶ Avoid

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further :—master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so :—*Sir John*,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet, having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters, appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide.² This mode of forming ridi-

culous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment; its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skillful mouth even he that dispises it is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion; and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end.

JOHNSON.]

THE PASTORAL BY CH. MARLOWE.

Referred to Act iii. Sc. 1, of the foregoing Play

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from the pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on thy ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

¹ Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having run down Anne Page.

² In *The Three Ladies* of London, 1584, is the character of an Italian Merchant very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. Dodypoll, in the comedy of that name, is, like Calus, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before *The Merry Wives*

of Windsor. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare's, provincial characters are introduced. In the old play of Henry V. French soldiers are introduced speaking broken English.

STEEVENS.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE plot of this admirable Comedy appears to have been taken from the second tale in a collection by Barnabe Riche, entitled, "Rich his Farewell to the Militarie Profession," which was first printed in 1583. It is probably borrowed from *Les Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, vol. iv. Hist. viime. Belleforest, as usual, copied Bandello. In the fifth eglol of Barnaby Googe, published with his poems in 1563, an incident somewhat similar to that of the duke sending his page to plead his cause with the lady, and the lady falling in love with the page, may be found. But Rich's narration is the more probable source, and resembles the plot more completely. It is too long for insertion here, but may be found in the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare, by Mr. Boswell.

The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the creation of the poet, and they are worthy of his transcendent genius. It is indeed one of the most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies. Dr. Johnson thought the natural fatuity of Ague-cheek hardly fair game, but the good-nature with which his folly and his pretensions are brought forward for our amusement, by humouring his whims, are almost without a spice of satire. It is rather an attempt to give pleasure by exhibiting an exaggerated picture of his foibles, than a wish to give pain

by exposing their absurdity. "How are his weaknesses nursed and dandled by Sir Toby into something 'high fantastical' when, on Sir Andrew's commendation of himself for dancing and fencing, Sir Toby answers—'Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water in a cinque-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is this a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was framed under the star of a galliard!' How Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the clown chirp over their cups; how they 'rouse the night-owl in a catch able to draw three souls out of one weaver!—What can be better than Sir Toby's unanswerable answer to Malvollio: 'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?'—We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogues; we feel a regard for Malvollio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment in the stocks. But there is something that excites in us a stronger

feeling than all this, it is Viola's confession of her love.

Duke. What's her history?

Viola. *A blank, my lord: She never told her love, But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought; And, with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed? We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed, Our shows are more than will; for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.*

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.

"Shakspeare alone could describe the effect of his own poetry:

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing, and giving odour."

"What we so much admire here is not the image of Patience on a monument, which has been so generally quoted, but the lines before and after it, "They give a very echo to the seat where love is throned." How long ago it is since we first learnt to repeat them; and still they vibrate on the heart like the sounds which the pas-

sing wind draws from the trembling strings of a harp left on some desert shore! There are other passages of not less impassioned sweetness. Such is Olivia's address to Sebastian, whom she supposed to have already deceived her in a promise of marriage.

*'Blame not this haste of mine:—
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace.'*

"One of the most beautiful of Shakspeare's Songs occurs in this play with a preface of his own to it.

'Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

"After reading other parts of this play, and particularly the garden scene where Malvolio picks up the letter, if we were to say that Shakspeare's genius for comedy was less than his genius for tragedy, it would perhaps only prove that our own taste in such matters is more saturnine than mercurial."*

* Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, p. 256

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.

CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea Coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.
Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again;—it hath a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,¹
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.²—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receivest as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity³ and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.⁴

1 The old copies read *sound*, the emendation is Pope's. Rowe had changed it to *wind*. In Sidney's *Arcadia*, 1590, we have—'more *sweet* than a gentle south-west wind which comes creeping over *flowery* fields.'

2 Milton has very successfully introduced the same image in *Paradise Lost*:

—'Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spolia.'

Shakspeare, in the Ninety-ninth Sonnet, has made the violet the thief.

'The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,
If not from my love's breath.'

Pope, in his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day; and Thomson, in his Spring have availed themselves of the epithet *a dying fall*

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like tell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.³—How now? what news
from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,⁴
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

3 Value.

4 Fantastical to the height.

5 Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Lord Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. The thought may have been suggested by Daniel's Fifth Sonnet, in his *Della*; or by Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586, p. 13; and a passage in the Dedication to Aldington's translation of 'The Golden Ass of Apuleius,' 1566, may have suggested these.

6 Heat for heated.

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock¹ of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,²
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self³ king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Sea Coast. Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea.
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name?

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.⁴

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow⁵ me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH AND MARIA.*

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I'm sure, care's an
enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.⁷

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer
than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink
in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a fool-
ish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be
her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall⁸ a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a
year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, be-
sides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and,
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the
prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels, and
substracters, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a
coystril,⁹ that will not drink to my niece, till his
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.¹⁰ What,

with the Duke, but it would have been inconsistent with
her delicacy to have made an open confession of it to
the Captain.

⁵ This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would
have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She
was presented as a page not as an eunuch.

⁶ Approve.

⁷ A ludicrous use of a formal law phrase.

⁸ That is as *valiant* a man, as *tall* a man, is used
here by Sir Toby with more than the usual licence of
the word; he was pleased with the equivocal, and ban-
ters upon the diminutive stature of poor Sir Andrew,
and his utter want of courage.

⁹ A *coystril* is a low, mean, or worthless fellow.

¹⁰ A large top was formerly kept in every village, to
be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might
be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when
they could not work. 'To sleep like a Town-top' is a
proverbial expression.

1 So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*—"the flock of unspeakable virtues."

2 The *liver, brain, and heart* were then considered the seats of *passion, judgment, and sentiments*. These are what Shakspeare calls *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed it.

3 *Self king* signifies *self same king*, i. e. one and the same king.

4 i. e. "I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design." Johnson remarks that "Viola seems to have formed a deep design with very little premeditation." In the novel upon which the play is founded, the Duke being driven upon the isle of Cyprus, by a tempest, *Silla*, the daughter of the governor, falls in love with him, and on his departure goes in pursuit of him. All this Shakspeare knew, and probably intended to tell in some future scene, but afterwards forgot it. *Viola*, in Act ii. Sc. 4, plainly alludes to her having been secretly in love

wench? Castiliano volto;¹ for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch.

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company: Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

1 The old copy reads *Castiliano vulgo*. Warburton proposed reading *Castiliano volto*. In English, put on your Castilian countenance, i. e. 'grave serious looks.' I have no doubt that Warburton was right, for that reading is required by the context, and *Castiliano vulgo* has no meaning. But I have met with a passage in Hall's *Satires*, B. iv. S. 2, which I think places it beyond a doubt:—

—'he can kiss hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning chear,
With th' lland conge like a cavalier,
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,' &c.

The Spaniards were in high estimation for courtesy, though the natural gravity of the national countenance was thought to be a cloak for villany. The *Castiliano volto* was in direct opposition to the *viso scialto* which the noble Roman told Sir Henry Wootton would go safe over the world. *Castiliano vulgo*, besides its want of connexion or meaning in this place, could hardly have been a proverbial phrase, when we remember that *Castile* is the noblest part of Spain.

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.² What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.³ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs.⁴ Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's palace.*
Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continues these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul:

2 I. e. Mall Cypresse, whose real name was Mary Frith. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a bawd, a prostitute, a bully, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods. A book called 'The Madde Franks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose, by John Day,' was entered on the Stationers' books in 1610. Middleton and Decker wrote a Comedy, of which she is the heroine, and a life of her was published in 1662, with her portrait in male attire. As this extraordinary personage partook of both sexes, the curtain which Sir Toby mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age of which neither too much delicacy nor too much decency was the characteristic.

3 *Cinque-pace*, the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number 5, also called a *Galliard*.

4 Stocking.

5 Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacks. Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional. *Taurus* is made to govern the neck and throat.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait¹ unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what
then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet [*Aside*], a fearful² strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's house. Enter
MARIA and Clown.³

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may
enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang
thee for thy absence.

Clow. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in
his world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clow. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten⁴ answer: I can tell thee
where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clow. Where, good mistress Mary!

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to
say in your foolery.

Clow. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it;
and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long
absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good
as a hanging to you?

Clow. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clow. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two
points.

Mar. That, if one break,⁵ the other will hold; or,
if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clow. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy
way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert
as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more of that; here
comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you
were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clow. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good
fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do
very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack

1 Go thy way.

2 A contest full of impediments.

3 The clown in this play is a domestic fool in the service of Olivia. He is specifically termed an *allowed* fool, and 'Feste, the jester that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in.' Malvolio speaks of him as 'a set fool.' The dress of the domestic fool was of two sorts, described by Mr. Douce in his Essay on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare, to which we must refer the reader for full information. The dress sometimes appropriated to the character is thus described in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*: 'I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap upon his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clown as I began to call Tarleton's wonted shape to remembrance.'

thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says
Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

—God bless thee, lady!

Oliv. Take the fool away.

Clow. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the
lady.

Oliv. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of
you: besides you grow dishonest.

Clow. Two faults, madonna,⁶ that drink and good
counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then
is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend
himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if
he cannot, let the hotcher mend him: Any thing
that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that trans-
gresses, is but patched with sin: and sin, that
amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this
simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what
remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity,
so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the
fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oliv. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clow. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady,
Cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much as to
say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna,
give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oliv. Can you do it?

Clow. Dexterously, good madam.

Oliv. Make your proof.

Clow. I must catechize you for it, madonna:
Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oliv. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll
bide your proof.

Clow. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oliv. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clow. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oliv. I know his soul is in heaven, fool

Clow. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for
your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the
fool, gentlemen.

Oliv. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth
he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death
shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth
ever make the better fool.

Clow. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for
the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be
sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his
word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oliv. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such
a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day
with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a
stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already;
unless you laugh and minister occasion to him,
he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that
crow so at these set of kind fools, no better than the
fools' zanies.⁷

Oliv. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and
taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous,
guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those
things for bird-bolts,⁸ that you deem cannon-bullets:
There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do
nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet
man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clow. Now Mercury endure thee with leasing,⁹ for
thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gen-
tleman, much desires to speak with you.

tired for a clown as I began to call Tarleton's wonted
shape to remembrance.'

4 Short and spare. ⁵ Sparing, niggardly, insuffi-
cient, like the fare of old times in Lent. Metaphori-
cally, *short, laconic*.⁶ Says Steevens. I rather incline
to Johnson's explanation, 'a good dry answer.' Stee-
vens does not seem to have been aware that a dry fig
was called a *lenten* fig. In fact, *lenten* fare was dry fare.

5 Points were laces which fastened the hose or
breeches.

6 Italian, mistress, dame.

7 Fools' baubles.

8 Bird-bolts were short thick arrows with obtuse
ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds

9 Lying.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended,

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.¹

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this leithargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above neath makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak to you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,² and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling³ when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comfitable,⁴ even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence come you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,⁵ he gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping⁶ a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull⁷ here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,⁸ sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

1 The membrane that covers the brain.

2 The sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors, on which proclamations, &c. were affixed.

3 A *codling* (according to Mr. Gifford,) means an *involutum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape. Mr. Nares says, a *codling* was a young raw apple, fit for nothing without dressing, and that it is so named because it was chiefly eaten when coddled or scalded; codlings being particularly so used when unripe. Florio interprets *Mele cotte*, *quodlings*, boiled apples.

4 Accountable.

5 The sense seems to require that we should read—'if you be mad, begone.' For the words *be mad* in the first part of the sentence are opposed to *reason* in the second.

6 i. e. wild, frolic, mad.

7 To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

8 Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant. There is also a pleasant allusion to the diminutive size of Maria, who is subsequently called *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c. It should be recollected that the female parts were played by boys.

Vio. In Orsino's bosom?

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was, this presents:—Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,² whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.³

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise' me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd,⁴ free, learn'd, and valiant, And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons⁵ of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post,⁶ lady; keep your purse; My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love; And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon;⁷—Not too fast:—soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

If with an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—

What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, The county's⁸ man: he left this ring behind him, Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie, thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.⁹ Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;¹⁰ What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Sea Coast. Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any or them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express¹¹ myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,¹² whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,¹³ overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly profess her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.¹⁴

⁹ Proclamation of gentility.

¹⁰ Count.

¹¹ I. e. she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

¹² I. e. we are not our own masters, we cannot govern ourselves; *owe for own, possess.*

¹³ Reveal.

¹⁴ Probably intended for *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago.

¹⁵ I. e. esteeming wonder, or wonder and esteem.

¹⁶ There is a similar false thought in Hamlet: 'Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my tears.'

¹ The old copy reads, 'Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present.' M. Mason proposed to read 'Look you, sir, such as *once* I was, this presents.' The simple emendation in the text, which I have ventured upon, makes it intelligible. We may by the slight transposition of a word make it explain itself: 'Look you, sir, such a one I was, as this presents.'

² Blended, mixed together.

³ Shakespeare has a similar thought repeated in his third, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth sonnets.

⁴ I. e. appraise.

⁵ Well spoken of by the world.

⁶ Cantos, verses.

⁷ A most beautiful expression for an *echo*.

⁸ Messenger.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother,¹ that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street. Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,² For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,) Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant³ enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false⁴ In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we; For, such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly: And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me: What will become of this! As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now alas the day! What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *aiuculo surgere*,⁵ thou know'st.—

1 So, in Henry V. Act v. Sc. 6.

² And all my mother came into my eyes.

³ I. e. the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.

⁴ Dexterous, ready fiend.

⁵ How easy is it for the proper (i. e. fair in their appearance,) and false (i. e. deceitful,) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women!

⁶ Suit, or fit.

⁷ *Diluculo surgere, sauberrimum est.* This adage is in Lilly's Grammar.

⁸ A ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the four elements in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:

—strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food.

Ibid ix.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Cl. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?⁹

Sir To. Welcome, ass, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.¹⁰ I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg: and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogramus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:¹¹ Hadst it?

Cl. I did impetuous thy gratuity:¹² for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrridons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Cl. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Cl. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further; pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Cl. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,¹³
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance¹⁴ indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?¹⁵ shall we do that?

⁹ Alluding to an old common sign representing two fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, 'We three loggerheads be.'

¹⁰ I. e. Voice. In Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, Append. p. 128, 'Singing men well breasted.' The phrase is common to all writers of the poet's age.

¹¹ I. e. mistress.

¹² The greater part of this scene, which the commentators have endeavoured to explain, is mere *gracioso* fooling, and was hardly meant to be seriously understood. The Clown uses the same fantastic language before. By some the phrase has been thought to mean I did impetuous or impocket thy gratuity.

¹³ Sweet-and-twenty, appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

¹⁴ Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

¹⁵ Shakespeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. The peripatetic philosophy then in vogue liberally gave every man three souls, the vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational. Thus, in Hutton's Dictionary, 1583, 'Plato feigned the soul to be threefold, whereof he placed reason in the head, anger in the breast, desire or lust under the heart, liver, spleen, &c.' But it may be doubted whether any allusion

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*¹

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,² we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,³ and *Three merry men we be.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valley,⁴ lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December.⁵—

[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you! Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself from your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain⁶ with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

to this division of souls was intended. Sir Toby rather meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a rhodomontade way of expressing, that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man.

1 This catch is to be found in 'Pammelia, Musicke's Miscellanie, 1618.' The words and music are in the Variorum Shakspeare.

2 This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

3 Name of an obscene old song.

4 An interjection of contempt equivalent to fiddle-faddle, possibly from the Latin *Titillitulum*.

5 Sir Toby, in his cups, is full of the fragments of old ballads: such as, 'There dwelt a man in Babylon'

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;⁷ she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word,¹⁰ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,¹¹ possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned¹² ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:¹³ the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed; and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Good night, Penthiesilea.¹⁴

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

'Three merry men are we,' &c. The latter was composed by W. Lawes, and may be found in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673.

6 *Cobblers, or botchers.* Dr. Johnson interprets it tailors, but erroneously.

7 An interjection of contempt, signifying, go hang yourself, or go and be hanged.

8 Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing 'velvet or satin with a chain of gold.' One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was rubbing it with crums.

9 Behaviour, or conduct. Hence gambols and frolicsome behaviour was called *mis-rule*.

10 By-word.

11 Inform us.

12 Affected.

13 I. e. by great parcels or heaps. *Swarths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower.

14 Amazon.

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.¹

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms:² Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit CURIO.—Music.]

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat

Where Love is thron'd.³

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.⁴

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,⁵ Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses; whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

1 This term of contempt probably signified, call me gelding or horse. Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I, says, 'Spit in my face, call me horse.' It is of common occurrence in old plays. Cut was a common contraction of curtail. One of the carriers' horses in the first part of Henry IV. is called Cut.

2 Recalled, repeated terms, alluding to the repetitions in songs.

3 I. e. to the heart.

4 The word favour is ambiguously used. In the preceding speech it signified countenance.

5 I. e. consumed, worn out.

6 I. e. chaste maids, employed in making lace. This passage has sadly puzzled the commentators; their conjectures are some of them highly amusing. Johnson says, 'free is perhaps vacant, unengaged, easy in mind.' Steevens once thought it meant unmarried; then that it might mean cheerful: and at last concludes that 'its precise meaning cannot easily be pointed out.' Warton mentions, in his notes on L'Allegro of Milton,

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, And the free⁶ maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,⁷ And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.⁸

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Music.]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress⁹ let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!¹⁰—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [Exit Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks¹¹ her in, attracts my soul.

Viola. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd:

Viola. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

that it was a common attribute of woman, coupled mostly with fair, but he did not venture upon an explanation.

7 Silly sooth, or rather sly sooth, is simple truth.

8 The old age is the ages past, times of simplicity.

9 It is not clear whether a shroud of the stuff now called crape, anciently called cypress, is here meant, or whether a coffin of cypress wood was intended. The cypress was used for funeral purposes; and the epithet sad is inconsistent with a white shroud. It is even possible that branches of cypress only may be meant. We see the shroud was stuck all with yew, and cypress may have been used in the same manner. In Quarles's Argalus and Parthenia, a knight is introduced, whose

horse was black as jet,

His furniture was round about beset

With branches slit from the sad cypress tree.¹

10 The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.

11 That beauty which nature decks her in.

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,¹
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.² Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denial.³

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.* Enter SIR TOBY
BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and
FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought
me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting
here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we
not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now,
my nettle of India?⁴

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Mal-
volio's coming down this walk; he has been yon-

1 So in the fifth Sonnet of Shakspeare:—

'Which like a canker in the fragrant rose
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name.'

And in the Rape of Lucrece:—

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud.'
Again in Richard II.—

'But now will canker sorrow eat my buds,
And chase the native beauty from my cheek.'

2 So Middleton in *The Witch*, Act iv. Sc. 3:—

'She does not love me now, but painfully
Like one that's forc'd to smile upon a grief.'

The commentators have overlaid this exquisite passage
with notes, and created difficulties where none existed.
Mr. Boswell says, the meaning is obviously this:—
'While she was smiling at grief, or in her grief, her placid
resignation made her look like patience on a monu-
ment.'

3 Denial.

4 The first folio reads '*mettle of India.*' By the net-
tle of India is meant a zoophite, called *Urtica Marina*,
abounding in the Indian seas. '*Quæ tacta totius cor-
poris pruritum quandam excitat, unde nomen Urticæ
est sortita.*'—*Franz Hist. Animal.* 1665, p. 620. In
Holland's translation of Pliny, Book ix. 'As for those
nettles, &c. their qualities is to raise an itching smart.'
So, Green in his '*Card of Fancie*,' 'The flower of In-
dia, pleasant to be seen, but whose smell to it feeble
present smart.' He refers to it again in his *Mamilia*,
1593. Maria has certainly excited a congenial sensa-
tion in Sir Toby. *Mettle of India* would signify my
girl of gold my precious girl

der i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shad-
ow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of
mockery; for I know, this letter will make a contem-
plative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!
[*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws
down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must
be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once
told me, she did affect me: and I have heard her-
self come thus near, that, should she fancy,⁵ it
should be one of my complexion. Besides, she
uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one
else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare
turkey-cock of him; how he jets⁶ under his ad-
vanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the
Strachy⁷ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how
imagination blows⁸ him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her,
sitting in my state,⁹—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch
ed velvet gown; having come from a day bed,¹⁰
where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and
after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I
know my place, as I would they should do theirs
—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frown the while; and, per-
chance, wind up my watch, or play with my some
rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies¹¹ there to
me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with
cars,¹² yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching
my familiar smile with an austere regard of con-
trol:¹³

5 Love.

6 To jet was to strut. '*To jette lordly through the
streets that men may see them.*' *Incedere magnifice
per ora hominum.* Baret. So, in Bussy D'Ambois:—
'To jet in other's plumes so haughtily.'

7 Mr. R. P. Knight conjectures that this is a corrup-
tion of *Stratiti*, a title anciently given to the Governors
of Messina, and Illyria is not far from Messina. If so it
will mean the *Governor's lady*. The word *Strachy* is
printed with a capital and in Italics in the first folio.

8 Puffs him up.

9 State chair.

10 Couch.

11 It is probable that this word was used to express
acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women
indiscriminately.

12 Thus in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the clown
says:—'who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck
from me.'

13 It may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas
of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong re-
semblance to those of Alnaschar in '*The Arabian
Nights.*' Some of the expressions too are very similar.
Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure
Latin and French books, and from thence into English
ones, long before any version of '*The Arabian Nights*'
had appeared. In '*The Dialogues of Creatures Moral-
ized.*' *bl. l.* printed early in the sixteenth century, a
story similar to that of Alnaschar is related. See Dial,
c. p. 132, reprint of 1816

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight:

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One *Sir Andrew*:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him?

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [reads] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes*: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know*:—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!¹

Mal. I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl² checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.³ There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter⁴ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M, But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to incur thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.—The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champion⁵ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice,⁶ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.¹⁰

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,¹¹ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcomical.

⁸ Open country.

⁹ I. e. exactly the same in every particular. The etymology of this phrase is very uncertain. The most probable seems the French *a point devise*. '*A point*,' says Nicot, 'adverbe. C'est en ordre et estat deu et convenable.' We have also *point blank*, for direct from the same source.

¹⁰ Alluding to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of ambassador from the Sophy. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendour.

¹¹ An old game played with dice or tables. Thus in Machiavel's Dog. Sig. B. 4to. 1617.

¹² But leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile, To passage *treitrippe*, hazard, or mumchance.

1 I. e. *badger*, a term of contempt. So in the Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele:—'This self-conceited brock.'

2 The common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. To check, says Latham in his Book of Falconry, is, 'when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them.'

3 I. e. to any one in his senses, or whose capacity is not out of form.

4 Sowter is here used as the name of a hound. Sowterly is often employed as a term of abuse: a Sowter was a cobbler or bocher; quasi Sutor.

5 Skin of a snake.

6 I. e. adverse, hostile.

7 A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters crossed on the leg. It should be remembered that rich and expensive garters worn below the knee

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him? *Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour he abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Olivia's Garden. Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?¹

Clow. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clow. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clow. You have said, sir,—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril² glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clow. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clow. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clow. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clow. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clow. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

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Clow. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin: Is thy lady within?

Clow. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clow. I would play lord Pandarus³ of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clow. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar.⁴ My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard,⁵ check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;

But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list⁶ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste⁷ your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.⁸

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.* Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess!

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment; You are a servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours; Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him: But, would you undertake another suit,

5 A wild hawk, or, hawk not well trained.

6 Bound, limit.

7 In the Frogs of Aristophanes a similar expression occurs, v. 462.

8 I. e. our purpose is anticipated. So in the 113th Psalm, 'Mine eyes prevent the night-watches.'

9 I. e. ready, apprehensive; vouchsafed, for vouchsafing.

1 Tarleton, in a print before his *Jests*, 4to. 1611, is represented with a *Tabor*. But the instrument is found in the hands of fools, long before the time of Shakspeare.

2 Kid. Ray has a proverb 'He hath a conscience like a cheveril's skin.' See note on K. Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4.

3 See the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

4 In Henryson's Testament of Cresseid she is thus spoken of:—

—'great penurye

Thou shalt suffer, and as a beggar dye.'

And again,

'Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,

With cuppe and clapper like a *Lazarous*.'

I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio.

Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,¹
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving²

Enough is shown; a cyprus,³ not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise;⁴ for 'tis a vulgar⁵ proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pry'thee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre⁶ all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st⁷

move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exit.

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House. Enter

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more fa-

1 i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked
in my affections.

2 Ready apprehension.

3 i. e. a thin veil of crape or cyprus.

4 Step.

5 Common.

6 In spite of: from the French *malgre*.

7 The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert
Browne, a noted separatist, in Queen Elizabeth's reign.
They seem to have been the constant objects of popular
satire.

vours to the count's serving man, than ever she be-
stowed upon me; I saw't in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell
me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men,
since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your
sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dor-
mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brim-
stone in your liver: You should then have accosted
her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from
the mint, you should have banged the youth into
dumbness. This was looked for at your hand; and
this was balked: the double gilt of this opportu-
nity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed
into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will
hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless
you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either
of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with val-
our; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brown-
ist⁸ as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the
basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to
fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece
shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no
love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's
commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge
to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst⁹
and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be elo-
quent, and full of invention: taunt him with the
licence of ink: if thou thou'st¹⁰ him some thrice, it
shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy
sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough
for the bed of Ware¹¹ in England, set 'em down;
go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink;
though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter:
About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*.¹² Go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some tw
thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a raro letter from him: but
you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! and by all means
stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and
wainropes¹³ cannot hale them together. For An-
drew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood
in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the
rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite,¹⁴ the youth, bears in his
visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine¹⁴
comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh

8 'Ba curst and brief.' *Curst* is cross, froward, pe-
tulant.

9 Shakspeare is thought to have had Lord Coke in his
mind, whose virulent abuse of Sir Walter Raleigh on
his trial was conveyed in a series of *thou's*. His recent-
ment against the flagrant conduct of the attorney general
on this occasion was probably heightened by the con-
tempuous manner in which he spoke of players in his
charge at Norwich, and the severity he was always
willing to exert against them.

10 This curious piece of furniture was a few years
since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It
was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of
holding twenty-four persons.

11 Chamber. 12 Wagon ropes. 13 i. e. adversary.

14 The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs, and the

yourselves into stitches follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies:¹ you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.* Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage), But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts: which, to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and un hospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth,² as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed³ in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

last hatched birds are usually the smallest of the brood. The boy who played Maria's part was probably of diminutive size.

¹ Alluding to a Map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyage, published in 1598. This map is multi-lineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included.

² Wealth, or fortune.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Olivia's Garden.* Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says he'll come: How shall I feast him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,⁴

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile. your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mar. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad⁵ occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.⁶

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

³ Lapsed, for lapsing or transgressing. See note on Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4.

⁴ '—he is sad and civil.' That is serious and grave, or solemn. Thus in Romeo and Juliet:—
—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.'

⁵ Grave.

⁶ 'Tis midsummer moon with you' was a proverbial phrase signifying you are mad. It was an art-feint upon that hot weather affected the brain.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her! but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him; let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit¹ with Satan! Hang him, foul collier!²

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good, Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room,³ and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.⁴

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep of the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.*

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible:⁵ for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will I not deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb: Like will to like, as the *devil* with the *collier*.⁶

⁶ The reason for putting him in a dark room was to make him believe he was mad, a mad house seems formerly to have been called a dark house.

⁷ It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.

⁸ Adjectives are often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries adverbially.

¹ Caught her as a bird with birdlime.

² Malvolio takes the word in its old favourable sense of companion.

³ See Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. 5.

⁴ A play among boys.

⁵ Collier was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrible message or a challenge.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too uncharly¹ out:

There's something in me, that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel² for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow,

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despatch, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck,³ be yare⁴ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration;⁵ but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,⁶ is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.⁷

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

¹ Uncautiously.

² Jewel anciently signified any precious ornament of superfluity.

³ Rapier.

⁴ Ready, nimble.

⁵ i. e. he is a *carpet-knight* not dubbed in the field, but on some peaceable occasion; *unhatched* was probably used in the sense of *unhatched*. But perhaps we should read *an hatch'd rapier*, i. e. a rapier the hilt of which was enriched with silver or gold.

⁶ A corruption most probably of *hab* or *nab*: have or have not, hit or miss at a venture. *Quasi*, have, or *wave*, i. e. have not, from the Saxon *kabban*, to have;

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit SIR TOBY.]*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement;⁸ but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite⁹ that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil;¹⁰ I have not seen such a *frago*.¹¹ I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,¹² with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you¹³ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't: an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. *[Aside.]*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [to *FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited¹⁴ of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. *[Aside.]*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello¹⁵ avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! *[Draws.]*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. *[Draws.]*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. *[Drawing.]*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

nabban, not to have. So, in Hollinshed's description of Ireland, 'The citizens in their rage shot *habbe* or *nabbe*.'

⁷ Sort. ⁸ Decision. ⁹ Adversary.

¹⁰ Shakspeare may have caught a hint for this scene from the behaviour of Sir John Dow and Sir A. La Foole in Jonson's *Silent Woman*, which was printed in 1609.

¹¹ *Frigo*, for virago. The meaning appears to be, I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.

¹² A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing

¹³ i. e. hits you.

¹⁴ He has a horrid conception of him.

¹⁵ Laws of duel

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,¹ I am for you. [Draws.]

Enter Two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO.]

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [To SIR ANDREW.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well. Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having² is not much; I'll make division of my present with you; Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death; Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,— And to his image, which, methought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—In nature there's no blemish, but the mind; None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind: Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd³ by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers with ANT.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself; so do not I.⁴ Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know Yet living in my glass;⁵ even such, and so, In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate; O, if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardice, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not.

[Exit.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I. *The Street before Olivia's House.* Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clow. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clow. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor am I not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clow. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,⁶ depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer. I shall give worse payment.

Clow. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.⁷

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad! [Beating SIR ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clow. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [Exit Clow.]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[Holding SEBASTIAN.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[Draws.]

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.]

6 *A merry Greek, or a foolish Greek* were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called who spent their time in riotous mirth. Whether the Latin *pergreccari*, of the same import, furnished the phrase or not, it was in use in France and Italy as well as in England.

7 i. e. at a very extravagant price, twelve years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

1 i. e. one who takes up or undertakes the quarrel of another.

2 i. e. fortune, possessions.

3 Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or flourished devices.

4 i. e. I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life.

5 His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam !

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my sight !

Be not offended, dear Cesario ?—

Rudesby,¹ be gone !—I prythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent²

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,³ that thou thereby
May'st smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go ;
Do not deny : Beshrew⁴ his soul for me,
He started one poor heart⁵ of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this ?⁶ how runs the stream ?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethæ steep ;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I prythee : 'Would thou'dst be
rul'd by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House. Enter MARIA and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this gown, and this
beard ; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the
curate ; do it quickly : I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble⁷
myself in't ; and I would I were the first that ever
dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall⁸ enough
to become the function well ; nor lean enough to be
thought a good student : but to be said, an honest
man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to
say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The com-
petitors⁹ enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby : for as the old hermit
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily
said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is* :
so I, being master parson, am master parson : For
what is that, but that ? and is, but is ?¹⁰

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say ;—Peace in this prison !

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well : a good
knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there ?

1 Rude fellow. 2 Violence.

3 Made up. 4 Ill betide.

5 An equivocation is here intended between *hart* and
heart ; they were formerly written alike.

6 I. e. how does this taste ? what judgment am I to
make of it ?

7 I. e. *disguise*. Shakspeare has here used a Latin-
ism. '*Dissimulo*, to dissimulate, to cloak, to hide, says
Hutton's Dictionary, 1533. And Ovid, speaking of
Achilles—

'Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat.'

8 The modern editors have changed this to *fat* with-
out any apparent reason.

9 Confederates.

10 A humorous banter upon the language of the
schools.

11 *Bay windows* were large projecting windows, prob-
ably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or
space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew
says a bay-window, so called 'because it is builded in
manner of a bay or road for ships, I. e. round.'

12 *Clear stories*, in Gothic Architecture, denote the
row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty
hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave : q. d.
a *clear story*, a story without joists, rafters, or flooring.
'Over each side of the nave is a row of *clere story*
windows.'—*Ormerod's Hist. of Cheshire*, l. 450. The

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit
Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go
to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou
this man ? talkest thou nothing but of ladies !

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged :
good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad : they have
laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan ! I call thee by
the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle
ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy :
Say'st thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows¹¹ transparent as
barricadoes, and the clear stories¹² towards the south-
north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest
thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you,
this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no
darkness, but ignorance ; in which thou art more
puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance,
though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say,
there was never man thus abused : I am no more
mad than you are ; make the trial of it in any con-
stant question.¹³

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concern-
ing wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way ap-
prove his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well : Remain thou still in dark-
ness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere
I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a wood-
cock,¹⁴ lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam.
Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas !

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.¹⁵

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy
beard and gown ; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me
word how thou findest him ; I would, we were well
rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently de-
livered, I would he were ; for I am now so far in
offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with
any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and
by to my chamber. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*¹⁶

Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*]

first folio reads *clear stores*, the second folio *clear
stones*, which was followed by all subsequent editors.
The emendation and explanation are Mr. Blakeway's.
Randle Holme, however, in his *Academy of Armory* ;
says that '*clear story* windows are such windows that
have no transom or cross-piece in the middle to break
the same into two lights.'

13 Regular conversation.

14 The clown mentions a woodcock because it was
proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper an-
cestor for a man out of his wits.

15 A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explain-
ed. The meaning, however, appears to be 'I can turn
my hand to any thing, or assume any character.' Florio
in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Florio-
tote, says 'he hath an *ear in every water*, and med-
dleth with all things.' And in his *Second Frutes*, there
is an expression more resembling the import of that in
the text. '*I am a knight for all saddles.*' Nash in
his *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, has almost the language of the
clown.—'He is first broken to the sea in the Herring-
man's skiffe or cock-boat, where having learned to
brooke all waters, and drink as he can out of a tarric
can.' Mason's conjecture, that the allusion is to the
water hue or colour of precious stones, is surely inad-
missible.

16 This ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques of
Ancient Poetry*, Vol. l. p. 194, ed. 1794. R. Not has
also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt
the elder, p. 189.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?¹

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me;² keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent³ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: prythee, begone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice;
Like to the old vice,⁴
Your need to sustain;*

*Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:*

*Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,*

Adieu, Goodman devil. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden. Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

¹ The *five wits*, in analogy to the five senses. It appears that the five wits were 'common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory.' Wit was then the general term for intellectual power.

² Taken possession of.

³ The clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.

⁴ Scolded, reprimanded.

⁵ The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. This used also to be the regular end of Punch in the puppet show (who was the legitimate successor of the old vice or iniquity,) until modern innovation, in these degenerate times, reversed

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,⁶ That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse,⁷ That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers.⁸

Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't, That is deceivable.⁹ But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now, go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry¹⁰ by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: He shall conceal it, Whiles¹¹ you are willing it shall come to note; What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth,¹² ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—And heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House. Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an ass

the catastrophe. See Note on K. Henry V. Act. iv. Sc. 4.

⁶ *i. e. intelligence.* Mr. Steevens has referred to several passages which seem to imply that this word was used for *oral intelligence*. I find it thus in a letter from Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton among the Conway Papers. 'This beror came from you with great speed—We have heard his credit and fynd your carefulness and diligence very great.'

⁷ *i. e. reason.* ⁸ Servants. ⁹ *i. e. deceptions.*

¹⁰ 'Chantry,' a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders

¹¹ Until.

¹² *Troth or fidelity.* It should be remarked that this was not an actual marriage, but a *betrothing*, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals*. This has been established by Mr. Douce in his very interesting illustrations of Shakspeare, where the reader will find much curious matter on the subject, in a note on this passage

of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,¹ why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and 'he old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeard As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable: With which such scathful² grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix and her freight,³ from Candy: And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,⁴ In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,⁵ Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me; Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake,

1 So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—
Come let's kisse.

Moor. Away, away.

Queen. No, no, says I; and twice away says stay. Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon the thought in the Sixty-third Stanza of *Asaphel* and *Stella*.

2 Mischievous, destructive.

3 Freight.
4 Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

5 Tooke has so admirably accounted for the application of the epithet *dear* by our ancient writers to any object which excites a sensation of *hurt*, *pain*, and consequently of *anxiety*, *solicitude*, *care*, *earnestness*, that I shall refer to it as the best comment upon the apparently opposite uses of the word in our great poet.

6 Dull, gross.

7 This *Egyptian Thief* was Thymis. The story is related in the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus. He was the

Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before (No interim, not a minute's vacancy,) Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat⁶ and fulsome to mine ear, As howling after music.

Duke. Still so constant, lord?

Oli. Still so cruel?

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unassuming altars My soul the faithful⁷st offerings hath breath'd out, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it Like the Egyptian thief,⁷ at point of death, Kill what I love; a savage jealousy, That sometimes savours nobly?—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your favour, Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still; But this your minion, whom, I know, you love, And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.— Come boy with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*]

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life, More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife; If I do feign, you witnesses above, Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

chief of a band of robbers. Theogenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thymis falls in love with Chariclea, and would have married her. But, being attacked by a stronger band of robbers, he was in such fear for his mistress that he causes her to be shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held most dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thymis, therefore, benighted round with enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long!—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Duke. Come away. [*To VIOLA.*]

Oli. Whither, my lord?—*Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:¹

Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love.

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by interchange of your rings;²

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my

grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?³

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send
one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has
given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love
of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound,
I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Cesario*:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set
on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody
coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more:
but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled
you othergates⁴ than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and
there's an end on't.—*Sot*, didst see Dick surgeon,
sot?

Clow. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago;
his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures
pavin;⁵ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this ha-
vock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll
be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a cox-
comb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kin-
man;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and

By that I do perceive it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice one habit, and two
persons;

A natural perspective,⁶ that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio,

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,

Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—

Of charity,⁷ what kin are you to me? [*To VIOLA.*]

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

grave solemn coxcomb. In the first act of the play he
has shown himself well acquainted with the various
kinds of dance. Shakespeare's characters are always
consistent, and even in drunkenness preserve the traits
of character which distinguished them when sober.

⁶ A perspective formerly meant a glass that assisted
the sight in any way. The several kinds in use in
Shakespeare's time are enumerated in *Scott's Discoverie*
of Witchcraft, 1584, b. xiii. c. 19, where that alluded to
by the Duke is thus described: 'There be glasses also
wherein one man may see another man's image and
not his own'—that optical illusion may be meant, which
is called *anamorphosis*:—'where that which is, is not,'
or appears, in a different position, another thing. This
may also explain a passage in *Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 2:
'Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities
turned into a maid.' Vide also *K. Richard II.* Act ii. Sc.
1, and note there:

'Like *perspectives*, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing, but confusion; ey'd awry
Distinguish form.'

⁷ Out of charity, tell me.

1 i. e. suppress, or disown thy property.

2 In ancient espousals the man received as well as
gave a ring.

3 So, in *Cary's Present State of England*, 1626,
'Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how
he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, as
I like my silver haired conies at home, the cases are
far better than the bodies.'

4 Otherways.

5 The *parin* was a grave Spanish dance. Sir John
Hawkins derives it from *pavo* a peacock, and says that
every *parin* had its *galliard*, a lighter kind of air form'd
out of the former. Thus, in Middleton's *More Dis-
semblers* beside Women:

'I can dance nothing but ill favour'dly,
A strain or two of *passee measures galliard*.'

By which it appears that the *passee measure pavan*, and
the *passee measure galliard* were only two different
measures of one dance. Sir Toby therefore means by
this quaint expression that the surgeon is a rogue and a

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets¹ to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To OLIVIA.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. He not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[*To VIOLA.*]
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting² frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do;
he has here writ a letter to you, I should have
given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's
epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when
they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool
delivers the madman:—*By the lord, Madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an
hour ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow vox.³

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'th' right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,⁴ my prin-
cess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[*To FABIAN.*]

Fab. [Reads] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it: though you have
put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin
rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as
well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that
induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which
I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much
shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my
duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my in-
jury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hi-
ther. [*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.—

Your master quits you [*To VIOLA*]; and, for your
service done him,

So much against the mettle⁵ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter⁶ people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,⁷ and gull,
That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad: then cam'st⁸ in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice⁹ hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importunity;¹⁰
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled¹¹ thee!
Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I

1 Hinders.

2 i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing
but its object.

3 This may be explained: 'If you would have the
letter read in character, you must allow me to assume
the voice or frantic tone of a madman.'

4 Consider.

5 Frame and constitution.

6 Inferior.

7 Fool.

8 *Thou* is here understood: 'then cam'st thou in
smiling.'

9 *Practice* is a deceit, an insidious stratagem. So in
the induction to the Taming of the Shrew.

'Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.'

10 Importunacy.

11 *Baffled* is cheated. See Note on the first Scene of
K. Rich. II.

was one, sir, in this interlude ; one Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one :—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.*—But do you remember ? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagg'd.* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :—He hath not told us of the captain yet ; When that is known and golden time convents,¹ A solemn combination shall be made Of our dear souls.—Mean time, sweet sister, We will not part from hence—*Cesario, come,* For so you shall be, while you are a man ; But, when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

Clo. When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

¹ i. e. Shall serve, agree, be convenient.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day,

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*]

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. *Ague-cheek* is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of *Malvolio* is truly comic ; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

SHAKESPEARE took the fable of this play from the *Promos* and *Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published, in 1573, of which this is 'The Argument.'

'In the city of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus King of Hungary and Bohemia,) there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord *Promos's* authority ; who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of inconitency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named *Cassandra*. *Cassandra*, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*. *Promos* regarding her good behaviour, and fantasizing her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk ; and doing good, that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother ; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust ; he set down the spoil of her honour, ransom for her brother's life : chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But in fine, won by the importunity of her brother (pleading for life,) upon these conditions she agreed to *Promos* : First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos*, as fearless in promise, as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions ; but worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other : for to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandra's* clamours, he commanded the jailer secretly to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The jailer [touched] with the outcries of *Andrugio* (abhorring *Promos's* lewdness,) by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a felon's head newly executed ; who knew it not, being mangled, from her brother's (who was set at liberty by the jailer.) [She] was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of *Promos* : and devising a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes known to the king. She, executing this resolution, was so highly favoured of the king, that

forthwith he hasted to do justice on *Promos* : whose judgment was to marry *Cassandra*, to repair her crested honour ; which done, for his heinous offence, he should lose his head. This marriage solemnized, *Cassandra* tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest sutor for his life : the king tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her special case, although he favoured her much, would not grant her suit. *Andrugio* (disguised among the company,) sorrowing the grief of his sister, bewrayed his safety, and craved pardon. The king to renew the virtues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare history, in action lively followed.

Whetstone, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic scenes, between a bawd, a pimp, felons, &c. together with some serious situations which are not described. A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakespeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader may see the old play of *Promos* and *Cassandra* among 'Six old plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c.' published by Mr. Steevens, printed for S. Leacroft, Charing Cross. The piece exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure* ; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak. The story originally came from the 'Hecatommithi' of Cynthio. Decad 8, novel 5, and is repeated in the *Tragic Histories* of Belleforest.

"This play," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is as full of genius as it is of wisdom. Yet there is an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it. 'The height of moral argument,' which the author has maintained in the intervals of passion, or blended with the more powerful impulses of nature, is hardly surpassed in any of his plays. But there is a general want of passion, the affections are at a stand ; our sympathies are repulsed and defeated in all directions."

Isabella is a lovely example of female purity and vir-

tue ; with mental energies of a very superior kind, she is placed in a situation to make trial of them all, and the firmness with which her virtue resists the appeal of natural affection has something in it heroically sublime. The passages in which she encourages her brother to meet death with firmness rather than dishonour, his burst of indignant passion on learning the price at which his life might be redeemed, and his subsequent clinging to life, and desire that she would make the sacrifice required, are among the finest dramatic passages of Shakspeare. What heightens the effect is that this scene follows the fine exhortation of the Duke in the character of the Friar about the little value of life, which had almost made Claudio 'resolved to die.' The comic

parts of the play are lively and amusing, and the reckless Barnardine, 'fearless of what's past, present, and to come,' is in fine contrast to the sentimentality of the other characters. Shakspeare "was a moralist in the same sense in which nature is one. He taught what he had learnt from her. He showed the greatest knowledge of humanity with the greatest fellow feeling for it."*

Malone supposes this play to have been written about the close of the year 1603.

* Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, 2d ed. London, 1818, p. 120.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the Deputation.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *Two Friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
CLOWN, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*
ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*
Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.
SCENE, *Vienna.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*
Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am put to know,¹ that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists² of all advice
My strength can give you : Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency,³ as your worth is
able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant⁴ in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]
What figure of us think you he will bear ?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love ;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power : What think you of it ?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.
Duke. Look, where he comes.

1 i. e. since I am so placed as to know. Mr. Stevens says it may mean, *I am compelled to acknowledge.* And instances from Henry VI. Pt. ii. Sc. i.

2 Lists are bounds.

3 Some words seem to be lost here. The sense of which may have been

Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency you join
A zeal as willing, as your worth is able,
And let them work.

Sufficiency is skill in government; ability to execute his office.

4 i. e. ready in.

5 So much thy own property. 6 i. e. high purposes.

7 Two negatives, not employed to make an affirma-

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold : Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,⁵ as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,

But to fine issues;⁶ nor nature never lends⁷
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.⁸ But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise ;⁹
Hold therefore.—Angelo ;
In our remove, be thou at full yourself ;
Mortality and Mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart :¹⁰ Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary :
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a heaven'd¹¹ and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,

live, are common in Shakspeare's writings, so in Julius Cæsar :

'Nor to no Roman else.'

8 i. e. Nature requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy—thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she has favoured ; by way of use (i. e. interest) for what she has lent.

9 i. e. to one who is already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office ;—of that office which I have now delegated to him.

10 i. e. I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

11 A choice mature, concocted, fermented ; i. e. not hasty, but considerate.

As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well;
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you on mine honour have to do:
With any scruple: your scope¹ is as mine own;
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away; I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves*² vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Street. Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: There's not a sol-
dier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion,³ or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of
all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art
a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears
between us.⁴

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists
and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good vel-
vet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I
had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be
pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.⁵ Do I
speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine

own confession, learn to begin thy health; but,
whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have
I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art
tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation
comes! I have purchased as many diseases under
her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me:
but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but
so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are
hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the
most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested,
and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of
you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Clau-
dio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him ar-
rested; saw him carried away; and which is more,
within these three days his head's to be chopped
off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not
have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting
madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to
meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise
in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something
near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the pro-
clamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the
sweat,⁶ what with the gallows, and what with po-
verty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the
news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by
him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have
you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must
be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the
city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone
down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the
commonwealth! What shall become of me?

In old times the cup of an infected person was thought
to be contagious.

6 The sweat; the consequences of the curative pro-
cess then used for a certain disease

7 In one of the Scotch Laws of James it is ordered,
'that common women be put at the utmost endes of
townes, quere least peril of fire is.'—It is remarkable
that the licensed houses of resort at Vienna, are at this
time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the
Committee of Chastity.

1 Scope is extent of power. 2 Aves are hallings.

3 i. e. measure. 4 We are both of the same piece.

5 'Pil'd, for a French velvet.'—Velvet was esteemed
according to the richness of the pile; three-pil'd was
the richest. But pil'd also means bald. The jest al-
ludes to the loss of hair in the French disease. Lucio,
finding the Gentleman understands the distemper so
well, and mentions it so feelingly, promises to remem-
ber to drink his health, but to forget to drink after him.

Clo. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* Enter Provost,¹ CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.²

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty; As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue, (Like rats that ravin³ down their proper bane) A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.⁴

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

Lucio. A hundred if they'll do you any good.— Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed;⁵ You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation⁶ of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Till time had made them for us. But it chanced, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness; Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall So long, that nineteen zodiacks⁷ have gone round, And none of them been worn; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle⁸ on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pry'thee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation:⁹ Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone¹⁰ and speechless dialect, Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.¹¹ I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Monastery.* Enter DUKE and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy Father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom:¹² why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;¹³ And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.¹⁴ I have delivered to lord Angelo (A man of stricture¹⁵ and firm abstinence,) My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep; Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers, Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch, Only to stick it in their children's sight,

ing such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage.' The verb is as obscurely used by Chapman in the Sixteenth book of the Odyssey:

——'to try if we

Alone may propagate to victory

Our bold encounters.'

Shakespeare uses 'To propagate their states,' for to improve or promote their conditions, in Timon of Athens, Act i. Sc. 1.

⁷ Zodiacks, yearly circles. ⁸ Tickle, for ticklish.

⁹ I. e. enter on her noviciate or probation.

¹⁰ Prone, is prompt or ready.

¹¹ Jouer au tric trac is used in French in a wanton sense.

¹² 'A complete bosom' is a bosom completely armed.

¹³ I. e. retired.

¹⁴ Bravery is showy dress. Keeps, i. e. resides.

¹⁵ Stricture; strictness.

¹ I. e. gaoler.

² Authority being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio, the *demi-god*, whose decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven. The poet alludes to a passage in St. Paul's Epist. to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15—18: 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy.'

³ To ravin is to voraciously devour.

⁴ So, in Chapman's *Revenge for Honour*:

'Like poison'd rats, which, when they've swallowed The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink, And can rest then much less, until they burst.'

⁵ This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet before her face. Claudio may therefore be supposed to speak to Lucio apart.

⁶ This singular mode of expression has not been satisfactorily explained. The old sense of the word is 'promoting, enlarging, increasing, spreading.' It appears that Claudio would say: 'for the sake of *promot-*

For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander : And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : there'ore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard¹ with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Eseunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Nunnery. Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes truly ; I speak not as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho ! Peace be in this place ? [*Within.*]

Isab. Who's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress :
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be ; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio ?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask ;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you :

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woo me ! For what ?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks ;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, mock me not :—your story.²

Lucio. 'Tis true, I would not,—though 'tis my
familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing,³ and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so :
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,⁴
'tis thus :

Your brother and his lover⁵ have embrac'd :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison ;⁶ even so her piteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth⁷ and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin
Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their
names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O let him marry her !

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action : but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line⁸ of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo ; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;
But doth rebate⁹ and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use¹⁰ and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example : all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace¹¹ by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo : And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censur'd¹² him

Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we ought might win,
By fearing to attempt : Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe¹³ them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;

1 i. e. on his defence.

2 The old copy reads :

'Sir, make me not your story.'

The emendation is Mr. Malone's.

3 This bird is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. This was formerly the subject of a proverb, 'The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest,' i. e. *tongue far from heart*. So, in The Comedy of Errors :

'Adr. Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.'

4 *Fewness and truth*, in few and true words.

6 i. e. his mistress.

6 *Teeming foison* is abundant produce.

7 *Tilth* is tillage. So in Shakespeare's third Sonnet :

'For who is she so fair, whose unrear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?'

8 *Full line*, extent.

9 *To rebate* is to make dull : *Aclem ferri hebetare*.—

Baret.

10 i. e. to intimidate use, or practices long countenanced by custom.

11 i. e. power of gaining favour.

12 *To censure* is to judge. This is the poet's general meaning for the word, but the editors have given him several others. Here they interpret it *censured, sentenced*. We have it again in the next scene :

'When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death.'

13 *To owe* is to have, to possess.

No longer staying but to give the mother!
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Angelo's House. Enter*
ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,² Officers,
and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear³ the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,⁴ and bruise to death: Alas! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,⁵
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,) *Escal.*
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd⁶ with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd⁷ in this point which now you censure him,⁸
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass⁹ on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,¹⁰

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For¹¹ I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him; and forgive us
all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:¹²
Some run from brakes¹³ of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use

their abuses in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world,
that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well;¹⁴ here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one
that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was
as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now
she professes¹⁵ a hot-house, which, I think, is a very
ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest¹⁶ before hea-
ven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an hon-
est woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleani-
liness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means.
but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou ho-
nourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[*To ANGELO.*]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and long-
ing (saving your honour's reverence,) for stew'd
prunes:¹⁷ sir, we had but two in the house, which
at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-
dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours
have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes,
but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein
in the right: but to the point: As I say, this mis-
tress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being
great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes;
and having but two in a dish, as I said, master
Froth here, this very man having eaten the rest, as
I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honest-
ly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not
give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

12 The first folio here reads—'Some run from brakes
of ice.' The correction was made by Rowe. *Brakes*
most probably here signify *thorny perplexities*; but a
brake was also used to signify a *trap* or *snares*. Thus
in Skelton's *Ellinour Rummil*:

'It was a stale to take—the devil in a brake.'

And in Holland's *Leaguer*, a Comedy, by Sh. Marmion.

'—her I'll make

A stale to catch this courtier in a brake.'

There can be no allusion to the instrument of torture
mentioned by Steevens. A *brake* seems to have signi-
fied an engine or instrument in general.

13 i. e. *is well told*. The meaning of this phrase, when
seriously applied to speech, is 'This is well delivered,'
'this story is well told.' But in the present instance it
is used ironically.

14 *Professes a hot house*, i. e. keeps a bagnio.

15 *Detest*, for protest, or attest.

16 A favourite dish, anciently common in brothels

1 i. e. the *abbess*.

2 A kind of sheriff or jailer, so called in foreign coun-
tries.

3 To *fear* is to affright.

4 i. e. throw down; to *fall* a tree is still used for to
fell it.

5 i. e. to examine.

6 i. e. suited.

7 To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be
required:—'which now you censure him *for*.' But
Shakspeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

8 An old forensic term, signifying to *pass judgment*,
or *sentence*.

9 *Full of force or conviction*, or *full of proof in it-
self*. So, in *Othello*, Act ii. Sc. i, 'As it is a most *preg-
nant* and unforc'd position.'

10 i. e. *cause* I have had such faults.

11 This line is printed in Italics as a quotation in the
first folio.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose,—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland¹ eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower² chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then:—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less; Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house: next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justico, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caittiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me

the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caittiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he has some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[To Froth.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: fare-well. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir?

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent,

1 All-holland Eve, the Eve of All Saints' day.

2 Every house had formerly what was called a low chair, designed for the ease of sick people, and occasionally occupied by lazy ones.

3 i. e. constable or clown

4 To take order is to take measures, or precautions.

5 A bay is a principal division in building, as a barn of three bays is a barn twice crossed by beams. Coles in his Latin Dictionary defines 'a bay of building, mensura 24 pedum.' Houses appear to have been estimated by the number of bays.

and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel: but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same. Enter Provost and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure: may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spard.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be remov'd: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour? [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To ISABEL.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isa. I am a woful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:

I do beseech you, let it be his fault,

And not my brother's.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it! Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:

Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine² the faults, whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him:

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold; if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To ISABELLA.*

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again: Well, believe³ this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace, As mercy does. If he had been as you, And you as he, you would have slipt like him; But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy: How would you be, If he, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made.⁴

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him:

1 i. e. let my brother's fault die or be extirpated, but let not him suffer.

2 i. e. to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law upon the crime, and let the delinquent escape.

3 i. e. be assured of it.

4 'You will then be as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence.'

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season:¹ shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minis'ter
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept:²

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,³ that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,⁴
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this
sentence:

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,⁵ petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
thunder.—

Merciful heaven!
Rougher, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled⁶ oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority:
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven.
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.⁸

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them!
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top:⁹ Go to your bosom:
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.¹⁰—

Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-mor-
row.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond¹¹ shekels of the tested¹² gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved¹³ souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me

To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well away. [*Aside to ISABEL.*

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!]

Ang. Amen.¹⁴

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.¹⁵

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exit LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*

Ang. From these; even from thy virtue.—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense?¹⁶
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?¹⁷ O, fy, fy, fy!

What dost thou? or, what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook. Most dangerous...

1 l. e. when in season.

2 'Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam,' is a maxim of our law.

3 This alludes to the deceptions of the fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.

4 One of Judge Hale's 'Memorials' is of the same tendency:—'When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country.'

5 *Pelting* for paltry.

6 *Gnarled*, knotted.

7 Mr. Douce has remarked the close affinity between this passage and one in the second satire of Persius. Yet we have no translation of that poet of Shakspeare's age.

8 *Inguisive putas, gula, cum tonat, oculus illex Sulfure discinitur sacro, quam tuque domusque?*

9 The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. By *spleens* Shakspeare means that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

10 Shakspeare has used this indelicate metaphor again in Hamlet:—'It will but skin and film the ulcerous place.'

10 l. e. Such sense as breeds or produces a consequence in his mind. Malone thought that *sense* here meant sensual desire.

11 *Fond*, in its old signification sometimes meant foolish. In its modern sense it evidently implied a dotting or extravagant affection; here it signifies overvalued or prized by folly.

12 l. e. *tried, refined.*

13 Preserved from the corruption of the world.

14 Isabella prays that his honour may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.

15 The petition of the Lord's Prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,'—is here considered as *crossing* or *intercepting* the way in which Angelo was going: he was exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting.

16 *Sense* for sensual appetite.

17 No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27.

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how!¹

[Exit.

SCENE III. *A Room in a Prison. Enter Duke,
habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so, I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good
friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames² of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child:
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To JULIET.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not
heaven;

Showing, we'd not spare³ heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest,⁴

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love⁵,

That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.

1 Dr. Johnson thinks the second act should end here.

2 The folio reads *flames*.

3 I. e. not spare to offend heaven.

4 I. e. keep yourself in this frame of mind.

5 'O injurious love.' Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed
to read *law* instead of *love*.

6 *Invention* for imagination. So, in Shakspeare's
103d Sonnet:

————— a face,

That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite.

And in King Henry V.

'O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of *invention*.'

7 *Boot* is profit.

8 I. e. outside.

9 Shakspeare judiciously distinguishes the different
operations of high place upon different minds. Fools
are frightened and wise men allured. Those who cannot
judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendour;
those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily
crusaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified
with power.

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House. Enter
ANGELO.*

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,⁶ hearing not my tongue,
Auchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,⁷ change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,⁸ thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.¹⁰

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all the other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general,¹¹ subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untought love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!

[Retiring.

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,

As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,

That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fye, these filthy vices! It were as
good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen

A man already made,¹² as to remit

Their saucy sweetness,¹³ that do coin heaven's
image

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put mettle in restrained means,

To make a false one.¹⁴

10 'Though we should write *good angel* on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that *crest*.' This explanation of Malone's is confirmed by a passage in Lyly's *Midas*, 'Melancholy! is melancholy a word for barber's mouth? Thou shouldst say heavy, dull, and doltish; melancholy is the crest of courtiers.'

11 I. e. the people or multitude subject to a king. So, in *Hamlet*: 'the play pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.' It is supposed that Shakspeare, in this passage, and in one before (Act i. Sc. 2.) intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I. which made him so impatient of the crowds which flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

12 I. e. that hath killed a man.

13 *Sweetness* has here probably the sense of *lickerishness*.

14 The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly. Which had you rather, That the most just law Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him, Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness, As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.¹

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than account.²

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this;— I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life: Might there not be a charity in sin, To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't, I'll take it as a peril to my soul, It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul, Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit, If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer To have it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me: Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright, When it doth tax itself: as these black masks³ Proclaim an enshield'd beauty ten times louder Than beauty could display.—But mark me; To be received plain, I'll speak more gross: Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.⁵

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life, (As I subscribe⁶ not that, nor any other, But in the loss of question,⁷) that you, his sister, Finding yourself desir'd of such a person, Whose credit with the judge, or own great place, Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-binding law; and that there were No earthly mean to save him, but that either You must lay down the treasures of your body To this supposed, or else to let him suffer; What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself: That is, were I under the terms of death, The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies, And strip myself to death, as to a bed That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield My body up to shame.

Ang.

Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way: Better it were, a brother died at once,

Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy⁸ in ransom, and free pardon, Are of two houses: lawful mercy is Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant; And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out, To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die, If not a feodary, but only he, Owe, and succeed by weakness.⁹

Ang. Nay, women are frail too,

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves:

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar In profiting by them.¹⁰ Nay, call us ten times frail; For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.¹¹

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex, (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;— I do arrest your words; Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none; If you be one (as you are well express'd) By all external warrants, show it now, By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me, That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.¹²

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, And most pernicious purpose!—seeming, seeming!¹³—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsold name, the austereness of my life, My vouch¹⁴ against you, and my place in the state, Will so your accusation outweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report, And smell of calumny.¹⁵ I have begun; And now I give my sensual race the rein: Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,¹⁶ That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.

¹ Isabel appears to use the words 'give my body,' in a different sense to Angelo. Her meaning appears to be, 'I had rather die than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person.'

² I. e. actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes.

³ The masks worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant; however improperly, a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo: unless the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositional article? At the beginning of Romeo and Juliet, we have a passage of similar import:

'These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.'

⁴ I. e. enshielded, covered.

⁵ Pain, penalty.

⁶ Subscribe agree to.

⁷ I. e. conversation that tends to nothing

⁸ Ignomy, ignominy.

⁹ I adopt Mr. Nares' explanation of this difficult passage as the most satisfactory yet offered:—'If he is the only feodary, i. e. subject who holds by the common tenure of human frailty.' *Owes*, i. e. possesses and succeeds by, holds his right of succession by it. Warburton says that 'the allusion is so fine that it deserves to be explained.—The comparing mankind lying under the weight of original sin, to a feodary who owes suit and service to his lord, is not ill imagined.'

¹⁰ The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

¹¹ I. e. impressions.

¹² I. e. 'your virtue assumes an air of licentiousness, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.'

¹³ Seeming is hypocrisy.

¹⁴ Vouch, assertion

¹⁵ A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease.

¹⁶ Proligious blushes mean what Milton has elegantly called—'Sweet reluctant delay.'

By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,¹
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.
Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompitude² of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison. Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute³ for death; either death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Serve to all the skiey influences),⁴

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,⁵

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,

Are nurs'd by baseness:⁶ Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm:⁷ Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;

¹ *The death.* This phrase seems originally to have been a mistaken translation of the French *La mort*. Chaucer uses it frequently, and it is common to all writers of Shakspeare's age.

² *i. e.* temptation, instigation. ³ *i. e.* determined.

⁴ *Keep* here means *care for*, a common acceptance of the word in Chaucer and later writers.

⁵ *i. e.* dwellest. So, in Henry IV. Part I:

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept.'

⁶ Shakspeare here meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

⁷ *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or serpent. Shakspeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is forked. In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

⁸ The old copy reads *effects*. We should read *affects*, *i. e.* affections, passions of the mind. See *Hamlet*. Act III. Sc 4.

And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,⁸

After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death unloads thee: Friend, hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo,⁹ and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,

nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both;¹⁰ for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld;¹¹ and when thou art old, and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,

That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die:

And seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's

your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I

may be conceal'd.¹²

Yet hear them. [*Exit Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good indeed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;¹³

Therefore your best appointment¹⁴ make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But better you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity¹⁵ you had,

To a determin'd scope.¹⁶

⁹ *Serpigo*, is a leprous eruption.

¹⁰ This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances, so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

¹¹ *Old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the happiest time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy, he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary varice; and being very niggardly supplied, becomes *as aged*, looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

¹² *The first folio* reads, 'bring them to hear me speak, &c.' the second folio reads, 'bring them to speak.' The emendation is by Stevens.

¹³ A *leiger* is a resident.

¹⁴ *i. e.* preparation.

¹⁵ *i. e.* vastness of extent.

¹⁶ 'To a determin'd scope.' A confinement of you

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark you honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.¹

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.²

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,³
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! ⁴ Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st at be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank
offence,

So to offend him still: ⁵ This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As partly⁶ as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, my dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is not sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick,
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:

This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted⁷ spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;⁸
To be imprison'd in the viewless⁹ winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab.

O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness!¹¹
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:¹²
Die; or perish! might but my bending down
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fye, fye, fye!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:¹³
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I
would by and by have some speech with you: the
satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own
benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend
you awhile.

Duke. [To CLAUDIO, aside.] Son, I have over-
heard what hath passed between you and your sis-
ter. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her;
only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to prac-
tise his judgment with the disposition of natures:
she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made
him that gracious denial which he is most glad to
receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this
to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death:

mind to one painful idea: to ignominy, of which the
remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

1 A metaphor, from stripping trees of their bark.

2 'And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.'

This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memo-
ries, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached
from the antecedent line:—'The sense of death is most
in apprehension,' without which it is liable to an oppo-
site construction. The meaning is:—'fear is the prin-
ciple sensation in death, which has no pain; and the
giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle?'

3 'In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid
to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while
the falcon hovers over it.' To *enmew* is a term in Fal-
conry, signifying to restrain, to keep in a mew or cage
either by force or terror.

4 Guards were trimmings, facings, or other orna-
ments applied upon a dress. It here stands, by synec-
doche, for dress.

5 i. e. 'From the time of my committing this offence,
you might persist in sinning with safety'

6 *Frankly*, freely.

7 'Has he passions that impel him to transgress the
law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against
others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous,
since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it?' Shak-
speare shows his knowledge of human nature in the
conduct of Claudio.

8 *Delighted*, is occasionally used by Shakespeare for
delightful, or causing delight; delighted in. So, in
Othello, Act ii. Sc. 3:

'If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack.'

And Cymbeline, Act v. Sc. 4:

'Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift
The more delayed, *delighted*.'

9 Jonson, in his *Cataline*, Act ii. Sc. 4, has a simi-
lar expression:—'We're spirits bound in *ribs of ice*.'
Shakespeare returns to the various destinations of the
disembodied Spirit, in that pathetic speech of Othello in
the fifth Act. Milton seems to have had Shakespeare
before him when he wrote the second book of *Paradise
Lost*, v. 695—698.

10 *Viewless*, invisible, unseen.

11 *Wilderness*, for wilderness.

12 i. e. my refusal.

13 *Trade*, an established habit, a custom, a practice

Do not satisfy your resolution¹ with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so cut of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.*² Hold you there: Farewell.

[*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.³

[*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to contend this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married: was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit⁴ of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate⁵ husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of

them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed⁶ her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer⁷ yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.⁸ The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubtfulness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there at the moated grange,⁹ resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The street before the prison. Enter Duke, as a friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.¹⁰

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd, by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins¹¹ too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir;—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father:¹² What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and,

¹ Do not satisfy your resolution, appears to signify do not quench or extinguish your resolution with fallible hopes. Satisfy was used by old writers in the sense of to stay, stop, quench, or stint: as in the phrase 'Sorrow is satisfied with tears; Dolor expletur lachrymis.—To satisfy or stint hunger: Famem exple. To quench or satisfy thirst: Sitem exple.' A conjecture of the Hon. Charles Yorke's on this passage will be found in Warburton's Letters, p. 500, 8vo. ed.

² Hold you there: continue in that resolution.

³ I. e. a la bonne heure, so be it, very well.

⁴ I. e. appointed time.

⁵ I. e. betrothed.

⁶ Bestowed her on her own lamentation, gave her up to her sorrows.

⁷ Refer yourself, have recourse to.

⁸ I. e. stripped of his covering or disguise, his affection of virtue; desquamatus. A metaphor of a simi-

lar nature has before occurred in this play, taken from the barking, peeling, or stripping of trees. I cannot convince myself that it means weighed, unless we could imagine that counterpoised was intended.

⁹ Grange, a solitary farm-house.

¹⁰ Bastard. A sweet wine, Raisin wine, according to Minshew.

¹¹ It is probable we should read 'fox on lambskins,' otherwise craft will not stand for the facing. Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings according to the statute of apparel, 24 Hen. 8. c. 13. So, in Characterism, or Lenton's Leasures, &c. 1631:—'An usurer is an old fox clad in lamb-skin.'

¹² The Duke humorously calls him brother father, because he had called him father friar, which is equivalent to father brother, friar being derived from frere. Fr.

sir, we take him to be a thief, too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock,¹ which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fye, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live: Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!²

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord,³ sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,⁴ to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i'the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.⁵

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unshun'd⁶ consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey; You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.⁷

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.⁸ I will pray, Pompey, to increase your

bondage: if you take it not patiently, why your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go;

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion⁹ ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing of a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected¹⁰ for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clackdish:¹¹ the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; and let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward¹² of his: A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file¹³ of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

8 l. e. fashion.

9 l. e. a puppet, or moving body, without the power of generation.

10 Detected for suspected.

11 A wooden dish with a moveable cover, formerly carried by beggars, which they *clacked* and clattered to show that it was empty. In this they received the alms. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious, originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object. The custom of *clacking* at Easter is not yet quite disused in some counties. Lucio's meaning is too evident, to want explanation.

12 l. e. intimate.

13 'The greater file,' the majority of his subjects.

1 It is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker, the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone*, Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

2 l. e. 'As faults are free from or destitute of all comeliness or seeming.'

3 His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

4 l. e. Have you no new courtesans to recommend to your customers.

5 The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called the *powdering tub*. See the notes on the tub fast and the diet, in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. in the *Variorum* of Shakespeare.

6 l. e. inevitable.

7 l. e. stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband*.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing¹ fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,² must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too un hurtful an opposite.³ But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd⁴ agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pry'thee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton⁵ on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt⁶ brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure'scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit⁷ in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you?

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad? the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd:⁸ much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved⁹ to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.¹⁰

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exit ESCALUS and Provost.]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;¹¹
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,

⁸ The allusion is to those legal securities into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority. 'He that hateth suretyship is sure.' Prov. xi. 15.

⁹ i. e. satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

¹⁰ *Summum jus, summa injuria.*

¹¹ This passage is very obscure, nor can it be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than the reader may be willing to allow. 'He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe; should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, and such virtue as may go abroad into the world without danger of seduction.'

¹ i. e. inconsiderate.

² Guided, steered through, a metaphor from navigation.

³ Opposite, opponent.

⁴ *Ungenitur'd.* This word seems to be formed from *genitours*, a word which occurs several times in Holland's Pliny, vol. ii. p. 321, 580, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*.

⁵ A wench was called a *laced mutton*. In Doctor Faustus, 1604, Lechery says, 'I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of stock-fish.'

⁶ Smelt, for smelt of.

⁷ Forfeit, transgress, offend, from *forfaire*. Fr.

To weed my vice,¹ and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Mocking,² practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' stings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Mariana's House. MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.³

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[Exit Boy.]

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical;
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.⁴

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a
charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me
here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after. I have
sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time
is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance
a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some
advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd⁵ with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planch'd⁶ gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way?

¹ The duke's vice may be explained by what he says himself, Act. I. Sc. 4.

² 'twas my fault to give the people scope.'
Angelo's vice requires no explanation.

³ How may likeness, made in crimes,
Mocking, practice on the times.'

The old copies read *making*. The emendation is Mr. Malone's. The sense of this obscure passage appears to be:—How may persons assuming the *likeness* or semblance of virtue, while they are in fact guilty of the grossest crimes, impose with this counterfeit sanctity upon the world, in order to draw to themselves by the flimsiest pretensions the most solid advantages; such as pleasure, honour, reputation, &c.'

⁴ It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. It is found with an additional stanza in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*. Mr. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Mr. Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it; Mr. Webster that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the se-

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possess'd⁷ him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays⁸ upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[Exit MARIANA and ISABELLA.]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests⁹
Upon thy doings? thousand 'scapes¹⁰ of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome!—How
agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish¹¹ the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's¹² to sow.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison. Enter Provost and Clown.*

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clow. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if
he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I
can never cut off a woman's head.

cond. It may indeed be the property of some unknown
or forgotten author. Be this as it may, the reader will
be pleased to have the second stanza.

'Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that glow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.'

⁴ Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no
tendency to produce light merriment.

⁵ Circummur'd, walled round.

⁶ Planch'd, plank'd, wooden.

⁷ I.e. informed. Thus Shylock says—

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

⁸ Stays, waits. ⁹ Quests, inquisitions, inquiries.

¹⁰ 'Scapes, eallies, sportive wiles.

¹¹ I.e. ornament, embellish an action that would
otherwise seem ugly.

¹² Tilth here means land prepared for sowing. The
old copy reads *tithe*; the emendation is Warburton's

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves;¹ if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied² whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fye upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour³ you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true⁴ man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.⁵

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;⁶ for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*]

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly⁷ in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesome spirits of the night

Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd

Even with the stroke⁸ and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his power

To qualify⁹ in others: were he meal'd!¹⁰

With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[*Knocking within.*—Provost goes out

This is a gentle provost: Seldom when¹¹

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd

with haste,

That wounds the unstringing¹² postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer

Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,¹³

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes

No countermand; no such example have we:

Besides, upon the very siege¹⁴ of justice,

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin. [*Aside.*]

For which the pardonier himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

⁸ Stroke is here put for the stroke of a pen, or a line.

⁹ To qualify is to temper, to moderate.

¹⁰ Meal'd appears to mean here sprinkled, o'erdusted, defiled; I cannot think that in this instance it has any relation to the verb to mell, meddle or mix with.

¹¹ This is absurdly printed Seldom, when, &c. in all the late editions. 'Seldom-when (i.e. rarely, not often) is the steeld gaoler the friend of men.' Thus in old phraseology we have seldom-time, any-when, &c. The comma between seldom and when is not in the old copy, but an arbitrary addition of some editor.

¹² The old copies read thus.—Monck Mason proposed, unstringing, i.e. unheeding, which is intelligible. But I prefer Sir W. Blackstone's suggestion, that unstringing may signify 'never at rest,' always opening.

¹³ Hupily, haply, perhaps the old orthography of the word.

¹⁴ i.e. seat.

¹ i.e. fetters.

² i.e. a whipping that none shall pity.

³ Favour is countenance. ⁴ i.e. honest.

⁵ Warburton says, 'this proves the thief's trade a mystery, not the hangman's,' and therefore supposes that a speech in which the hangman proved his trade a mystery is lost, part of this last speech being in the old editions given to the clown. But Heath observes, 'The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the clown. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores as members of his occupation, and in virtue of their painting would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren the hangmen under the mystery of fitters of apparel, or tailors.'

⁶ i.e. ready.

⁷ i.e. strongly

That for the fault's love, 's the offender friended.—Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:¹ methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine; for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.²

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not in an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep: careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.³

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning,⁴ I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.⁵

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and

say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course is common.⁶ If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.⁷ Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.⁸ Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shirt, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve⁹ you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.* Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash;¹⁰ he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money:¹¹ marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Ditz, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-hier that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.¹²

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

¹⁰ This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison, affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats: all the names are characteristic.

¹¹ It was the practice of money lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part.

¹² It appears from Davies's Epigrams, 1611, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers:—

'Good gentle writers, for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,

Like *Ludgate* prisoners, lo, I, begging, make My mone.'

1 *Putting on* is spur, incitement.

2 *i. e.* nine years in prison.

3 Perhaps we should read *mortally desperate*. As we have harmonious charmingly for charmingly harmonious in *The Tempest*.

4 *i. e.* in confidence of my sagacity.

5 Countenance.

6 'Shave the head and tie the beard—the course is common.' This probably alludes to a practice among Roman Catholics of desiring to receive the tonsure of the monks before they died.

7 'What is writ?' we should read '*here writ*;' the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand.

8 So Milton in *Comus*:—

'The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold.'

9 *i. e.* convince you.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and CLOWN.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And, to transport¹ him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo; See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—Put them in secret holds, Both Barnardine and Claudio; Ere twice The sun hath made his journal greeting to

The under generation,² you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke.

Quick, despatch, And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost he shall hear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home; And that by great injunctions, I am bound

To enter publicly: him I'll desire

A league below the city; and from thence,

By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;

For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel;—She's come to know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither; But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,

When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke.

It is no other: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your

eyes;

One of our convent and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace

your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish to go;

And you shall have your bosom³ on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours,

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combin'd⁴ by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend⁵ you with this letter

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio.

Friar, where is the Provost?

Good even!

1 i. e. to remove him from one world to another. The French *trepas* affords a kindred sense.

2 The *under generation*, the antipodes.

3 Your *bosom*, is your heart's desire, your wish.

4 Shakespeare uses *combine* for to bind by a pact or

agreement; so he calls Angelo the combine husband of Mariana.

5 i. e. Go.

Duke.

Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is he lives not in them.¹
Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman² than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten meddler.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House. Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd³ other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit,⁴ As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,⁵

And dull to all proceeding. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforce'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares⁶ her?—no:

1 i. e. he depends not on them.

2 A woodman was an attendant on the forester; his great employment was hunting. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks his mistresses in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—

—'Am I a woodman? Ha?'

3 Disvouch'd is contradicted.

4 Figure and rank.

5 Unready, unprepared; the contrary to pregnant in its sense of ready, apprehensive.

6 To dare has two significations; to terrify, as in The Maid's Tragedy:—

—those mad mischiefs

Would dare a woman.'

And to challenge or call forth, as in K. Henry IV. p. 1. 'Unless a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise,' &c.

For my authority bears a credent⁷ bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather.⁸ He should have liv'd, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense Might in the times to come, have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would and we would not. [*Exit.*]⁹

SCENE V. *Fields without the Town. Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*]
The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.

The matter being asfoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench¹⁰ from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gates; But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit. Friar.*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate. Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: Yet I'm advis'd to do it; He says, to 'vailful¹¹ purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a phisic, That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

*Enter Friar PETER.*¹²

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you; Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous¹⁴ and the gravest citizens, Have hent¹³ the gates, and very near upon The Duke is entering; therefore, hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veild*), ISABELLA, and PETER, at a distance. Enter at opposite doors, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

This passage will therefore bear two interpretations, between which the reader must choose.

7 Credent, creditable, not questionable.

8 Particular is private: a French sense of the word.

9 i. e. utterer.

10 Dr. Johnson thought the fourth Act should end here, 'for here is properly a cessation of action, a night intervenes, and the place is changed between the passages of this scene and those of the next. The fifth Act, beginning with the following scene, would proceed without any interruption of time or place.'

11 To blench, to start off, to fly off.

12 Availful.

13 He is called friar Thomas in the first Act.

14 Generous, for most noble, or those of rank. Generosi, Lat.

15 i. e. seized, laid hold on.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves of characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rature of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail! your regard,
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom?
Be brief:

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you; hear me, O, hear me,
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul.
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not im-
possible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one the wicked'st catiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings,² characts,³ titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality:⁴ but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.⁵

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would
you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo.
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then.
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious catiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it.

The phrase is to the matter.⁶

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he reprov'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter;
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse⁷ confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes.
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!⁸

Duke. By heaven, fond⁹ wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice:¹⁰ First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;

¹ To *vail* is to lower, to *let fall*, to cast down.

² I. e. habiliments of office.

³ *Characts* are distinctive marks or characters. A statute of Edward VI. directs the seals of office of every bishop to have 'certain *characts* under the king's arms for the knowledge of the diocess.'

⁴ The meaning appears to be 'do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*.'

⁵ I must say with Mr. Steevens that 'I do not profess to understand these words.' Mr. Phelps proposes to read 'And *hid*, the false seems true.' I. e. 'The truth being hid, not discovered or made known, what is false seems true.'

⁶ I. e. *suitable* to the matter; as in Hamlet: 'the phrase would be more german to the matter.'

⁷ *Reprov'd* is refigured.

⁸ *Remorse* is pity.

⁹ The meaning appears to be 'O, that it had as much of the likeness or appearance, as it has of the reality of truth.'

¹⁰ I. e. foolish.

¹¹ *Practice* was used by the old writers for any *insidious stratagem or treachery*.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above—
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!
Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar be-
like!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman,
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of!

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler,¹
As he's reported by this gentleman:
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear
himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere² request
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whosoever he's convented.³ First, for this woman
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly⁴ and personally accused;)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and
MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo!—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial;⁵ be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord?

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some
cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows
not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be
no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert
so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my
body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knew Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy
face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,⁶
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this wo-
man:

And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition;⁷ but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

7 Abuse stands in this place for deception or puzzle.
So in Macbeth:

—My strange and self abuse,⁸
means this strange deception of myself.

8 Garden houses were formerly much in fashion, and
often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue.
They were chiefly such buildings as we should now
call summer houses, standing in a walled or enclosed
garden in the suburbs of London. See Stubb's *Anato-*
mie of Abuses, p. 57. 4to. 1597, or Reed's *Old Plays*,
Vol. V. p. 84.

9 Her fortune which was promised proportionate to
mine fell short of the composition, i. e. contract or bar-
gain.

1 i. e. false appearance.

2 It is hard to know what is meant by a temporary
meddler, perhaps it was intended to signify 'one who in-
troduced himself as often as he could find opportunity
into other men's concerns.'

3 Mere here means absolute.

4 Convented, cited, summoned.

5 i. e. publicly.

6 Impartial was used sometimes in the sense of par-
tial; and that appears to be the sense here. In the
language of the time, *im* was frequently used as an in-
tensive or augmentative particle. Unpartial was some-
times used in the modern sense of impartial. Yet
Shakespeare uses the word in its proper sense in Richard
II. Act I. Sc. 2.

'Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears,' &c.

Should nothing privilege him nor partialize.'

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife : As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument !

Ang. I did but smile till now ;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touch'd : I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on : Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar ; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone ! think'st thou, thy
oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation ?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that sets them on ;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he,
indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,³
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement : I for a while
Will leave you ; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [*Exit Duke.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in
nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke
most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall enreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him : we shall find
this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again ;
[*To an Attendant.*] I would speak with her : Pray
you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall
see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess ; perchance,
publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the Duke, in the
Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way ; for women are light⁴ at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress : [*To ISABELLA.*]
here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of ; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time :—speak not you to him,
till we call upon you.

1 Informal signifies out of their senses. So in the
Comedy of Errors, Act. v. Sc. 1.

2 To make of him a formal man again.
The speaker had just before said that she would keep
Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a mad-
man, till she had brought him to his right wits again.

3 Stamped or sealed, as tried and approved.

4 I. e. out, to the end.

4 This is one of the words on which Shakspeare de-
lights to quibble. Thus Portia, in the Merchant of
Venice,

Let me give light, but let me not be light.

5 To retort is to reply back.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir : Did you set these women on
to slander lord Angelo ? they have confess'd you did.

Du'e. 'Tis false.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Respect to your great place ! and let the
devil

Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne :—
Where is the duke ? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us ; and he will hear you
speak ;

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least :—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?

Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone ?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,

'Thus to retort⁵ your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar !

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man ; but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain ?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself ;

To tax him with injustice ?—Take him hence ;

To the rack with him :—We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose :—What ! unjust ?

Duke. Be not so hot ; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own ; his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial :⁶ My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

Till it o'errun the stew : laws, for all faults ;

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.⁷

Escal. Slander to the state ! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Lucio ?

Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate : Do you know me ?

Duke. I remember, you, sir, by the sound of your
voice : I met you at the prison in the absence of the
duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ? And do you remember
what you said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a
flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then re-
ported him to be ?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me,
ere you make that my report : you, indeed spoke so
of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck
thee by the nose, for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love my-
self.

Ang. Hark ! how the villain would close now,
after his reasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal :—
Away with him to prison :—Where is the provost ?

6 His subject am I not ; nor here provincial. Pro-
vincial is pertaining to a province ; most usually taken
for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The
chief or head of any religious order in such a province
was called the provincial, to whom alone the members
of that order were accountable.

7 Barbers' shops were anciently places of great re-
sort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way
of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps, at
least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were
usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be
punished by specific forfeits ; which were as much in
mock as mark, because the barber had no authority of
himself to enforce them, and also because they were of
a ludicrous nature.

—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him:—Let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots¹ too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour!² Will not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—Sneak not away, sir; [*To Lucio.*] for the friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office?³ If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive, your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes:⁴ Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession; Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana;—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again:—Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel: Your friar is now your prince: As I was then Advertising, and holy⁵ to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employed and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free⁶ to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,⁷ Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose:⁸ But, peace be with him!

That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother (Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,⁹ Thereon dependent for your brother's life,) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper¹⁰ tongue, An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death, Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*!¹¹ Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:¹²

We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;—

Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come: for his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour; Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To Lucio.*] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense¹³ you do importune her: Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

6 i. e. generous;—pardon us as we have pardoned you.

7 *Rash remonstrance*; that is, a premature display of it, perhaps we should read *demonstration*, but the word may be formed from *remonstrer*, French—to show again.

8 *That brain'd my purpose.* We still use in conversation a like phrase—'that knocked my design on the head.'

9 *Promise-breach.* It should be *promise*, breach is superfluous.

10 i. e. Angelo's own tongue.

11 *Measure still for measure.* This appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. Equivalent to *like for like*. So, in the 3d part of Henry VI

'Measure for measure must be answered.'

12 i. e. to deny which will avail thee nothing.

13 i. e. against reason and affection

1 *Giglots* are wantons.—

2 —young Talbot was not born To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench.'

K. Henry VI. p. i.

3 Dr. Johnson goes seriously to work to prove that he did not understand this piece of vulgar humour; and Henley thinks the *collistrigium*, or original pillory, was alluded to: 'What Piper ho! be hang'd awhile,' is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, we have

'Leave the bottle behind you, and be curs'd awhile.' In short, they are petty and familiar maledictions, rightly explained, 'a plague or a mischief on you.'

4 i. e. do thee service.

5 *Passes*, probably put for *trespasses*; or it may mean *courses*, from *passes*, Fr.

6 *Advertising* and *holy*, attentive and faithful.

As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me : since it is so,
Let him not die : My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way :¹ thoughts are no subjects ;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private mes-
sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office :

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;

Yet did repent me, after more advice :²

For testimony whereof, one in the prison

That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure :
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and
JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demn'd ;

But, for those earthly³ faults, I quit them all ;

And pray thee, take this mercy to provide

For better times to come :—Friar, advise him ;

I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head ;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To ISABELLA.*]
for his sake

Is he pardon'd ; And, for your lovely sake,

Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too : But fitter time for that.

By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;

Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye :—

Well, Angelo, your evil quits⁴ you well :

Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth
yours.⁵

I find an apt remission in myself :

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon ;—

You, sirrah, [*To LUCIO.*] that knew me for a fool,
a coward,

One all of luxury,⁶ an ass, a madman ;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick :⁷ If you will hang me for it, you may,
but I had rather it would please you, I might be
whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city ;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore ! Your highness said even now, I made
you a duke ; good my lord, do not recompense me
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive : and therewithal

Remit thy other forfeits :⁸—Take him to prison :
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo ;

I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness :

There's more behind, that is more gratefull.

Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy ;

We shall employ thee in a worthier place :—

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;

The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good ;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine :⁹

So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

[The novel of Giraldi Cinthio, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakspeare Illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks, which will assist the inquirer to discover how much absurdity Shakspeare has admitted or avoided.]

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-moulded the novel of Cinthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cinthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The Emperor in Cinthio is named Maximine : the Duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark ; but since the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the persons, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit of transcription ? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine, Emperor of the Romans.

Of this play, the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite ; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the Duke and the imprisonment of Claudio ; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted.* The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.]

Johnson

8 'Remit thy other forfeits.' Dr. Johnson says, *forfeits* mean *punishments*, but is it not more likely to signify *misdoings*, *transgressions*, from the French *forfait*? Steevens's Note affords instances of the word in this sense.

9 i. e. more to be rejoiced in. As Steevens rightly explained it.

* The Duke probably had learnt the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, 'having ever loved the life removed.' And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *semer*, and therefore stays to watch him.

Blackstone

1 i. e. like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more :

¹ Illum expirantem.

² Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt.

2 i. e. better consideration. K. Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2.

3 i. e. so far as they are punishable on earth.

4 Requies

5 'Her worth worth yours' : that is, 'her value is equal to yours, the match is not unworthy of you.'

6 Inconscience

7 Thoughtless practice.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It is said that the main plot of this play is derived from the story of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. Something similar may also be found in the fourth canto of the second book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; but a novel of Bandello's, copied by Belleforest in his *Tragical Histories*, seems to have furnished Shakspeare with the fable. It approaches nearer to the play in all particulars than any other performance hitherto discovered. No translation of it into English has, however, yet been met with.

The incidents of this play produce a striking effect on the stage, where it has ever been one of the most popular of Shakspeare's Comedies. The sprightly wit-encounters between Benedick and Beatrice, and the blundering simplicity of those indimitable men in office,

Dogberry and Verges, relieve the serious parts of the play, which might otherwise have seemed too serious for comedy. There is a deep and touching interest excited for the innocent and much injured Hero, whose justification is brought about by one of those temporary consignments to the grave, of which, Shakspeare appears to have been fond.¹ In answer to Steevens's objection to the same artifice being made use of to entrap both the lovers, Schlegel observes that 'the drollery lies in the very symmetry of the deception. Their friends attribute the whole effect to themselves; but the exclusive direction of their rillery against each other is a proof of their growing inclination.'²

This play is supposed to have been written in 1600, in which year it was first published.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO, } *Followers of Don John.*
CONRADE, }
DOGBERRY, } *Two foolish Officers.*
VERGES, }

A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.*

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro¹ of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find hero, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.²

¹ The old copies read Don Peter.

² Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended by tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This is finely called a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. In Chapman's version of the 10th *Odyssey*, a somewhat similar expression occurs:
'— our eyes were

The same wet badge of weak humanity.'

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.³

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better it is to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto⁴ returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.⁵

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills⁶ here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight:⁷ and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet⁸ with you, I doubt it not.

This is an idea which Shakspeare seems to have delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

'— my plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow.'

³ I. e. in abundance.

⁴ *Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing school; a title humorously given to one whom she would represent as a bravado.

⁵ Rank.

⁶ This phrase was in common use for affixing a printed notice in some public place, long before Shakspeare's time, and long after. It is amply illustrated by Mr. Douce, in his 'Illustrations of Shakspeare.'

⁷ *Flight*, were long and light feathered arrows, that went directly to the mark.

⁸ Even.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed¹ with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits² went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference³ between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his fault, but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.⁴

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.⁵

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer⁶ now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge⁷ too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand. Leonato: we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, if faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her.

⁴ The mould on which a hat is formed. It is here used for *shape* or *fashion*. See note on *Lear*, Act iv Sc. 6.

⁵ The origin of this phrase, which is still in common use, has not been clearly explained, though the sense of it is pretty generally understood. The most probable account derives it from the circumstance of servants and retainers being entered in the books of those to whom they were attached. *To be in one's books* was to be in favour. That this was the ancient sense of the phrase, and its origin, appears from Florio, in V.—*'Casso. Cashier'd, crossed, cancelled, or put out of books and checke roule.'*

⁶ Quarreller.

⁷ Birthen, inebriance.

⁸ This phrase is common in Dorsetshire. 'Jack fathers himself' is like his father.

¹ *Stuffed*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mede, in his discourses on Scripture, quoted by Edwards, speaking of Adam, says, 'he whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities.' And in the *Winter's Tale*:

'Of *stuffed* sufficiency.'

Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed* *man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuffed* man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.

² In Shakspeare's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual power. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five* by analogy to the five senses. So in *Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 4: 'Bless thy five wits.'

³ This is an heraldic term. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says, 'You may wear your rue with a difference.'

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?¹²

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May does the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?¹³ Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.¹⁴ Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.¹⁵

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.¹⁶

Bene. That a woman conceived me I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most

humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat¹⁷ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle¹⁸ in an invisible baldrick,¹⁹ all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none: and the fine¹⁰ is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.¹¹

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,¹² and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.¹³

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.¹⁴

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice,¹⁵ thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy: and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house. (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded¹⁶ with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience,¹⁷ and so I leave you.

[Exit BENEDICK.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord!

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir;

Doest thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

1 Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter? Do you mean to amuse us with improbable stories?

2 i. e. to join in the song.

3 i. e. subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.

4 i. e. become sad and serious. Alluding to the manner in which the Puritans usually spent the Sabbath, with sighs and gruntings, and other hypocritical marks of devotion.

5 The old tale, of which this is the burthen, has been traditionally preserved and recovered by Mr. Blake-way, and is perhaps one of the most happy illustrations of Shakespeare that has ever appeared.

6 Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

7 That is, wear a horn on my forehead, which the huntsman may blow. A recheat is the sound by which the dogs are called back.

8 i. e. bugle-horn.

9 A belt. The meaning seems to be 'or that I should be compelled to carry a horn on my forehead where there is nothing visible to support it.'

10 The fine is the conclusion.

11 A capital subject for satire.

12 It seems to have been one of the inhuman sports of the time, to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

13 i. e. Adam Bell, 'a passing good archer,' who, with Clyn of the Cloughe and William of Cloudestie, were outlaws as famous in the north of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties.

14 This line is from The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo, &c.; and occurs, with a slight variation, in Watson's Sonnets, 1581.

15 Venice is represented in the same light as Cyprus among the ancients, and it is this character of the people that is here alluded to.

16 Trimmed, ornamented.

17 Examine if your sarcasms do not touch yourself. Old ends probably means the conclusions of letters, which were frequently couched in the quaint forms used above.

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:¹
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,² thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father, will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin,
your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I
can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed
not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have
a good cover, they show well outward. The prince
and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleas'd³
alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by
a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio,
that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant
to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he
found her accordant, he meant to take the present
time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him,
and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it
appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter
withal, that she may be the better prepared for an
answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and
tell her of it. *[Several persons cross the stage.]* Cousins,⁴
you know what you have to do.—O, I cry
you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use
your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy
time. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Another Room in Leonato's House. Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

Con. What the good year,⁵ my lord! why are
you thus out of measure sad?

¹ Mr. Hayley, with great acuteness, proposed to read
'The fairest grant is to necessity'; i. e. '*necessitas quod
cogit defendit*.' The meaning may however be—'The
fairest or most equitable concession is that which is
needful only.'

² I. e. once for all. So, in Coriolanus: 'Once if he
do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.' See
Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 1.

³ Thickly interwoven.

⁴ Cousins were formerly enrolled among the dependants,
if not the domestics of great families, such as that
of Leonato.—Petruchio, while intent on the subjection
of Katharine, calls out in terms imperative for his cousin
Ferdinand.

⁵ The commentators say, that the original form of
this exclamation was the *gougere*, i. e. *morbus gallicus*;

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion
that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing
bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suf-
ference.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st
thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply
a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I can-
not hide what I am:⁶ I must be sad when I have
cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have
stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when
I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh
when I am merry, and claw⁷ no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show
of this, till you may do it without controulment. You
have of late stood out against your brother, and he
hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is im-
possible you should take true root, but by the fair
weather that you make yourself: it is needful that
you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker⁸ in a hedge,
than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood
to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to
rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said
to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied
that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with
a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore
I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my
mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do
my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am,
and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the
prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leo-
nato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended
marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model¹⁰ to build
mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths
himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who?
which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of
Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March chick! How
came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was
smoking a musty room,¹¹ comes me the prince and
Claudio, hand in hand, in sad¹² conference: I whipt
me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed up-
on, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and
having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may
prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up
hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross
him any way, I bless myself every way: You are
both sure,¹³ and will assist me?

which ultimately became obscure, and was corrupted
into the *good year*, a very opposite form of expression.

⁶ This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. An
envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure,
and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide
its malignity from the world and from itself, under the
plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty
independence.

⁷ Flatter.

⁸ A canker is the canker-rose, or dog-rose. 'I had
rather be a neglected dog-rose in a hedge, than a gar-
den-rose if it profited by his culture.'

⁹ I. e. 'for I make nothing else my counsellor.'

¹⁰ Model is here used in an unusual sense. But Bullo-
kar explains it, '*Model*, the *platforme*, or form of any
thing.'

¹¹ The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors
rendered such precautions too often necessary.

¹² Serious.

¹³ I. e. to be depended on.

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband: for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To HERO.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

1 Importunate.

2 A measure, in old language, besides its ordinary meaning, signified also a dance.

3 Lover.

4 That is, 'God forbid that your face should be as homely and coarse as your mask.'

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,¹ tell him, there is measure² in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and anticquity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTAZAR; DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?³

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!⁴

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.⁵

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;⁶—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

5 Alluding to the fable of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid, who describes the old couple as living in a thatched cottage.

—*Stipulis et canna tecta palustri,*

which Golding renders:

'The roof thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.'

6 This was the term for a jest-book in Shakspeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large frag-

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible¹ slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded² me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*]

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.³

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claudio. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt DON JOHN, and BORACHIO.*]

Claudio. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore,* all hearts in love use their own tongues; Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.⁵ This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claudio. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the

garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain?⁶ or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claudio. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claudio. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The Prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out.⁷ Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count. Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;⁸ I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her:⁹ She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester: that I was duller than a great thaw: huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible¹⁰ convey-

⁶ Chains of gold of considerable value were, in Shakspeare's time, worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner as they are now on public occasions by the aldermen of London. *Usury* was then a common topic of invective. So, in 'The Choice of Change,' 1598, 'Three sortes of people, in respect of necessity, may be accounted good:—*Merchants*, for they may play the *usurers*, instead of the *Jews*, &c.' Again, 'There is a scarcity of *Jews*, because Christians make an occupation of *usurie*.'

⁷ 'It is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon herself to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.'

⁸ A parallel thought occurs in Isaiah, c. l. where the prophet, in describing the desolation of Judah, says, 'The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers,' &c. It appears that these lonely buildings were necessary, as the cucumbers, &c. were obliged to be constantly watched and watered, and that as soon as the crop was gathered they were forsaken.

⁹ It is singular that a similar thought should be found in the tenth Thebaid of Statius, v. 658.

— ipsa insanire videtur

Sphinx galea custos.

¹⁰ i. e. 'with a rapidity equal to that of jugglers

¹ Incredible, or inconceivable.

² Boarded, besides its usual meaning, signified accosted.

³ Carriage, demeanour.

⁴ Let, which is found in the next line, is understood here.

⁵ Blood signifies *amorous heat* or *passion*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act. iii. Sc. 7.

'Now his important blood will nought deny,

That she'll demand.'

ance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate¹ in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Chan's beard: do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use² for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick.

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. P'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.³

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

whose conveyances or tricks appear impossibilities. Impossible may, however, be used in the sense of incredible or inconceivable, both here and in the beginning of the scene, where Beatrice speaks of 'impossible slanders.'

¹ The goddess of discord.

² Interest.

³ I. e. your part or turn; a phrase among the players. *V.* Note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I,⁴ and I am sun-burned; I may sit in the corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cri'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit BEATRICE.*]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness,⁵ and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection,⁶ the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you, too, gentle Hero.

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,⁷ of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy⁸ stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we

⁴ I. e. good lord, how many alliances are forming! Every one is likely to be married but I. I am sun-burned means 'I have lost my beauty, and am consequently no longer an object to tempt a man to marry.'

⁵ I. o. mischief. Unhappy was often used for mischievous, as we now say an unlucky boy for a mischievous boy.

⁶ 'A mountain of affection with one another' is, as Johnson observes, a strange expression; yet all that is meant appears to be 'a great deal of affection.'

⁷ The same as *strane*, descent, lineage

⁸ Squeamish.

are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another Room in Leonato's House.
Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale,¹ such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend² a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;³ and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrow.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden. Enter BENE-
DICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—
Boy. Signior.

1 Shakespeare uses *stale* here, and in a subsequent scene, for an abandoned woman. A *stale* also meant a decoy or lure, but the two words had different origins. It is obvious why the term was applied to prostitutes.

2 Pretend.

3 The old copies read *Claudio* here. Theobald altered it to *Borachio*; yet if Claudio be wrong, it is most probably the poet's oversight. Claudio might conceive that the supposed Hero, called Borachio by the name of Claudio in consequence of a secret agreement between them, as a cover in case she were overheard; and he would know without a possibility of error that it was not Claudio with whom in fact she conversed. For the other arguments *pro* and *con* we must refer to the variorum Shakespeare.

4 Orchard in Shakespeare's time signified a garden. So, in *Romeo* and *Juliet*:

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.⁴

Boy. I am here, already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.⁵ He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all the graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.⁶ Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claudio. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox⁷ with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting. D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks:

Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Music.] Bene. Now, Divine air? now is his soul ravished!

⁴ 'The orchard walls are high and hard to climb.'

This word was first written *hort-yard*, then by corruption *hort-chard*, and hence orchard.

⁵ This folly is the theme of all comic satire.

⁶ Benedick may allude to the fashion of dyeing the hair, very common in Shakespeare's time. Or to that of wearing false hair, which also then prevailed. So, in a subsequent scene: "I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner."

⁷ Kid-fox has been supposed to mean *discovered* or *detected* fox; *Kid* certainly meant known or discovered in Chaucer's time. It may have been a technical term in the game of *hide-fox*; old terms are sometimes longer preserved in jocular sports than in common usage. Some editors have printed it *kid-fox*; and others explained it *young* or *cub-fox*.

—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven,¹ come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO.*]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and music.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.² [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.³

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

[*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him!

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;⁴ railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit*; for *I should flout him*, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, *I should*.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy⁵ hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood⁶ combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd⁷ all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will⁸ hate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper⁹ man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

membered that the *silver* halfpence, which were then current, were very minute pieces.

5 See the Tempest, Act iii. Sc. 1.

6 i.e. passion.

7 To daff is the same as to do off, to daff, to put aside.

8 That is, a spirit inclined to scorn and contempt. It should be contemptuous.

9 Handsome.

1 i.e. the owl.

2 This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game.

3 i.e. but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the infinite power of thought to conceive.

4 i.e. into a thousand small pieces; it should be re-



WILLIAM AND ARTHUR WOODHILL.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward :¹ if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot :² if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut :³
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds :
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No : nor to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.⁴
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.⁵

Urs. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift⁶ and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,⁷ and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellency did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow : Come, go in :
I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd⁸ I warrant you ; we have caught
her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ?⁹ Can this be true ?

1 Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers, i. e. misinterpret them. Several passages, containing a similar train of thought, are cited by Mr. Steevens from Lily's *Euphuus*.

2 A *black* man here means a man with a dark or thick beard, which is the *blot* in nature's drawing.

3 An *agate* is often used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the figures cut in agate for rings, &c. Queen Mab is described, 'In shape no bigger than an *agate stone* on the forefinger of an alderman.' See note on K. Henry IV. Part 2.

4 The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on their stomach. This species of torture is now abolished.

5 This word is intended to be pronounced as a trisyllable. It was sometimes written *tickeling*.

6 Quick, ready.

7 Conversation.

8 I. e. ensnared and entangled, as a sparrow with bird-lime.

9 Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time : 'That when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence do talk of us.' Holland's Translation, B. xxxiii. p. 297.

10 This image is taken from Falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock* ;

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee ;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;¹⁰
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band :
For others say, thou dost deserve ; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company : for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth ; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman¹¹ dare not shoot at him : he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.¹²

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I ; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.¹³

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it !

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What, sigh for the tooth-ach ?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm ?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy¹⁴ in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day ; a Frenchman to-morrow ; or in the shape of two countries at once ;¹⁵ as, a German from the waist downward, all slops ;¹⁶ and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doubt : Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,

she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the hand.

11 Dr. Farmer has illustrated this term by citing a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. II. C. xiv. ; but it seems probable that no more is meant by *hangman* than executioner, slayer of hearts.

12 A covert allusion to the old proverb :

'As the fool thinketh

The bell clinketh.'

13 So, in *The False One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

'O this sounds mangled,

Poorly and scurvily in a soldier's mouth ;

You had best be troubled with the tooth-ach too,

For lovers ever are.'

14 A play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakespeare uses for *love*, as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affection*.

15 So, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, by Decker, 1606, 'For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath bene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places : his codpiece, in Denmarke ; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France ; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy ; his huge sloppes hangs over a butcher's stall in Utrich ; his huge sloppes speaks Spanish ; Polonia gives him the booties, &c.—and thus we mocke everie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie of them to piece out our pride ; and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.'

16 Large loose breeches or trousers. Hence a *slop-seller* for one who furnishes seamen, &c. with clothes

there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o' mornings ; What should that bode ?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet : Can you smell him out by that ?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lutestring¹ and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.²

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so : Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice ; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private ?

D. John. If it please you :—yet Count Claudio may hear ; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter ?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ? [To CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not ; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest : For my brother, I think, he holds you well ; and in dearthness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage ; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed !

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter ?

D. John. I came hither to tell you ; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who ? Hero ?

D. John. Even she ; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal ?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say, she were worse ; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night,

you shall see her chamber-window entered ; even the night before her wedding-day : if you love her then, to-morrow wed her : but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so ?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow ; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned !

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting !

D. John. O plague right well prevented !

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street. Enter* DOGBERRY and VERGES,³ with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,⁴ neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern : This is your charge : You shall comprehend all vagrom men : you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand ?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects :—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend ; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen :—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

³ The first of these worthies is named from the *Dogberry* or female cornel, a shrub that grows in every county in England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice*.

⁴ To charge his fellows seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable.

¹ Love-songs, in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So, in Henry VI. Part I.

² As melancholy as an old lion or a lover's lute.

³ I. e. 'in her lover's arms.' So in The Winter's Tale.

Fto. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ; Not like a corse :—or if, not to be buried, But quick and in my arms.

2 *Watch*. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man : and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.¹

2 *Watch*. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own,² and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch*. Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours : I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night : Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What ! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say !

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched ; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear ?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed :³ Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush ! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

Watch. I know that Deformed ; he has been a vile thief this seven year ; he goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody ?

Con. No ; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty ! sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reachy⁴ painting ; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window ; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched⁵ worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club ?

Con. All this I see ; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man : But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion.

Bora. Not so neither : but know, that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero ; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely :—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero ?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch*. Call up the right master constable : We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak ; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.⁶

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House. Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[*Exit URSULA.*]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato⁷ were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

5 Soiled, sullied. Probably only another form of *smutched*. The word is peculiar to Shakespeare.

6 We have the same conceit in K. Henry VI. Part ii. 'My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills !'

7 I. e. in examination or trial.

8 A kind of ruff. *Rabat*, Fr. Menage says it comes from *rubatire*, to put back, being at first nothing but the collar of the shirt turned back toward the shoulders.

¹ It is not impossible but that a part of this scene was intended as a burlesque upon 'The Statutes of the Streets, imprinted by Wolfe in 1595.'

² This is part of the oath of a grand jurymen, and is one of many proofs of Shakespeare's having been very conversant with legal proceedings and courts of justice at some period of his life.

³ Unpracticed in the ways of the world.

⁴ I. e. discoloured by smoke, *reeky* From *recan*, Saxon.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire¹ within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves,² and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fye upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*,³ with your heels?—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.⁴

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.⁵

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?⁶

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

¹ Head-dress.

² I. e. long sleeves. *Side* or *syde* in North Britain is used for *long* when applied to the garment. It has the same signification in Anglo-Saxon and Danish.

³ The name of a popular old dance tune, mentioned again in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and in several of our old dramas. The notes are given in the Variorum Shakspeare.

⁴ A quibble between *barns* repositories for corn, and *barns* children, formerly pronounced barns. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

'Mercy on us, a barn! a very pretty barn!'

⁵ That is for an *ach* or pain, pronounced *aitch*. See note on *Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 2. Heywood has an epigram which best elucidates this:

'H is worst among letters in the cross-row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
Into what place soever H may pike him,
Wherever thou find him *ache* thou shalt not like him.'

⁶ So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Who's there, trow?' This obsolete exclamation of inquiry is a contraction of *trow ye?* think you? believe you? Steevens was mistaken in saying, that *To trow* is to imagine, to conceive.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*,⁷ and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*! why *Benedictus*? you have some moral⁸ in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging;⁹ and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior *Benedick*, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exit.

SCENE V. Another Room in Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that concerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*,¹⁰ neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor¹¹ duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

⁷ '*Carduus Benedictus*, or blessed thistle (says *Cogan* in his *Haven of Health*, 1595), so worthily named for the singular virtues that it hath.'—'This herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbis*, that it is a salve for every sore, not known to physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the speciall providence of Almighty God.'

⁸ 'You have some *moral* in this *Benedictus*, i. e. some *hidden meaning*, like the *moral* of a fable. Thus in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

'Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight.'

And in the *Taming of the Shrew*. 'To expound the *meaning* or *moral* of his signs and tokens.'

⁹ I. e. '*feeds on love*, and likes his food.'

¹⁰ I. e. *words*, in Spanish. It seems to have been current here for a time, even among the vulgar; it was probably introduced by our sailors, as well as the corrupted form *palaver*. We have it again in the mouth of Sly the Tinker, 'Therefore *paucus pallabris*: let the world slide, Sessa.'

¹¹ This stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet *poor*, has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*. *Elbow* says: 'If it please your honour, I am the *poor duke's* constable.'

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas! good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exit LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gal; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that, *[Touching his forehead,]* shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the galol. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church. Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.¹

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave!

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There Leonato, take her back again.

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows?—But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious⁵ bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof⁶.

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have

known her,

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the⁷ forehead sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;⁸

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intertemperate in your blood

Than Venus or those pamp'rd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?⁹

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak? I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God.

Claud. Leonato stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And by that fatherly and kindly power¹⁰

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

¹ This was a common apostrophe of admiration equivalent to 'It is wonderful,' or 'it is admirable.'

² This is borrowed from our marriage ceremony, which, (with a few changes in phraseology,) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.

³ Lascivious.

⁴ I. e. 'if in your own trial.'

⁵ Licentious.

⁶ I. e. 'So remotely from the present business.' 'You are wide of the matter,' is a familiar phrase still in use.

⁷ I. e. 'natural power.' Kind is used for nature.

So in *The Induction to The Taming of the Shrew*—

'This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs.'

which here also signifies naturally.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why then are you no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear; upon my honour, Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal¹ villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, Fie! they are Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of; There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence to utter them: Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell, Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gracious.²

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*HERO swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light, Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedict!—
fiar?

Leon. O fate take not away thy heavy hand! Death is the fairest cover for her shame, That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Fiar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Fiar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny The story that is printed in her blood?³— Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes: For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die, Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames, Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches, Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?⁴ O, one too much by thee! Why had I one? Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? Why had I not with charitable hand, Took up a beggar's issue at my gates; Who smirch'd⁵ thus, and mired with infamy, I might have said, *No part of it is mine, This shame derives itself from unknown loins?* But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on; mine so much, That I myself was to myself not mine, Valuing of her: why, she—O, she is fallen Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;⁶ And salt too little, which may season give To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder, I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied:

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not: although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron! Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie? Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness, Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Fiar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long, And given way unto this course of fortune, By noting of the lady: I have mark'd A thousand blushing apparitions start Into her face; a thousand innocent shames In angel whiteness bear away those blushes; And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire, To burn the errors that these princes hold Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool; Trust not my reading nor my observations, Which with experimental zeal doth warrant The tenour of my book; trust not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here Under some biting error.

Leon.

Fiar. It cannot be: Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left, Is, that she will not add to her damnation A sin of perjury; she not denies it; Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse That which appears in proper nakedness?

Fiar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive, Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant, Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father, Prove you that any man with me convers'd At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight Maintain'd the change of words with any creature, Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fiar. There is some strange misprision⁷ in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent⁸ of honour; And if their wisdoms be misled in this, The practice of it lives in John the bastard, Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her, These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it. Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine, Nor age so eat up my invention, Nor fortune made such havock of my means, Nor my bad life left me so much of friends, But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind, Both strength of limb, and policy of mind, Ability in means, and choice of friends, To quit me of them thoroughly.

Fiar.

Pause a while, And let my counsel sway you in this case. Your daughter here the princes left for dead; Let her awhile be secretly kept in, And publish it, that she is dead indeed: Maintain a mourning ostentation;⁹ And on your family's old monument Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fiar. Marry, this well carried, shall on her behalf Change slander to remorse; that is some good. But not for that, dream I on this strange course, But on this travail look for greater birth. She dying, as it must be so maintain'd, Upon the instant that she was accus'd, Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd, Of every hearer: For it so falls out,

⁵ See note 5, p. 160, ante.

⁶ The same thought is repeated in Macbeth:

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand.'

⁷ Misconception.

⁸ Bent is here used for the utmost degree of, or tendency to honourable conduct.

⁹ Show, appearance.

¹ Liberal here, as in many places of these plays, means *licentious beyond honesty or decency*. This sense of the word is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

² I. e. graced, favoured, countenanced. See *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 2.

³ That is, 'which her blushes discovered to be true.'

⁴ Frame is order, contrivance, disposition of things.

That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack¹ the value; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
 When he shall hear she died upon² his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
 (If ever love had interest in his liver,³)
 And wish he had not so accused her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
 (As best befits her wounded reputation.)
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
 And though, you know, my inwardness⁴ and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.⁵

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
 For to strange sores they strangely strain the
 cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
 Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience, and
 endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
 wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
 me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
 you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It
 were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
 well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not;
 I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry
 for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and
 I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it:
 I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

1 i. e. raise to the highest pitch.

2 Upon the occasion of his words she died: his words
 were the cause of her death.

3 The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

4 Intimacy.

5 This is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations
 upon life. Men, overpowered with distress, eagerly
 listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme,
 and believe every promise. He that has no longer any
 confidence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any
 other that will undertake to guide him.

6 i. e. 'I am in reality absent, for my heart is gone
 from you, I remain in person before you.'

7 So, in *K. Henry VIII.*: 'He's a traitor to the height.'
In precipiti vitium stetit.—JUV. l. 1495

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was
 about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
 none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:⁶—There is
 no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than
 fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,⁷
 that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kins-
 woman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her
 in hand⁸ until they come to take hands; and then
 with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmiti-
 gated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I
 would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a pro-
 per saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slan-
 dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties!⁹ Surely a princely
 testimony, a goodly count-confect;¹⁰ a sweet gal-
 lant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or
 that I had any friend would be a man for my sake!
 But manhood is melted into courtesies,¹¹ valour into
 compliment, and men are only turned into tongue,
 and trim!¹² ones too: he is now as valiant as Her-
 cules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I can-
 not be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a
 woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand I love
 thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than
 swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio
 hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.
Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge
 him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By
 this hand Claudio shall render me a dear account:
 As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort
 your cousin; I must say she is dead; and so fare-
 well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Prison. Enter DOGBERRY, VER-
 GES,*¹³ and Sexton, in gowns: and the Watch,
 with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibi-
 tion to examine.¹⁴

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to
 be examined? let them come before master con-
 stable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—
 What is your name, friend?

8 Delude her with false expectations.

9 Countie was the ancient term for a count or earl.

10 A specious noblesn made out of sugar.

11 Ceremonies.

12 Trim seems here to signify apt, fair spoken.
Tongue used in the singular, and *trim ones* in the plural,
 is a mode of construction not uncommon in Shakespeare.

13 Throughout this scene the names of *Kempe* and
Cowley, two celebrated actors of the time, are put for
Dogberry and *Verges* in the old editions.

14 This is a blunder of the constable's, for 'examina-
 tion to exhibit.' In the last scene of the third act *Leo-
 nato* says: 'Take their examination yourself and bring
 it me.'

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade. —Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God!—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way;—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John, a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the bands²—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet.

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder: and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows

the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO AND ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard: Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;³

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters;⁴ bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother, men Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ach with air, and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow: But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.⁵

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ach patiently However they have writ the style of gods, And made a push⁶ at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied, And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince, And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO AND CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling, Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,

I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

¹ I. e. the *quickest* way.

² In the old copy this passage stands thus: 'Sexton. Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.'

³ The folio reads, 'And sorrow, wagge, cry hem,' &c.

⁴ *Candle-wasters*. A contemptuous term for book-morms or hard students used by Ben Jonson in Cynthia's Revells and others.

⁵ That is, 'than admonition, than moral instruction.'

⁶ *Push* is the reading of the old copy, which Pope altered to *push* without any seeming necessity. To make a *push* at any thing is to contend against it or defy it.

If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's fram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say,

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord.

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,¹
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff² me? Thou hast kill'd
my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:³
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining⁴ fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my
niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know
them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling,⁵ out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,⁶
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake⁷
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing⁸
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we
went to seek.

1 Skill in fencing.

2 This is only a corrupt form of *doff*, to do off or put off.

3 The folio reads:—

—Come, sir boy, come follow me.

4 Thrusting.

5 *Scambling* appears to have been much the same as scrambling; shifting or shuffling.

6 I.e. what in King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 6, is called—
— a horrid suit of the camp.

7 I.e. rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

8 'I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the min-

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost
come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st
thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been
too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee;
for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain
have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have
been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do
the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.⁹

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks
pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care
killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill
care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an
you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose
another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this
last was broke cross.¹⁰

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and
more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his gir-
dle.¹¹

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not;—I will
make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and
when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest
your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and
her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear
from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good
cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid¹² me to
a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not
carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—
Shall I not find a woodcock?¹³ too.

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy
wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit:
True, says she, a fine little one: *No*, said I, a great
wit: *Right*, says she, a great gross one: *Nay*, said
I, a good wit: *Just*; said she, it hurts nobody: *Nay*,
said I, the gentleman is wise: *Certain*, said she, a
wise gentleman: ¹⁴ *Nay*, said I, he hath the tongues:
That I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me
on Monday night, which he foreswore on Tuesday
morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.
Thus, did she, an hour together, transshape thy
particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with
a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and
said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all
that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would
love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

strels draw the bows of their fiddles, merely to please
us.¹⁵

9 The allusion is to *tilting*. See note, As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 4.

10 There is a proverbial phrase, 'If he be angry let him turn the buckle of his girdle.' Mr. Holt White says, 'Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge.'

11 Invited.

12 A woodcock, being supposed to have no brains, was a common phrase for a foolish fellow. It means here one caught in a spring or trap, alluding to the plot against Benedick.

13 Wise gentleman was probably used ironically for a silly fellow; as we still say a wise-acre.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit BENEDICK.*]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; And I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be;¹ pluck up my heart, and be sad!² Did he not say, my brother was fled.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have veried unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.⁴

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed⁵ me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora.

Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;

Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds;

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose⁶ me to what⁷ penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess⁸ the people in Messina here

How innocent she died: and, if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,⁹

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us;¹⁰

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud.

O, noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who, I believe, was pack'd¹⁰ in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;

Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,

In any thing that I do know by her.

⁵ Incited, instigated.

⁶ I. e. 'inflict upon me whatever penance, &c.'

⁷ To possess anciently signified to inform, to make acquainted with. So in the Merchant of Venice:

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

⁸ It was the custom among Catholics to attach, upon or near the tomb of celebrated persons, a written inscription either in prose or verse generally in praise of the deceased.

⁹ Yet Shakespeare makes Leonato say to Antonio, Act i. Sc. 5, 'How now, brother; where is my cousin your son?' &c.

¹⁰ I. e. combined; an accomplice

¹ These words are probably meant to express what Rosaline, in *As You Like It*, calls the 'careless desolation' of a lover.

² The old copies read 'let me be,' the emendation is Malone's. *Let* be appears here to signify *hold, rest there*. It has the same signification in Saint Matthew, ch. xxvii. v. 49.

³ I. e. 'rouse thyself my heart and be prepared for serious consequences.'

⁴ That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses*; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

Dogb. Moreover, sir (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;¹ and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth: and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.²

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd³ fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden. Enter BENE-DICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?⁴

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.⁵

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pickes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,—

How pitiful I deserve,—

[Singing.]

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the

good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scarn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.⁶

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast interpreted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes⁷ my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good opithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:⁸ if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question!⁹—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediments to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle;

4 Theobald proposed to read, *above* stairs; and the sense of the passage seems to require some such alteration: perhaps a word has been lost, and we may read 'why, shall I always keep *them* below stairs?' Of this passage Dr. Johnson says, 'I suppose every reader will find the meaning.'

5 i. e. 'I yield.'

6 i. e. 'in choice phraseology.'

7 Is under challenge, or now stands challenged, by me.

8 i. e. 'when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.'

9 This phrase appears to be equivalent to—'You ask a question indeed!—or 'that is the question'

1 It was one of the fantastic fashions of Shakspeare's time to wear a long hanging *lock of hair* dangling by the ear; it is often mentioned by cotemporary writers, and may be observed in some ancient portraits. The humour of this passage is in Dogberry's supposing the *lock* to have a key to it.

2 A phrase used by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry probably designed to say, 'God save the founder.'

3 Here *lewd* has not the common meaning; nor do I think it can be used in the more uncommon sense of *ignorant*; but rather means *knavish*, *ungacious*, *naughty*, which are the synonyms used with it in explaining the latin *pravus* in dictionaries of the sixteenth century.

yonder's old coil¹ at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Inside of a Church. Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with Music and Tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll*]

Done to death² by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in the guerdon³ of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight⁴:

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily.

Graves yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,⁵

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewoman all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And when I send for you come hither mask'd;

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me:—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, From Claudio, and the prince: But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honourable marriage;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar

And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.

We here attend you; are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter.

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.⁶

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold.

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;

I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero.

Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,

And surely as I live I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander

lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking*]

What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat.

Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,

³ Reward.

⁴ Diana's knight, or virgin knight, was the common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time.

⁵ I. e. 'till death be spoken of.'

⁶ Still alluding to the passage quoted from Hieronimo, or the Spanish Tragedy, in the first scene of the play.

¹ Old coil is great or abundant bustle. Old was a common augmentative in ancient familiar language.

² This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time, it appears to be derived from the French phrase, *faire mourir*. See note on K. Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper, written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero And here's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that! thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have de-

nied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First o'my word: therefore play, music—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.²

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*]

THIS play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risk his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.³

Much Ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Verue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of Benedick and Beatrice. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy. STEEVENS.

1 Because.

2 Steevens, Malone, and Reed, conceive that there is an allusion here to the staff used in the ancient trial by wager of battle; but Mr. Douce thinks it is more probable the walking stick or staff of elderly persons was intended, such sticks were often tipped or headed with horn, sometimes crosswise, in imitation of the crutched sticks or potences of the friars, which were borrowed from the celebrated tau of St. Anthony.

3 Mr. Pye thus answers the objection of Steevens. 'The intention of the poet was to show that persons of either sex might be made in love with each other by supposing themselves beloved, though they were before enemies; and how he could have done this by any other means I do not know. He wanted to show the sexes were alike in this case, and to have employed different motives would have counteracted his own design.'

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

WE may presume the plot of this play to have been the invention of Shakspeare, as the diligence of his commentators has failed to trace the sources from whence it is derived. Steevens says that the hint for it was probably received from Chaucer's Knight's Tale.

'In the Midsummer Night's Dream,' says Schlegel, 'there flows a luxuriant vein of the boldest and most fantastical invention; the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort by some ingenious and lucky accident, and the colours are of such clear transparency that we think that the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath. The fairy world here described resembles those elegant pieces of Arabesque, where little Genii, with butterfly wings, rise half embodied above the flower cups. Twilight, moonshine,

dew, and spring-perfumes are the element of these tender spirits; they assist nature in embroidering her carpet with green leaves, many coloured flowers, and dazling insects; in the human world they merely sport in a childish and wayward manner with their beneficent or noxious influences. Their most violent rage dissolves in good-natured raillery; their passions, stripped of all earthly matter, are merely an ideal dream. To correspond with this, the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which, by a contrary enchantment, may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again. The different parts of the plot; the wedding of Theseus, the disagreement of Oberon and Titania, the flight of the two pair of lovers, and the theatrical operations of the mechanics, are so lightly and happily interwoven, that they seem necessary to each other for



the formation of a whole. Oberon is desirous of relieving the lovers from their perplexities, and greatly adds to them through the misapprehension of his servant, till he at last comes to the aid of their fruitless amorous pain, their inconstancy and jealousy, and restores fidelity to its old rights. The extremes of fanciful and vulgar are united when the enchanted Titania awakes and falls in love with a coarse mechanic with an ass's head, who represents, or rather disfigures the part of a tragical lover. The droll wonder of the transmutation of Bottom is merely the transmutation of a metaphor in its literal sense; but, in his behaviour during the tender homage of the Fairy Queen, we have a most amusing proof how much the consciousness of such a head-dress heightens the effect of his usual folly. Theseus and

Hippolyta are, as it were, a splendid frame for the picture; they take no part in the action, but appear with a stately pomp. The discourse of the hero and his Amazon, as they course through the forest with their noisy hunting train, works upon the imagination like the fresh breath of morning, before which the shapes of night disappear.*

This is a production of the youthful and vigorous imagination of the poet. Malone places the date of its composition in 1594. There are two quarto editions, both printed in 1600: one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James Roberts.

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii. p. 176.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, the Carpenter.
SNUG, the Joiner.
BOTTOM, the Weaver.
FLUTE the Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, the Tinker.
STARVELING, the Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.
PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } Fairies.
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED,
PYRAMUS,
THISBE, } Characters in the Interlude per-
WALL, } formed by the Clowns.
MOONSHINE.
LION.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

Theseus.

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph,¹ and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!²

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia—

Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd³ the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,⁴ conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before my grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.⁵

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The.

In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

1 A triumph was a public show, such as a mask, pageant, procession, &c.

2 Luke, in our old language, was used for a leader or chief, as the Latin *Dux*.

3 The old copies read, 'This man hath bewitched.' The alteration was made in the second folio for the sake of the metre; but a redundant syllable at the commencement of a verse perpetually occurs in our old dramas.

4 Baubles, toys, trifles.

5 This line has a smack of legal common place. Shakespeare is supposed to have been placed while a boy in an attorney's office; at least he often displays that he was well acquainted with the phraseology of lawyers.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me. I know not by what power I am made bold; Nor how it may concern my modesty, In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts: But I beseech your grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure For ever the society of men. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires, Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice, You can endure the livery of a nun; For aye¹ to be in shady cloister mew'd, To live a barren sister all your life, Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood, To undergo such maiden pilgrimage: But earthlier happy² is the rose distill'd, Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn, Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, Ere I will yield my virgin patent up Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me, For everlasting bond of fellowship,) Upon that day either prepare to die, For disobedience to your father's will; Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would: Or on Diana's altar to protest, For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius; Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, And what is mine my love shall render him; And she is mine; and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, As well possess'd; my love is more than his; My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd, If not with vantage, as Demetrius'; And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia: Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head, Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, Upon this spotted³ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much, And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof; But, being over-full of self-affairs, My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come: And come, Egeus; you shall go with me, I have some private schooling for you both.—For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself To fit your fancies to your father's will; Or else the law of Athens yields you up (Which by no means we may extenuate) To death, or to a vow of single life.—Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love?—Demetrius, and Egeus, go along: I must employ you in some business Against our nuptial; and confer with you Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGESUS, DEMETRIUS, and Train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well Beteem⁴ them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read, Could ever hear by tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth: But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary⁵ as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied⁶ night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up;

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross;

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's⁷ followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;

By his best arrow with the golden head;

By the simplicity of Venus's doves;

By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,⁸

When the false Trojan under sail was seen;

By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than women ever spoke;—

In that same place thou hast appointed me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair:⁹ O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars;¹⁰ and your tongue's

sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour¹¹ so!

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet mo-

lody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.¹²

7 *Fancy is love.* So afterwards in this play:

8 *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*

9 *Shakespeare forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.*

10 *Fair for fairness, beauty.* Very common in writers of Shakespeare's age.

11 *The lode-star is the leading or guiding star, that is the polar star.* The magnet is for the same reason called the lode-stone.

12 *Countenance, feature.*

13 *I. e. changed, transformed*

1 Ever.

2 *Earthlier happy* for earthly happier, which Capel proposed to substitute.

3 *As spotted* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked.

4 *Bestow, give, afford, or design to allow.*

6 Momentary.

6 Blackened, as with smut, coal, &c.; figuratively, darkened. See Othello, Act ii. Sc. 3.

O, teach me how you look ; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill !

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love,—

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty ; 'Would that fault
were mine !

Her. Take comfort ; he no more shall see my
face ;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me :

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :

To-morrow night when Phæbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet :

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !

Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight

From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit HERM.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you !

[*Exit LYSANDER.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be !

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;

He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpoise to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;

And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind ;

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :

And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game! themselves forswear,

So the boy love is perjur'd every where :

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,²

He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine :

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight ;

Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Pursue her ; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in a Cottage.—*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, QUINCE,
and STARVELING.³

Quin. Is all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
by man, according to the scrip.

¹ Sport.

² Eyes.

³ In this scene Shakespeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first appears upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionic passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.⁴

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll : Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready : Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it : If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest :—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant : I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,

With shivering shocks,

Shall break the locks

Of prison gates :

And Phibbus' car

Shall shine from far,

And make and mar

The foolish fates.”

This was lofty !—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one ; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.⁵

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I'll speak in a monstrous little voice ;—*Thisbe, Thisbe—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy Thisby dear ! and lady dear !*

Quin. No, no ; you must play Pyramus ; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's father ;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will

exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time.

⁴ Probably a burlesque upon the titles of some of our old Dramas.

⁵ This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress, and so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene ; and he that could modulate his voice to a female tone might play the woman very successfully.

roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an¹ 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.²

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.³ But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties,⁴ such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy at one door; and Puck at another.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,⁶

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire.

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs⁷ upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners⁸ be;

¹ As if.

² It seems to have been a custom to stain or dye the beard.

³ This allusion to the *Corona Veneris*, or baldness attendant upon a particular stage of, what was then termed, the *French* disease, is too frequent in Shakespeare, and is here explained once for all.

⁴ Articles required in performing a play.

⁵ To meet *together bowstrings hold or are cut* is to meet in all events. But the origin of the phrase has not been satisfactorily explained.

⁶ So Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*, or *Court of Fairy*:
'Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire.'

⁷ The *orbs* here mentioned are those circles in the herbage commonly called fairy-rings, the cause of which is not yet certainly known.

⁸ The allusion is to Elizabeth's band of gentlemen pensioners, who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with gold lace.

⁹ In the old comedy of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600, an character says,

'Twas I that led you through the painted meads

Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,

Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.'

¹⁰ Lubber or clown. Lob, lobcock, looby, and lubber, all denote inactivity of body and dulness of mind.

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savors:

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.¹¹

Farewell, thou lob¹⁰ of spirits, I'll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling.¹²

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild.

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light shewn.¹³

But they do square;¹⁴ that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making

quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,

Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,

That fright the maidens of the villagery:

Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,¹⁵

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no harm;¹⁶

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work;¹⁷ and they shall have good luck.

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab;¹⁸

And, when she driks, against her lips I bob,

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And taylor cries,¹⁹ and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe:

And yeven²⁰ in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he

were gone!

¹¹ A *changeling* was a child changed by a fairy; it here means one stolen or got in exchange.

¹² Shining.

¹³ Quarrel. For the probable cause of the use of *square* for *quarrel*, see Mr. Douce's illustrations, vol. i p. 182.

¹⁴ A *quern* was a handmill.

¹⁵ And if that the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeterpenny, or an house-egg were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then ware of bull-beggars, spirits, &c.

¹⁶ Milton refers to these traditions in *L'Allegro*.

¹⁷ Wild apple.

¹⁸ Dr. Johnson thought he remembered to have heard this ludicrous exclamation upon a person's seat slipping from under him. He that slips from his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board. Hamner thought the passage corrupt, and proposed to read '*rails or cries*.'

¹⁹ The old copy reads: 'And waresen in their mirth, &c.' Though a glimmering of sense may be extracted from this passage as it stands in the old copy, it seems most probable that we should read, as Dr. Farmer proposed, *yeven*. To *yev* is to hiccup, and is so explained in all the old dictionaries. The meaning of the passage will then be, that the objects of Puck's wagery laughed till their laughter ended in a yev or hiccup. Puck is speaking with an affectation of ancient phraseology.

SCENE II. *Enter OBERON, at one door, with his Train, and TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence; I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn;¹ and versing love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,

Come from the farthest steep of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded; and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How, canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering

night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,

With Ariadne, and Antiope?²

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,³

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or on the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,

Have every pelting⁴ river made so proud,

That they have overborne their continents:⁵

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And crows are fattened with the murrain flock;

The nine men's morris⁶ is fill'd up with mud;

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,

For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:

The human mortals⁷ want their winter here;⁸

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound:

And thorough this distemperature, we see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;

And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,⁹

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

The childing autumn,¹⁰ angry winter, change¹¹

Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,

By their increase,¹² now knows not which is which:

And this same progeny of evils comes

From our debate, from our dissension;

We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy,

To be my henchman.¹³

Tita. Set your heart at rest,

The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a votress of my order:

And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,

Marking the embarked traders on the flood;

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,

And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait

Following (her womb, then rich with my young

squire,) would imitate; and sail upon the land,

To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;

And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;

And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,

And see our moon-light revels, go with us;

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:

We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA and her Train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this

grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st

not,) flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal,¹⁴ thrond by the west;

Forlorn between the isyles, that dangled up and downe,

Upon his gray and haurie beard, and snowie frozen

croone.¹

10 Autumn producing flowers unseasonably upon

those of Summer.

11 The confusion of seasons here described is no more

than a poetical account of the weather which happened

in England about the time when the Midsummer-Night's

Dream was written. The date of the piece may be de-

termined by Churchyard's description of the same kind

of weather in his 'Charitie,' 1595. Shakspeare fancifully

ascribes this distemperature of seasons to a quar-

rel between the playful rulers of the fairy world;

Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is

seriously disposed to represent it as a judgment from

the Almighty on the offences of mankind.

12 Produce. So in Shakspeare's 97th Sonnet;

'The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime.'

13 Page of honour.

14 It is well known that a compliment to Queen Eli-

zabeth was intended in this very beautiful passage.

Warburton has attempted to show, that by the mermaid

in the preceding lines, Mary Queen of Scots was in-

tended. It is argued with his usual fanciful ingenuity,

but will not bear the test of examination, and has been

satisfactorily controverted. It appears to have been no

uncommon practice to introduce a compliment to Eli-

zabeth in the body of a play.

1 The shepherd boys of Chaucer's time had

¹ Many a foite and liling horne

And pipes made of grene corne.'

2 See the Life of Theseus in North's Translation of Plutarch. Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiope were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. The name of Perigune is translated by North Perigouna.

3 Spring seems to be here used for beginning. The spring of day is used for the dawn of day in K. Henry IV. Part II.

4 A very common epithet with our old writers, to signify valtry; *pelting* appears to have been its original orthography.

5 I. e. borne down the banks which contain them.

6 A rural game, played by making holes in the ground in the angles and sides of a square, and placing stones or other things upon them, according to certain rules. These figures are called *nine men's morris*, or *merrils*, because each party playing has nine men; they were generally cut upon turf, and were consequently choked up with mud in rainy seasons.

7 Human mortals is a mere pleasam; and is neither put in opposition to *fairy mortals* nor to *human immortals*, according to Steevens and Ritson. It is simply the language of a fairy speaking of men. See Mr. Douce's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 155.

8 Theobald proposed to read '*their winter cheer*.'

9 This singular image was probably suggested to the poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, B. ii.:

'And lastly quaking for the colde, stooode Winter all forlorne,

With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,

And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.²
Fetch me that flower: the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood³ within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel; Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel;⁴ and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you do your dog?)

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach⁵ your modesty too much
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company
For you, in my respect, are all the world:

1 Exempt from the power of love.

2 The tricoloured violet, commonly called pansies, or heartsease, is here meant; one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. It has other fanciful and expressive names, such as—Cuddle me to you; Three faces under a hood; Herb trinity, &c.

3 Mad, raving.

4 'There is now a dayee a kind of adamant which draweth unto it flees, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouths of contrary persons, and draw the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him.' *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, by Edward Fenton, 1500.

Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo fies, and Daphne holds the chase;

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!

When cowardice pursues, and valour fies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe

But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

We cannot fight for love, as men may do

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon⁶ the hand I love so well.

[*Exit DEM. and HEL.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

Where ox-lips⁷ and the nodding violet grows;

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,

Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:

And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it, when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.⁸

Effect it with some care, that he may prove

More fond on her, than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exit Puck.*]

SCENE III. Another part of the Wood. *Enter*

TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel,⁹ and a fairy song;

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;

Some, war with rear-mice¹⁰ for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats; and some, keep

back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders

At our quaint spirits:¹¹ Sing me now asleep;

Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,

Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;

Newts,¹² and blindworms,¹³ do no wrong,

Come not near our fairy queen:

5 I e. bring it into question.

6 To die upon, &c. appears to have been used for 'to die by the hand.'

7 The greater cowslip.

8 Steevens thinks this rhyme of *man* and on a sufficient proof that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England. But our ancient poets were not particular in making their rhymes correspond in sound, and I very much doubt a conclusion made upon such slender grounds.

9 The *roundel*, or round, as its name implies, was a dance of a circular kind.

10 Bats. 11 Sports. 12 Efts.

13 Slow-worms.

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well;
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids.*]
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;²
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew³ my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:

Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:⁴
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.⁵
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.⁶

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spheny eye?

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet

sake. [*Waking.*]

Transparent Helena; Nature shows her art,⁷

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word!

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what

though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

Lys. She sees not Hermia!—Hermia, sleep thou

there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

4 Possess.

5 So in Macbeth:

'Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.'

6 i. e. the lesser my acceptableness, the favour I can

gain.

7 The quartos have only—'Nature shews art.' The

first folio—'Nature her shews art.' The second folio

changes her to here. Malone thought we should read,

'Nature shews her art.'

8 i. e. do not ripen to it.

1 The small tiger, or tiger-cat.

2 i. e. 'understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind.' In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not suspicion but love takes the meaning.

3 This word implies a sinister wish, and here means the same as if she had said, 'now ill befall my manners,' &c.

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*]

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me!
do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;¹ I swoon almost with fear.
No!—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Neither death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep. Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake out tiring house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin,² a parlous³ fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.⁴

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful⁵ wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.⁶

¹ By all that is dear.

² I. e. by our ladykin or little lady, as ifakins, is a corruption of *my faith*.

³ Corrupted from *perilous*; but used for *alarming*, *amazing*.

⁴ That is, in alternative verses of eight and six syllables.

⁵ Terrible.

⁶ Shakespeare may here allude to an incident said to have occurred in his time, which is recorded in a collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled 'Merry Passages and Jestes,' MS. Harl. 6395. 'There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake,⁷ and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*:—*Thisby*, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.—*odours savours sweet:*

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*]

Puck. A stanger *Pyramus* than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.*—*Exit.*]

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky Juvenal,⁸ and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninnys's tomb.

Quin. *Ninus's* tomb, man? Why you must not

speak that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus*: you

speak all your part at once, cues⁹ and all.—*Pyra-*

mus, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

among others Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleased the queen better than if he had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well.⁷

⁷ Thicket.

⁸ Young man.

⁹ The cues were the last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who was to speak next; and generally written out with that which was to be learnt by rote.

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I
see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head
of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated.

[Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery! this is to make an ass
of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not
stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk
up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall
hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.

*Theousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawney bill,
The thrush with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery
bed?

[Waking.

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo¹ gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry,
cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason
and love keep little company together nowadays:
The more the pity, that some honest neighbours
will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek² up
on occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to
get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine
own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep:
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fai. Ready.

2 Fai. And I.

3 Fai. And I.

4 Fai. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

1 The cuckoo, having no variety of note, sings in plain song (*piano cantu*), by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished in opposition to *prick-song*, or varied music sung by note.

2 I. e. jest or scoff.

3 The fruit of a bramble called *Rubus cœsius*: sometimes called also the *blue-berry*.

4 'I shall desire you of more acquaintance.' This kind of phraseology was not uncommon.

5 A *squash* is an immature peascod. So in Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5:As a *squash* is before 'tis a peascod.

6 Mason proposes to read 'passing well,' which is plausible if change be necessary. The words are spo-

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fai. Hail, mortal!

2 Fai. Hail!

3 Fai. Hail!

4 Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I be-
seech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,⁴
good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall
make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentle-
man?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress
Squash,⁵ your mother, and to master Peascod,
your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall
desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name,
I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your
patience⁶ well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-
beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house:
I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes
water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance,
good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood. Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule⁷ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,⁸ rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,⁹
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now!¹⁰ I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic¹¹ comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs,¹² many in sort,¹³

ken ironically, as it was the prevailing opinion in Shak-
speare's time, that mustard excited choler.

7 Revelry.

8 A *patch* sometimes means a fool, or simpleton; but
it was a common contemptuous term, and may be either
a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, or derived from the
patch'd clothes sometimes worn by persons of low con-
dition. Tooke gives a different origin from the Saxon
verb *pæcan*, to deceive by false appearances.

9 *Barren* is dull, unpregnant. *Sort* is company.

10 A head. The metamorphosis of Bottom might have
been suggested by a similar trick played by Dr. Fa-
ustus. See his History, c. xlii.

11 Actor.

12 The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind.13 *Sort* is company, as above.

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd¹ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd²
mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some atay.

[Lies down.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick⁴ she is, and pale of cheer;
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple die,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espay,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee;

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,

Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;

That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me,

That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, per-
fect divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus's snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal⁵ of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

signifying 'the face, visage, sight, or countenance, look
or cheer of a man or woman.' The old French *chere*
had the same meaning.

So in K. Henry VI. we have 'blood-consuming,'
'blood-drinking,' and 'blood-sucking sighs.' All allud-
ing to the ancient supposition, that every sigh was indulg-
ed at the expense of a drop of blood.

So in Antony and Cleopatra:
'My ploughfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
'And plougher of high hearts.'

So i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind.

1 Lutch'd or letch'd, licked or smeared over.

2 A touch anciently signified a trick. Ascham has
'the shrewd touches of many curst boys.' And in the
old story of Howleglas, 'for at all times he did some mad
touch.'

3 'On a mispris'd mood,' i. e. in a mistaken manner.
On was sometimes used licentiously for in.

4 Love-sick.

5 Cheer here signifies countenance, from *chere*, Ital.

You would not use a gentle lady so ;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
Where, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
And now both rivals to mock Helena :

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision ! none of noble sort !
Would so offend a virgin ; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;
For you love Hermia : this, you know, I know :
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd ;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.²—
Look where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense :—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
Mine ear I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide.
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all our fiery oes¹ and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so.

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bate me with this foul derision ?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,⁴
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two artificial⁵ gods,
Have with our needles⁶ created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;

Two of the first,⁷ like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection ?
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows⁸ upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.⁹
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—

Helen I love thee ; by my life I do :

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, he'll—Sir,¹⁰
Seem to break loose ; take on as you would follow ;
But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing
let loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change
is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ! out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth : and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead ?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

7 Mr. Douce thus explains this passage : Helen says, 'we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart.' She then exemplifies the position by a simile—'we had two of the first, i. e. bodies, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which like our single heart, have but one crest.' Malone explains the heraldic allusion differently, but not so clearly nor satisfactorily.

8 Make mouths.

9 i. e. such a subject of light merriment.

10 This arrangement of the text is Malone's, who thus explains it. The words *he'll* are not in the folio, and *sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius I suppose would say, *no, no, he'll* not have the resolution to disengage himself from Hermia. But turning to Lysander, he addresses him ironically : 'Sir, seem to break loose ;' &c.

1 Degree, or quality.

2 Pay dearly for it, rue it.

3 i. e. circles.

4 'Is all the counsel that we two have shared.' &c.

5 Gregory of Nazianzen's poem on his own life contains some beautiful lines (resembling these) which burst from the heart and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship. Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory ; he was ignorant of the Greek language ; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Sapphodes as in Briain.—*Gibbon's Hist.* vol v p. 17, 8vo. ed.

6 i. e. ingenious, artful. *Artificiose*, Lat

6 i. e. needles

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;¹
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence: and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond² I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minims of hind'ring knot-grass³ made;
You bead, you acorn.

1 A worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle.

2 i. e. froward, cross, ill-conditioned, or ill-spoken.

3 Foolish.

4 Anciently knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth of children.

5 Pretend.

6 *Aby it, for abide it*, i. e. pay dearly for it, rue it.

7 Chance, fall out, from *sort*, French.

8 Go.

9 So in *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. 11:

'Swift, swift, ye dragons of the night.'

See note on that passage.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that accrues your services:

Let her alone; speak not of *Helena*;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend⁴
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.⁵

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jole. [Exit *Lys.* and *Dem.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [Exit, pursuing *HELENA*.]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'ointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*:
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye:
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend⁶
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons⁷ cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,⁸
Already to their wormy beds⁹ are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's love¹⁰ have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.¹¹
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit *OBEBON*.]

10 The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulchre had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies.

11 'Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed.'—*Milton's* Ode on the Death of a fair Infant.

12 *Cephalus*, the mighty hunter, and paramour of *Aurora*, was here probably meant.

13 *Oberon* here boasts that he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first dawn

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where
art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander ! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?

Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy
head ?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou
child,

I'll whip thee with a rod : He is devil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood
here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !

[*Lies down.*]
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why com'st
thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear.²

If ever I thy face by day-light see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours : shine, comforts from the east ;
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest :—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad :—

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars ;

1 This exclamation would have been uttered with more propriety by Puck, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he seems to forget. In the old song printed by Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with ho ! ho ! ho ! It was also the established dramatic exclamation given to the devil whenever he appeared on the stage, and attributed to him whenever he appeared in reality.

2 Johnson says, the poet perhaps wrote, 'thou shalt buy this dear ;' as in another place, 'thou shalt buy it.'

3 These three last lines are to be found in Hay-

I can no further crawl, no further go ;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day,
Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[*Lies down*]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound :

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye*]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well.³

[*Exit PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. sleep.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* *Enter TITANIA and BOT-
TOM, Fairies attending ; OBERON behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,⁴

And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's the Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's
monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped
humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good mon-
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself
too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good mon-
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would
be loath to have you overflown with the honey-bag,
signior. Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,⁵ monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help ca-
valero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy
about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my
hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music : let
us have the tongs and the bones.⁶

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great de-
sire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath
no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir
me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so

wood's Epigrams, or Three Hundred Proverbs. Steevens thinks we should read *still* instead of *well*, for the sake of the rhyme.

4 To *coy*, is to stroke or soothe with the hand. The behaviour of Titania on this occasion seems copied from that of the lady in Apuleius, lib. viii.

5 That is *neif*. So in K. Henry IV. Part II. Pistol says : 'Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.'

6 The old rough rustic music of the tongs. The folio has this stage direction : 'Musicks Tongs, Rural Musick.'

Earrings the barky fingers of the elm.¹
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON advances. *Enter PUCK.*

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other² do,
May all to Athens hack again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be.

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud³ o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Ob. Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth
sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are nevy in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, a'end and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,⁴

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Horn sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEOUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—

For now our observation is perform'd.⁵

¹ Stevens says, what Shakespeare seems to mean is this—So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honeysuckle doth gently entwine the barky fingers of the elm, and so doth the female ivy enring the same fingers.

² This was the phraseology of the time. So in *K. Henry IV. Part I.*—and unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

³ *Dian's bud* is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. 'The virtue of this hearbe is, that he will kepe man and woman chaste.'

⁴ *Sad* here signifies only *grave, serious*.

And since we have the vaward⁶ of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear

Such gallant chiding;⁷ for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near

Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd,⁸ so sanded;⁹ and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:

Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs

are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep:

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:

I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe

The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,

Came here in grace of our solemnity.—

But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their

horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,

HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is

past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you are two rival enemies;

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here:

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is;)

I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I in fury hither followed them;

Fair Helena in fancy¹⁰ following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power

(But by some power it is), my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,¹¹

Which in my childhood I did dote upon:

⁵ i. e. the honours due to the morning of May. So in a former scene—⁶ to do observance to a morn of May.

⁶ Forepart.

⁷ *Chiding* means here the cry of hounds. *To chide* is used sometimes for to sound, or make a noise, without any reference to scolding.

⁸ *The Jews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.

⁹ *Sanded* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.

¹⁰ *Fancy* is here love or affection, and is opposed to fury.

¹¹ Toy.

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena: To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.¹

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hcy,
ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen
hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man
to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he
go about to expound this dream. Methought I was
—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,
and methought I had,—But man is but a patched
fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had.
The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath
not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue
to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream
was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of
this dream; it shall be called *Bottom's Dream*, be-
cause it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the
latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure,
to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her
death.²

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he
come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred;
It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in
all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft man in Athens.

¹ Helena, perhaps, means to say, that having found Demetrius unexpectedly, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident, which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own* and *not his own*. Warburton proposed to read *gemell*, i. e. double; and it has also been proposed to read *gimmel*, which signifies a pouble ring.

² Theobald conjectured, happily enough, that we should read 'after death.'

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snu. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.³

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?
Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,⁴
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:⁵

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;⁶
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

³ Steevens says that Preston, the actor and author of *Cambyes*, was meant to be ridiculed here. The queen having bestowed a pension on him of twenty pounds a year for the pleasure she received from his acting in the play of *Dido*, at Cambridge, in 1564.

⁴ So in the Tempest:

—thy brains,

Now useless, boild within thy skull.

⁵ I. e. are made of mere imagination.

⁶ I. e. consistency, stability, certainty.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper, and bed time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment¹ have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief,² how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

The. (Reads.) *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung*

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.³

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostr. Play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is:

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,⁴

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd⁵ memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philostr. No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world:

Unless you can find sport in their intents,⁶

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss, When simpleness and duty tender it Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd, And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for no thing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.⁷

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philostr. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.⁸

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.⁹

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think we come not to offend,

But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you.

The actors are at hand: and, by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt,

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It

is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue like

a child on a recorder;¹⁰ a sound, but not in government.¹¹

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS AND THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine; for, if you will know,

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

1 Stevens thought, that by *abridgment* was meant a dramatic performance which crowds the events of years into a few hours. Surely the context seems to require a different explanation; an *abridgment* appears to mean some *pastime* to shorten the tedious evening.

2 Short account.

3 This may be an allusion to Spenser's poem: 'The Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning;' first printed in 1591.

4 It is thought that Shakespeare alludes here to 'certain good hearted men of Coventry,' who petitioned 'that they might renew their old storial show' before the Queen at Kenilworth: where the poet himself may have been present, as he was then twelve years old.

5 I. e. unexercised, unpractised.

6 *Intents* may be put for the object of their *attention*. To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous.

7 The sense of this passage appears to be:—"What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardless generosity receives with complacency; estimating it, not by the actual *merit*, but according to the power or *might* of the humble but zealous performers."

8 Ready.

9 Anciently the prologue entered after the third sounding of the trumpets, or, as we should now say, after the third music.

10 A kind of flageolet. To *record* anciently signified to *modulate*; perhaps the name arose from birds being taught to *record* by it.

11 I. e. not regularly, according to the time.

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion high,"

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright;

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his rusty Thisby's mantle slain:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

"And, Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when

many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,

"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

"And such a wall, as I would have you think,

"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

"Did whisper often very secretly.

"This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth

show

"That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

"And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

"Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak

better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard

discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue

so black;

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

"That stand'st between her father's ground and

mine;

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,

"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine

eyne. [*Wall holds up his Fingers.*

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well

for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss:

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should

curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving*

me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am

to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will

fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my

moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones:

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's

grace;

"And like *Limander*? am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true."

This. "As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile

wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me

straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without

delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;

"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two

neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so

wilful to hear without warning.¹

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and

the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not

theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they

of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.

Here come two noble beasts in, a moon² and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do

fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on

floor,

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble

here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

"No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-

science

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er

I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot

carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his

valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is

well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to

the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon pre-

sent:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invi-

sible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon

present:

"Myself the man i'the'moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the

man should be put into the lantern: How is it else

the man i'the'moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle;

for, you see, it is already in snuff.³

Hip. I am aware of this moon: Would he

would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,

that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all

reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that

the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon;

this thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog my

dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern;

for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes

Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my

love?"

Lion. "Oh—"

[*The Lion roars.*—THISBE runs off.

down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

⁴ The old copies read, a man, &c. The emendation is by Theobald.

⁵ An equivocal. Snuff signifies both the clinder of a candle and hasty anger.

¹ Called.

² *Limander* and *Helen*, blunderingly for *Leander* and *Hero*, as *Shafalus* and *Procrus* for *Cephalus* and *Procris*.

³ This alludes to the proverb, 'Walls have ears.' A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be

Dem. Well roared, lion.

This. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused,¹ lion.

[*The Lion tears THISBE'S Mantle, and exit.*]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
"I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

"But stay;—O spite!

"But mark,—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here!

"Eyes do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

"Thy mantle good,

"What, stain'd with blood?

"Approach, ye furies fell!

"O fates! come, come;—

"Cut thread and thrum;—

"Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

"Since lion vile hath here deflow'd my dear:

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer."

"Come, tears, confound:

"Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.²

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,³ *videlicet.*—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows,"

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shored

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends;—

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Burgomask dance,⁴ between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you: for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself with Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Burgomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.*]
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait⁵ of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Enter PUCK.*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.⁶

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owl, screeching loud,

Put the wretch that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run,

By the triple Hecat's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

¹ To mouse, according to Malone, signified to *man-mock*, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse.

² Dr. Farmer thought this was written in ridicule of a passage in Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards, 1592:

'Ye furies, all at once
On me your torments tire.
Gripe me, you greedy griefs
And present pangues of death;
You sisters three, with cruel hands,
With speed come stop my breath.'

³ Thrum is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp. It is used for any collection or tuft of short thread.

⁴ Destroy.

⁵ Countenance.

⁶ The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in his humanity than in its greenness. Though some sensible observations on life and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago,

'You shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit; which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a pun, and frequently sinks as low as a quibble.'

⁷ The old copies read *means*, which had anciently the same signification as *means*. Theobald made the alteration.

⁸ The old copies read *lips* instead of *brows*. The alteration was made for the sake of the rhyme by Theobald.

⁹ A rustic dance framed in imitation of the people of *Bergamasco* (a province in the state of Venice,) who are ridiculed as being more clownish in their manners and dialect than any other people of Italy. The *lingua rustica* of the buffoons, in the old Italian comedies, is an imitation of their jargon.

¹⁰ I. e. slow passage, progress.

¹¹ Overcome.

I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.¹

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,²
By the dead and drowsy fire:

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;³
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,⁴ such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate;⁵
And each several chamber bless,⁶
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

1 Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence or favour of the Fairies.

2 Milton perhaps had this picture in his thoughts:
'And glowing embers through the room
Teach night to counterfeit a gloom.'

3 This ceremony was in old times used at all marriages. Mr. Douce has given the formula from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. We may observe on this strange ceremony, that the purity of modern times stands not in need of these holy aspersions to lull the senses and dissipate the illusions of the devil. The

Trip away;
Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear,
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck,⁷
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,⁸
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,⁹ if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

WILD and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.

JOHNSON.

JOHNSON'S concluding observations on this play are not conceived with his usual judgment. There is no analogy or resemblance between the Fairies of Spenser and those of Shakespeare. The Fairies of Spenser, as appears from his description of them in the second book of the Faerie Queene, canto x. were a race of mortals created by Prometheus, of the human size, shape, and affections, and subject to death. But those of Shakespeare, and of common tradition, as Johnson calls them, were a diminutive race of sportful beings, endowed with immortality and supernatural powers, totally different from those of Spenser. M. MASON.

married couple would no doubt rejoice when the benediction was ended.

4 Portentous.

5 Way, course.

6 The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's Millere's Tale, vol. i. p. 105, l. 22. Whittingham's Edit.

7 I. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved.

8 I. e. hisses.

9 Clap your hands, give us your applause.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE novel upon which this comedy was founded has hitherto eluded the research of the commentators. Mr. Douce thinks it will prove to be of French extraction. 'The Dramatis Personæ in a great measure demonstrate this, as well as a palpable Gallicism in Act iv. Sc. 1: viz. the terming a letter a capon.'

This is one of Shakespeare's early plays, and the author's youth is certainly perceivable, not only in the style and manner of the versification, but in the lavish superfluity displayed in the execution: the uninterrupted succession of quibbles, equivokes, and sallies of every description. 'The sparks of wit fly about in such profusion that they form complete fireworks, and the dialogue for the most part resembles the bustling collision and banter of passing masks at a carnival.' The scene in which the king and his companions detect each other's breach of their mutual vow, is capitally contrived. The discovery of Biron's love-letter while rallying his friends, and the manner in which he extricates himself, by ridiculing the folly of the vow, are admirable.

* Schlegel.

The grotesque characters, Don Adrian de Armado, Nathaniel the curate, and Holofernes, that prince of pedants, with the humours of Costard the clown, are well contrasted with the sprightly wit of the principal characters in the play. It has been observed that 'Biron and Rosaline suffer much in comparison with Benedick and Beatrice,' and it must be confessed that there is some justice in the observation. Yet Biron, 'that merry mad-cap Lord,' is not overrated in Rosaline's admirable character of him—

'A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;—
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.'

Shakespeare has only shown the inexhaustible powers of his mind in improving on the admirable originals of his own creation in a more mature age.

Malone placed the composition of this play first in 1591, afterwards in 1594. Dr. Drake thinks we may safely assign it to the earlier period. The first edition was printed in 1598.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
 BIRON,¹
 LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
 DUMAIN,
 BOYET, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of*
 MERCADE, } *France.*
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
 HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*
 DULL, *a Constable.*
 COSTARD, *a Clown.*
 MOTH, *Page to Armado.*
 A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
 MARIA,
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

This enumeration of Persons was made by Rowe

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *A Park with a Palace in it.*
 —Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity.
 Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
 Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
 That are recorded in this schedule here:
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein:
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
 Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
 With all these² living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, To live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances:
 As, not to see a woman in that term;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
 And, one day in a week to touch no food;
 And but one meal on every day beside;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day;)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
 Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please,
 I only swore, to study with your grace,
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
 What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most

vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth: while truth the while

Doth falsely³ blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.⁴

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.⁵

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.⁶

King. How well he's read, to reason against

reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceed-

ing!

¹ *Berowne* in all the old editions.

² i. e. with all these companions. He may be supposed to point to the king, Biron, &c.

³ Dishonestly, treacherously.

⁴ The whole sense of this ginging declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind.

⁵ The meaning is; that when he dazzles, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed or guide, his lodestar, and give him light that was blinded by it.

⁶ That is, too much knowledge gives no real solution of doubts, but merely fame, or a name, a thing which every godfather can give.

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping¹ frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;²

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron, adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] On pain of losing her tongue.—Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.³

[Reads.] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;

She must lie⁴ here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.]

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainer of eternal shame;

Suggestions⁵ are to others, as to me;

But, I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But, is there no quick⁶ recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements,⁷ whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado high,⁸

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.⁹

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious knight,

A man of fire-new¹⁰ words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a Letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:¹¹ but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?¹²

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style¹³ shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.¹⁴

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

1 i. e. nipping.

2 By these *shows* the poet means *May-games*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*.

3 The word *gentility* here does not signify that rank of people called *gentry*; but what the French express by *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*.

4 That is, *reside* here. So in Sir Henry Wotton's equivocal definition: 'An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie (i. e. *reside*) abroad for the good of his country.'

5 Temptations.

6 Lively, sprightly.

7 *Complements* is here used in its ancient sense of *accomplishments*. Vide Note on K. Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2.

8 i. e. who is called Armado.

9 I will make use of him instead of a *minstrel*, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.

10 i. e. new from the forge; we have still retained a similar mode of speech in the colloquial phrase *brand-new*.

11 i. e. third-borough, a peace-officer.

12 'To hear? or forbear *laughing*?' is possibly the true reading.

13 A quibble is here intended between a *stile* and *style*.

14 That is, *in the fact*. A thief is said to be taken with the manner (*mainour*) when he is taken with the thing stolen about him. The thing stolen was called *mainour*, *manour*, or *meinour*, from the French *mancier*, *manu tractare*.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yeilded thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.¹ There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,²

Cost. Me.

King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King.—that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—³ O with—but with this I passion to say where-with,

Cost. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.—For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation.

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment; to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence;

You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

—My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another part of the same. Armado's House. Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.³

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?⁴

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why, tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers:

Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses⁵ love not him. [*Aside.*]

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

¹ Ancient gardens abounded with *knots* or figures, of which the lines intersected each other. In the old books of gardening are devices for them.

² I. e. the contemptible little object that contributes to the entertainment.

³ *Imp* literally means a graft, slip, scion, or sucker; and by metonymy is used for a child or boy. Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. *troys for the imp*

his son. It was then perhaps growing obsolete. It is now used only to signify *young fiends*; as the Devil and his imps.

⁴ I. e. youth.

⁵ By *crosses* he means *money*. So in *As You Like It*: the Clown says to Celia 'If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*.' Many coins were anciently marked with a Cross on one side.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse¹ will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

[*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage! for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers;² but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.³

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?⁴

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

¹ This alludes to the celebrated bay horse Morocco, belonging to one Bankes, who exhibited his docile and sagacious animal through Europe. Many of his remarkable pranks are mentioned by contemporary writers, and he is alluded to by numbers besides Shakespeare. The fate of man and horse is not known with certainty, but it has been asserted that they were both burnt at Rome, as magicians, by order of the Pope. The best account of Bankes and his horse is to be found in the notes to a French translation of Apuleius's *Golden Ass*, by Jean de Montlyard, 1602.

² The allusion probably is to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers.

³ Of which she is naturally possessed.

⁴ See Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, fourth edition, vol. i. p. 193.

⁵ *Digression* is here used for the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*.

⁶ Armado applies this epithet ironically to Costard.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression⁵ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind⁶ Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

[*Aside.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a'must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.⁷ Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.⁸

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?⁹

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*

Arm. I do affect¹⁰ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar: love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft¹¹ is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for

⁷ *Taberna Casearia* is interpreted in the old Dictionaries a *daye* house, where cheese is made. A *day-woman* is therefore a *dairy-woman*. Johnson says *day* is an old word for milk. A dairy-maid is still called a *dey* or *day* in the northern parts of Scotland.

⁸ Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross-purposes. *Hereby* is used by her, (as among the common people of some counties,) in the sense of *as it may happen*. He takes it in the sense of *just by*.

⁹ This odd phrase was still in use in Fielding's time, who, putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding that it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation.

¹⁰ Love.

¹¹ A kind of arrow used for shooting at butts with. The butt was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed.

a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn;¹ the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance. Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest² spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues;
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold³ of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor:
Tell him the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so,—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted⁴ in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd;

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once:
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished:
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies; are they all in love?
That every one her own hath garnish'd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors⁵ in oath,
Were all address'd⁶ to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much have I learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court),
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [The Ladies mask.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again: and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Where my lord so, his ignorance were wise.

Where? now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace has sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill besee meth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros.

How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

1 See Notes on the last Act of *As You Like It*.

2 Best.

3 I. e. confident of it.

4 Well fitted is well qualified.

5 Confederates.

6 Prepared.

7 Where is here used for *whereas*.

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we (as neither have,)

Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right to Aquitain,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitain ;

Which we much rather had depart¹ withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitain so gelded² as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding 'gainst some reason, in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseemingly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word :—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound ;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As honour, without breach of honour, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness :

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your

grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I would

be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My Physick says, I.³

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye ?

Ros. No point⁴ with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word : What lady is that same !

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady ! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word ; What is she in the white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light : I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself ; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard !

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended :

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir ; that may be.

[*Exit LONG.*]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap ?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no ?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir ; adieu !

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord ; Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry !

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ? No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture ; Shall that finish the jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ; My lips are no common, though several⁵ they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree :

The civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,⁶

Deceive me not now. Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their

retire,

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire ;

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed ;

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,⁷

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair ;

1 To depart and to part were anciently synonymous.

2 This phrase appears to us unseemly to a princess, but it was a common metaphorical expression then much used. Perhaps it was no more considered offensive than it would be now to talk of the castrations of Holinshed. It was not peculiar to Shakspeare.

3 The old spelling of the affirmative particle *ay* is here retained for the sake of the rhyme.

4 Point, in French, is an adverb of negation, but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a knife. A quibble was however intended. Perhaps Shakspeare was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of French.

5 A quibble is here intended upon the word several.

which besides its ordinary signification of separate, distinct, signified also an enclosed pasture, as opposed to an open field or common. Bacon and others used it in this sense.

6 So in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1594 :

' Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes.

Dumb eloquence.'

7 Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, yet the sense appears to be, that his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who tending their own worth, from where they
were glass'd

Did point you to buy them along as you pass'd.
His face's own margin¹ did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes;
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No. What then, do you see?

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. Enter*
ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Marble, child, make passionate my sense
of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel?— [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take
this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
festinately² hither; I must employ him in a letter to
my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
French brawl?³

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a
tune at the tongue's end, canary⁴ to it with your feet,
humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note,
and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if
you swallowed love with singing love; sometime
through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smell-
ing love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop
of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin
belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands
in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;
and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and
away. These are complements,⁵ these are humours;
these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed
without these; and make them men of note, (do
you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.⁶

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?⁷

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,

¹ In Shakspeare's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books.

² A song is apparently lost here. In old comedies the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally *Here they sing—or Cantant.*

³ I. e. *hastily.*

⁴ A kind of dance; spelt *bransle* by some authors: being the French name in the exterior margin of books.

⁵ *Canary* was the name of a sprightly dance, sometimes accompanied by the castanets.

⁶ I. e. accomplishments.

⁷ One of the modern editors, with great plausibility, proposes to read 'do you note me?'

⁸ The allusion is probably to the old popular pamphlet, 'A Pennyworth of Wit.'

⁹ The *Hobby-horse* was a personage belonging to the ancient Morris dance, when complete. It was the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man, his own legs going through the body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but concealed by a long foot cloth: while false legs appeared where those of the man should be at

and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student? learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be an ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Matry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir,

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow

Moth. You are too swift,¹⁰ sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He repute me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he;—I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

Arm. A most acute juvenal: voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face: Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard!¹¹ broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle;—come,—thy *Penvoy*;¹²—begin.

C st. No enigma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*: no salve in the mail,¹³ sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling; O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *Penvoy*, and the word, *Penvoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *Penvoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said. I will exemplify it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *Penvoy*.

the sides of the horse. Latterly the Hobby-horse was frequently omitted, which appears to have occasioned a popular ballad, in which was this line, or burden

10 Quick, ready.

11 I. e. a head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head. It must have been a common sort of apple, as it gave a name to the dealers in apples who were called *costard-mongers*.

12 An old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.

13 A *mail* or *male* was a budget, wallet, or portmanteau. Costard, mistaking *enigma*, *riddle*, and *Penvoy* for names of salves, objects to the application of any *salve* in the budget, and cries out for a *plantain* leaf. There is a quibble upon *salve* and *salve*, a word with which it was not unusual to conclude epistles, &c. and which therefore was a kind of *Penvoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 Were still at odds, being but three:
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
 And stay'd the odds by adding four.
 Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
 with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 Were still at odds, being but three:
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
 Saying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose,
 Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose;
 that's flat:—
 Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be
 fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
 Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this
 argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in
 a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your
 argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
 And he ended the market.¹

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard*²
 broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will
 speak that *l'envoy*.

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,
 Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Frances*:—I smell
 some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at
 liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert im-
 mured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my pur-
 gation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-
 rance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
 but this: Bear this significant³ to the country maid
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him*
money.] for the best ward of mine honour, is re-
 warding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior *Costard*, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in-
 cony⁴ Jew!— [*Exit MOTH.*]

Now will I look to this remuneration. Remunera-
 tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
 three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of*
this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remunera-
 tion: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it
 is a fairer name than French crown. I will never
 buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *BIRON*.

Biron. O, my good knave *Costard*! exceedingly
 well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon
 may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
 Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
 morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
 slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
 name,

And *Rosaline* they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon;⁵
 go. [*Gives him money.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than
 remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most
 sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.⁶—
 Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*]

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth in love! I, that
 have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a knight-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!⁷

This wimpled,⁸ whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets,⁹ king of codpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors!¹⁰—O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,¹¹

And wear his colours!¹² like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,¹³

Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Av, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan,

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit.*]

which nuns wear about their neck.' Shakespeare means
 no more than that Cupid was hood-winked.

⁹ *Plackets* were stomachers. See Note on *Winter's*
Tale, Act iv. Sc. 3.

¹⁰ The officers of the spiritual courts who serve cita-
 tions.

¹¹ It appears from Lord Stafford's Letters, vol. ii. p.
 199, that a corporal of the field was employed, as an
 aid-de-camp is now, 'in taking and carrying to and fro
 the directions of the general, or other higher officers of
 the field.'

¹² It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's
 colours. So in Cynthia's Revels by Jonson, 'despatches
 his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what her
 colours are for the day.' It appears that a tumbler's
 hoop was usually dressed out with coloured ribbons.

¹³ Clocks, which were usually imported from Ger-
 many at this time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of
 mechanism, soon deranged, and frequently 'out of
 frame.'

¹ Alluding to the proverb, 'Three women and a goose
 make a market.'

² See p. 196, note 11.

³ *Armado* sustains his character well; he will not
 give any thing its vulgar name, he calls the letter he
 would send to *Jaquenetta*, a significant.

⁴ *Incony*. The meaning and etymology of this phrase
 is not clearly defined, though numerous instances of its
 use are adduced. *Sweet, pretty, delicate* seem to be
 some of its acceptations; and the best derivation seems
 to be from the northern word *canny* or *conny*, meaning
pretty, the *in* will be intensive and equivalent to *very*.

⁵ *Guerdon*, Fr. is reward.

⁶ With the utmost nicety.

⁷ *Magnificent* here means glorying, boasting.

⁸ To wimple is to veil, from *gimpe*, Fr. which
Cogrove explains, 'The crepine of a French hood,'
 i. e. the cloth going from the hood round the neck.
Kersey explains it, 'The muffer or plaited linen cloth

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd the horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass,¹ take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.²

Cost. God dig-you-den³ all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

1 Here Drs. Johnson and Farmer have each a note too long and too absurd to quote, to show it was the fashion for ladies to wear mirrors at their girdles. Steevens says justly (though he qualifies his assertion with *perhaps*) that Dr. Johnson is mistaken, and that the *forester* is the *mirror*. It is impossible for common sense to suppose otherwise.—Pye.

2 The princess calls Costard a *member of the commonwealth*, because he is one of the attendants on the king and his associates in their new modelled society.

3 A corruption of God give you good even. See Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 4.

4 I. e. open this letter. The poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love letter. To *break up* was a phrase *not to carve*.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will
Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.⁴

Boyet.

I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin.

We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous: truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroic vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua⁵ set eyes upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome; To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.⁷

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarch,⁸ and one that makes sport To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin.

Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine, To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

5 Illustrious.

6 The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid may be seen in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. I. The beggar's name was *Penelophon*. Shakespeare alludes to the ballad again in Romeo and Juliet; Henry IV. Part II.; and in Richard II.

7 I. e. lately.

⁸ I who *erewhile* the happy garden sung.

Milton, *Par. Reg.*

A pun is intended upon the word *style*.

8 The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. Popular applause (says Meree in Wit's Treasury, p. 178.) doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vain praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlyne of Paules, and Monarch that lived about the court.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess and Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?¹

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [*Singing.*]

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot! for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'the bow hand!² I faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily,³ your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing;⁴ Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological⁵ nit! Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit COST. running.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater,⁶ who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *celo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.⁷

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.⁸

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in *via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster, ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.⁹

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school!¹⁰

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, *Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.*

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,—

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna,¹¹ good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught!¹² not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.

1 An equivoque was here intended; it should appear that the words *shooter* and *suitor* were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time.

2 This is a term in archery still in use, signifying 'a good deal to the left of the mark.' Of the other expressions, the *clout* was the white mark at which archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail in the centre of it.

3 i. e. grossly. This scene, as Dr. Johnson justly remarks, 'deserves no care.'

4 To rub is a term at bowls.

5 *Pathetical* sometimes meant *passionate*, and sometimes *passion-moving*; in our old writers; but is here used by Costard as an idle expletive, as Rosalind's 'pathetical break-promise,' in *As You Like It*.

6 *Pomewater*, a species of apple.

7 Warburton's conjecture that Florio, the author of the Italian Dictionary, was ridiculed under the name of Holofernes would derive some strength from the following definition: '*cielo*, *heaven*, the *skie*, firmament or *welkin*. *Terra*, the element called *earth*, anle ground, earth, countrie, *land*, *soile*.' But Florio's Dictionary was not published until 1598; and this play appears to have been written in 1594, though not printed until 1598.

8 In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, is the following account of the different appellations of deer at their different ages. '*Amoretto*. I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is the first year, a *faun*; the second year, a *pricket*; the third year, a *sorrel*; the fourth year, a *soare*; the fifth, a *buck of the first head*; the sixth year, a *complete buck*. Likewise your *hart*, is the first year, a *calfe*; the second year, a *brocket*; the third year, a *spade*; the fourth year, a *stag*; the sixth year, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is the first year, a *kid*; the second year, a *gird*; the third year, a *hemuse*; and these are your special beasts for chase.'

9 The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford whole scenes of the like measure.

10 The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me.

11 Shakespeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana in the second book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

12 Reached.

The allusion holds in the exchange.¹

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a cricket that the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, wilt thou near an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;² for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell! put I to sore, then sore jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sore!;³ the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores: O sore L!

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.⁴

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sofs are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Meherde*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine salueth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi pers-on*. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, ho that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustro of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!⁵ I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Ch non te vede, e non te pregia.*⁶

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth

thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *Leges, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove; Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong, That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!⁷

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *carot*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse⁸ his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,¹⁰ one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow white hand of the most beautiful lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell me not of the father, I do fear co-

the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. In 1567 they were also versified by Tuberville.

⁶ This proverb occurs in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, where it stands thus:

'Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia
Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.'

⁷ He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in King Lear, Act I. Sc. 2.

⁸ These verses are printed, with some variations, in The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599.

⁹ I.e. The horse adorned with ribands: *Bankes's* horse is here probably alluded to. Lyly, in his Mother Bombie, brings in a hackneyman and Mr. Halfpenny at cross-purposes with this word: 'Why didst thou bore the horse through the ears?'—'It was for tiring.'—He would never tire,' replies the other.

¹⁰ Shakespeare forgot that Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been 'sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard.'

¹ I.e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain.

² I.e. I will use or practise alliteration. To affect is thus used by Ben Jonson in his Discoveries: 'Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius.'

³ For the explanation of the terms *pricket*, *sore* or *soar*, and *saret* in this quibbling rhyme, the reader is prepared, by the extract from The Return from Par-nassus, in a note at the beginning of the scene.

⁴ *Talon* was often written *talent* in Shakespeare's time. Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of to *claw* is to flatter.

⁵ The Eclogues of Mantuanus were translated before the time of Shakespeare, and the Latin printed on

lourable colours. But to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes,² the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To DULL.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the same. Enter BIRON, with a Paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer: I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;³ pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! by the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,⁴ I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; if I faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her: yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o'my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*]

Enter the King, with a Paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I faith, secrets.—

King. [*Reads.*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through thy grief will show:

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep,

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a Paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

[*Aside.*]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure,⁵ wearing papers. [*Aside.*]

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

[*Aside.*]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[*Aside.*]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn⁶ that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move;

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.⁷

Long.

This same shall go.—

[*He reads the Sonnet.*]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I foreswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I foreswore not thee,

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then, thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhaust this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,⁸ which

makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company⁹ stay. [*Stepping aside.*]

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks⁹ in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

[*Aside.*]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth she is but corporal; there you lie. [*Aside.*]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.¹⁰

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*Aside.*]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say; Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*]

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

⁷ Steps were wide kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in Shakspeare's time.

⁸ It has been already remarked that the liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

⁹ A woodcock means a foolish fellow; that bird being supposed to have no brains.

¹⁰ Coted signifies marked or noted. The word is from the coter to quote. The construction of this passage will therefore be, 'her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves.'

¹ That is, specious or fair seeming appearances.

² Certainly, in truth.

³ Alluding to Rosaline's complexion, who is represented as a black beauty.

⁴ This is given as a proverb in Fuller's Gnomologia.

⁵ The ancient punishment of a perjured person was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

⁶ By *triumvir* and the shape of *love's Tyburn*, Shakspeare alludes to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally *triangular*.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!

[*Aside.*]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have
writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary
wit. [*Aside.*]

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;—
Thee—for whom Jove would swear,<¹
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send: and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting² pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from
charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush; as his
your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart;
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To Long.*]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dumain.*]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:

[*Descends from the Tree.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;³ in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.

¹ 'Thee—for whom Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were.'

The old copy reads—

'Thou for whom Jove would swear.'

Pope thought this line defective, and altered it to—

'Thou for whom even Jove would swear.'

² *Fasting* is longing, hungry, wanting.

³ Alluding to a passage in the King's Sonnet:

'No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.'

⁴ Grief.

⁵ *Gnat* is the reading of the old copy, and there seems
no necessity for changing it to *knot* or any other word,
as some of the editors have been desirous of doing.

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!⁴
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!⁵
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And crick⁶ Timon laugh at idle toys?
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold in sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning⁷ me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir,

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

Biron. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead. [*To Costard.*]
you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess:

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Neither do I think there is any allusion to the *singing*
of the gnat, as others have supposed; but it is merely
put as an insignificant insect, just as he calls the others
worms above.

⁶ Cynic.

⁷ A bird is said to be *pruning* himself when he picks
and sleeks his feathers.

⁸ That is—'what does treason here?' What *wakest*
thou there? or, what hast thou there to do? *Quid isle*
negotii est?—*Baret.* Shakespeare plays on this
phrase in the same manner in *As You Like It*, Act I.
Sc. 1. and in *King Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands, must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,²

Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:³

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants; that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Eye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hus of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.⁴

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,⁵

Should ravish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Shewing his Shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure? and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets,⁶ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms:

Consider what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academies,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes:

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

With ourselves,⁷

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords:

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;⁸

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden⁹ contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone in mured in the brain;

1 i. e. at any rate, at all events.

2 Milton has transplanted this into the third line of the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

'Or where the gorgeous east.'

3 Here, and indeed throughout the play, the name of Biron is accented on the second syllable. In the first folio and quarto copies it is spelled *Berone*. From the line before us it appears that it was pronounced *Biron*.

4 *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the King, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces heaven is the *crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. *Crest*, is the very *top*, the *height* of beauty or utmost degree of fairness.

5 This alludes to the fashion prevalent among ladies in Shakespeare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men.

6 A *quillet* is a sly trick or turn in argument, or excuse. N. Bailey derives it, with much probability, from *quiblet*, as a diminutive of *quibble*.

7 This hemistich is omitted in all the modern editions except that by Mr. Boswell. It is found in the first quarto and first folio.

8 i. e. our true books, from which we derive most information: the eyes of woman.

9 So in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:

'With a sad leaden, downward cast.'

And in Gray's Hymn to Adversity:

'With leaden eye that loves the ground.'

But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power;
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?¹
 Subtile as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.²
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
 Then fools you were these women to forswear;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;³
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
 It is religion to be thus forsworn;
 For charity itself fulfills the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.⁴

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glazes by;
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair Love,⁵ strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no
 corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn,
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 Shakspeare had read of 'the gardens of the *Hesperides*;' and thought the latter word was the name of the garden. Some of his contemporaries have made the same mistake.

2 Few passages have been more discussed than this. The most plausible interpretation of it is, 'Whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices in harmonious concert.'

3 I. e. that is pleasing to all men. So in the language of the time:—*it likes me well, for it pleases me*. Shakspeare uses the word licentiously for the sake of the antithesis.

4 In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt. Shakspeare had, perhaps, an equivocal in his thoughts.

5 *Fair love is Venus*. So in Antony and Cleopatra: 'Now for the love of love, and her soft hours.'

6 I. e. enough's as good as a feast.

7 I know not (says Johnson) what degree of respect

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*⁶

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons' at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,⁸ his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.⁹ He is too picked,¹⁰ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his Table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantastical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise¹¹ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt: d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour, neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone* ?—bone, for *bone* : *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Vilemne quis venit?*

Hol. *Vilem, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[*To Moth.*]

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To Costard aside.*]

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket¹² of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word: for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:¹³ thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.¹⁴

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*To Hol.*] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Shakspeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the school-master's table talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.¹⁵

Reason, here signifies *discourse*; *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*; *affectation* is *affectation*; *opinion* is *obstinacy, opinionatedness*.

8 *Filed* is polished.

9 *Thrasonical* is vainglorious, boastful.

10 *Picked*, piked, or picket, neat, spruce, over nice; that is, *too nice in his dress*. The substantive is used by Ben Johnson in his *Discoveries*: *Pickedness* for *nicety in dress*.

11 A common expression for *exact, precise, or finical*.

12 I. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket*, and given to the poor, in Shakspeare's time.

13 This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known.

14 A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. No, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew¹ of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure; what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house² on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measureable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward³ between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;⁴—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,⁵ with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

1 A hit.

2 Free-school.

3 Confidential.

4 By *remember thy courtesy*, Armado probably means 'remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.' 'The putting off the hat at table is a kind of courtesy or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwise.'—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

5 The beard is called valour's excrement in the Merchant of Venice.

6 i. e. shall march, or walk in the procession for Pompey.

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass⁶ Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;⁷ though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge⁸ not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Vin*,⁹ Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Eceunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same.* Before the Princess's Pavilion. Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings thus come plentifully in;

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax:¹⁰

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died: had she been light like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might have been a grandam ere she died:

And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,¹¹ of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;¹² Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i'th' dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both: a set¹³ of wit well play'd.

7 That is, convert our offence against yourselves into a dramatic propriety.

8 i. e. suit not, go not.

9 An Italian exclamation, signifying Courage! Come on!

10 Grow.

11 This was a term of endearment formerly.

12 Snuff is here used equivocally for anger, and the snuff of a candle. See King Henry IV. Act I. Sc. 3

13 A set is a term at tennis for a game.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true: and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How! let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain.

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So potent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wu turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy nobs, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd;
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:

When lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence majestical would put him out;

For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,

Another speech was never spoke before:

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd, Via! we will do't, come what will come:

The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in the spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

The purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;

And then the king will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And change your favours too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Koth. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

1 She advises Katharine to *beware of drawing likenesses*, lest she should retaliate.

2 Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But Dr. Farmer observes 'there need no alarm—the small-pox only is alluded to; with which it seems Katharine was pitted; or as it is quaintly expressed "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonet "on his lady's sickness of the poxe;" and Dr. Donne writes to his sister, "At my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the poxe." Such a plague was the small-pox formerly, that its name might well be used as an imprecation.

3 This is an expression taken from the hiring of servants; meaning, 'I wish I knew that he was in love with me, or my servant,' as the phrase is.

4 The meaning of this obscure line seems to be,—I would make him proud to flatter me, who make a mock of his flattery.

5 The old copies read *pertaunt-like*. The modern editions read with Sir T. Hamner, *portentlike*; of

which Warburton has given an ingenious but unfounded explanation.

6 Johnson remarks that 'these are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.'

7 *Via*. See p. 83.

8 *Spleen ridiculous* is a ridiculous fit of laughter. The spleen was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter.

9 In the first year of K. Henry VIII. at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament chamber at Westminster, 'came the Lord Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lord Fitzwater, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred harts of grey on their hedges, either of them having an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up'—Hall, *Henry VIII.* p. 6.

With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot: Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace; But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it: and, I make no doubt, The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown; To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own: So shall we stay, mocking intended game; And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. *[Trumpets sound within. The Ladies mask.]*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.¹

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames, *[The ladies turn their backs to him.]*

That ever turn'd their backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! *Out—*

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—*with your sun-beamed eyes—*

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will That some plain man recount their purposes: Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measur'd many miles, To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure² with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many, The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles, And many miles, the princess bids you tell, How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you; Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face, That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do! Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine³ (Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. *[Music plays.]*

Not yet:—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man. The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—We will not dance. *King.* Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu; Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. *[They converse apart.]*

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice.)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice! There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu! Since you can cog,⁴ I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet. *[They converse apart.]*

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. *[They converse apart.]*

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask, And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal,⁵ quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

1 I. e. the taffata masks they wore.

2 A grave solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. As it was of so solemn a nature, it was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *treading a measure*. Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it.

3 When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how

he liked her ladies?—"It is hard," said he, "to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."

4 To cog is to lie or cheat. Hence, to cog the dice.

5 The same joke occurs in 'Dr. Dodypoll.' 'Doct' Hans, my very special friend; fait and trot me be right glad for see you *veal*. Hans. What, do you make a *calfe* of me, M. Doctor?"

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits. [*Exeunt King, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking! wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point,² quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart,
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness, as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.³

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours;⁴ and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds,⁵ or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;

Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless⁶ gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. KATH. and MARIA.*]

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when Jove doth please:

He is wit's pedler: and retails his wares

At wakes and wassels,⁷ meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;

He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean⁸ most meanly; and, in ushering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To show his teeth as white as whales bone:⁹

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your

vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should

have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

4 Features, countenances.

5 Ladies unmask'd are like angels vailing clouds, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness sink before them. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1.

6 *Failing* her high top lower than her ribs.

7 Uncouth.

8 *Wassels.* Festive meetings, drinking-bouts: from the Saxon *was-hael*, be in health, which was the form of drinking a health; the customary answer to which was *drine-hael*, I drink your health. The *wassel-cup*, *wassel-bowl*, *wassel-bread*, *wassel-candle*, were all aids or accompaniments to festivity.

9 The tenor in music.

10 *Whales bone:* the Saxon genitive case. It is a common comparison in the old poets. This bone was the tooth of the *Horse-whale*, morse, or walrus, now superseded by ivory.

1 *Well-liking* is the same as *well-conditioned*, fat. So in *Job*, xxxix. 4. Their young ones are in good-fitting.

2 *No point.* A quibble on the French adverb of negation, as before, Act ii. Sc. 1.

3 An act was passed the 13th of Elizabeth (1571,) 'For the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers, providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others,) should on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, upon penalty of ten groats.'

The term *flat cap* for a citizen will now be familiar to most readers from the use made of it by the author of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. The meaning of this passage probably is, 'better wits may be found among citizens.'

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,¹)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise:

We four, indeed, confronted here with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my

eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand

you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous

case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now

downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-

ness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why

look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for

perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a fount;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;²

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd³ hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God

knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.⁴

1 After the fashion of the times.

2 Mistress.

3 A metaphor from the pile of velvet.

4 i. e. without French words, I pray you.

5 This is the inscription put upon the doors of houses

infected with the plague. The tokens of the plague

were the first spots or discolorations of the skin.

6 That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that

begin the process? The quibble lies in the ambiguity

of the word sue, which signifies to proceed to law, and

to petition.

7 i. e. you care not, or do not regard forswearing.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write, Lord have mercy on us,⁵ on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies,

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens

to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?⁶

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude

transgression,

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect

her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will

reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force⁷ not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it!—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight; and did value me

Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my

troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent,⁸

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight

zany,⁹

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in jeers;¹⁰ and knows the

trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn; in will and error.¹¹

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To Boyet.

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,¹²

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

8 An agreement, a conspiracy. See as You Like It,

Act ii. Sc. 2.

9 Buffoon.

10 The old copies read yeeres, the emendation is

Theobald's.

11 i. e. first in will, and afterwards in error.

12 From *esquierre*, Fr. rule, or square. The sense is

similar to the proverbial saying—he has got the length

of her foot.

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;¹
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,
it is not so:
You cannot beg us,² sir, I can assure you, sir; we
know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-
until it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for
nine.

Cost. O lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the ac-
tors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for
my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one
man,—e'en one poor man; Pompon the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of
Pompon the great: for mine own part, I know not
the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take
some care. [*Exit COSTARD.*]

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not ap-
proach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis
some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his
company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,³
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring⁴ perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy
royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers
him a paper.*]

1 That is, you are an *allowed* or a *licensed* fool or
jester.

2 In the old common law was a writ of *idiotia in-
gustendo*, under which if a man was legally proved an
idiot, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his per-
son, might be granted by the king to any subject. Such
a person, when this grant was asked, was said to be
begged for a fool. See Blackstone, b. 1. c. 8. § 13. One
of the legal tests appears to have been to try whether
the party could answer a simple arithmetical question.

3 The old copies read—

'Dies in the zeal of *that* which it presents.'

The emendation in the text is Malone's, and he thus en-
deavours to give this obscure passage a meaning. The
word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the
princess, pleases best, where the actors are least skillful;
where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or *great
things* attempted, perish in the very act of being pro-
duced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the
sportive entertainment. *It*, however, may refer to *con-
tents*, and that word may mean the most material part
of the exhibition.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey mo-
narch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding
fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we
will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I
wish you the peace of mind, most royal couple-
ment.⁵ [*Exit ARMADO.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of wor-
thies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain,
Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander;
Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Ma-
chabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other
five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy:—
A bare throw at novum;⁶ and the whole world again,
Cannot prick⁷ out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
again.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.⁸

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be
friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey, surnam'd the big,—
Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey surnam'd the great;
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my
foe to sweat:*

*And travelling along this coast, I here am come by
chance;*

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of
France.*

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had
done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was
perfect: I made a little fault in, *great*.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the
best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
commander;

*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-
quering might:*

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it
stands too right.⁹

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-
smelling knight.¹⁰

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good
Alexander.

4 Labouring here means in the act of parturition.

5 This word is used again by Shakspeare in the 21st
Sonnet:

'Making a *couplement* of proud compare.'

6 A game at dice, properly called *novem quinque*,
from the principal throws being *nine* and *five*. The
first folio reads '*Abate throw*,' &c. The second folio,
which reads '*A bare throw*,' is evidently right.

7 Pick out.

8 This alludes to the old heroic habits, which, on the
knees and shoulders, had sometimes by way of orna-
ment the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. See
Cotgrave's Dictionary, in *v. Nasquine*.

9 It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that
the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his
shoulders.

10 'His (Alexander's) body had so sweet a smell of
itself that all the apparel he wore next unto his body,
took thereof a passing delightful savour, as if it had
been perfumed.' *North's Plutarch*.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [To NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,¹ will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. retires.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus, And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,*

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[Exit MOTH.]

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.²

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.³

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.⁴

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—

Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan⁵ in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace.

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Iliou;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [to the Princess] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON whispers COSTARD.]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great

Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved:—More Ates,⁶ more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. a brooch of lead, because of his pale and wan complexion, his leaden hue.

⁵ Trojan is supposed to have been a cant term for a thief. It was, however, a familiar name for any equal or inferior.

⁶ i. e. lance-men.

⁷ i. e. more instigation. Ate was the goddess of discord.

⁸ Vir Borealis, a clown. See 'An Optick Glasse of Humours, by T. W. 1663.' The reference may be, however, to the particular use of the quarter-staff in the northern counties.

¹ This alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, 'the which did bear geules a lion or, seilante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent.'

² The cittern, a musical instrument like a guitar, had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board: hence these jests.

³ i. e. a soldier's powder-horn.

⁴ A brooch was an ornamental clasp for fastening

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reasons have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward¹ for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger MONSIEUR MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,² and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal³ opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble⁴ tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose,⁵ decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;⁶
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justify
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested⁷ us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast,⁸ and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote⁹ them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insouciant life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,¹⁰
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attain'd with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord:—a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

¹ That is, clothed in wool, and not in linen. A penance often enjoined in times of superstition.

² Armado probably means to say in his affected style that 'he had discovered he was wronged.' 'One may see day at a little hole,' is a proverb.

³ Free, to excess.

⁴ By humble is here meant obsequiously thankful.

⁵ Loose may mean at the moment of his parting, i.e. of his getting loose or away from us.

⁶ I.e. which it fain would succeed in obtaining.

⁷ Tempted.

⁸ Thus in Decker's *Satiromastix*: 'You shall swear not to bombast out a new play with the old *linings* o' jests.'

⁹ Regard.

¹⁰ Clothing.

Long. I'll stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me, Behold the window of my heart, mine eye, What humble suit attends thy answer there: Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron, Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks; Full of comparisons and wounding flouts; Which you on all estates will execute, That lie within the mercy of your wit: To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain; And, therewithal, to win me, if you please (Without the which I am not to be won,) You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day Visit the speechless sick, and still converse With groaning wretches; and your task shall be, With all the fierce¹ endeavour of your wit, To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit, Whose influence is begot of that loose grace, Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools: A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears, Deaf'd with the clamours of their own deaf² groans, Will hear your idle scorns, continue then, And I will have you, and that fault withal; But, if they will not, throw away that spirit, And I shall find you empty of that fault, Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[*To the King.*]

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

¹ Vehement.

² Dear. See note on Twelfth Night, Act. v. Sc. 1.

³ Gerardine in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flor cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called 'in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk, Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*.'

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds³ of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.⁴*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

IN this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

⁴ This wild English apple, roasted before the fire, and put into ale, was a very favorite indulgence in old times.

⁵ To keel or kele, is to cool.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

"THE Merchant of Venice," says Schlegel, "is one of Shakspeare's most perfect works: popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and at the same time a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock, the Jew, is one of the inconceivable masterpieces of characterisation of which Shakspeare alone furnishes us with examples. It is easy for the poet and the player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is every thing but a common Jew; he possesses a very determinate and original individuality, and yet we perceive a slight touch of Judaism in every thing which he says or does. We imagine we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words, as we sometimes still find it in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil situations what is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceivable, but in passion the national stamp appears more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, even a thinker in his own way; he has only not discovered the region where human feelings dwell: his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire of revenging the oppressions and humiliations suffered by his nation is, after avarice, his principal spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who possess truly Christian sentiments: the example of disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which speaks to him from the mouth of Portia with heavenly eloquence: he insists on severe and inflexible justice, and it at last recoils on his own head. Here he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-neglectful magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a royal merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock, was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature. The judgment scene with which the fourth act is occupied is alone a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and according to the common idea the curtain might drop. But the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which the delivery of Antonio, accomplished with so much difficulty, contrary to all expectation, and the punishment of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind: he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical after-piece in the play itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakspeare has contrived to throw a disguise of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly married husbands supply him with materials."

"The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer moonlight,

"When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees."

It is followed by soft music and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world; the principal characters then make their appearance, and after an assumed dissension, which is elegantly carried on, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth."

Malone places the date of the composition of this play in 1599, Chalmers supposed it to have been written in 1597, and to this opinion Dr. Drake gives his sanction.

It appears, from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice had been exhibited long before he commenced writer. Gosson,

making some exceptions to his condemnation of dramatic performances, mentions among others—"The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers.—These plays," continues he, "are good and sweet plays."

It cannot be doubted that Shakspeare, as in other instances, availed himself of this ancient piece. Mr. Douce observes, "that the author of the old play of *The Jew*, and Shakspeare in his Merchant of Venice, have not confined themselves to one source only in the construction of their plot, but that the *Pecorone*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and perhaps the old ballad of *Germutus*, have been respectively resorted to." It is however most probable that the original play was indebted chiefly, if not altogether, to the *Gesta Romanorum*, which contained both the main incidents; and that Shakspeare expanded and improved them, partly from his own genius, and partly as to the bond from the *Pecorone*, where the coincidences are too manifest to leave any doubt. Thus the scene being laid at Venice; the residence of the lady at Belmont; the introduction of the person bound for the principal; the double infraction of the bond, viz. the taking more or less than a pound of flesh, and the shedding of blood, together with the after incident of the ring, are common to the novel and the play. The whetting of the knife might perhaps be taken from the ballad of *Germutus*. Shakspeare was likewise indebted to an authority that could not have occurred to the original author of the play in an English form; this was Silvan's *Orator*, as translated by Munday. From that work Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed; but at the same time it has been most skillfully improved."

There are two distinct collections under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The one has been frequently printed in Latin, but never in English; there is however a manuscript version, of the reign of Henry the Sixth, among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This collection seems to have originally furnished the story of the bond. The other *Gesta* has never been printed in Latin, but a portion of it has been several times printed in English. The earliest edition referred to by Warton and Doctor Farmer, is by Wynken de Worde, without date, but of the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was long doubted whether this early edition existed, but it has recently been described in the *Retrospective Review*. The latter part of the thirty-second history in this collection may have furnished the incidents of the *caskets*.

But as many of the incidents in the bond story of the Merchant of Venice have a more striking resemblance to the first tale of the fourth day of the *Pecorone* of *Ser Giovanni*, this part of the plot was most probably taken immediately from thence. The story may have been extant in English in Shakspeare's time, though it has not hitherto been discovered.

The *Pecorone* was first printed in 1550 (not 1558, as erroneously stated by Mr. Steevens,) but was written almost two centuries before.

After all, unless we could recover the old play of The Jew mentioned by Gosson, it is idle to conjecture how far Shakspeare improved upon the plot of that piece. The various materials which may have contributed to furnish the complicated plot of Shakspeare's play are to be found in the Variorum Editions, and in Mr. Douce's very interesting work.

* "The *Orator*, handling a hundred several Discourses, in form of Declamations, &c. written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. (Lazarus Fyol, i. e. Anthony Munday,) London, Printed by Adam Islip, 1596." Declamation 95. 'Of a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

DUKE of Venice.
 Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia.*
 Prince of Arragon, }
 ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
 BASSANIO, *his Friend.*
 SALANIO, }
 SALARINO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
 GRATIANO, }
 LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
 SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
 TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to Shylock.*
 OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*

SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*
 LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*
 BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to Portia.*
 STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
 NERISSA, *her Waiting-Maid.*
 JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street. Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

Antonio.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
 It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn ;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There, where your argosies² with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought,
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing³ her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ;
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechance'd, would make me sad ?
 But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why, then you are in love.

Ant.

Fye, fye !

Salan. Not in love neither ? Then let's say, you
 are sad,

Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
 For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo : Fare you well ;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you
 merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard,
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
 say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : Must it be so ?

Salar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
 Antonio,

We two will leave you : but, at dinner time,
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
 You have too much respect upon the world :
 They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool :
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful⁴ stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*

¹ This enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ is by Mr. Rowe.

² *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or war. The word has been supposed to be derived from the classical ship *Argo*, as a vessel eminently famous ;

and this seems the more probable from *Argis* being used for a ship in low Latin.

³ *To rail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*. From the French *avaler*.

⁴ i. e. an obstinate silence.

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, awhile;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.¹

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt GRA. and LOA.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when
you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port²
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight³
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much: and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may be done,
And I am prest⁴ unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,

¹ *Gear* usually signifies *matter, subject*, or business in general. It is here, perhaps, a colloquial expression of no very determined import. It occurs again in this play, Act II. Sc. 2: 'If Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear*.'

² *Port* is *state or equipage*. So in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Act I. Sc. 1.

³ Thou shalt be master, Trailo, In my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.

⁴ This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescencius in his treatise *De Agricultura*, lib. x.

And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes¹ from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at
sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. A Room in Portia's
House. Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-
weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
eries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as
sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore, to
be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by
white hairs,² but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good di-
vine that follows his own instructions: I can easier
teach twenty what were good to be done, than be
one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The
brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot tem-
per leaps over a cold degree; such a hare is mad-
ness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good
counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in
the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the
word choose! I may neither choose whom I would,
nor refuse whom I dislike: so is the will of a living
daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: Is it
not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor re-
fuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations; there-
fore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three
chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who
chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt,
never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you
shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in
your affection towards any of these princely suitors
that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou
namest them, I will describe them; and, according
to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt,³ indeed, for he doth
nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a
great appropriation to his own good parts, that he

c. xxviii. and is also mentioned in *Howell's Letters*, vol. i. p. 193, edit. 1653, 12mo.

⁴ *Prest*, that is, *ready*; from the old French word of the same orthography, now *pret*.

⁵ Formerly.

⁶ I.e. superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; be-
comes old. We still say, how old he *comes by* it?

⁷ The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were
eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.

⁸ *Colt* is used for a witless heady gay youngster;
whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile,
that he still retains his *colt's tooth*.



over the sea

a D. & C. 1844

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Act 1 Scene 3.



can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county¹ Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle² sing, he falls straight a capering; if he fence with his own shadow: If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;³ and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's⁴ picture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German,⁵ the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determination: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Per. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will; I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition⁶ of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A public Place. *Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian.

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance⁷ here with us in Venice.

Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

6 i. e. the nature, disposition. So in Othello:
"—and then of so gentle a condition!"

7 'It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for xv. in the hundred by the year; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a

1 This is an allusion to the Count Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1533.

2 A thrush; properly the misel-thrush.

3 A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakspeare's time.

4 A proper man is a handsome man.

5 The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakspeare's time.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,¹
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To ANTONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants² of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,³
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,——But
hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf.)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earnings⁴ which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peep'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,⁵
He stuck them up before the fulsome⁶ ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood⁷ hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are
out of measure wealthy in those parts.—*Thomas's His-
tory of Italy*, 1561, 4to. f. 77.

1 To catch, or have, on the hip, means to have at an
entire advantage. The phrase seems to have origina-
ted from hunting, because, when the animal pursued is
seized upon the hip, it is finally disabled from flight.

2 Wants come to the height, which admit no longer
delay.

3 Informed.

4 Young lambs just dropt, or ean'd. This word is
usually spelt *yeen*, but the Saxon etymology demands
ean. It is applied particularly to ewes.

5 I. e. of nature.

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:⁸
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What shall I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,——

*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?*

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed⁹ for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st at with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doil
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell¹⁰ in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians
are;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

6 'Fulsome,' says Mr. Douce, 'has, doubtless, the
same signification with the preceding epithet *rank*.' It
is true that *rank* has sometimes the interpretation affix-
ed to it of *rammish* in old Dictionaries, but there is also
another meaning of the word which may be found in
Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573, viz. *Fruitefull, ranck, battie*,
Lat. *fertilis*. This sense would also, I think, better ac-
cord with *fulsome*, if it could be shown to be a syno-
nyme.

7 *Falshood* here means knavery, treachery, as *truth*
is sometimes used for honesty.

8 Interest.

9 I. e. interest, money bred from the principal.

10 I. e. continue; to abide has both the senses of *habi-
tation* and *continuance*.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful¹ guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*
Flourish of Cornets.—Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision² for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd³ the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our climate
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scant'd me,
And hedg'd⁴ me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page:
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthy may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.⁴

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [Cornets.
To make me blest, or curs'd⁵ among men. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Venice. *A Street.*—Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.⁵

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine
elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:* My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as afore-said, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.⁶ Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens!*⁷ rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,*—or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO,⁸ with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,⁹ high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions¹⁰ with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,¹¹ 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [aside.] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

them.' The poet's own authority ought to have taught Steevens better. In Much Ado about Nothing, we have 'O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.'

⁷ For the heavens was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for heaven's sake is a specimen of that 'acute nonsense' which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakspeare was sometimes very fond of.

⁸ It has been inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a hump-back.

⁹ Sand-blind. Having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye, *Myops*.—*Holyoke's Dictio nary*.

¹⁰ To try conclusions, was to put to the proof, in other words to try experiments.

¹¹ God's sonties was probably a corruption of God's saints, in old language *sauncies*: *sante* and *sanctity*

¹ Fearful guard is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To fear was anciently to give as well as feel terrors. So in K. Henry IV. Part I.

² A mighty and a fearful head they are.

³ To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that red blood is a traditional sign of courage.

⁴ i. e. terrified.

⁵ i. e. be considerate: advised is the word opposite to rash.

⁶ The old copies read—Enter the Clown alone; and throughout the play this character is called the Clown at most of his entrances or exits.

⁷ 'Scorn running with thy heels.' Mr. Steevens calls this absurdity, and introduces a brother critic, Sir Hugh Evans, to prove it. He inclines to the emendation of an arch-butcher of Shakspeare's text, who has proposed that we should read 'with thy heels,' i. e. 'bind

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse¹ has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest² to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

have been proposed but apparently with less probability. Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swearing, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which ultimately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.

1. i. e. the shaft-horse, sometimes called the thill-horse.

2. 'Set up my rest,' i. e. determined. See note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii. Sc. 2. Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. Sc. 5. Where it may be remarked that Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest*. 'The County Paris hath set up his rest, that you shall rest but little.'

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he (saying your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preffer'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—Give him a livery,

[*To his Followers.*]

More guarded³ than his fellows: See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table;⁴ which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exit LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night.

My best esteem'd acquaintance; his thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough,

3. i. e. ornamented. *Guards* were trimmings, facings, or other ornaments, such as gold and silver lace, applied upon a dress.

4. Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of this passage (which has much puzzled the commentators) seems the most plausible: Launcelot applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection:—'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—i. e. a table which doth not only promise but offer to swear upon a book that I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence.

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To ally with some cold drops of modesty²
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat,³ and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁴
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.⁵

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Shylock's House.* Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jess. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most
beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian
did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much
deceived: But adieu! these foolish drops do some-
what drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jess. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.* Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two
hours
To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up⁶ this,
it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew
to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,

At Gratiano's lodging, some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house:
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's House.*
Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could
do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid⁷ forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house: I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together.—I will
not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,
then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleed-
ing on Black-Monday⁸ last at six o'clock i'the
morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday
was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me,
Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;

⁷ Invited.

⁸ Shakespeare meant to heighten the malignity of Shylock's character by thus making him depart from his most settled resolve (that he will neither eat, drink, nor pray with Christians,) for the prosecution of his revenge.

⁹ i. e. Easter-Monday. It was called Black-Monday from the severity of that day, April 4, 1360, which was so extraordinary that, of Edward the Third's soldiers, then before Paris, many died of the cold. Anciently a superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*.

1 Gross, licentious.

2 So in Hamlet:

'Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.'

3 It was anciently the custom to wear the hat on during the time of dinner.

4 i. e. grave appearance; *show* of staid and serious behaviour. *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among old dramatic writers.

5 Carriage, deportment.

6 To break up was a term in carving.

But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. (*Exit LAUN.*)
Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
Jes. His words were Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch¹ is kind enough; but a huge feeder.

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. (*Exit.*)
Jes. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, yet a daughter, lost. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VI. *The same. Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons² fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal,
The scarfed³ bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!⁴
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here—
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode;

Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you! Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit:
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

1 i. e. fool or simpleton.

2 Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by *Venus' pigeons*. The allusion however, seems to be to the *doves* by which *Venus's* chariot is drawn: 'Venus drawn by doves is much more prompt to seal new bonds.' &c.

3 *Gra* evidently caught the imagery of this passage in his Bard, but dropt the allusion to the parable of the prodigal—

They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
(*Exit from above.*)

Gra. Now, by my hood, a gentle,⁵ and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away:
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
(*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*)

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go abroad:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.—*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears;—

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries:—
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dress;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.

⁴ Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.
4 So in Othello:

⁵ The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.

⁶ A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heaven* and one *well born*.

What if I stray'd no furtner, but chose here ?—
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her.
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia :
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
 To rib¹ her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver, she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued² to try'd gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd³ upon ;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell ! what have we hero ?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll : I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told :
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold :
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd :⁴
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.
 Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :*

Then, farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost.—
 Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains,
 go ;—
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Venice. *A Street. Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
 With him is Gratiano gone along ;
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail ;
 But there the duke was given to understand,
 That in a gondola, were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;
 Besides, Antonio certifi'd the duke,
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
 Fled with a Christian ?—O my christian ducats !—
 Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !
 And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
 Stol'n by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl !
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

1 Enclouse.

2 i. e. if compared with tried gold. So before in Act i.

Sc. 1.

'Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter.'

3 Engraven.

4 i. e. the answer you have got ; namely, 'Fare you well.'

5 Conversed.

6 To slubber is to do a thing carelessly

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd :
 I reason'd⁷ with a Frenchman yesterday ;
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught :
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me ;
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return : he answer'd—*Do not so,
 Slubber⁸ not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time ;
 And for the Jew's bowl, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter into your mind of love :
 Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship and such fair ostents⁹ of love
 As shall conveniently become you there :*
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness¹⁰
 With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*
Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
 straight ;
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets.

*Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their
 Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd¹¹ me : Fortune now
 To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
 What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire.—That many may be meant
 By¹² the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
 Which prides not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force¹³ and road of casualty.
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump¹⁴ with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

7 Shows, tokens.

8 The heaviness he is fond of, or indulges.

9 Prepared.

10 By and of being synonymous, were used by our
 ancestors indifferently : Malone has adduced numerous
 instances of the use of *by*, in all of which, by substituting
of, the sense is rendered clear to the modern reader.

11 Power.

12 To jump is to agree with.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too: For who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,¹
 To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia?
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. 'To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
 Seven times tried that judgment is,
 That did never choose amiss:
 Some there be that shadow's kiss;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss:
 There be fools alive, I wis,²
 Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,³
 I will ever be your head:
 So begone, sir, you are sped.
 Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here,
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.—
 Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroath.⁴*

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
 O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord:
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
 To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love:
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand.
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
 Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day⁵ wit in praising him.—
 Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ The meaning is, how much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.

² Know.

³ The poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.

⁴ *Wroath* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune* and is often spelt like *ruft*. Caxton's *Recuyell*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street. Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd¹ ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company:—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dail.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or not?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart:—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy:—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? I fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility: revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by

of the histories of Troye, 1471, has frequent instances of *wroth*.

⁵ Salutations.

⁶ So in the *Merry wives of Windsor*:

———— He speaks holiday.

⁷ To *knapp* is to *break short*. The word occurs in the Common Prayer. He *knappeth* the spear in sunder. We still say 'knapp'd short in two.'

Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALAN, SALAR, and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search! Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where! in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again! Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you: and you know yourself,

Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd² me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights: And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it.—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize³ the time; To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose:

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I'm lock'd in one of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,⁴

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;

And what is music then! then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch; such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence,⁵ but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster:⁶ I stand for sacrifice

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules

Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me, where is fancy⁷ bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

REPLY, REPLY.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

³ To peize is from *pester*, Fr. To weigh or balance.

⁴ Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death; there is something so touching in this ancient superstition that one feels loath to be undeceived.

⁵ i. e. dignity of mien.

⁶ See Ovid. *Metamorph.* lib. xi. ver. 199. Malone says, Shakespeare had read the account of this adventure in the Old Legend of the Destruction of Troy.

⁷ Love

¹ The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less.

² To be *o'erlook'd*, forelooked, or eye-bitten, was a term for being *beritiched* by an evil eye.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.¹
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious² voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it³ with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,⁴
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.⁵
Thus ornament is but the guiled⁶ shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge⁷
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness⁸ moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embarr'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs! But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd!⁹ Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

¹ Bassanio begins abruptly, the first part of the argument has passed in his mind.

² Pleasing; winning favour. ³ I. e. justify it.

⁴ That is, what a little higher is called the beard of Hercules. *Excrement*, from *excreo*, is used for every thing which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails.

⁵ Shakespeare has also satirized this fashion of false hair in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

⁶ Guiled for *guiling*, or *treacherous*.

⁷ I could wish to read

— thou stale and common drudge!

for so I think the poet wrote.

⁸ In order to avoid the repetition of the epithet *pale*,

A gentle scroll: Fair lady, by your leave:

[*Kissing her*

I come by note, to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something;¹¹ which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude:
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:¹²
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistresses, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission¹³
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love: at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune

Warburton altered this to *plainness*, and he has been followed in the modern editions, but the reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is the true one.

⁹ *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*.

¹⁰ I. e. unfurnished with a companion or fellow.

¹¹ The folio reads, 'Is sum of nothing,' which may probably be the true reading, as it is Portia's intention, in this speech, to undervalue herself.

¹² That is, none away from me; none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

¹³ Pause, delay

Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither?

If that the youth of my new interest here

Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave, I bid my very friends and countrymen, Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour: For my part, my lord, My purpose was not to have seen you here; But meeting with Salerio by the way, He did entreat me, past all saying nay, To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know, he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sal. 'Would you had won the fleece that he bath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:

Some dear friend dead: else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of any thing

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O, sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart: When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady

The paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood—But is it true, Salerio?

Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had

The present money to discharge the Jew,

He would not take it: Never did I know

A creature, that did bear the shape of man

So keen and greedy to confound a man:

He plies the duke at morning, and at night;

And doth impeach the freedom of the state;

If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,

The duke himself, and the magnificoes

Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;

But none can drive him from the envious plea

Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,

That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,

Than twenty times the value of the sum

That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,

If law, authority, and power deny not,

It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit

In doing courtesies; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears,

Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Should lose a hair² through Bassanio's fault.

First, go with me to church, and call me wife:

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over;

When it is paid, bring your true friend along:

My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;³

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. *A Street. Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy:—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:

Thou call'st me dog, before thou hadst a cause:

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:

The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond⁴

To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

¹ It should be remembered that *steadfast*, *sad*, *grave*, *sober*, were ancient synonyms of *constant*.

² Hair is here used as a dissyllable.

³ i. e. air of countenance, look.

⁴ Foolish.

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone ;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;¹
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on :—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Belmont. A Room in Portia's
House. Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO,
JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments,² of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover³ of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty ?
This comes too near the praising of myself !
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return ; for mine own part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return :
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition ;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica,
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on
you.

1 As this passage is a little perplexed in its construction, it may not be improper to explain it :—If, says Antonio, the duke stop the course of law, the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, will much impeach the justice of the state, &c.

2 The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers.

3 This word was anciently applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him 'ne is his true lover.'

4 i. e. with the celerity of imagination.

5 This word can only be illustrated at present by con-

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed⁴
Unto the tranect,⁵ to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace :
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
I could not do without :—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them⁶
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fye ; what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter ?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device⁷
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The same. A Garden. Enter LAUN-
CELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly : for, look you, the sins of the
father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I
promise you, I fear you.⁸ I was always plain with
you, and so now I speak my agitation of the mat-
ter : Therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I
think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in
it that can do you any good ; and that is but a kind
of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ;
so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by
father and mother ; thus when I shun Scylla, you

lecture. It evidently implies the name of a place where the
passage-boat set out, and is in some way derived
from *Tranare*, Ital. To pass or swim over ; perhaps,
therefore, *Tranetto*, signified a little forling place or
ferry, and hence the English word *Tranect*, but no
other instance of its use has yet occurred.

6 Some of the commentators had strained this inno-
cent phrase to a wanton meaning. Mr. Gifford, in a
note on Jonson's *Silent Woman*, p. 470, has clearly
shown, by ample illustration, that it signified nothing
more than 'I could not help it.'

7 So in K. Richard III.

8 'The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.'

father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: ' well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in: for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[Exit LAUNCELOT.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words: And I do know As many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica! And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else

1 Alluding to the well known line:

'Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.'

The author of which was unknown to Erasmus but was pointed out by Galeottus Martinus. It is in the *Alexandreis* of Philip Gaultier, who flourished at the commencement of the 13th century. Nothing is more frequent than this proverb in our old English writers.

2 Milton's quibbling epigram has the same kind of humour to boast of—

'Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori, Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget.'

3 I. e. suited or fitted to each other, arranged.

4 Envy in this place means hatred or malice.

5 Remorse in Shakspeare's time generally signified pity, tenderness.

6 I. e. seeming, not real.

7 Whereas.

8 *Rogat* merchant is not merely a ranting epithet as applied to merchants, for such were to be found at Venice in the Sanudo's, the Giustiniani, the Grimaldi, &c.

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor.

Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee let it serve for table-talk; Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice. Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Ant.

I have heard, Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd To suffer, with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: And where? thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, But touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back; Enough to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, say, it is my humour; 'Is it answer'd?

This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakspeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth.

9 The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal question; but, since you want an answer, will this serve you!

10 The worthy Corporal Nym hath this apology usually at his finger's ends, and Shylock condescends to excuse his extravagant cruelty as a *humour*, or irresistible propensity of the mind. The word *humour* is not used in its modern signification, but for a peculiar quality which sways and masters the individual through all his actions

What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;¹
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,²
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen³ bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question⁴ with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;⁵
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain convenience,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it;
If you deny me, fy upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

¹ A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal.

² *Affection* stands here for *tendency, disposition*; *Appetitus animi*.

³ It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen*, the conjectural reading *scollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a Letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,⁶ harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.⁷ Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit,

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st at thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court:—

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart: some three or four of you,

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion: which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

⁴ Converse.

⁵ This image seems to have been caught from Gulling's version of Ovid, 1587, book xv. p. 130:

⁶ Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the heady easterne winde

Doth whizz amongst them.

⁷ The conceit is that his soul was so hard that it might serve him for a whet-stone.

⁸ Malice.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn¹ you, as you do proceed—
You stand within his danger;² do you not?

[*To Antonio.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;³

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.⁴ Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.⁵ I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.⁶ And, I beseech

you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Antonio
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife;

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death:

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself:

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the christian husbands: I have a
daughter:

'Would any of the stock of Barrabas'

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

¹ To impugn is to oppose, to controvert.

² I. e. within his reach or controul. The phrase is thought to be derived from a similar one in the monkish Latin of the middle age.

³ Shakespeare probably recollected the following verse of Ecclesiasticus, xxxv. 20, in composing these beautiful lines: 'Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.'

⁴ So in K. Edward III. a Tragedy, 1596:

'And Kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men.'

⁵ Portia referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character.

⁶ I. e. malice oppressed honesty, a true man in old language is an honest man. We now call the jury good men and true.

⁷ Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barrabas* throughout Marlowe's Jew of Malta.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little:—there is something else.—This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood; The words expressly are, a pound of flesh: Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act: For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd, Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice, And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft; The Jew shall have all justice:—soft!—no haste;—He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh, Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more, But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more, Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance, Or the division of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair,—Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court; He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it! I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

1 Balthazar Gracian, the celebrated Spanish Jesuit, in his *Hero*, relates a similar judgment, which he attributes to the great Turk.

2 Antonio's offer has been variously explained. It appears to be 'that he will quit his share of the fine, as the duke has already done that portion due to the state,

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; The other half comes to the general state, Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that: You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life, When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court, To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use,²—to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more.—That, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-

fathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten

more;³

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid;

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again;

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,

Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;

I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:

If Shylock will let him have it in use (i. e. at interest, during his life, to render it at his death to Lorenzo.)

3 I. e. a jury of twelve men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke.

You taught me first to beg : and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife ;

And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house ;—away, make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently ;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont : Come Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.* Enter PORTIA
and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this
deed,

And let him sign it ; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken :
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,¹
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be :
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring.

[*To* PORTIA.]

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant : We shall have old²
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house ? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*
Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright :—In such a night
as this,³

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise : in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,⁴
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,

¹ I. e. more reflection.

² Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language there are various instances in the plays of Shakspeare, in the sense of *abundant, frequent*.

³ The several passages beginning with these words are imitated in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, written before 1596. See the play in Hawkins's *Origin of the Drama*, vol. iii.

⁴ This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*, b. v. v. 666, and 1142.

⁵ Steevens observes that this is one instance, among many, that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classics.

⁶ Steevens refers to Gower's description of Medea in his *Confessio Amantis*.

Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand⁵
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.⁶

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew :
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come :
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray
you, friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.⁷

Lor. Who comes with her ?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hollaing, man ; here.

Laun. Sola ! Where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news ; my master
will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.
And yet no matter ;—Why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit* STEPHANO.]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ;⁸ soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines⁹ of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.—¹⁰

⁷ So in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* :

'But there are crosses, wife : here's one in Waltham.
Another at the abbey, and the third
At Ceston ; and 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a Pater-noster.'

And this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding,

⁸ So in Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, 1587 :

'A musick sweete that through our eares shall creep'

By secret arte, and lull a man asleep.'

⁹ A small flat dish or plate, used in the administration
of the Eucharist ; it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt.

¹⁰ The folio editions, and the quarto printed by Ro

berts, read :

'Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it.'

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

Jea. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,¹
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;²
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;³
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket⁴ sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet;
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;⁵
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.⁶

[*GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,⁷ and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

³ Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.

⁴ *Petaca*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.

⁵ Shakespeare delights to trifle with this word.

⁶ This verbal complimentary form, made up only of breath, i. e. words.

⁷ ————like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife.

Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aque fortis*, with short sentences in distich.

⁹ *Respective*, that is *considerative, respectful*; not respectful or respectable as Stevens supposed.

¹ We find the same thought in the *Tempest*:

—Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like *unback'd colts*, they pricked their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music.

² Stevens, in one of his splenetic moods, censures this passage as neither pregnant with physical and moral truth, nor poetically beautiful; and, with the assistance of Lord Chesterfield's tirade against music, levels a blow at the lovers and professors of it.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain¹ the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?²
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles³ of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double⁴ self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;⁵
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[To PORTIA.]

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him
this;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio:
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough;
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd: I have not yet

Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly;

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it;
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor you shall be my bedfellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied

Of these events at full: Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing

So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.]

¹ To contain had nearly the same meaning with to retain.

² i. e. kept in a measure religiously, or superstitiously.

³ We have again the same expression in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and in *Romeo and Juliet*.

⁴ Double is here used for *deceitful*, full of duplicity.

⁵ i. e. for his advantage; to obtain his happiness. Wealth was the term generally opposed to adversity or calamity.

OF the *Merchant of Venice* the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

DR. GREY and Mr. Upton asserted that this Play was certainly borrowed from the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, printed in Urry's Chaucer, but it is hardly likely that Shakspeare saw that in manuscript, and there is a more obvious source from whence he derived his plot, viz. the pastoral romance of 'Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacy,' by Thomas Lodge, first printed in 1590. From this he has sketched his principal characters, and constructed his plot; but those admirable beings, the melancholy Jaques, the witty Touchstone, and his Audrey, are of the poet's own creation. Lodge's novel is one of those tiresome (I had almost said unnatural) pastoral romances, of which the Euphues of Lyly and the Arcadia of Sidney were also popular examples: it has, however, the redeeming merit of some very beautiful verses interspersed,* and the circumstance of its having led to the formation of this exquisite pastoral drama, is enough to make us withhold our assent to Steevens's spleenetic censure of it as worthless.

'Touched by the magic wand of the enchanter, the dull and endless prosing of the novelist is transformed into an interesting and lively drama. The forest of Arden converted into a real Arcadia of the golden age.

* The following beautiful Stanzas are part of what is called 'Rosalynd's Madrigal,' and are not unworthy of a place even in a page devoted to Shakspeare:

Love In my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?
And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight;
And makes a pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string
He music plays, if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting
Whist, wanton, still ye?

The highly sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession: we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the back ground, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness.—One throws himself down 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' and indulges in reflection on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life: others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy and ambition, have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone dictates the same language to the simple shepherd, and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his lore duty to a tree?†

And this their life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

How exquisitely is the character of Rosalind conceived, what liveliness and sportive gaiety, combined with the most natural and affectionate tenderness; the reader is as much in love with her as Orlando, and wonders not at Phebe's sudden passion for her when disguised as Ganymede; or Celia's constant friendship. Touchstone is indeed a 'rare fellow': he uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit: his courtship of Audrey, his lecture to Corin, his defence of cuckolds, and his burlesque upon the 'duello' of the age, are all most 'exquisite fooling.' It has been remarked, that there are few of Shakspeare's plays which contain so many passages that are quoted and remembered, and phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. To enumerate them would be to mention every scene in the play. And I must no longer detain the reader from this most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1590. There is no edition known previous to that in the folio of 1623. But it appears among the miscellaneous entries of prohibited pieces in the Stationers' books, without any certain date,

† Schlegel.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
LE BEAU, } *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, } *his Wrestler.*
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, } *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, } *a Vicar.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SYLVIVS, }
WILLIAM, } *a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A Person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, } *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, } *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, } *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, } *a country Wench.*
Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.
The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orlando.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me¹ by will: But a poor thousand crowns;

1 Sir W. Blackstone proposed to read, 'He bequeathed, &c.' Warburton proposed to read, 'My father bequeathed, &c.' I have followed the old copy, which is sufficiently intelligible.

and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays² me here at home unkempt: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox?

2 The old orthography states was an easy corruption of *sties*; which Warburton thought the true reading.

His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hands, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?¹

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.²

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he? I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.³

Oli. What, boy?

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain.

Orl. I am no villain:⁴ I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allotment my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*—] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court!

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave⁵ to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter,⁶ be banished with her father.

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter,⁷ her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,⁸ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet⁹ the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France: full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion;

worthless fellow; and by Orlando, for a man of base extraction.

⁵ 'He gives them good leave.' As often as this phrase occurs, it means a ready assent.

⁷ i. e. the banished duke's daughter.

⁸ i. e. the usurping duke's daughter; this may be sufficiently apparent by the words *her cousin*, yet it has been thought necessary to point out the ambiguity.

⁹ *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.

¹⁰ *Fleet*, i. e. to *fuite*, to make to pass or flew.

¹ i. e. what do you here? See note in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3.

² *Be naught awhile.* Warburton justly explained this phrase, which, he says, 'is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to a *mischiefe* on you.'

³ The first folio reads *him*, the second *he* more correctly.

⁴ Warburton proposed reading 'near his *revenue*,' which he explains, 'though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned that you are nearer in estate.'

⁵ *Villain* is used in a double sense: by Oliver for a

I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I sneak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester; I hope, I shall see an end of him: for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts¹ enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle² the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier! Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving⁴ our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wit.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him

Touch. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation,⁶ one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?*

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.⁷

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

1 l. e. frolicsome fellow.

2 l. e. of all ranks.

3 'But that I kinde the boy thither.' He means, 'that I excite the boy to it.'

4 The old copy reads *perceireth*. The folio, 1632, reads *perceiring*.

5 This reply to the Clown, in the old copies, is given to Rosalind. *Frederick* was however the name of Celia's father, and it is therefore most probable the reply should be hers.

6 — you'll be whipp'd for taxation.' This was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools.

7 'Laid on with a trowel.' This is a proverbial phrase not yet quite disused. It is, says Mason, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents.*¹—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking:—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?²

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein³ I confess me much guilty, to

deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious;⁴ if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing, only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires he with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*CHA. and ORL. wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*CHARLES is thrown.* Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*CHARLES is borne out.*]

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;⁵—and would not change that calling,⁶

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a Chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me; you one out of suits with fortune;⁷

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

lian gratiato, i. e. graced, favoured, countenanced; as well as for graceful, comely, well favoured, in which sense Shakespeare uses it in other places.

⁵ The words 'than to be descended from any other house, however high,' must be understood.

⁶ Calling here means *appellation*, a very unusual if not unprecedented use of the word.

⁷ Out of *suits* appears here to signify out of *favour*, discarded by fortune. To *suit* with anciently signified to agree with.

¹ Warburton thought the text should stand thus:

Ros. With bills on their necks,—

Touch. Be it known unto all men by these presents,—The ladies and the fool being at cross purposes, Rosalind banteringly means *bills* or *halberds*. The Clown turns it jestingly to a *law instrument*.

² This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's novel.

³ Johnson thought we should read 'therein.' Mason proposed to read *herein*.

⁴ *Gracious* was anciently used in the sense of the Ita-

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts are all thrown down, and that which here stands up, is but a quintain,¹ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,²
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the smaller³ is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace. Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father.⁴ O how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try: if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;⁵ yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?⁶

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me; my father was no traitor:
Then good, my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;⁷

I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we have still slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

¹ His better parts, i. e. his spirits or senses. A quintain was a figure set up for tilers to run at in mock resemblance of a tournament.

² I. e. demeanour, temper, disposition. Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is called by his friend 'the best conditioned man.' Humorous is capricious.

³ The old copy reads taller, which is evidently wrong. Pope altered it to shorter. The present reading is Maliole's.

⁴ I. e. for him whom she hopes to marry and have children by. So Theobald explains this passage. Some of the modern editions read: 'my father's child.'

⁵ Shakspeare's apparent use of dear in a double sense has been already illustrated. See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

⁶ Celia answers as if Rosalind had said 'love him, for my sake,' which is the implied sense of her words.

⁷ I. e. compassion. So in Macbeth—

'Stop the access and passage to remorse'

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :

cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool :—You, niece, provide yourself ;

If you cut-slay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ? Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine. charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ; Pr'ythee be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love Which teacheth me that thou and I are one : Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ? No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us : And do not seek to take your change¹ upon you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ? Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind of umber² smirch my face ; The like do you ; so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Be use that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man ? A gallant curtle-axe³ upon my thigh, A boar spear in my hand ; and (in my heart Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,) We'll have a swashing⁴ and a martial outside ; As many other mannish cowards have, That do out face it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page, And therefore, look you, call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ; No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court ? Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ; Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together ; Devise the fittest time, and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight : Now go we in content, To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

1 The second folio reads *charge*. Malone explains it 'to take your change or reverse of fortune upon yourself, without any aid of participation.'

2 'A kind of umber,' a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy, well known to artists.

3 This was one of the old words for a cutlass, or short crooked sword, *couteas*, French. It was variously spelled, *courtias*, *courtiaz*, *curtlaz*.

4 I. e. as we now say, *dashing* ; spirited and calculated to surprise.

5 The old copy reads 'not the penalty.' Theobald proposed to read *but*, and has been followed by subsequent editors. 'Surely the old reading is right,' says Mr. Boswell ; 'here we feel *not*, do not suffer, from the penalty of Adam ; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I smile and say'—

6 It was currently believed in the time of Shakspeare that the toad had a stone contained in its head which was endued with singular virtues. This was called the *toud-stone*.

7 It irks me, i. e. it gives me pain. 'Mi rincesce, mi fa male.'—*Torriano's Dict.*

8 Barbed arrows.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The forest of Arden. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court ? Here feel we but¹ the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang, And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,— This is no flattery ; these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity ; Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;² And thus our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it : Happy is your grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ? And yet it irks³ me, the poor dappled fools,— Being native burghers of this desert city,— Should in their own confines, with forked heads⁴ Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.*

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself, Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :⁵ To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish ; and, indeed my lord, The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose :⁶ In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping in the needless¹ stream ; Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much* :² Then, being alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ; 'Tis right, quoth he ; *this misery doth part The flux of company* : Anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him ; *Ay*, quoth Jaques, *Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ; 'Tis just the fashion : Wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?* Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of country, city, court,

9 Gray, in his *Elegy*, has availed himself of this passage—

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high, His listless length at noontide would he stretch, And pore upon the brook that babbles by.'

10 'Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit Successive gemens stabulis ; quæstusque cruentus Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit.'

Virg.

11 I. e. the stream that needed not such a supply of moisture.

12 So in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint* :—
'—in a river—'

Upon whose weeping margin she was set Like usury applying wet to wet.

Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
ing
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope¹ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace. Enter DUKE
FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish² clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler³

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant

hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,

I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;

And let not search and inquisition quail⁴

To bring again these foolish run-aways. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House. Enter OR-
LANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle

master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory⁵

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond⁶ to overcome

The bony priser⁷ of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother—(no, no brother: yet the son—

Yet not the son;—I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father,)—

Hath heard your praises; and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it: if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off:

I overheard him, and his practices.⁸

1 l. e. to encounter him. Thus in K. Henry VIII. Act

l. Sc. 2: —cope malicious censurers.

2 'The roynish clown,' mangy or scurvy, from *roig-*

neux, French. The word is used by Chaucer.

3 Wrestler is here to be sounded as a triaillable.

4 'To quail,' says Stevens, 'is to faint, to sink into

dejection.' It may be so, but in neither of these senses

is the word here used by Shakespeare.

5 Shakespeare uses *memory* for *memorial*.

6 l. e. rash, foolish.

7 I suspect that a *priser* was the term for a *wrestler*,

a *prise* was a term in that sport for a grappling or hold

taken

This is no place,⁹ this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood,¹⁰ and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,¹¹

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you: Let me be your servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but for promotion;

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having:¹² it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:

But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore, it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,

Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden. Enter RO-*

SALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a Shep-

herdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary¹³ are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were

not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my

man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I

must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and

hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat:

therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no

further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,

than bear you; yet I should bear no cross,¹⁴ if I

did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in

your purse.

8 l. e. treacherous devices.

9 Place here signifies a seat, a mansion, a resi-

dence: it is not yet obsolete in this sense.

10 l. e. blood turned out of a course of nature. Af-

fections alienated.

11 See St. Luke, xii. 6 and 24.

12 Even with the promotion gained by service is ser-

vice extinguished.

13 The old copy reads *merry*; perhaps rightly. Ro-

salind's language as well as her dress may be intended

to have an assumed character.

14 A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross

on this Shakespeare often quibbles.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine (As sure I think did never man love so,) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily: If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company, Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit SILVIUS.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,¹ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod² instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal³ in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question 'yond man, if he for gold will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold, Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed: Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, And fain for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, And wish for her sake, more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her: But I am shepherd to another man, And do not shear the fleeces that I graze; My master is of churlish disposition, And little reck⁴ to find the way to heaven

¹ *Batlet*, the instrument with which washers beat clothes.

² *A peascod.* This was the ancient term for *peas* growing or gathered, the *cod* being what we now call the *pod*. It is evident why Shakspeare uses the former word.

³ In the middle counties, says Johnson, they use *mortal* as a particle of amplification, as *mortal* tall, *mortal* little. So the meaning here may be 'abounding in folly.'

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote,⁵ his flocks, and bounds of feed, Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on: but what is, come see, And in my voice⁶ most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like, upon report, The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.* *Enter AMIENS, JAKUES and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn⁷ his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I prythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;⁸ I know, I cannot please you.

Jac. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song:—Sirs, cover the while: the duke will drink under this tree!—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable⁹ for my company: I think on as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

⁴ I. e. heeds, cares for. So in *Hamlet*:—'and recks not his own rede.'

⁵ I. e. *cot* or *cottage*, the word is still used in its compound form, as *sheepcote* in the next line.

⁶ *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have the power to bid you welcome.

⁷ The old copy reads: 'And turne his merry note, which Pope altered unnecessarily to *tune*, the reading of all the modern editions.

⁸ *Ragged* and *rugged* had formerly the same meaning.

⁹ *Disputable*, I. e. disputatious

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;¹
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.²

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.³ Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; for I can no where find him like a man.

I Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence: Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jays,⁴ grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JACQUES.

I Lord. He saves mylabour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! What a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool;—a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*⁵
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

¹ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *duc ad me*, i. e. bring him to me, which reading Johnson highly approves.

² 'The first-born of Egypt,' a proverbial expression for high-born persons; it is derived from Exodus, xii. 29.

³ So in Romeo and Juliet:—

—fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

⁴ i. e. made up of discords. In the Comedy of Errors we have 'compact of credit,' for made up of credulity.

⁵ Alluding to the proverb, *Fortuna facit fatuis*.

⁶ Fools have fortune.

⁷ The fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

⁸ So in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: 'And now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest, Which, that it may more easily be chew'd, He steeps in his own laughter.'

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.⁸

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a

courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit⁹

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;¹⁰

Provided, that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,¹¹

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They must must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church:

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd

Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,¹²

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fye on thee! I can tell what thou

wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,¹³ would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding

sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting¹⁴ itself;

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,

That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very very means do ebb?¹⁵

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, The city-woman bears

The cost of prances on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery¹⁶ is not on my cost,

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

⁸ 'My only suit,' a quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended.

⁹ In Henry V. we have:—

'The wind, that charter'd libertine, is still.'

¹⁰ The old copies read only, *seem senseless*, &c. not to be supplied by Theobald.

¹¹ So in Macbeth:—

'Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.'

¹² About the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England.

They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Winter's Tale*.

¹³ So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. xii. —

'A herd of bulls whom kindly rage doth sting.'

¹⁴ The old copies read—

'Till that the weary very means do ebb,' &c.

The amendment is by Pope.

¹⁵ Finery.

There then ; How then, what then ?¹ Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing, like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress ;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en² from me the show

Of smooth civility ; yet I am inland bred,³

And know some nurture :⁴ But forbear, I say ;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you :

I thought, that all things had been savage here ;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment : But, what'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,⁵

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;

If ever sat at any good man's feast ;

If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church :

And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command⁶ what help we have,

That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food.⁷ There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good

comfort !

[*Exit.*]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :

happy :

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.⁸ At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : and then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace,⁹ with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden¹⁰ and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon l'm'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern¹¹ instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;¹²
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome : Set down your venerable burden,

And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIEUS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind¹⁴

As man's ingratitude ;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,¹⁵

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :

Then, heigh, ho, the holly !

This life is most folly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :

8 Pleonasm of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakspeare's age ; 'I was afeard to what end his talk would come to.' *Baret.*

9 In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, we have—'Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage whereon many play their parts.'

10 So in *Cymbeline* ; 'He *furnaceth* the thick sighs from him.'

11 One of the ancient senses of *sudden* is *violent*

12 Frite, common, trivial.

13 The *pantaloons* was a character in the old Italian farces ; it represented, as Warburton observes, a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*.

14 That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, so *unnatural*, as the ingratitude of man.

15 Johnson thus explains this line, which some of the editors have thought corrupt or misprinted ; 'Thou winter wind, says Amiens, thy rudeness gives the less pain, as *thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.'

1 Malone thinks we should read, *where* then ? in this redundant line.

2 'We might read *torn* with more elegance,' says Johnson, 'but elegance alone will not justify alteration.'

3 *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say that he had not been bred among *clowns*.

4 *Nurture* is education, breeding, manners. 'It is a point of *nourture* or *good manners* to salute them that you meete.'

5 'This desert inaccessible.' So in the *Adventures of Simonides*, by Barnabe Riche, 1580 ; '—and onely acquainted himselfe with this *unaccessable desert*.'

6 i. e. at your own command.

7 So in *Venus and Adonis*—

'Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feede her fawn.'

*Though thou the waters warp,¹
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.²*

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly iinn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father; The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is:
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace. Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument³
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. O, that your highness knew my heart in this?
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent⁴ upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,⁵ and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Forest. Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,⁶ survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Rim, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁷ she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it

pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of⁸ good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural⁹ philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nav, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.¹⁰

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision¹¹ in thee! thou art raw.¹²

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, got that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Hymns to Night and to Cynthia, which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages.

¹ I. e. *inexpressible*.

⁸ 'Of good breeding,' &c. The anomalous use of this preposition has been remarked on many occasions in these plays.

⁹ A natural being a common term for a fool, Touchstone evidently intended to quibble on the word.

¹⁰ 'Touchstone,' says Mal'one, 'I apprehend only means to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is spoiled in the roasting, by being done on one side only.' With Johnson I must say, that 'I do not fully comprehend the meaning of this jest.'

¹¹ 'God make incision in thee! thou art raw.' It has been ingeniously urged that *incision* or *grafting* is here meant, and that the phrase may be explained 'God put knowledge into thee,'—but we want instances to confirm this. Steevens thought the allusion here was to the common expression of *cutting for the similes*; and the subsequent speech of Touchstone, 'That is another simple sin in you,' gives colour to this conjecture.

¹² I. e. ignorant, unexperienced.

¹ 'Though thou the waters warp.' Mr. Holt White has pointed out a Saxon adage in Hickeys's Thesaurus, vol. i. p. 221; *Winter shall warp water*. So that Shakespeare's expression was anciently proverbial. To warp, from the Gothic *Wairpan*, jacere, projicere, signified anciently to *wear*, as may be seen in Florio's Dict. v. *ordire*; or in Cotgrave v. *ourdir*. 'Though thou the waters warp,' may therefore be explained, as Mr. Nares suggests, 'Though thou *wear* the waters into a firm texture.'

² *Remember'd* for remembering. So afterwards in Act iii. Sc. ult. 'And now I am remember'd,' i. e. and now that I *think* me, &c.

³ The argument is used for the contents of a book; hence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in another sense.

⁴ Seize by legal process.

⁵ I. e. *expeditiously*. Expedient is used by Shakespeare throughout his plays for *expeditious*.

⁶ This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology, but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with that fine racy old poet, Chapman's

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a Paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,¹
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair² of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rank³ to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a Paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent⁴ be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil⁵ sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

1. i. e. most fairly delineated.

2 Fair is beauty.

3 'The right butter-woman's rank to market' means the jog-trot rate (as it is vulgarly called) with which butchers and women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market. In its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a set or string of verses in the same coarse cadence and vulgar uniformity of rhythm.

4 The word *silent* is not in the old copy. Pope corrected the passage by reading

'Why should this a desert be?'

The present reading was proposed by Tyrwhitt, who observes that the hanging of tongues on every tree would not make it less a desert.

5 'Civil,' says Johnson, 'is here used in the same sense as when we say, civil wisdom and civil life, in opposition to a solitary state. This desert shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.'

6 i. e. in miniature. So in Hamlet. 'a hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little.'

*But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence's end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little⁶ show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd⁷
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;⁸
Sail Laetitia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you come; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:⁹ I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,¹⁰ which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O, lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes,¹¹ and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping?¹²

Ros. Good my complexion!¹³ dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a

7 The hint is probably taken from the Picture of Apelles, or the Pandora of the Ancients.

8 There is a great diversity of opinion among the commentators about what is meant by the *better part* of Atalanta, for which I must refer the reader, who is desirous of seeing this knotty point discussed, to the Variorum editions of Shakspeare.

9 A palm tree in the forest of Arden is as much out of its place as a lioness in a subsequent scene.

10 Johnson has called Rosalind a very learned lady for this trite allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It was no less common than the other allusion of rhyming rats to death in Ireland. This fanciful idea probably arose from some metrical charm or incantation used there for ridding houses of rats.

11 Alluding ironically to the proverb:

'Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.'

12 *To whoop* or hoop is to cry out, to exclaim with as tonishment.

13 'Good my complexion!' This singular phrase was probably only a little unmeaning exclamation si.

douplet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery.¹ I pr'ythee, tell me who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.²

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?³ What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's⁴ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,⁵ as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wound-ed knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla!⁶ to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.⁷

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO AND JAMES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

[*CELIA AND ROSALIND retire.*]

Jag. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jag. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

millar to Goodness me! many such have been current in familiar speech at all times.

¹ 'A south sea of discovery,' is not a discovery as far off, but as comprehensive as the South Sea, which being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity.

² 'Speak sad brow, and true maid.' Speak seriously and honestly; or in other words, 'speak with a serious countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin.'

³ i. e. how was he dressed?

⁴ 'Garagantua.' The giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad.

⁵ 'An atomic' is a mote flying in the sunbeams. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse' *Bullokar's English Expositor*, 1618.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁸ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jag. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

Jag. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAG.—CEL. and ROS. come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal.

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he

⁶ *Holla!* This was a term of the manège, by which the rider restrained and stopped his horse.

⁷ A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

⁸ To answer *right painted cloth*, is to answer contentiously. We still say she talks *right Billingsgate*. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which has generally been supposed and explained to mean *tapestry*; but was really *cloth or canvas painted* with various devices and mottoes. The verses, mottoes, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in our old writers.

go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland² man; one that knew courtship³ too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-unces are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pry'three, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon Hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancymonger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,⁴ and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;⁵ which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having⁶ in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation.⁷ But you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁸ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

1 i. e. sequestered.

2 i. e. civilized. See note on Act ii. Sc. 7.

3 *Courtship* is here used for *courtly behaviour, courtiership*. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 3. The context shows that this is the sense:—'for there he fell in love'; i. e. at court.

4 i. e. a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.

5 i. e. a spirit *averse to conversation*. Shakespeare often uses *question* for discourse, conversation, as in the next scene: 'I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.'

6 *Having* is possession, estate.

7 These seem to have been the established and characteristic marks of a lover in Shakespeare's time.

8 i. e. precise, exact; drest with finical nicety.

9 *Moonish*, that is, as changeable as the moon.

10 'If,' says Johnson, 'this be the true reading, we must by living understand *lasting or permanent*.' But

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish⁹ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; then I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness;¹⁰ which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is!

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;¹¹ JACQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?¹²

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious¹³ poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited!¹⁴ worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:¹⁵—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

he suspected that this passage was corrupt; that originally some antithesis was intended, which is now lost.

11 *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

12 'What features?' Mr. Nares's explanation of this passage appears to be the true one, it is that 'the word *feature* is too learned for the comprehension of Audrey,' and she reiterates it with simple wonder.

13 Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a poor quibble between *goats* and *goths*.

14 Ill-lodged.

15 'A great reckoning in a little room.' Warburton, with his usual ingenuity, has found out a reference to the saying of Rabelais, that 'there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for a reckoning and the paying it.' Taverner jollity is interrupted by the coming in of a great reckoning, and there seems a sly insinuation that it could not be escaped from in a little room.

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.¹

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!² [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.³

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁴ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence⁵ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir⁶ OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'll do you your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,⁷ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

1 This should probably be read—'it may be said, as lovers they do feign.'

2 'A material fool,' is a fool with matter in him.

3 'I thank the gods I am foul.' The humour of this passage has, I think, been missed by the commentators. Audrey in the simplicity of her heart here 'thinks the gods amiss'; mistaking *foulness*, for some notable virtue, or commendable quality. But indeed *foul* was anciently used in opposition to *fair*, the one signifying homely, the other handsome.

4 Lean deer are called *rascal* deer.

5 i. e. the art of fencing.

6 'Sir Oliver.' This title, it has been already observed, was formerly applied to priests and curates in general. See notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. i. Sc. 1.

7 i. e. God yield you, God reward you.

8 i. e. his *yoke*, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns. See note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 3.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

But—wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.⁹

[*Exeunt JAQ. TOUCH. and AUDREY.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The same. Before a Cottage. *Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pry thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:¹⁰ marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.¹¹

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question¹² with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

9 The ballad of 'O sweete Olyver, leave me not behind thee,' and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says I will sing—not that part of the ballad which says—'Leave me not behind thee;' but that which says—'Begone, I say,' probably part of the answer.

10 It has been already observed, in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that Judas was constantly represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red hair and beard.

11 Surely this speech is sufficiently intelligible without the blundering of Theobald or the pedantic refinement of Warburton? There is humour in the expression *cast lips*; which Theobald rightly explained *left off*, as we still say *cast clothes*. Who would ever dream of taking this figurative passage in its literal meaning? The nun of winter's sisterhood, with the very ice of chastity in her lips, needs no explanation.

12 Question is conversation.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart! the heart of his lover;² as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose:³ but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:⁴—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Forest. Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives⁴ by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and palpable⁵ impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,⁶
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,

used for skin mark, which is in fact a scar, though not an indelible one.
6 Love.

1 When the tilter, by unsteadiness or awkwardness, suffered his spear to be turned out of its direction, and to be broken across the body of his adversary, instead of by the push of the point, it was held very disgraceful.
2 I. e. mistress.

3 Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read 'nose-quilled goose,' which has received some support from Farmer and Steevens.

4 I. e. he who to the very end of life, continues a common executioner. So in the second Scene of Act. v. of this play:—'live and die a shepherd.'

5 The cicatrice and palpable impressure. The old copy reads 'capable impressure.' I think it is evident we should read palpable. For no one can surely be satisfied with the strained explanations offered by Johnson and Malone. Cicatrice, however improperly, is

Over the wretched? What though? you have no beauty.⁷

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed.)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too:
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk-hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship,—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank heaven fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.⁸
So take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-
gether;

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and
she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast
as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce
her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsher than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.⁹
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of
might;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?¹⁰

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

used for skin mark, which is in fact a scar, though not an indelible one.

6 Love.

7 'What though? you have no beauty?' This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone thought erroneous, and proposed to read *mo'* beauty; Steevens adopted his emendation, and reads *more*. This is certainly wrong; the whole of Rosalind's spirited address to Phebe tends to the disparagement of her beauty; and whoever reads it with attention will conclude with me that the old copy is right.

8 That is, says Johnson, 'The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.'

9 If all men could see you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

10 This line is from Marlowe's beautiful poem of Hero and Leander, left unfinished at his death in 1592, and first published in 1593, when it became very popular.

But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plentiful crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
crewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft:
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot¹ once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish² boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little ripier and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the dif-
ference

Between the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* Enter ROSALIND, CE-
LIA and JACQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are
abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every
modern³ censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poet.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is
fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud;
nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the law-
yer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is
nice;⁴ nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is
a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many
simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed,
the sundry contemplation of my travels; which,
by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous
sadness.⁵

¹ *Carlot.* This is printed in Italicks as a proper
name in the old edition. It is however apparently form-
ed from *carle* a peasant.

² I. e. weak, silly. ³ I. e. common, trifling.

⁴ *Nice*, here means *tender, delicate*, and not *silly*,
trifling, as Steevens supposed; though the word is
occasionally used by Shakespeare in common with
Chaucer, in the sense of the old French *nice niais*.

⁵ The old copy reads and points thus:—'and indeed
the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which by

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great
reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own
lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much,
and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor
hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had
rather have a fool to make me merry, than experi-
ence to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in
blank verse. [Exit.]

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you
lisp, and wear strange suits: disable⁶ all the bene-
fits of your own country; be out of love with your
nativity, and almost chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will scarce think you
have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlan-
do! where have you been all this while? You a
lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never
come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of
my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and
break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute
in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that
Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I war-
rant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in
my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly,
he carries his house on his head: a better jointure,
I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he
brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain
to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes
armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of
his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind
is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a
Rosalind of a better leer⁷ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a
holiday humour, and like enough to consent:
What would you say to me now, an I were your
very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when
you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might
take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when
they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking
(God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to
kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there
begins new matter.

Orl. Who could he out, being before his beloved
mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mis-
tress; or I should think my honesty ranker than
my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of
your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I
would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have
you.

often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sad-
ness.' The emendation is Malone's.

⁶ I. e. undervalue.

⁷ I. e. been at Venice; then the resort of all travellers,
as Paris now. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point
their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel.
Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Que Padio* to satirise
the fashion.

⁸ I. e. complexion colour

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers¹ of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:—*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo: December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a barbarous cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain;² and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena,³ and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do:

Orl. O, but she is wise.

1 'The foolish chroniclers.' Sir Thomas Hamner reads *coroners*; and it must be confessed the context seems to warrant the innovation, unless Shakespeare means to designate the *jury* impaneled on a coroner's inquest by the term *chroniclers*.

2 Figures, and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains.

3 The bark of the hyena was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

4 i. e. *bar* the doors.

5 'Wit, whither wilt?' This was a kind of proverbial phrase, the origin of which has not been traced. It seems to be used chiefly to express a want of command over the fancy or inventive faculty. It occurs in many writers of Shakespeare's time.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors⁴ upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*⁵

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer,⁶ unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,⁷ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological⁸ break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done with her own nest.⁹

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow,¹⁰ and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [Ereunt.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Forest. Enter JACQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's

6 This bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion:

'For lacke of answer none of us shall dien.'

7 i. e. represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Hamner reads, her husband's *accusation*.

8 *Pathetical* and *passionate* were used in the same sense in Shakespeare's time. Whether Rosalind has any more meaning than Costard in the use of the word when he calls Armado's boy 'a most pathetical nit,' I leave the reader to judge.

9 This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynd*.

10 So in *Macbeth*:—

'Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.'

horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—
Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?
2 *Lord*. Yes, sir.
Jag. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so
it makes noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn; } The rest shall
It was a crest ere thou wast born; } bear this bur-
den.

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it:*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*¹ [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Forest.* Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!²

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:—
My gentle Phebe, bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.

I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.³

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She chides me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

1 In Playford's Musical Companion, 1673, where this song is set to music by John Hilton, the words '*Then sing him home*' are omitted, and it should be remarked that in the old copy, these words, and those which have been regarded by the editors as a stage direction, are given in one line.

2 i. e. here is no Orlando. Much was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion, still used by the vulgar in the same sense; as, 'much of that!'

3 Mason thinks that part of Silvius's speech is lost, and that we should read—

'Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.'

and then Rosalind's reply follows more naturally.

4 i. e. mischief.

5 *Eyne* for eyes.

8 *Kind*, for nature, or natural affections.

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me—*

Meaning me, a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne³
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind⁴
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows⁵ himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin;⁶ Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,⁷
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak,⁸ whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

7 A poor snake was a term of reproach equivalent to a wretch or poor creature. Hence also a sneaking or creeping fellow.

8 i. e. acts, or behaves like, &c.

9 A napkin and handkerchief were the same thing in Shakespeare's time, as we gather from the dictionaries of Baret and Hutton in their explanations of the word *Cessitum* and *Sudarium*. Napkin, for handkerchief, is still in use in the north.

10 i. e. love, which is always thus described by our old poets as composed of contraries.

11 The ancient editions read, 'under an old oak,' which hurts the measure without improving the sense. The correction was made by Steevens.

Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And had render'd him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling²
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Hy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Gany-
mede?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh
ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.* Enter TOUCHSTONE and
AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest
in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:
By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to
answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head,
cover thy head; nay, pry'thee, be covered. How
old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest
here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excel-
lent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art
thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now re-
member a saying: *The fool doth think he is wise,
but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his
mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made
to eat, and lips to open.³ You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to
have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink,
being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the
one doth empty the other: for all your writers do
consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for
I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman:
Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the
vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish
is, company,—of this female,—which in the com-
mon is,—woman, which together is, abandon the
society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest;
or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I
kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into
death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in
poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I
will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee
with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty
ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come,
away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend,
I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 i. e. represent or render this account of him.

2 i. e. jostling or clashing. encounter.

3 Warburton thinks this a sneer at the insignificant sayings and actions recorded of the ancient philosophers by the writers of their lives.

SCENE II. *The same. Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Ol. And you, fair sister.²

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there never was any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,³ or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.⁴

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:⁵ I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three

¹ Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot caused by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

² Oliver must be supposed to speak to her in the character she had assumed of a woman courted by his brother Orlando, for there is no evidence that he knew she was one.

³ *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay or delay, out of hand; so Barlet explains it. But it had also its now usual signification, and Shakespeare delights in the equivocal.

⁴ It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, 'clubs, clubs,' to part the combatants.

years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is,⁶ and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:⁷ Therefore put you in your best array, bid⁸ your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,

To seem despightful and ungentle to you:

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all obeisance;⁹—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love

you? [To ROSALIND.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love

you? [To PHEBE.]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her, that is not here; nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [To SILVIUS] if I can.—I would love you, [To PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow;—I will satisfy you, [To ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow;—I will content you, [To SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [To ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [To SILVIUS] love Phebe,

⁵ Conceit in the language of Shakespeare's age signified wit; or conception, and imagination.

⁶ 'Human as she is,' that is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend upon the rites of incantation.

⁷ 'I say I am a magician.' She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The poet refers to his own times, when it would have brought her life in danger.

⁸ *i. e.* invite.

⁹ *Obeisance.* The old copy reads *observance*, but it is very unlikely that word should have been set down by Shakespeare twice so close to each other. Ritson proposed the present emendation. *Obeisance* is attention, deference.

meet: And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phē.
Orl.

Nor I.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.¹ Here comes two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

I Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i'the middle.

I Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,²
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

I Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JACQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not:

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.³

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged;—

¹ I.e. a married woman. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Beatrice says:—'Thus every one goes to the world but I.'

² This burthen, which had a wanton sense, is common to many old songs. See Florio's Ital. Dict. Ed. 1611, sub voce *Fossa*.

³ This line is very obscure, and probably corrupt. Henley proposed to point it thus:

'As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear.' And Malone explains it: 'As those who fear,—they, even those very persons entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized; and yet, at the same time, they well know there is reason for their fears.' Heath's appears

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke* You will bestow her on Orlando here?]

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*]

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To PHEBE.*]

Phē. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phē. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[*To SILVIUS.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silviu, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.⁴

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good, my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;⁵ I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.⁶ I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser,

to me the best emendation which has been proposed; 'As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.'

⁴ Thus in Measure for Measure:

—yet death we fear

That makes these odds all even.⁵

⁵ Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a stately dance peculiar to the polished part of society, as the minuet in later times. Hence the phrase was *to tread a measure*, as we used to say *to walk a minuet*. See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. I.

⁶ 'I desire you of the like.' This mode of expression occurs also in the Merchant of Venice, and in A Midsummer Night's Dream. It is frequent in Spenser;

—of pardon you I pray,
⁷ By the marriage ceremony a man swears that he will keep only to his wife; but his blood or passion often makes him break his oath.

sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.¹

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.²

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:³—Bear your body more seeming,⁴ Audrey;—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courtious*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled⁵ my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;⁶ as you have books for good manners:⁷ I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courtious*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance*; the seventh, the *Lie direct*. All these you may avoid, but the *lie direct*, and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,⁸ and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,⁹ leading ROSALIND in women's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone¹⁰ together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours:—

(To Duke S.)

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

(To ORLANDO.)

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phē. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

(To Duke S.)

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

(To ORLANDO.)

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she:—

(To PHEBE)

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion,

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.¹¹

You and you no cross shall part:

(To ORLANDO AND ROSALIND.)

You and you are heart in heart:

(To OLIVER AND CELIA)

You [To PHEBE] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

(To TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.)

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;¹²

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed band of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured;

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phē. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.¹³

(To SILVIUS.)

Enter JACQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word
or two;

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd¹⁴ a mighty power! which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun, and well begot:

1 i. e. prompt and pithy.

2 'Dulcet diseases.' Johnson thought we should read—'discourses'; but it is useless labour to endeavour to make the fantastic Touchstone orthodox in his meaning.

3 i. e. the lie removed seven times, counting backwards from the last and most aggravated species of lie, viz. the lie direct.

4 Seemly.

5 i. e. impeached, or dispraised.

6 The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling; then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address. The book alluded to is entitled, 'Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincendo Savioli, 1594, 4to.

7 The Booke of Nurture; or, Schoole of Good Manners for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer

ad mensam, 12mo. without date, in black letter, is most probably the work referred to. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, and first published in the reign of Edward VI.

8 'A stalking-horse.' See note on Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

9 Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

10 i. e. at one; accord, or agree together. This is the old sense of the phrase, 'an attouement, a loving againe after a breach or falling out. Reditus in gradum aliquo.'—Baret.

11 i. e. unless truth fails of veracity; if there be truth in truth.

12 i. e. take your fill of discourse.

13 i. e. unke, attach.

14 i. e. prepared.

And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :—

Play, music ;—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath : [To Duke S.
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it :—
You [To ORLANDO] to a love that your true faith
doth merit :—

You [To OLIVER] to your land and love, and great
allies :—

You [To SYLVIVS] to a long and well deserved
bed :—

And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling ; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.¹ [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these
rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[A dance.

1 The reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner : and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.

2 It was formerly the general custom in England, as it is still in France and the Netherlands, to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner : there was a classical propriety in this ; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus.

3 *Furnished*, dressed.

EPILOGUE.

Res. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,² 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue : Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished³ like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you :⁴ and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,⁵ I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,⁶ and breaths that I defied not : and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

OF this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays ; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.

4 This is the reading of the old copy, which has been altered to 'as much of this play as please *them*,' but surely without necessity. It is only the omission of the *s* at the end of *please*, which gives it a quaint appearance, but it was the practice of the poet's age.

5 The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time.

6 i. e. that I liked.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE fable of All's Well that Ends Well is derived from the story of Gillette of Narbonne in the Decamerone of Boccaccio. It came to Shakespeare through the medium of Painter's Palace of Pleasure : and is to be found in the first volume, which was printed as early as 1566. The comic parts of the plot, and the characters of the Countess, Lafew, &c. are of the poet's own creation, and in the conduct of the fable he has found it expedient to depart from his original more than it is his usual custom to do. The character of Helena is beautifully drawn, she is an heroic and patient sufferer of adverse fortune like Griselda, and placed in circumstances of almost equal difficulty. Her romantic passion for Bertram with whom she had been brought up as a sister ; her grief at his departure for the court, which she expresses in some exquisitely impassioned lines, and the retiring anxious modesty with which she confides her passion to the Countess, are in the poet's sweetest style of writing. Nor are the succeeding parts of her conduct touched with a less delicate and masterly hand. Placed in extraordinary and embarrassing circumstances, there is a propriety and delicacy in all her actions, which is consistent with the guileless innocence of her heart.

The King is properly made an instrument in the denouement of the plot of the play, and this a most striking and judicious deviation from the novel : his gratitude and esteem for Helen are consistent and honourable to him as a man and a monarch.

Johnson has expressed his dislike of the character of

Bertram, and most fair readers have manifested their abhorrence of him, and have thought with Johnson that he ought not to have gone unpunished, for the sake not only of poetical but of moral justice. Schlegel has remarked that 'Shakespeare never attempts to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation. He intended merely to give us a military portrait ; and paints the true way of the world, according to which the injustice of men towards women is not considered in a very serious light, if they only maintain what is called the honour of the family.' The fact is, that the construction of his plot prevented him. Helen was to be rewarded for her heroic and persevering affection, and any more serious punishment than the temporary shame and remorse that awaits Bertram would have been inconsistent with comedy. It should also be remembered that he was constrained to marry Helen against his will. Shakespeare was a good-natured moralist ; and, like his own creation, old Lafew, though he was delighted to strip off the mask of pretension, he thought that punishment might be carried too far. Who that has been diverted with the truly comic scenes in which Parolles is made to appear in his true character, could have wished him to have been otherwise dismissed ?—

'Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.'

It has been remarked that 'the style of the whole play is more conspicuous for sententiousness than imagery ;' and that 'the glowing colours of fancy could not

have been introduced into such a subject.' May not the period of life at which it was produced have something to do with this? Malone places the date of its composition in 1606, and observes that a beautiful speech of the sick king has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life.

'—let me not live

After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things dislaid: whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.'

It appears probable that the original title of this play was 'Love's Labour's Wonne': at least a piece under that title is mentioned by Meres in his 'Wits Treasury,' in 1598; but if this was the play referred to, what becomes of Malone's hypothesis relating to the date of its composition?

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU,¹ an old Lord.

PAROLLES,¹ a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, } Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

Clown, }

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.

MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers,

&c. French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Countess.

In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,² evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentleman had a father (O, that had! how sad a passage³ 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

¹ Stevens says that we should write *Lafeu* and *Paroles*.

² The heirs of great fortunes were formerly the king's wards. This prerogative was a branch of the feudal law.

³ In the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, which had been translated in Shakespeare's time, is the following passage:

'—Fillum unicum adolescentulum

Habeo. Ah quid dixi *Habere* me? imo

—habui, Chreme,

Nunc habeam incertum est.'

⁴ We feel regret even in commending such qualities, joined with an evil disposition; they are *traitors*, because they give the possessors power over others; who, admiring such estimable qualities, are often betrayed by the malevolence of the possessors. Helena's virtues are the better because they are artless and open.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king, languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentleman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,⁴ there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplicity; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season⁵ her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood⁶ from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.⁷

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.⁸

Laf. Moderate lamentation⁹ is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.¹⁰

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish,¹¹ and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

⁵ So in Chapman's version of the third *Iliad*:

'Season'd her tears her joys to see,' &c.

⁶ All appearance of life.

⁷ This kind of phraseology was not peculiar to Shakespeare, though it appears uncouth to us: it is plain that he meant—'lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.'

⁸ Helena's affected sorrow was for the death of her father: her real grief related to Bertram and his departure.

⁹ That is, 'if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.'

¹⁰ I. e. that may help thee with more and better qualifications.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your
thoughts [*To HELENA,*] be servants to you!¹ Be
comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make
much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the
credit of your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father,
And these great tears² grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;³ heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:⁴
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely⁵ a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.⁶

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.⁷

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain⁸ of soldier in
you: let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to
virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though
valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us
some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before
you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers,
and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how
virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will
quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down
again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose
your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth

of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity
is rational increase; and there was never virgin
got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were
made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by
being once lost, may be ten times found: by being
ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion;
away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I
die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against
the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virgi-
nity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most in-
fallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself is a
virgin: virginity murders itself;⁹ and should be
buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a
desperate offendress against nature. Virginity
breeds a mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself
to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his
own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud,
idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibit-
ed¹⁰ sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot
choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years
it will make itself ten,¹¹ which is a goodly increase,
and the principal itself not much the worse: Away
with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own
liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that
ne'er it likes.¹² 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss
with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off
with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of re-
quest. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her
cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable:
just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear¹³ not
now: Your date¹⁴ is better in your pie and your
porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity,
your old virginity, is like one of our French withered
pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wi-
thered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet,
'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.¹⁵

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,¹⁶
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place:—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishea,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,

itself two.' The emendation is Hamner's. *Out with it*,
is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means, give
it away; put with it: considered in another light, it
signifies *put it out to interest*, it will produce you ten
for one.

12 Parolles plays upon the word *liking*, and says,
'She must do ill for virginity to be so lost, must like
him that likes not virginity.'

13 The old copy reads *were*, Rowe corrected it. Shak-
speare here, as in other places, uses the active for the
passive.

14 A quibble on *date*, which means age, and a candied
fruit then much used in pies.

15 I cannot but think, with Hamner and Johnson, that
some such clause as '*You're for the court*,' has been
omitted. Unless we suppose, with Malone, that the
omission is in Parolles's speech, and that he may have
said, '*I am now bound for the court*.' Something of
the kind is necessary to connect Helena's rhapsodical
speech; she could not mean to say, that she shall prove
every thing to Bertram.

16 I. e. a number of pretty, fond, adopted appellations
or *Christian names*, to which blind Cupid stands god-
father. It is often used for *baptism* by old writers

1 I. e. may you be mistress of your wishes, and have
power to bring them to effect.

2 That is, Helen's own tears, which were caused in
reality by the departure of Bertram, though attributed
by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father, and
which, from this misapprehension of theirs, *graced his
memory more* than those she actually shed for him.

3 Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which
his resemblance was portrayed.

4 I. e. every line and *trace* of his sweet countenance.
5 I. e. *altogether*, without any admixture of the oppo-
site quality.

6 *Cold for naked*, as superfluous for overclothed. This
makes the propriety of the antithesis.

7 Perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic
Monarch mentioned in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*,
Act i. Sc. 1.

8 That is, some *tincture*, some little of the hue or col-
our of a soldier; as much as to say, '*you that are a bit
of a soldier*.'

9 He that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this cir-
cumstance alike, they are both *self-destroyers*.

10 Forbidden.

11 The old copy reads, 'within ten years it will make

And show what we alone must think;¹ which never Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hcl. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hcl. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hcl. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hcl. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hcl. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hcl. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,² and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable³ of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hcl. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. What power is it which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?⁴ The mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kiss like native things.⁵ Impossible be strange attempts, to those That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose, What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish of Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys⁶ are by the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend

¹ I. e. and show by realities what we now must only think.

² This is a metaphor from Shakespeare's favorite source; Falconry. A bird of good wing was a bird of swift and strong flight. 'If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear, for the same reason, will make you run away, the composition is a virtue that will fly far and swiftly.' Mason thinks we should read—'is like to wear well.'

³ Capable and susceptible were synonymous in Shakespeare's time, as appears by the dictionaries. Helen says before:

'heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.'

⁴ She means, 'why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it without the food of hope.'

⁵ The mightiest space in fortune is a licentious expression for persons the most widely separated by fortune; whom nature (I. e. natural affection) brings to join like likes (I. e. equals), and kiss like native things (I. e. and unite like things formed by nature for each other.) Or in other words, 'Nature often unites those whom fortune or inequality of rank has separated.'

Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father, and myself, in friendship First tried our soldiery! He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long; But on us both did haggish age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father: In his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may jest, Till their own scorn return to them unnoted, Ere they can hide their levity in honour.⁷ So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were, His equal had awak'd them;⁸ and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and, at this time, His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him He us'd as creatures of another place; And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times; Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb; So in approval⁹ lives not his epitaph, As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always say,

(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them, To grow there, and to bear)—*Let him not live,*— Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he *After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff* Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

⁶ The citizens of the small republic of which Siena is the capital. The *Sanesi*, as Boccaccio calls them, which Painter translates *Senois*, after the French method.

⁷ To repair in these plays generally signifies to rene-rate.

⁸ That is, 'cover petty faults with great merit: honour does not stand for dignity of rank or birth, but acquired reputation.' This is an excellent observation (says Johnson,) jocose, folles, and eight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.

⁹ Nor was sometimes used without reduplication. 'He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but for his equal.'

¹⁰ His for us.

¹¹ The approbation of his worth lives not so much in his epitaph as in your royal speech.

*Mere fathers of their garments;¹ whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—* This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't,
count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure.² Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.³

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,⁴ I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,⁵ Isabel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your goodwill in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body: for, they say, bearns⁶ are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends;

for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears⁷ my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He that comforts my wife, is the nourisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*,⁸ he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam⁹ the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i'th herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:¹⁰

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*¹¹

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[Singing.]

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done,¹² done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.¹³
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten; you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o'the song: 'Would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a! an we might have a good woman born, but on¹⁴ every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.¹⁵—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me! alone she was, and did

1 Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress.

2 So in *Macbeth*:

'Death and nature do contend about them.'

3 The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as *Touchstone*. Such fools were, in the poet's time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house.

4 To act up to your desires.

5 To be married.

6 Children.

7 Ploughs.

8 Therefore.

9 Malone conjectures that we should read, '*Pollason*' the papist; alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast days: as *Charbon* the puritan alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect. It is much in *Shakspeare's* manner to use significant names.

10 The readiest way.

11 I. e. nature.

12 Foolishly done.

13 The name of Helen brings to the *Clown's* memory this fragment of an old ballad; something has escaped him it appears, for *Paris* 'was king Priam's only joy,' as Helen was *Sir Paris's*. According to two fragments quoted by the commentators.

14 The old copy reads *one*. Malone substituted *on*.

15 The *Clown* answers, with the licentious petulance allowed to the character, that 'if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss;' that he does not amiss, he makes the effect not of his lady's goodness, but of his own honesty, which, though not very nice or puritanical, will do no hurt, but, unlike the puritans, will comply with the injunctions of superiors; and wear the 'surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart;' will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana,¹ no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,² in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt; Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. *[Exit Steward.]*

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we³ are nature's, these are ours; this thorn Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born; It is the show and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth: By our remembrances⁴ of days foregone, Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eyes are sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother; Why not a mother? When I said, a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother, That you start at it? I say I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature: and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care:— God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?⁵ Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honour'd name; No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die: He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would, you were (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,) Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,

1 The old copies omit *Diana*. Theobald inserted the word.

2 Since.

3 The old copy reads, 'If ever we are nature's.' The correction is Pope's.

4 I. e. according to our recollection.

5 There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when eyelashes are wet with tears.

6 There is a designed ambiguity, I. e. I care as much for: I wish it equally.

7 I. e. 'can it be no other *tear*, but if I be your daughter, he must be my brother?'

8 Content.

9 The old copy reads *loveliness*. The emendation is Theobald's. It has been proposed to read *loveliness*.

10 The source, the cause of your grief.

11 In their language, according to their *nature*.

I care no more for,⁶ than I do for heaven, So I were not his sister: Can't no other, But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mother, So strive⁷ upon your pulse: What, pale again? My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see The mystery of your loneliness,⁸ and find Your salt tears' head.⁹ Now to all sense 'tis gross, You love my son; invention is asham'd, Against the proclamation of thy passion, To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true: But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, one to the other: and thine eyes See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours, That in their kind¹⁰ they speak it: only sin And hellish oblativity tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so? If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue; If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond, Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose The state of your affection; for your passions Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son:— My friends were poor, but honest: so's my love: Be not offended; for it hurts not him, That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit; Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him; Yet never know how that desert should be. I know I love in vain, strive against hope; Yet, in this captious¹¹ and intenable sieve, I still pour in the waters of my love, And lack not to lose still; thus, Indian-like, Religious in mine error, I adore The sun, that looks upon his worshipper, But knows of him no more. My dearest madam, Let not your hate encounter with my love, For loving where you do: but, if yourself, Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,¹² Did ever, in so true a flame of liking, Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian Was both herself and love;¹³ O then give pity To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose But lend and give, where she is sure to lose; That seeks not to find that her search implies, But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly, To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear, You know, my father left me some prescriptions Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading, And manifest experience, had collected

12 Johnson is perplexed about this word *capacious*, 'which (says he) I never found in this sense, yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious* for rotten.' Farmer supposes *capacious* to be a contraction of *capacious*? Stevens believes that *capacious* meant *recipient*? capable of receiving! and *intenable* incapable of holding or retaining!—he rightly explains the latter word, which is printed in the old copy *intenable* by mistake.

13 I. e. whose respectable conduct in age proves that you were no less virtuous when young.

14 Helena means to say—'If ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person, or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires.' Malone thinks the line should be thus read:—

'Love dearly, and wish chastely, that your Dian,' &c.

For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note :¹ amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him ;
They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,² have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints,³
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into⁴ thy attempt :
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lord,⁵ these warlike principles
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lord, fare-
well :—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.⁶ Farewell, young lords ;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,)⁷ see, that you come

¹ Receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.

² Exhausted of their skill.

³ The old copy reads—in't. The emendation is Ham-
mers's.

⁴ Into for unto. A common form of expression with
old writers. See Trilussa and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 3.

⁵ In this and the following instance the folio reads
lords. The correction was suggested by Tyrwhitt.

⁶ I. e. as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart-
whole* ; my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper,
do not acknowledge its influence.

⁷ I prefer Johnson's explanation of this obscure pas-
sage to any that has been offered :—' Let upper Italy,
where you are to exercise your valour, see that you
come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is to the
overthrow, of those who inherit but the fall of the last
monarchy or the remains of the Roman empire.'

Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
The bravest questant⁸ shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your ma-
jesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand : beware of being captives,
Before you serve.⁹

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a Couch.*]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay be-
hind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark——

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable ; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil¹⁰ with ;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn,
But one to dance with !¹¹ By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.¹²

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war,
here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword
entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and observe his
reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices ! [*Exeunt*
Lords.] What will you do ?

Ber. Stay ; the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble
lords : you have restrained yourself within the list
of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ;
for they wear themselves in the cap of the time,¹³
there do muster true gait ;¹⁴ eat, speak, and move
under the influence of the most received star ; and
though the devil lead the measure,¹⁵ such are to be
followed : after them, and take a more dilated fare-
well.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most
sinevy sword-men.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and
for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy ; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

Bated and abated are used elsewhere by Shakspeare
in a kindred sense.

⁸ Seeker, inquirer.

⁹ Be not captives before you are soldiers.

¹⁰ To be kept a coil is to be vexed or troubled with a
stir or noise.

¹¹ In Shakspeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to
dance with swords on.

¹² 'I grow to you, and our parting is as it were to dis-
sever or torture a body.'

¹³ They are the foremost in the fashion.

¹⁴ It seems to me that this passage has been wrongly
pointed and improperly explained, *there do muster true*
gait ; if addressed to Bertram, it means *there exercise*
yourself in the gait of fashion ; eat, &c. But perhaps
we should read *they* instead of *there*, or else *inert they*
after *gait* ; either of these slight emendations would
render this obscure passage perfectly intelligible.

¹⁵ The dance,

King. I would, I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across: 'I
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,¹
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock; and make you dance canary,²
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.³

King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one
arriv'd,

If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,⁴
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness:⁵ Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit LAFEU.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.
Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.⁶
King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways:
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,⁷
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.⁸

King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,⁹

Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her insaidable estate,—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest¹¹ 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Of does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.¹² Great floods have
flow'd

From simple sources:¹³ and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.¹⁴
Of expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;¹⁵

But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,¹⁶
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;

Ere twice in muck and accidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.¹⁷

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak;

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate

1 This word, which is taken from breaking a spear
across in chivalric exercises, is used elsewhere by
Shakespeare where a pass of wit miscarries. See *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

2 Medicine is here used by Lafeu ambiguously for a
female physician.

3 It has been before observed that the canary was a
kind of lively dance.

4 Malone thinks something has been omitted here:
to complete the sense the line should read:—

And cause him write to her a love line.

5 By profession is meant her declaration of the object
of her coming.

6 This is one of Shakespeare's perplexed expressions:
— 'To acknowledge how much she has astonished me
would be to acknowledge more weakness that I am will-
ing to do.'

7 Stevens has inconsiderately stigmatized this with
the title of vulgarism. Malone has justly defended it

as the phraseology of the poet's age, and adduces a si-
milar mode of expression from our excellent old version
of the Bible.

8 I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*.

9 Of known and acknowledged excellence.

10 A third eye.

11 I. e. 'Since you have determined or made up your
mind that there is no remedy.'

12 An allusion to Daniel judging the two Elders.

13 I. e. when Moses smote the rock in Horeb.

14 This must refer to the children of Israel passing the
Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

15 I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and
design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud.
I think what I speak.

16 I. e. the divine grace, lending me grace or power to
accomplish it.

17 Let me be stigmatised as a strumpet, and, in addi-
tion (although that could not be worse, or a more ex-

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :¹
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness and prime² can happy call :
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try ;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property³
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
 And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.⁴

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command :
 Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or impage of thy state :⁵
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;
 So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
 More should I question thee, and more I must ;
 Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But
 rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
 Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.*

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clow. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught : I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clow. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ;⁶ the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

Clow. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,⁷ as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

tended evil than what I have mentioned, the loss of my honour, which is the worst that could happen,) let me die with torture. *Ne is nor.*

1 i.e. may be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.
 2 *Prime* here signifies that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life ; which old Montaigne calls, *cet estat plein de verdure et de feste*, and which Florio translates, 'that state, full of lust, of prime, and mirth.'

3 *Property* seems to be used here for *performance* or *achievement*, singular as it may seem.

4 The old copy reads 'hopes of help.' The emendation is Thirlby's.

5 The old copy reads 'image of thy state.' Warburton proposed *impage*, which Stevens rejects, saying unadvisedly 'there is no such word.' It is evident that Shakespeare formed it from 'an *impe*, a scion, or young slip of a tree.'

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

Clow. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clow. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs to't : Ask me, if I am a courtier ; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could : I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

Clow. O Lord, sir,⁸ —There's a simple putting off ;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me ? Indeed, your O Lord, sir, is very sequent⁹ to your whipping ; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clow. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—
O Lord, sir : I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business : Give Helen this.

And urge her to a present answer back :

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son ;
 This is not much.

Clow. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : You understand me ?

Clow. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace. Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern¹⁰ and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing¹¹ ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.¹²

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,——

Par. So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic¹³ fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right : as 'twere, a man assured of an—

6 This is a common proverbial expression.

7 *Tom* and *Tibb* were apparently common names for a *lad* and *lass*, the *rush ring* seems to have been a kind of love token, for plighting of troth among rustic lovers.

8 A ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus *Clove* and *Orange*, in *Every Man in his Humour* : 'You conceive me, sir ?—O Lord, sir !'

9 Properly follows.

10 Common, ordinary.

11 *Sconce* being a term in fortification for a chief fortress. To *ensconce* literally signifies to *secure* as in a fort.

12 *Fear* means here an object of fear.

13 *Authentic* is *allowed*, *approved* ; and seems to have been the proper epithet for a physician regularly bred or licensed. The diploma of a licentiate still has *authentic licentiatu*.

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,
 you shall read it in—What do you call there?—
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly
 actor.
Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin¹ is not lustier: 'fore me
 I speak in respect—
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is
 the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most
 facinorous² spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be
 the—
Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak—
Par. And debile minister, great power, great
 transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a
 further use to be made, than alone the recovery of
 the king, as to be³—
Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here
 comes the king.
Laf. Lustick,⁴ as the Dutchman says: I'll like
 a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head:
 Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.
Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[Exit an Attendant.]
 Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
 And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
 Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
 The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
 Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
 Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
 O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice⁵
 I have to use: thy frank election make;
 Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-
 sake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
 Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!⁶

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,⁷ and his furniture,
 My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
 And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a noble father,
Hel. Gentlemen,
 Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to
 health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
 That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
 Please it your majesty, I have done already:
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.⁸

King. Make choice; and, see,
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

¹ The *Dauphin* was formerly so written, but it is doubtful whether Lafau means to allude to the *Prince* or the fish. The old orthography is therefore continued.

² Wicked.

³ Dr. Johnson thought this and some preceding speeches in the scene were erroneously given to Parolles instead of to Lafau. This seems very probable, for the humour of the scene consists in Parolles's pretensions to knowledge and sentiments which he has not.

⁴ *Lustigh* is the Dutch for active, pleasant, playful, sportive.

⁵ They were wards as well as subjects.

⁶ I. e. except one, meaning Bertram: but in the sense of be-out.

⁷ A *curtal* was the common phrase for a horse; i. e. 'I'd give my bay horse, &c. that my age were not greater than these boys': a *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

⁸ My blushes (says Helen) thus whisper me—We

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,
 Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?
 1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir, all the rest is mute.⁹
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
 ames-ace¹⁰ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
 Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above
 Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
 Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her?¹¹ An they were sons
 of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send
 them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [To a Lord] that I your hand
 should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
 Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
 Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
 her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the
 French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
 To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy fa-
 ther drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am
 a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [To BERTRAM]
 but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
 Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's
 thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
 highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
 The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
 What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
 But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my
 sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
 Must answer for your rising? I know her well;
 She had her breeding at my father's charge:
 A poor physician's daughter my wife!—disdain
 Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title¹² thou disdain'st in her, the
 which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
 Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In differences so mighty: If she be
 All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
 A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
 Where great additions¹³ swell and virtue none,
 It is a dropied honour: good alone
 Is good;—without a name, vileness is so:¹⁴

blush that thou shouldst have the nomination of thy hus-
 band. However, choose him at thy peril; but if thou
 be refused, let thy cheeks be forever pale; we will never
 revisit them again.⁹ *Be refused* means the same as
 'thou being refused,' or, 'be thou refused.' The *white*
death is the paleness of death.

⁹ I. e. 'I have no more to say to you.' So Hamlet,
 'the rest is silence.'

¹⁰ The lowest chance of the dice.

¹¹ The scene must be so regulated that Lafau and Pa-
 rolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes
 between Helena and the Lords, but not hear it, so that
 they know not by whom the refusal is made.

¹² I. e. the want of title.

¹³ Titles.

¹⁴ Good is good, independent of any worldly distinc-
 tion: and so vileness would be ever vile, did not rank,
 power, and fortune screen it from opprobrium.

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,¹
And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,²
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower: honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad;

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,³
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers⁴ and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole⁵ of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract: whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: ⁶ the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,⁷ to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the banners, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;⁸ and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,⁹ he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.¹⁰ [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeign'dly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe¹¹ themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

sense of *expeditiously*: and *brief* in the sense of a short note or intimation concerning any business, and sometimes without the idea of writing.

7 I. e. while I sat twice with thee at dinner.

8 To take up is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground.

9 I. e. at a need.

10 There is a poor conceit here hardly worth explaining, but that some of the commentators have misunderstood it:—'Doing I am past,' says Lafeu, 'as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave;' i. e. 'as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able;' and he immediately goes out.

11 Exercise.

1 I. e. the child of honour.

2 The first folio omits *best*; the second folio supplies it.

3 The *implication* or *clause* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) here serves for the antecedent, 'which danger to defeat.'

4 The commentators here kindly inform us that the *staggers* is a violent disease in horses; but the word in the text has no relation, even *metaphorically* to it. The *reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man* is meant.

5 I. e. portion.

6 Shakspeare uses *excellent* and *expediently* in the

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicky¹ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable: we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house,² and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; and there's noise in it.—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Room in the same.*
Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Cl. She is not well; but yet she has her health;
she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks
be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the
world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that
she's not very well?

Cl. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two
things.

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God
send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth,
from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good-will to have
mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and
to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave!
How does my old lady?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her
money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Cl. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a
man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To
say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to
have nothing, is to be a great part of your title;
which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Cl. You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a
knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Cl. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you
taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable,
and much fool may you find in you, even to the
world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.³

Madam, my lord, will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
ledge;

But puts it off by a⁴ compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,⁵
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
king.

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.⁶

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another Room in the same. Enter
LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approval.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark
for a bunting.⁷

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience,
and transgressed against his valour; and my state
that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you,
make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

[*To BERTRAM.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a
good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?

[*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses, and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter
end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and

¹ A cant term for a wife.

² The dark house is a house made gloomy by dis-
content.

³ Perhaps the old saying, 'better fed than taught,' is
alluded to here as in a preceding scene, where the clown
says, 'I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught.'

⁴ The old copy reads 'to a compell'd restraint.'

⁵ The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the

joys, and the expectation of them, would make them
more delightful when they come. The curbed time
means the time of restraint, whose want means the
want of which.

⁶ A specious appearance of necessity.

⁷ The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark; but
has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-
lark.

uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;¹ and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.
Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will² deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.
[*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse,³ than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shows itself at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewell, lie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;⁴ Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Hel. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.
[*Exit HELENA.*]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

1 It was a piece of foolery practised at city entertainments, when an allowed fool or jester was in fashion, for him to jump into a large deep custard set for the purpose, to cause laughter among the 'barren spectators.'

2 The first folio reads, 'than you have or will to deserve.'—Perhaps the word *will* was omitted, the second folio omits *to*.

3 To muse is to wonder.

4 Possess, or own.

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:— Away, and for our flight.

Par

Bravely, coraño!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war; Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more thirst after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield,³

But like a common and an outward man,⁴

That the great figure of a council frames

By self-unable motion;⁵ therefore dare not

Say what I think of it; since I have found

Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail

As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,⁶

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,

Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;

And all the honours, that can fly from us,

Shall on them settle. You know your places well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell:

To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Ronsillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clow. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing, mend the ruff,⁷ and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing; I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a Letter.*]

Clow. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clow. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

Count. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, To fly the favours of so good a king; To pluck his indignation on thy head,

5 I. e. I cannot inform you of the reasons.

6 One not in the secret of affairs: so inward in a contrary sense.

7 Warburton and Upton are of opinion that we should read, 'By self-unable notion.'

8 As we say at present, our young fellows.

9 The tops of the boots in Shakspeare's time turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding part or top was the ruff. It was of softer leather than the boot, and often fringed.

By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the mater?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come, will tell you more; for my part, I
only hear, your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so,

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentle-
men,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray
you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence:

We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my pass-
port.

[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, and show me
a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to,
then call me husband: but in such a then I write
a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence!

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossed all the griefs are thine,¹
Thou robbst me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of
speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France.*

'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 i. e. affect me suddenly and deeply, as our sex are
usually affected.

2 i. e. when you can get the ring which is on my finger
into your possession.

3 If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself: an elliptical
expression for 'all the griefs that are thine.'

4 This passage as it stands is very obscure; it ap-
pears to me that something is omitted after *much*. War-
burton interprets it, 'That his vices stand him in stead
of virtues.' And Heath thought the meaning was:—
'This fellow hath a deal too much of that which alone
can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly
and ignorance.'

5 In reply to the gentleman's declaration that they
are her servants, the countess answers—no otherwise
than as she returns the same offices of civility.

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow and full of wicked
ness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,²
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing³ air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caittiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected; better 'twere,
I met the ravin' lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes,

Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all.⁴ I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BER-
TRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of four horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.⁵

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,⁶
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:

6 The old copy reads, *still-peering*. The emenda-
tion was adopted by Steevens: *still-piecing* is still
reunited; *peering* is the old orthography of the word.
I must confess that I should give the preference to *still-
peacing*, i. e. *still-mourning*, as more in the poet's manner.

7 That is the ravenous or ravening lion.

8 The sense is, 'From that place, where all the ad-
vantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it
rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery,
as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all
even life itself.'

9 So in Shakespeare's 116th Sonnet:

'But bears it out, even to the edge of doom.'

10 In K. Richard III. we have:

'Fortune and victory sit on thy Acha'

Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rousillon. A Room in the Count-
ess's Palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;
Bless him at home in peace ; whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despiteful Juno,² sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
He is too good and fair for death and me
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words !—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice³ so much,
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh⁴ too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Without the Walls of Florence. A
Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citi-
zens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great-
est commander ; and that with his own hand he slew
the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ; they
are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by
their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is
her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one Pa-
rolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions⁵
for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana ; his
promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these
engines of lust, are not the things they go under :⁶
many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the
misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the
wreck of maidenhead, cannot for all that dissuade
succession, but that they are limed with the twigs
that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you
further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you
where you are, though there were no further danger
known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim ;
I know she will lie at my house : thither they send
one another : I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers' lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you ;
[A march afar off.]

They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon ; Know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him,
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking : Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ;⁹ I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.¹⁰

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right ; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,¹¹
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes¹² with all that can in such a suit

Stavely's account of the difference between a *palmer* and
a *pilgrim* in his Dictionary.

⁸ For, here and in other places, signifies *cause*, which
Tooke says is *always* its signification.

⁹ I. e. the mere truth, or merely the truth. Mere was
used in the sense of simple, absolute, decided.

¹⁰ That is, *questioned, doubted*.

¹¹ The old copy reads ;

'I write good creature, wheresoe'er she is.'

Malone once deemed this an error, and proposed, 'A
right good creature,' which was admitted into the text,
but he subsequently thought that the old reading was
correct.

¹² Deals with panders

1 At Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to
which pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of
the cross pretended to be found there. See Heylin's
France Painted to the Life, 1656, p. 270.—6.

2 Alluding to the story of Hercules.

3 I. e. discretion or thought.

4 Weigh here means to value or esteem.

5 Suggestions are temptations.

6 They are not the things for which their names
would make them pass. To go under the name of so
and so is a common expression.

7 Pilgrims ; so called from a staff or bough of palm
they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited
the holy places at Jerusalem. Johnson has given

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, a party of the Florentine Army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;

That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would, he lov'd his wife : if he were honest,
He were much goodlier :—Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest : Yond's that same knave,

That leads him to these places ;¹ were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th' battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something : Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is past : Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoind penitents,
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence. Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.*

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't : let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,² hold him no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him ?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him, as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him ; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him ; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy : we will bind

and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer³ of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents : Be but your lordship present at his examination ; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum ; he says, he has a stratagem for't : when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore⁴ will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,⁵ your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design ; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.⁶

Ber. How now, monsieur ? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum ! Is't but a drum ? A drum so lost !—There was an excellent command ! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service ; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered ; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *his* facet.⁷

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,⁸ encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.⁹ Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[*Exit.*

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord ? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do : certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal

¹ Theobald thought that we should read *paces* ; but we may suppose the *places* alluded to be the houses of pimps and panders.

² A *hilding* is a paltry fellow, a coward.

³ The *camp*. It seems to have been a new-fangled term at this time, introduced from the Low Countries.

⁴ The old copy reads *ours*. The emendation is Theobald's.

⁵ This was a common phrase for *ill treatment*.

⁶ A phrase for *at any rate*. Sometimes, 'at any hand.'

⁷ I would recover the lost drum or another, or die in the attempt. An epitaph then usually began *his* facet.

⁸ The *dilemmas* of Parolles have nothing to do with those of the schoolmen, as the commentators imagined :—his *dilemmas* are the *difficulties* he was to encounter. Mr. Boswell argues that the penning down of these could not well encourage him in his *certainty* ; but why are those distinct actions necessarily connected ?

⁹ Steevens has mistaken this passage ; Malone is right. Bertram's meaning is, that he will vouch for his doing all that it is possible for soldiership to effect. He was not yet certain of his cowardice.

of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

1 Lord. None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost embossed him,¹ you shall see his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We will make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.² He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship : I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,³ Tokens and letters which she did resend ; And this is all I have done : She's a fair creature : Will you go see her ?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.* Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.⁴

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses ; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ; For you have show'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will overpay, and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it, Now his important⁵ blood will nought deny That she'll demand : A ring the county⁶ wears That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it ; this ring he holds In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then : It is no more,

¹ That is, *almost run him down*. An embossed stag is one so hard chased that it foams at the mouth. *V.* note on *The Induction to The Taming of the Shrew*

² Before we strip him naked, or unmask him.

³ This proverbial phrase is noted by Ray, p. 216, ed. 1737. It is thus explained by old Cotgrave : '*Estre sur vent*, To be in the wind, or to have the wind off. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of ; to have a man under his lee*'

⁴ I. e. by discovering herself to the Count.

⁵ Important, here and in other places, is used for *important*. Mr. Tyrwhitt says, that *important* may be from the French *important*.

⁶ I. e. the Count.

But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chaste absent : after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid.

I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place, with this deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd To her unworthiness : It nothing steads us, To chide him from our eaves :⁷ for he persists, As if his life lay on't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :⁸

But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.* Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge's corner : When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will ; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter : for we must not seem to understand him ; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again ?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.⁹ Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another ; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose ;¹⁰ though's¹¹ language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it : They begin to smoke me ; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit : Yet slight ones will not carry it : They will say, Came you off with so little ? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore ?

⁷ From under our windows.

⁸ This ginging riddle may be thus briefly explained. Bertram's is a wicked intention, though the act he commits is lawful. Helen's is both a lawful intention and a lawful deed. The fact as relates to Bertram was sinful, because he intended to commit adultery ; yet neither he nor Helena actually sinned.

⁹ I. e. foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

¹⁰ The sense of this very obscure passage appears, from the context, to be : 'we must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other ; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient.' I suspect that a word or two is omitted.

¹¹ A bird of the jack-daw kind

what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mute,² if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the barring³ of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[Alarum within.]

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par carbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes. [They seize him and blindfold him.]

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment. And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

*Kerelybonto:—*Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O pray, pray, pray:—

Manka revania dulce.

1 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivoreu.*

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linfa:—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;— Inform 'em that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.]

1 The proof.

2 The old copy reads *mule*. The emendation was made by Warburton.

3 I. e. the *shaving* of my beard. To *bare* anciently signified to *shave*.

4. I. e. against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena.

5 The sense is—we never swear by what is not holy, but take to witness the Highest, the Divinity.

6 Heath's attempt at explanation of this very obscure passage does not satisfy me. It appears to be corrupt; and, after much attention to its probable meaning, and taken with the preceding and succeeding speeches, I feel persuaded that it should stand thus:

SCENE II. Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pry'thee, do not strive against my vows:⁴

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the

truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the highest to witness:⁵ Then, pray you,

tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him:⁶ Therefore, your

oaths

Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a war,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world

In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

⁴ If I should swear by *Love's* great attributes

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him, *when* I protest to love

That I will work against him.

⁷ The old copy reads, 'make *ropes* in such a *scarre*.'

Rowe changed it to, 'make *hopes* in such *affairs*:'

and Malone to, make *hopes* in such a *scene*. But *af*

fairs and *scene* have no literal resemblance to the old

word *scarre*: *warre* is always so written in the old

copy; the change is therefore less violent, more proba-

ble, and, I think, makes better sense.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me;
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them.

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,¹

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:

Only in this disguise, I think't no sin,
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Florentine Camp. Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fashions his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends;² so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself³

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable⁴ in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company⁵ anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment,⁶ wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.⁷

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

¹ i. e. false, deceitful, tricking, beguiling.

² This may mean, 'they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it.'

³ i. e. betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

⁴ Damnable for damnably; the adjective used adverbially.

⁵ Company for companion.

⁶ This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, isn't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected manv nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;⁸ he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs⁹ so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the

finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.

7 Counterfeit, besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a picture, the word *set* shows that the word is used in both senses here.

8 Module and *model* were synonymous. The meaning is, bring forth this counterfeit representation of a soldier.

9 An allusion to the degradation of a knight by hacking off his spurs.

stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman! comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Bobbindo chichurmo.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you to answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong?* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric¹ of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape² of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true, or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks' for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,³ I will tell true. Let me see: Sjurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,⁴ lest they shake themselves to pieces.

¹ The game at blind man's buff was formerly called *Hoodman blind*.

² In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles.

³ Theory.

⁴ The chape is the catch or fastening of the sheath of his dagger.

⁵ i. e. I am not beholden to him for it, &c.

⁶ Perhaps we should read, 'if I were but to live this present hour;' unless the blunder is meant to show the fright of Parolles.

⁷ *Cassocks.* Soldiers' cloaks or upper garments.

⁸ i. e. disposition and character.

⁹ For interrogatories.

¹⁰ Female lollus, as well as male, though not so com-

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,⁴ and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories:⁵ Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool⁶ with child: a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.⁷

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper? Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. *Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale⁸ to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

*Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:*⁹

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell¹⁰ with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it,

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

monly, were retained in great families for diversion. It is not improbable that some real event of recent occurrence is alluded to.

¹¹ In Whitney's Emblems there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence. This book was certainly known to Shakespeare. The passages in Lucian and Plutarch are not so likely to have met the poet's eye.

¹² There is probably an allusion here to the Story of Andromeda in old prints, where the monster is frequently represented as a whale.

¹³ i. e. a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.

¹⁴ The meaning of the word *mell* from *meler*, French, is obvious. To mell, says Ruddiman, 'to fight, contend, meddle or have to do with.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature; let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;¹ for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.² He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiery I know not; except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile End,³ to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*⁴ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it: and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. Ev'n a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be sav'd, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition⁵ of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made

¹ i. e. he will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.

² The Centaur killed by Hercules.

³ Mile End Green was the place for public sports and exercises. See K. Henry IV. P. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

⁴ The fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eight-pence.

⁵ To deceive the opinion.

such pestiferous reports of men, very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafcu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd count it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*]

1 Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall: simply the thing I am

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag

gart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place, and means, for every man alive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.* Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:

Time was, I did him a desired office,

Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,

His grace is at Marseilles;⁶ to which place

We have convenient convoy. You must know,

I am supposed dead: the army breaking,

My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,

We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust

Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive

And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy⁷ trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play

With what it loathes, for that which is away:

But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions yet must suffer

Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions, I am yours,⁸

Upon your will to suffer.

⁶ It appears that Marseilles was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copy it is written Marcellus and Marcellus.

⁷ i. e. to be my mover.

⁸ Saucy was used in the sense of *wanton*. We have it with the same meaning in Measure for Measure.

⁹ i. e. let death, accompanied by honesty, go with the task you impose, still I am yours, &c.

Hel. Yet, I pray you, —
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;²
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snip-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron³ would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clow. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-majoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.⁴

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clow. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.⁵

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clow. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clow. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clow. And I would give his wife my bauble,⁶ sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clow. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clow. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clow. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phynomy is more hotter⁷ in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clow. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clow. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure,⁸ he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that hum-

ble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks:

Clow. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.¹⁰

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,¹¹ but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clow. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clow. But it is your carbonadoed¹² face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clow. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. *A Street. Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;

⁶ The fool's *bauble* was 'a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport. The French call a bauble, *marotte*, from *Marionette*.
⁷ The old copy reads *manne*.
⁸ Warburton thought we should read, 'honour'd'; but the Clown's allusion is double. To Edward the black prince, and to the prince of darkness. The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.
⁹ Stevens thinks, with Sir T. Hanmer, that we should read *since*.
¹⁰ I. e. mischievously waggish, unlucky.
¹¹ No pace, i. e. no prescribed course; he has the unbridled liberty of a fool.
¹² *Carbonadoed* is 'slashed over the face in a manner that fetcheth the flesh with it,' metaphorically from a *carbonado* or collop of meat.

¹ The reading proposed by Blackstone.

² Yet I pray you.

But with the word: the time will bring, &c.' seems required by the context, and makes the passage intelligible.

³ A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus*: the origin of which has been pointed out by Mr. Douce, in his illustrations, vol. i. p. 323.

⁴ It has been thought that there is an allusion here to the fashion of *yellow starch* for bands and ruffs, which was long prevalent: and also to the custom of colouring paste with saffron. The plain meaning seems to be—that Parolles's vices were of such a colourable quality as to be sufficient to corrupt the inexperienced youth of a nation, and make them take the same hue.
⁵ I. e. rue.

⁶ The old copy reads *grace*. The emendation is Rowe's: who also supplies the word *salad* in the preceding speech. The clown quibbles on *grass* and *grace*.

But, since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time; —

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*¹

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.²

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again; —
Go, go, provide. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. Rousillon. *The inner Court of the
Countess's Palace. Enter Clown and PAROL-
LES.*

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch,³ give my Lord
Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's
mood,⁴ and smell somewhat strong of her
strong displeasure.

Clow. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will
henceforth eat no fish off fortune's buttering. Pr'y-
thee, allow the wind.⁵

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I
spake but by a metaphor.

Clow. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink,⁶ I will
stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clow. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from

fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look,
here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's
cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the
unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says,
is muddled withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as
you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, inge-
nious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his dis-
tress in my smiles' of comfort, and leave him to
your lordship. *[Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath
cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis
too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you
played the knave with fortune, that she should
scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and
would not have knaves thrive long under her?
There's a quart d'ecu for you: Let the justices
make you and fortune friends; I am for other busi-
ness.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you
shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.⁷—Cox'
my passion! give me your hand:—How does your
drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that
found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that
lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some
grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon
me at once both the office of God and the devil?
one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee
out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king's coming, I know
by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me:
I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool
and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.⁸

Par. I praise God for you. *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Coun-
tess's Palace. Flourish. Enter King, Countess,
LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem¹⁰
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.¹¹

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze¹² of youth:
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon, — The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey

1 i. e. a gentleman falconer, called in Juliana Barnes' Book of Hunting, &c. *Ostreger*. The term is applied particularly to those that keep goshawks.

2 i. e. 'they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.'

3 Perhaps a corruption of *La Vache*.

4 Warburton changed *mood*, the reading of the old copy, to *moat*, and was followed and defended by Steevens; but though the emendation was ingenious and well supported, it appears unnecessary. *Fortune's mood* is several times used by Shakspeare for the whimsical caprice of fortune.

5 i. e. stand to the leeward of me.

6 Warburton observes, 'that Shakspeare throughout his writings, if we except a passage in Hamlet, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.'

7 Warburton says we should read, 'similes of comfort,' such as calling him fortune's cat, carp, &c.

8 A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French signifies words.

9 Johnson justly observes that 'Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be a character that Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his vices sit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve.'

10 i. e. in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.

11 Completely, in its full extent.

12 The old copy reads *blade*. Theobald proposed the present reading.

Of richest eyes ;¹ whose words all ears took captive ;

Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither ;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition :²—Let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.
[*Exit Gentleman.*]

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you
spoke ?—

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your high-
ness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have let-
ters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of season,³

For thou mayst see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,⁴
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can affect them : You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admirably my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt : But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone : our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.⁵
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :

1 So in *As You Like It* :—to have 'seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.' Those who have seen the greatest number of fair women might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty.

2 I. e. the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

3 I. e. a *seasonable day* ; a mixture of sunshine and hail, of winter and summer, is *unseasonable*.

4 Faults repented of to the utmost.

5 This obscure couplet seems to mean that 'Our love awaking to the worth of the lost object too late laments : our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable.'

6 'The last time that ever I took leave of her at court.'

7 Malone quarrels with the construction of this passage :—'I bade her, &c.—that by this token,' &c. but Shakespeare uses *I bade her* for *I told her*.

The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,⁸
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine : and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortune ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token⁹
I would relieve her : Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it ;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me¹⁰
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name,
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd :¹¹ but when I had subscrib'd¹²
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
And she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's.
Whoever gave it you : Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,¹³
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour ;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so :—
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.¹⁴—Away with
him ;—

We'll sift this matter further.

8 Johnson remarks that Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

9 Ingag'd, I. e. pledged to her, having received her pledge.

10 *Subscrib'd*, I. e. *submitted*. See Trolius and Crossida, Act II. Sc. 3.

11 The philosopher's stone. Plutus, the great alchemist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone*, by which the alchemists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold.

12 Then if you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, confess, &c.

13 The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have unreasonably feared too little.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.
[*Exit BERTRAM, guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,¹ come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] Upon his many protestations to
marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower;
his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him.
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and
I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me,
O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll² for this; I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the court.

[*Exit Gentleman, and some Attendants.*]
I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to
you,

And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Deriv'd from the ancient Capulet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,⁴ without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [To BERTRAM] comes too
short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometimes I have laugh'd with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your ho-
nour,

Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.⁵

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,⁶
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:⁷
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been own'd and worn. This is his wife.
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted⁸ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd⁹
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Maddening my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace,¹⁰
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You that turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

5 The following passage from The False One of
Beaumont and Fletcher will sufficiently elucidate this
term when applied to a female:—

'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters in the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife.

6 i. e. value.

7 Malone remarks that the old copy reads, 'tis hit,
and that in many of our old chronicles he had found hit
printed instead of it. It is not in our old chronicles alone,
but in all our old writers that the word may be found in
this form.

8 Noted.

9 Debauch'd.

10 Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by
which love is heightened, and to conclude her solicitation
concurring with her common or ordinary grace she got
the ring.

1 Removes are journeys or post stages; she had
not been able to overtake the king on the road.

2 The second folio reads:—'I will buy me a son-in-
law in a fair, and toll for him: for this, I'll none of him.'
I prefer the reading of the first folio, as in the text. The
allusion is to the custom of paying toll for the liberty of
selling in a fair, and means, 'I will buy me a son-in-
law in a fair, and sell this one; pay toll for the liberty
of selling him.'

3 The first folio reads:—
'I wonder, sir, since wives, &c.'

The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. As in the succeed-
ing line means as soon as.

4 Decease, die.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia.

Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master

(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off.)

By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion! is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine¹ in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia.

Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia.

I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia.

I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia.

I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia.

I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.²

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [Exit Widow]

The jeweller that owes³ the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick; So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist⁴ Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

Hel.

No, my good lord;

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Ber.

Both, both: O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter: This it says, *When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, &c.*—This is done: Will you be mine, now that you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly; ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES*], lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home. I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*To DIANA.*]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower: For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid, Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—Of that, and all the progress, more and less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express; All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

Advancing.

The King's a beggar, now the play is done;

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;⁵

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

THIS play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.

¹ Thus, in Julius Caesar, Ligarius says:—

'Thou like an exorcist hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit.'

Exorcist and conjurer were synonymous in Shakspeare's time.

² I. e. hear us without interruption, and take our parts, I. e. support and defend us.

¹ I. e. fellow.

² In the French sense *trop fine*.

³ I. e. common woman, with whom any one may be familiar.

⁴ Owns.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THERE is an old anonymous play extant with the same title, first printed in 1596, which (as in the case of King John and Henry V.) Shakspeare *reverted*, 'adopting the order of the scenes, and inserting little more than a few lines which he thought worth preserving, or was in too much haste to alter.' Malone, with great probability, suspects the old play to have been the production of George Peele or Robert Greene.* Pope ascribed it to Shakspeare, and his opinion was current for many years, until a more exact examination of the original piece (which is of extreme rarity) undeceived those who were better versed in the literature of the time of Elizabeth than the poet. It is remarkable that the Induction, as it is called, has not been continued by Shakspeare so as to complete the story of Sly, or at least it has not come down to us; and Pope therefore supplied the deficiencies in this play from the elder performance; they have been degraded from their station in the text, as in some places incompatible with the fable and *Dramatis Personæ* of Shakspeare; the reader will, however, be pleased to find them subjoined to the notes. The origin of this amusing fiction may probably be traced to the sleeper awakened of the Arabian Nights: but similar stories are told of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy, and of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Marco Polo relates something similar of the Ismaelian Prince Aio-eddin, or chief of the mountainous region, whom he calls, in common with other writers of his time, 'the old man of the mountain.' Warton refers to a collection of short comic stories in prose, set forth by maister Richard Edwards, master of her majesties revels in 1570 (which he had seen in the collection of Collins the poet), for the immediate source of the fable of the old drama. The incidents related by Heuterus in his *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv. is also to be found in Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Histories, translated by E. Grimeston, 4to. 1607. The story of Charles V. is related by Sir Richard Barchley, in A Discourse on the

Felicite of Man, printed in 1598; but the frolic, as Mr. Holt White observes, seems better suited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or the revelry of our own boisterous Henry.

Of the story of the Taming of the Shrew no immediate English source has been pointed out. Mr. Douce has referred to a novel in the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola, notte 8, fav. 2, and to *El Conde Lucanor*, by Don Juan Manuel, Prince of Castile, who died in 1362, as containing similar stories. He observes that the character of Petruchio bears some resemblance to that of *Pisardo* in Straparola's novel, notte 8, fav. 7.

Schlegel remarks that this play 'has the air of an Italian comedy;' and indeed the love intrigue of Lucentio is derived from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, through the translation of George Gascoigne. Johnson has observed the skillful combination of the two plots, by which such a variety and succession of comic incident is ensued without running into perplexity. Petruchio is a bold and happy sketch of a humorist, in which Schlegel thinks the character and peculiarities of an Englishman are visible. It affords another example of Shakspeare's deep insight into human character, that in the last scene the meek and mild Bianca shows she is not without a spice of self-will. The play inculcates a fine moral lesson, which is not always taken as it should be.

Every one, who has a true relish for genuine humour, must regret that we are deprived of Shakspeare's continuation of this Interlude of Sly,† 'who is indeed of kin to Sancho Panza.' We think with a late elegant writer, 'the character of Sly, and the remarks with which he accompanies the play, as good as the play itself.'

It appears to have been one of Shakspeare's earliest productions, and is supposed by Malone to have been produced in 1594.

* There was a second edition of the anonymous play in 1607; and the curious reader may consult it, in 'Six old Plays upon which Shakspeare founded, &c.' published by Steevens.

† Dr. Drake suggests that some of the passages in which Sly is introduced should be adopted from the old Drama, and connected with the text, so as to complete his story; making very slight alteration, and distinguishing the borrowed parts by some mark.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker. }
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord. } *Persons in the Induction.*
BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.
GREMIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } *Servants to Petruchio.*
CURTIS,
PEDANT, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio

KATHARINA, the Shrew, } *Daughters to Baptista.*
BIANCA, her Sister, }
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

* Characters in the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c. }
SLY. } *Persons in the Induction.*
A Tapster.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c. }
ALPHONSUS, A Merchant of Athens.
JEROBEL, Duke of Cestus.
AURELIUS, his Son, } *Suitors to the Daughters of*
FERANDO, } *Alphonsus*
POLIDOR, }

VALERIA, Servant to Aurelius.
SANDER, Servant to Ferando.
PHYLLOTUS, a Merchant who personates the Duke.

KATE, } *Daughters to Alphonsus.*
EMELIA, }
PHYLEMA, }

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.**Enter Hostess and Sly.**Sly.*I'll please¹ you, in faith.*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;² let the world slide: *Sessa*!³*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?⁴*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁵*Host.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.⁶ [*Exit.*]*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*]*Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.**Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,⁷ And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.⁸ Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.*1 Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.*Lord.* Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.*1 Hunt.* I will, my lord.*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?*2 Hunt.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers, A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes; Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.*2 Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters, And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet: Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound: And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, And, with a low submissive reverence, Say,—What is it your honour will command? Let one attend him with a silver bason, Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper; And say,—Will't please your Lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit, And ask him what apparel he will wear; Another tell him of his bounds and borse, And that his lady mourns at his disease: Persuade him that he hath been lunatic. And, when he says he is,—say that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do, and do it kindly,⁹ gentle sirs; It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.¹⁰*1 Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence, He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him; And each one to his office when he wakes.—[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.* Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—[*Exit Servant.* Belike, some noble gentleman; that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour, Players that offer service to your lordship.*Lord.* Bid them come near:—*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honour.*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?*2 Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty!¹¹*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;— 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well: I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.¹²*Lord.* 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.— Well, you are come to me in happy time; The rather for I have some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can assist me much. There is a lord will hear you play to-night: But I am doubtful of your modesties; Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour, (For yet his honour never heard a play), You break into some merry passion, And so offend him? for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile, he grows impatient.*1 Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,Were he the voriest antick in the world.¹³¹ So again in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, Ajax says of Achilles:—'I'll please his pride.' And in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

'Come, will you quarrel? I'll feize you, sirrah.'

² *Pocas palabras*, Span. few words.³ *Cessa*, Ital. be quiet.⁴ Broke.⁵ This line and the scrap of Spanish is used in burlesque from an old play called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy. The old copy reads: 'S. Jeronimy.' The emendation is Mason's.⁶ An officer whose authority equals that of a constable.⁷ 'Emboss'd,' says Phillips in his *World of Words*, 'is a term in hunting, when a deer is so hard chased that she foams at the mouth; it comes from the Spanish *Desembocar*, and is metaphorically used for any kind of *ecceuriness*.'⁸ *Brach* originally signified a particular species of dog used for the chase. It was a long eared dog, hunting by the scent.⁹ Naturally.¹⁰ Moderation.¹¹ It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their service at great houses.¹² The old copy prefixes the name of *Sinckto* to this line, who was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare. Soto is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*; he is a farmer's eldest son, but he does not woo any gentlewoman.¹³ In the old play the dialogue is thus continued:'San. [To the other.] Go get a dishclout to make cleyn your shooes, and lie speak for the properties. [*Exit Player.*] My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegre to make our divell roar.'

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,¹
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.---

[*Exeunt Servants and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page

[*To a Servant.*]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him---Madam, do him obeisance;
Tell him from me (as he will win my love),
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplish'd :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy :
And say,---What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then---with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,---
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for twice² seven years, hath esteem'd him³
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift :
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.---

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them : haply,⁴ my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*
Sly is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me---honour, nor lordship : I never drank sack in my life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear : for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so fou a spirit !

1 Pope remarks, in his preface to Shakspeare, that 'the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage ; they were led into the buttery, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette.'

2 The old copy reads *this*. The emendation is Theobald's.

3 *him* is used for *himself*, as in Chapman's *Banquet of Sense*, 1595 :

'The sense wherewith he feels *him* deified.'

4 Perhaps.

6 From the original stage direction in the first folio, it appears that *Sly* and the other persons mentioned in the induction were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage.

6 *Wilneccote*, says Warton, is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted,

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath ; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,⁶ if she know me not : if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,⁷ score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught :⁸ Here's---

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck---

Will thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :

Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground :

Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood :

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world ;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ; and have I such a lady ?

Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?

I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :---

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.---

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands ;

[*Servants present a ewer, bason, and napkin.*]

near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill. There is a village also called *Barton on the heath* in Warwickshire.

7 *Sheer-ale* has puzzled the commentators ; and as none of the conjectures offered appear to me satisfactory, I shall add one of my own. Maunday Thursday, the day preceding Good-Friday, was anciently called *Sheer-Thursday*, and as it was a day of great comfort to the poor from the doles or distribution of clothes, meat and drink, made by the rich ; so *Sheer-ale* may have been ale which the Tinker had drunk on that day, at his own charge, or rather at that of his landlady, in addition to the portion he had received as alms. But after all, *sheer-ale* may mean nothing more than *ale unmixed, mere-ale, or pure ale*. The word *sheer* is still used for *mere, pure*.

8 i. e. distraught, distracted.

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay,¹ a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

I Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,²
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,³
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her
alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams
again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh
and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,

1 According to some old authorities, Sly here uses a very ladylike imprecation. 'Eccator,' says Cooper, 'by my fay, used only of women.' It is merely a contraction of *by my faith*.

2 That is at the *Court Leet*, where it was usual to present such matters, as appears from Kitchen on Courts: 'Also if tiplers sell by cups and dishes, or measures sealed or not sealed, is inquirable.'

3 Blackstone proposes to read, 'old John Naps o'the Green.' The addition seems to have been a common one.

4 For comedy.

5 *Digenious* and *ingenious* were very commonly confounded by old writers.

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a com-
monty⁴ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit
by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er
be younger. [*They sit down.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public Place. Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—

I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;

And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,

Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute

A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,

Vincenzo, come of the Bentivoli.
Vincenzo's son, brought up in Florence,

It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,⁵
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy

Will I apply,⁶ that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come: as he that leaves

A shallow plash,⁷ to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*,⁸ gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself.

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray:
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,⁹

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balke!¹⁰ logic with acquaintance that you have,

And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken¹¹ you;

The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging fit to entertain

Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GRE-
MINO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO
stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
6 l. e. to fulfil the expectations of his friends.

7 *Apply* for *ply* is frequently used by old writers.
Thus Baret: 'with diligent endeavour to apply their
studies.' And in Turberville's *Tragic Tales*: 'How
she her wheele applyde.'

8 Small piece of water.

9 Pardon me.

10 The old copy reads *Aristotle's checks*. Blackstone
suggests that we should read *ethics*, and the sense
seems to require it; I have therefore admitted it into the
text.

11 The modern editions read, '*Talk* logic, &c. The
old copy reads *Balke*, which Mr. Boswell suggests may
be right, although the meaning of the word is now lost

12 Animate.

Before I have a husband for the elder :

If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To Bap.*] is it your will
To make a stale¹ of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates
forward,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. Faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;
I wis,² it is not half way to her heart :

But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !
Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ! here is some good pastime
toward ;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ! mum ! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in :

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat !³ 'tis best

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :

My books, and instruments, shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?⁴

Sorry am I that our goodwill effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew⁵ her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :—

Go in, Bianca, [*Exit BIANCA.*]

And for I know, she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fitted to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

Prefer⁶ them hither ; for to cunning⁷ men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up ;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay :

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*]

Kath. Whv, and I trust, I may go too : May I

not ?

What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, be-
like,

I knew not what to take and what to leave ? Ha !
[*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam : your gifts⁸
are so good, here is none will hold you. Their⁹
love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow
our nails together, and fast it fairly out ; our cake's
dough on both sides. Farewell,—yet, for the love
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means

light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she de-
lights, I will wish¹⁰ him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio : but a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,¹¹ it toucheth
us both,—that we may yet again have access to
our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's
love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband ! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil : Think'st thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to hell ?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience
and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could
light on them, would take her with all faults, and
money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her
dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the
high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
rotten apples. But come ; since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daugh-
ter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a
husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca !
—Happy man be his dole !¹² He that runs fastest,
gets the ring.¹³ How say you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. I am agreed : and 'would I had given him
the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that
would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her,
and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it
possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible, or likely ;

But see ! while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idleness :

And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl :

Counsel me, Tranio for I know thou canst ;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;

Affection is not rated¹⁴ from the heart :

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—

*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*¹⁵

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this con-
tents ;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly¹⁶ on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter¹⁷ of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ; mark'd you not, how
her sister

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,

That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,

And with her breath she did perfume the air ;

Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love
be right, it must mean—the goodwill of Baptista and
Bianca towards us.

10 i. e. I will recommend him.

11 Consideration, or reflection.

12 A proverbial expression. *Dole* is *lot*, portion.

The phrase is of very common occurrence.

13 The allusion is probably to the sport of running at
the ring, or some similar game.

14 Is not driven out by chiding.

15 This line is quoted as it appears in Lilly's Gram-
mar, and not as it is in Terence. See Farmer's Essay
on the Learning of Shakespeare.

16 Longingly.

17 Europa.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:

And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here *Vincenzio's* son?

Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;¹ content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house;

Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For man, or master: then it follows thus:—

Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead,

Keep house, and port,² and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio*, at once

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:

When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee:

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief then, sir, sith³ thy pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient;

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;

Be serviceable to my son, quoth he;

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)

I am content to be *Lucentio*,

Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be so, because *Lucentio* loves.

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow *Tranio* stol'n your clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;

Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were so too!

1 It is enough, *Ital.*

2 Port is figure, show, appearance.

3 Since.

4 Here in the old copy we have, 'The presenters above speak;' meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words 'would it were done,' the marginal direction is, *They sit and mark.*

5 Malone remarks that *Grumio's* pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to *Dromio's*, in *The Comedy of Errors*; and the two plays were probably written at no great distance of time from each other. I have elsewhere had occasion to observe that the idiom, 'Knock me here,' is familiar to the French language.

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—

That *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*;

But in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute:—

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—

Sufficieth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

I serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: Comen there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: 'Would, 'twere done!

SCENE II. The same. Before *Hortensio's* House.
Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,

My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—

Here, sirrah *Grumio*; knock, I say.

Grumio. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;

I'll try how you can *sot*, *fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Grumio. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend *Grumio*! and my good friend *Petruchio*!—

How do you all at Verona!

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto,

Molto honorato, signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Grumio. Nay, 'tis no matter what heleges⁶ in Latin.

—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service.—Look you, sir, he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant

to use his master so: being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip out?⁷

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain—Good *Hortensio*,

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grumio. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

⁶ Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio*, but Shakespeare wrote it as it appears in the text, in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it.

⁷ i.e. what he alleges in Latin. *Grumio* mistakes the Italian spoken for Latin. Tyrwhitt suggests that we should read—'Nay, 'tis no matter what heleges in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service.' That is, 'Tis no matter what is law if this be not a lawful cause,' &c.

⁸ This passage has escaped the commentators, and yet it is more obscure than many they have explained.

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruccio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,¹
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruccio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio; 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruccio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,²
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;³ or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two and fifty horses:⁴ why, no-
thing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruccio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruccio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
Her only fault (and that is faults enough),
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,⁵
And shrewd, and froward;⁶ so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the hum-
mour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well

Perhaps it was passed over because it was not under-
stood? The allusion is to the old game of *Bone-ace* or
one-and-thirty. A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The old
copy has it *peepe*.

1 In a few, means the same as *in short*, in a few
words.

2 This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first
book of his *Confessio Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of
a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag
provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on
which his life depended.

3 i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the
tag of a point, says Steevens; 'a small image or head
cut on the tag of a point or lace,' says Malone. It was
no such thing; an *aglet* was not only a *tag of a point*,
but a brooch or 'jewel in one's cap,' as Barct explains it.
An *aglet-baby*, therefore, was a diminutive figure

as I do, she would think scolding would do little
good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half
a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing; an he
begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.⁸ I'll tell
you what, sir,—an she stand' him but a little, he
will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her
with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see
withal than a cat.⁹ You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruccio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep⁹ my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other moro
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order¹⁰ hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruccio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen¹¹ in musick, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio; with him Lucentio disguised,
with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's knavery! See, to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!
Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruccio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;¹²
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me;—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:¹³ Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning; what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior
Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you,

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

carved on an aglet or jewel; such as Queen Mab is
described:—

'In shape no bigger than an *agate stone*

On the fore-finger of an alderman.'

4 The *fifty diseases of a horse* seems to be proverbial;
of which, probably, the text is only an exaggeration.

5 Cross, froward, petulant.

6 i. e. roughish tricks. *Ropery* is used by Shakspeare
in *Romeo and Juliet* for rogues. A *rope-ripe* is one
for whom the gallows groans, according to Cotgrave.

7 Withstand.

8 To endeavour to explain this would certainly be
lost labour. Mr. Boswell justly remarks 'that nothing
is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than
to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended.'

9 *Keep* here means *care*, keeping, custody.

10 To take order is to take measures.

11 To be well seen in any art was to be well skilled
in it.

12 Rate.

13 Present.

On this young man ; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No ! say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :

My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.¹

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark !
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will ; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd ; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters :—is't
[*Aside to TRANIO*] he you mean ?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir ; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir ; What have you
to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir ; at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir :—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if without more words, you will get
you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then will one more may fair Bianca have :

And so she shall ; Lucenbio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know he'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two ;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth ;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors :

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed :

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.²

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive³ this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistresses' health ;

And do as adversaries⁴ do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* O excellent motion ! Fellows,⁵ let's
begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's
House. Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;

That I disdain : but for these other gawds,⁶

Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;

Or, what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive

I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect⁷ him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

¹ *Fright* boys with bug-bears.

² This hiatus is in the old copy ; it is most probable
that an abrupt sentence was intended.

³ Ungrateful.

⁴ *To contrive* is to wear out, to pass away, from con-
trivis, the preterite of contrere, one of the disused Latin-
isms.

⁵ *Adversaries*, most probably here signifies contend-
ing barristers, or counsellors ; surely not their clients !

⁶ *Fellows* means companions, and not fellow-est-

vants, as Malone supposed

⁷ Toys, trifling ornaments.

⁸ Love.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :
I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this insolence ?—

Bianca, stand aside :—poor girl ! she weeps :—
Go, ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hiding¹ of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight !—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.²
Talk not to me ; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I ?
But who comes here ?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man ; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO, as a Musician ; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio : God save you, gentlemen !

Pet. And you, good sir ! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Kstharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio : give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard,
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant ;
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake :

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her ;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Baccare !³ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting LUCENTIO,*] that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio : welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to TRANIO,*] methinks you walk like a stranger ; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ;

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister :

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small package of Greek and Latin books :⁴
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report

I know him well :⁵ you are very welcome, sir.—

Take you [*to Hor.*] the lute, and you [*to Luc.*] the
set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within !

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters : and tell them
both,

These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,
and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner : You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd ;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands :
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of⁶
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—

In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd
This is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing : for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

¹ A *hiding* signifies a *base low wretch* : it is applied to Katharina for the coarseness of her behaviour.

² The origin of this very old proverbial phrase is not known. Steevens suggests that it might have been considered an act of posthumous retribution for women who refused to bear children, to be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings after death.

³ A cant word meaning *go back*, in allusion to a proverbial saying, '*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow.' Probably made in ridicule of some ignorant fellow who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it, and produced his *Latinized English* instead.

⁴ In the reign of Elizabeth the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed upon their minds at all. The queen herself, Lady Jane Grey, and her sisters, &c. are ripe instances.

⁵ This must be understood as meaning, *I know well who he is.*

⁶ Perhaps we should read '*on her widowhood.*' *On* and *of* are not unfrequently confounded by the printers of the old copy.

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :

So I to her, and so she yields to me ;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds, That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,¹

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, *Frets, call you these ?* quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute :

While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

And—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did :

O, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruccio, will you go with us ?

Or, shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you, do ; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,*

and HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

Say, that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew :²

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week :

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the hanns, and when be married :

But here she comes ; and now, Petruccio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard³ of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauties sounded,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)—

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first, You were a moveable.

Pet. — Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.⁴

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee :

For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buzz.

Kath. — Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.⁵

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting ?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. —

Whose tongue ?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails : and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay,

come again,

Good Kate ; I am a gentleman.

Kath. —

That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms :

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A comble cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.⁶

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. —

Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. — Well aim'd off⁷ such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. —

'Tis with cares.

Kath. —

I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

3 This is a poor quibble upon *heard*, which was then pronounced *hard*.

4 A proverbial expression also used by the fool in *King Lear* : and in *Lily's Mother Bombe* :—

'Cry your mercy ; I took you for a *joint-stool*.'

5 This kind of expression seems also to have been proverbial. So in *The Three Lords of London, 1590* :—

— hast no more skill.

Than take a falcon for a buzzard.

6 A cowardly degenerate cock. 7 By,

1 *Frets* are the points at which a string is to be stopped, formerly marked on the neck of such instruments as the lute or guitar.

2 So Milton in *L'Allegro* :—

'There on beds of violets blue,

And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew.'

It is from the old play of the *Taming of a Shrew* :—

'As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew.'

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty-mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.¹

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate:
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate²
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruccio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine; in
your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the
world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;³
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruccio! she says she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night
our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for
myself:

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied⁴ so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink, she won me to her love,

¹ This appears to allude to some proverb.

² Thus the first folio. The second folio reads:—'a wild Kat to a Kate.' The modern editors, 'a wild cat.'

³ The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio. It is thought to be older than the time of the Florentine, as it is to be found among the old *fabliaux*.

⁴ So in the old play:—

'Redoubling kiss on kiss upon my cheeks.'

To vie was a term in the old vocabulary of gaming, for to *wager* the goodness of one hand against another. There was also to *revie*, and other variations.

⁶ This phrase, which frequently occurs in old writers, is equivalent to, *it is a wonder, or a matter of admiration to see*

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,⁵
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock⁶ wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
hands;

God send you joy, Petruccio! 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—

Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this
strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,⁷

Costly apparel, tents,⁸ and canopies.

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter⁹ and brass, and all things that belong

To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That only, came well in.—Sir, list to me!

I am my father's heir, and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy,¹⁰

That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

⁶ A tame dastardly creature, particularly an over mild husband. ⁷ A meacock or pezzant, that hath his head under his wives girdle, or that lets his wife be his maist er.—*Junius's Nomenclator, by Fleming, 1555, p. 532*

⁷ Coverings for beds; now called counterpanes.

⁸ Tents were hangings, tentes, French, probably so named from the tenters upon which they were hung, *tenture de tapisserie* signified a suit of hangings.

⁹ Pewter was considered as such costly furniture, that we find in the Northumberland household book vessels of pewter were hired by the year.

¹⁰ A large vessel either for merchandize or war,

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,¹
And twice tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, what'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.²

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca,

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now, I fear thee
not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.³

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Baptista's House. Enter*
LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in music we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,

After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

1 *A galiass, galeazza*, Ital. was a great or double galley. The masts were three, and the number of seats for rowers thirty-two.

2 The origin of this term is also from gaming. When one man *vied* upon another, he was said to be *outvied*.

3 This phrase, which often occurs in old writers, was most probably derived from some game at cards, wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful. To *face it* meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face. Whether a *card of ten* was properly a *cooling card* has not yet been ascertained, but they are united in the following passage from Lyly's *Euphues*. 'And all lovers, he only excepted, are *cool'd* with a *card of ten*.'

4 After this Mr. Pope introduced the following speeches of the *presenters* as they are called; from the old play:—

Sle. When will the fool come again?*

* This probably alludes to the custom of filling up the vacancy of the stage between the Acts by the appearance of a fool on the stage. Unless *Sly* meant *Sander* the servant to *Ferando* in the old piece, which seems likely from a subsequent passage.

I am no breeching scholar⁴ in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To BIANCA.*—*HORTENSIO* retires.

Luc. That will be never!—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,⁵—*Simois*,

I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,

—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—

Hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,

Priami, is my man *Tranio*,—*regia*, bearing my port,

—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear.—

[*HORTENSIO* plays.

O fye! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic*

ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*,

I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he

hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, des-

pair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc.

All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that

jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule,⁷ I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not: for sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,⁸—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise

you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk [*to LUCENTIO*,] and give

me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Aro you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but? I be deceiv'd.

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art:

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all

accord.

Sim. Anon, my lord.

Sle. Give some more drink here; where's the tapster?

Here, *Sim*, eat some of these things.

Sim. I do, my lord.

Sle. Here, *Sim*, I drink to thee.

6 No schoolboy, liable to be whipt.

7 This species of humour, in which Latin is translated into English of a perfectly different meaning, is to be found in two plays of Middleton, *The Witch*, and *The Chaste Maid of Cheapside*; and in other writers.

8 Pedant.

9 'This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book xiii. or, it may be added, from any historical and poetical dictionary, such as is appended to Cooper's Latin Dictionary, and others of that time.

10 But is here used in its exceptive sense of *be-out*, without. Vide Note on the *Tempest*, Act iii. Sc. i.

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;
 B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord;
 C faut, that loves with all affection;
 D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;
 E la mi, show pity, or I die.
 Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,¹
 To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
 You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
 Bion. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [Exit BIANCA and Servant.
 Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Exit.
 Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
 Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
 Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
 To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,²
 Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging,
 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. Before Baptista's House.
 Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [to TRANIO,] this is the 'pointed day,
 That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
 What will be said? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
 Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;³
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends invite them, and proclaim the banns;⁴
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say,—Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word;
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.
 Kath. 'Would, Katharine had never seen him though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.
 Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bio. Master, master! news, old news,⁵ and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
 Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?
 Bion. Why, no, sir.
 Bap. What then?
 Bion. He is coming.
 Bap. When will he be here?
 Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points:⁶ His horse hipped with an old moth saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions,⁷ full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,⁸ stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,⁹ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock¹⁰ on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list: an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies*,¹¹ pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion!—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jany, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
 How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

6 Lest the reader should imagine that a sword with two broken points is here meant, he should know that points were tagged laces used in fastening different parts of the dress: two broken points would therefore add to the slovenly appearance of Petruchio.

7 i. e. the farcy, called fashions in the west of England.

8 Vives; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

9 Velvet.

10 Stocking.

11 Warburton's supposition, that Shakspeare ridicules some popular cheap book of this title, by making Petruchio prick it up in his footboy's hat instead of a feather, has been well supported by Steevens; he observes that 'a penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant.'

Bap. Why sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to disgress;¹
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt PET. GRU. and BRON.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her² love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills³ not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint⁴ musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadell,⁵
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

But that his heard grew thin and hungrily,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre.

Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath.

Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath.

Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet.

Grumio, my horses.

Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself;—

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,⁶

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;

¹ I. e. to deviate from my promise.

² The old copy reads, 'But, sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking.' The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood.

³ 'It matters not much,' it is of no importance.

⁴ Quaint had formerly a more favorable meaning than *strange, awkward, fantastical*, and was used in commendation, as *neat, elegant, dainty, dexterous*.

⁵ The custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. 'For the marriage of a Princess:—'Then porties of *Ipocrier* to be ready, and to be put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates, and to take a soppe and drinke.'

⁶ That is *bluster or swagger*.

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. and GRU.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones!
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with
laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets¹ at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*
Enter GRUMIO.

Gr. Fye, fye on all tired jades! on all mad mas-
ters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten;
was ever man so rayed?² was ever man so weary?
I am sent before to make a fire, and they are com-
ing after to warm them. Now, were not I a little
pot, and soon hot,³ my very lips might freeze to my
teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart
in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw
me:—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm my-
self; for, considering the weather, a taller man than
I will take cold. Holla! ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater
run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire;
cast on no water.⁴

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but
thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast:
for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mis-
tress, and myself,⁵ fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, thou three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a
foot; and so long am I,⁶ at the least. But wilt
thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our

¹ Delicacies.

² Bewrayed, dirty.

³ A little pot soon hot, is a common proverb.

⁴ There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:—

'Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth,

Fire, fire;—Fire, fire,

Cast on some more water.'

⁵ Grumio calls himself a *beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*: this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators once thought it necessary to alter *myself* in Grumio's speech to *thyself*. Grumio's sentence is proverbial:

'Wedding, and ill-wintering tame both man and beast.'
⁶ Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.

⁷ This is the beginning of an old round in three parts, the music is given in the Variorum Shakspeare.

⁸ It is probable that a quibble was intended. *Jack and Jill* signify *two drinking vessels* as well as *men and maid-servants*.

mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready: And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gr. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gr. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills⁹ fair without, the carpets laid,¹⁰ and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore I pray thee, news.

Gr. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and there-
by hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't good Grumio.

Gr. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled;¹¹ how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst;¹² how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.¹²

Gr. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarpos, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats¹³ brushed, and their garters of an indifferent¹⁴ knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gr. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my mas-
ter, to countenance my mistress.

Gr. Why, she hath a face of her own.

⁹ The carpets were *laid* over the tables. The floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

¹⁰ i. e. bedraggled, bemired.

¹¹ Broken.

¹² The term *shrew* was anciently applied to either sex, as appears from Chaucer's *Testam. of Love*, fol. 300, Ed. Speght, 1598.

¹³ *Blue coats* were the usual habits of servants. Hence a *blue-bottle* was sometimes used as a term of reproach for a servant.

¹⁴ Of an *indifferent knit* is tolerably knit, pretty good in quality. Hamlet says, 'I am myself *indifferent* honest,' i. e. tolerably honest. The reader, who will be at the pains to refer to the Variorum Shakspeare, may be amused with the discordant blunders of the most eminent commentators on this simple expression.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready:¹ How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson, malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel; There was no link² to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing: There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

*Where is the life that late I led?*³ *[Sings.]*

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!⁴

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey,*⁵ *[Sings.]*

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit Servant.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[A basin is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash,⁶ and welcome heartily.—

[Servant lets the ewer fall.]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—

What is this? Mutton?

1 Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 Serv.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt PET. KATH. and CURT.]

Nath. *[Advancing.]* Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politely begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,⁷

For then she never looks upon her lure.⁸

Another way I have to man my haggard,⁹

To make her come, and know her keeper's call,

That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate,¹⁰ and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend!¹¹

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. *[Exit.]*

¹ The false concord here was no doubt intentional, it suits well with the character.

² Green, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says, 'This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an olde link*.'

³ This ballad was well suited to Petruchio, as appears by the answer in *A Handful of Pleasant Delities*, 1584; which is called 'Dame Beautie's reple to the lover late at libertie, and now complaineth him to be her captivie,' entitled 'Where is the life that late I led?'

⁴ A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

⁵ Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

⁶ It was the custom in ancient times to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, and afterwards. As our ancestors eat with their fingers, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions.

⁷ Shakespeare delights in allusions to Falconry; the following allegory comprises most of its terms. A hawk full fed was untractable, and refused the lure.

⁸ The lure was a thing stuffed to look like the game the hawk was to pursue; its use was to tempt him back after he had flown.

⁹ A haggard is a wild hawk, to man her is to tame her. To watch or wake a hawk was one part of the process of taming.

¹⁰ To bate is to flutter the wings as preparing for flight; *batter Pale*, Italian.

¹¹ Intend is used for pretend.

SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despicable love! unconstant woman-kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:¹

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior

Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—

Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—

Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:

Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite

forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:

And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—LUCENTIO and BIANCA

advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. P'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian.

He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a

placo?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master:

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—

To tame a shrew, and charm² her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied

An ancient angel³ coming down the hill

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,⁴

I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome

Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:

But then up further; and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped.

Of Mantua?

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes

hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke

(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;

For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,

This will I do, and this will I advise you:—

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and

all one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake;

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,

And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.—

Look, that you take upon you as you should:

You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the city:

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;—

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance⁵ of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:

Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

note on Jonson's Poetaster, is decidedly in favour of

engle with Hammer's explanation, and supports it by

referring to Gascoigne's Supposes, from which Shak-

speare took this part of his plot.

5 i. e. to agree upon a settlement of dower; Dotem

firmare. Deeds are by law-writers called the common

assurances of the realm, because thereby each man's

property is assured to him. So in a subsequent scene:—

they are busied about a counterfeit assurance.

¹ *Cogltione*, a *cughtion*, a gull, a meacock, says Florio. It is equivalent to a great booby.

² So in King Henry VI. Part 3.

³ Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

In Psalm lvi. we read of the charmer who charms

wisely, in order to quell the fury of the adder.

⁴ For angel, Theobald, and after him Hamner and

Warburton, read *engle*; which Hamner calls a *gull*,

deriving it from *enguer*, French, to catch with bird-

lime: but without sufficient reason. Mr. Gifford, in a

SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.**Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.**Gru.* No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
 But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
 And that which spites me more than all these
 wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
 I pry'thee go, and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?*Kath.* 'Tis passing good; I pry'thee let me have it.*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grunio, fetch it me.*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.¹*Kath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.*Gru.* Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grunio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.**Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amok?²*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?*Kath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
 To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof.'³—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.*Kath.* I thank you, sir.*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!
 Come, mistress Kate, I'll hear you company.*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
 very,⁴

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling⁵ treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer!

A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,A custard-coffin,⁶ a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us
 see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve! 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censor⁷ in a barber's shop:—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*]*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Gru. hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
 More quaint,⁸ more pleasing, nor more commend-
 able;

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

can be no doubt that we should read 'proof with a mark
 of elision for *approof*; but *sort* is used in the sense of
sorter, French, to issue, to terminate.' 'It sorted not'¹
 is frequently used by writers of that period for, it did
 not end so; or, it did not answer. Shakespeare uses *sort*
 for *lot*, chance, more than once.

⁴ Finery.⁵ To ruffle, in Shakespeare's time, signified to *flaunt*,
 to strut, to swagger.⁶ A coffin was the culinary term for the raised crust
 of a pie or custard.⁷ These censers resembled our brasiers in shape,
 they had pierced convex covers.⁸ *Quaint* was used as a term of commendation by
 our ancestors. It seems, when applied to dress, to have
 meant spruce, trim, neat, like the French *coints*

¹ This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In
 The Glasse of Humours, no date, p. 60, it is said, 'But
 note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding su-
 perfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in
 eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable
 with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man
 to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mus-
 tard, and such like things as will aggravate his malign-
 ant humours.' Petruchio before objects to the over-
 roasted mutton.

² That is, all sunk and dispirited. This gallicism
 is frequent in many of the old plays.³ 'And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved
 nothing,' says Johnson. This can hardly be right. Mr.
 Douce's suggestion, that it means 'all my labour is
 adapted to no *approof*,' is much better; indeed there

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
Or I shall so be-mete¹ thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.²

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me ; thou hast brav'd³ many men, brave not me ; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces :⁴ ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,⁵ sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape ;⁶*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir ; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill,⁷ give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio* ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !

O, fye, fye, fye !

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :—
[*Aside.*]

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
For, 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse ;
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sir, let's alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's House. Enter
TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house ; Please it you, that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but⁹ I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me.
Near twenty years' ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.¹⁰

Tra. 'Tis well :
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ?
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall¹¹ fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

Sir, [to the Pedant.]

This is the gentleman I told you of ;

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long

play is supposed to be exhibited, were introduced, from the old play, by Mr. Pope in his edition.

¹ Lord. Who's within there ! [*Enter Servants.*]
Asleep again ! Go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

² Serv. It shall be done, my lord ; come, help to bear him hence. [*They bear off Sly.*]

Johnson thought the fifth act should begin here.

³ See the note on Act iii. Sc. 1.

¹⁰ Shakspeare has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. The Pegasus is the arms of the Middle Temple, and is a very popular sign.

¹¹ I. e. a high fellow, a brave boy, as we now say, Vide note on Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 4.

1 Be-measure.

2 Turned up many garments with facings.

3 *Grumio* quibbles upon to *brave*, to *make fine*, as he does upon *facing*.

4 Mr. Douce remarks that this scene appears to have been originally borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caulthrop and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, related in Camden's Remains and Leigh's Accidence of Armorie.

5 This being a very customary dress with women of abandoned character, was probably not much in repute.

6 A round cape.

7 A quibble is intended between the written *bill* and the *bill* or weapon of a foot soldier.

8 After this *exceunt* the characters before whom the

I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious? I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass² my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best,
We be affied;³ and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, Old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily,⁴ we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir: we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio.—
Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. 'Faith, nothing: but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral⁵ of his
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to
the supper.

Luc. And then?—
Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at
your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell; except⁶ they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance
of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*⁷
to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient
honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in
an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley
to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu,
sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint
Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against
you come with your appendix. [Exit.]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *A public road. Enter* PETRUCHIO,
KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more to-
ward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon or stars, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so,⁹ for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bow
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.
Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—
[To VINCENTIO.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,¹⁰
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlerwoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee?
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a wo-
man of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,
Whither away? or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!¹¹

worth preserving, and which Pope thought to be from
the hand of Shakespeare.

¹ Faire lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth—
—Sweet Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.—

Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chryselline
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

¹¹ This is from the fourth book of Ovid's *Metamorpho-*
ses, by Golding, 1586, p. 56. Ovid borrowed his ideas
from the sixth book of the *Odyssey*, 184, &c.

1 i. e. scrupulous. 2 Assure, or convey; a law term.
3 Betrothed.

4 *Happily*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *perad-*
venture, as well as fortunately; we now write it *haply*.

5 i. e. the secret purpose.
6 The first folio reads *expect*.

7 These were the words of the old exclusive privilege
for imprinting a book. A quibble is meant.

8 Here in the old play, the Tinker speaks again:—
'*Stie*. Sim, must they be married now?'

Lord. I, my lord.
Enter Fernando and Sander.
'*Stie*. Look, Sim, the fool is come again now.'

⁹ We should probably read, 'and so it shall be *still*,
for Katharine.'

¹⁰ In the first sketch of this play are two passages

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:¹
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—*Vincentio*; my dwelling—*Pisa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may be seem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt PET. KATH. and VIN.*]

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward.
[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's House.*
Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*: but they may chance to
need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back;
and then come back to my master² as soon as I can.
[*Exeunt LUC. BIAN. and BION.*]

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.
Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose, but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder.
Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, sir?
Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he
shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in
Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous cir-
cumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio*,
that his father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the
door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from *Pisa*,³
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may be-
lieve her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCENTIO.*]
Why, this is flatknavery, to take upon you another
man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my
countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.
Bion. I have seen them in the church together:
God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here?
mine old master, *Vincentio*? now we are undone,
and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.
[*Seeing BIONDELLO.*]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.
Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have you
forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget
you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never
see thy master's father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes,
marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.
Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]
Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will
murder me. [*Exit.*]

Ped. Help son! help, Signior *Baptista*!
[*Exit, from the window.*]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see
the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]
Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and
Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my ser-
vant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—
O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet!
a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain
hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I
play the good husband at home, my son and my
servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by
your habit, but your words show you a madman:
Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and
gold? I thank my good father, I am able to main-
tain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker
in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray,
what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name; I
have brought him up ever since he was three years
old, and his name is—*Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lu-*
centio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the
lands of me, Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! O, he hath murdered his master!
—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's
name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain,
where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer:⁴ [*Enter one with an*

3 The old copy reads *Padua*.

4 A sugar-loaf hat, a *coppid-tanke hat*; *galerus ac-*
cuminatus.—*Junius Nomenclator*, 1585.

5 Here, in the original play, the Tinker speaks again:
'Slie. I say, weele have no sending to prison.

Lord. My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.
Slie. I tell thee, Sim, weele have no sending
To prison, that's flat; why, Sim, am I not Don Christo
Vari?

Therefore, I say, they shall not gos to prison.

Officer. Carry this mad knave to the gaol :—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth coming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched¹ in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tru. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Bap. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Gre. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused :—
O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA.*

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*]

Bion. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes bleard² thine eyne.³

Gre. Here's packing,⁴ with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss :—

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*]
Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you,
go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt. LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough:⁵ But I'll in among the rest:

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid :—but ashamed to kiss.

Lord. No more they shall not, my lord :
They be runne away.

Sir. Are they run away, Sir? that's well:

Then gie some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here, my lord.⁶

1 I. e. deceived, cheated.

2 This is probably an allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents are borrowed. Gascoigne's original was Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. The word *supposes* was often used as it is in the text, by Shakespeare's contemporaries; one instance, from Drayton's epistle of King John to Matilda, may suffice :—

And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*.⁷

3 Plotings, underhand contrivances.

Pet. Why, then let's home again :—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Lucentio's House. A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others. at tending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree. And time it is, when raging war is done,⁸

To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome.

While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine :—

Brother Petruccio,—sister Katharina,—

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;

My banquet⁹ is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense; I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:¹⁰

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? a hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter¹¹ jest or two.

4 An obsolete proverb, repeated on the loss of hope or expectation. Its meaning is not easily explained. It has been suggested that a cake which comes out of the oven in a state of dough, is utterly spoiled.

5 The old copy reads *come*; the emendation is Rowe's.

6 The *banquet* here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a refection similar to our modern *dessert*, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c.

7 As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that *shrew* was pronounced *shrove*. See also the finale, where it rhymes to *so*.

8 The old copy reads *better*. The emendation is Campbell's.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow:— You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift¹ simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself; 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you out a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,² good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bian. I go. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bian. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bian. She says, you have some goodly jest in

hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Ka-

tharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto thy losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she hath never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-

strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have

no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind

brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And, not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am asham'd, that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions³ and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more;

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown

But now, I see, our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,⁴

That seeming to be most, which we least are.

¹ Beside the original sense of speedy in motion, *swift* signified witty, quick witted.

² A gird is a cut, a sarcasm, a stroke of satire.

³ That is, the gentle qualities of our minds.

Then vail your stomachs,¹ for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.²

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;³

[*To LUCENTIO.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATE.*]

1 'Vail your stomachs,' abate your pride, your spirit, it is no boot, i. e. it is profitless, it is no advantage.

2 i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

3 The white was the central part of the mark or butt in archery. Here is also a play upon the name of Bianca, which is white in Italian.

4 The old play continues thus:—

Then enter two, bearing Slie in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the darksome night is overpast, And dawning day appears in christall ekie,
Now must I haste abroad: but softe! who's this?

What, Slie? O wondrous! hath he laine heere all night!

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*]

OF this play the two plots are so well united that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharina and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHN SON.

He wake him: I thinke he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stufft with ale:

What now, Slie? awake for shame.

Slie. [Awaking.] Sim, give's more wine.—What all the players gone?—Am I not a lord?

Tap. A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster!—Oh I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Slie. Will she? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had; but I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.

WINTER'S TALE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, by Robert Greene, which was first printed in 1588. The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus are of the poet's own creation; and many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

'A booke entitled *A Winter's Night's Pastime*, entered at Stationer's Hall, in 1594, but which has not come down to us, may have suggested the title, by which Shakespeare thought the romantic and extraordinary incidents of the play well characterised: he several times in the course of the last act makes one of his characters remark its similarity to *An old tale*. Schlegel has observed that '*The Winter's Tale* is as appropriately named as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, ending at last in general joy; and accordingly Shakspeare has here taken the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors: he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Julio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic Oracle, not to mention other incongruities.'

It is extraordinary that Pope should have thought only some single scenes of this play were from the hand of Shakspeare. It breathes his spirit throughout;—in the serious parts as well as in those of a lighter kind: and who but Shakspeare could have conceived that exquisite pastoral scene in which the loves of Florizel and Perdita are developed? It is indeed a pastoral of the golden age, and Perdita 'no Shepherdess, but Flora,

Peering in April's front,

and breathing flowers, in the spring-tide of youth and beauty. How gracefully she distributes her emblematic favours! What language accompanies them! Well may Florizel exclaim:

'—when you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever!'

The reader reechoes the sentiment of the lover, and is sorry to come to the close. With what modest unconscious dignity are all her words and actions accompanied: even Polixenes, who looks on her with no favourable eye, says that there is

—nothing she does or says

But smacks of something greater than herself.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses, with whom she has been brought up, are such as ordinary life affords, and are judicious foils to this delightful couple of lovers.

The arch roguery and mirthful stratagem of Autolycus are very amusing, and his character admirably sustained. 'The jealousy of Leontes (says the judicious Schlegel) is not, like that of Othello, developed with all the causes, symptoms, and gradations; it is brought forward at once, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece.' But it has the same intemperate course, is the same soul-goading passion which wrings a noble nature to acts of revengeful cruelty; at which, under happier stars, it would have shuddered, and which are no sooner committed than repented of.

The patient and affecting resignation of the wronged Hermione under circumstances of the deepest anguish; and the zealous and courageous remonstrances of the faithful Paulina, have the stamp of Shakspeare upon them. Indeed I know not what parts of this drama could be attributed to any even of the most skillful of his contemporaries. It was perhaps the discrepancies of the plot (which in fact almost divides it into two plays with an interval of sixteen years between,) and the anachronisms, which made Dryden* and Pope overlook the beauties of execution in this enchanting play.

* Dryden, in the *Essay at the end of the second part of the Conquest of Grenada*, speaking of the plays of Shakspeare and Fletcher, says:—'Witness the limeness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they wrote first (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name Pericles, nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*,

Malone places the composition of the *Winter's Tale* in 1611, because it was first licensed for representation by Sir George Bucke, Master of the Revels, who did not assume the functions of his office until August 1610. The mention of the '*Puritan* singing psalms to horn-pipes' also points at this period, as does another passage, which is supposed to be a compliment to James on his escape from the Gowrie Conspiracy. These are conjectures, but probable ones; Malone had in former instances placed the date much earlier; first in 1594, and then in 1602. The supposition that Ben Jonson intended a sneer at this play in his induction to *Bartho-*

Measure for Measure, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment.' Pope, in his Preface to *Shakspeare*, almost reaches this: 'I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus An-*

lomew Fair has been satisfactorily answered by Mr. Gifford.†

Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts* attempts to show that *The Winter's Tale* was intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Ann Boleyn; but the ground for his conjecture is so slight as scarcely to deserve attention. Indeed it may be answered that the plot of the play is not the invention of *Shakspeare*, who therefore cannot be charged with this piece of flattery; if it was intended, it must be attributed to Greene, whose novel was published in 1589. I think with Mr. Boswell that these supposed allusions by *Shakspeare* to the history of his own time are very much to be doubted.

dronicus, that only some characters or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, are from the hand of *Shakspeare*.'

† Works of Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 371.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS,

CLEOMENES,

DION,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his Son.*

ARCHIDAMUS a Bohemian Lord

A Mariner.

Goaler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, *his Son.*

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, a Lady, } *attending the Queen.*

Two other Ladies, }

MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*

DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace. Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insignificance, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned,¹ with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;² and

1 'Royally attorned.' Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

2 I. e. over a wide intervening space.

3 'Physics the subject.' Affords a cordial to the state, has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

4 That for *Oh that!* is not uncommon in old writers.

embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,³ makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:

And yet we should, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher.

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,

With one we-thank-you, many thousands more

That go before it.

Leon

Stay your thanks awhile;

And pay them when you part.

Pol.

Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence: That⁴ may blow No sneaping⁵ winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly!⁶ Besides, I have stay'd⁷ To tire your royalty.

5 Sneaping, nipping.

6 I. e. to make me say, I had too good reason for my fears concerning what may happen in my absence from home.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so: There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder Were, in your love, a whip to me: my stay, To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir, Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure, All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll twack him hence with distaffs.— Yet of your royal presence [To *Pol.*] I'll adventure The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him there a month, behind the gest¹ Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed,² Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I, Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily, You shall not go; a lady's verily is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam: To be your prisoner, should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit, Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys; You were pretty lordings³ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen, Two lads that thought there was no more behind, But such a day to-morrow as to-day, And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd, Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd

That any did: Had we pursued that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven.

Boldly, *Not Guilty*; the imposition clear'd,⁴ Hereditarily ours.

Her. By this we gather, You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady Temptations have since then been born to us; for In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young play-fellow,

Her. Grace to boot!⁵ Of this make no conclusion; lest you say, Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on; The offences we have made you do, we'll answer; If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not. Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st To better purpose.

Her. Neyer?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages: You may ride us, With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;— My last good was, to entreat his stay; What was my first? it has an elder sister, Or I mistake you: O, 'would, her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: When? Nay, let me hav't; I long.

Leon. Why that was when Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clasp thyself my love; then didst thou utter, *I am yours for ever.*

Her. It is grace, indeed.— Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*]

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*]

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances; But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment May a free face put on; derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,⁶ And well become the agent: it may, I grant; But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers, As now they are: and making practis'd smiles, As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere The mort o' the deer;⁷ O, that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius, Art thou my boy?

Man. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I ficks? Why, that's my bawcock.⁸ What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—

⁵ 'Grace to boot.' An exclamation equivalent to *give us grace.*

⁶ At entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. Numerous instances of allusion to the custom have been adduced by the editors: one shall suffice, from the old play of *Ram Alley*: 'Come, *clap hands*, a match.' The custom is not yet disused in common life.

⁷ '—from bounty, fertile bosom,' I think with Malone that a letter has been omitted, and that we should read: '—from bounty's fertile bosom.'

⁸ I. e. the death of the deer. The mort was also certain notes played on the horn at the death of the deer.

⁹ 'Bawcock.' A burlesque word of endearment sup-

¹ To let had for its synonymes to stay or stop; to let him there, is to stay him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one.

² I. e. indeed, in very deed, in troth. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Heyward, and Gascoigne.

³ *Lordings*, a diminutive of lords, often used by Chaucer.

⁴ I. e. setting aside the original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginaling!

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.]

Upon his palm?—How now, you wapon calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,²

To be full³ like me: yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,⁴ as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin's eye: Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop¹⁰—Can thy dam?—may't
be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;⁷
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,⁸
Thou may'st conjoin with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission, and I find it);
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,⁹ this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?¹⁰

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!¹¹—

my brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

posed to be derived from *beau-coq*, or boy-cock. It
occurs again in Twelfth Night, and in King Henry V.
and in both places is coupled with chuck or chick. It is
said that *bra-cock* is still used in Scotland.

1 Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the
virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played
with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all
respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular,
and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small
piano forte.

2 Thou wantest a rough *head*, and the budding horns
that I have. A *pash* in some places denoting a young
bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a
mad-brained boy.

3 i. e. entirely.

4 i. e. old faded stuffs of other colours dyed black.

5 *Welkin* is blue, i. e. the colour of the welkin or
sky.

6 In King Henry VI. Part I. we have—

'God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh.'

7 Affection here means imagination. Intention is
earnest consideration, eager attention. It is this vehemence
of mind which affects Leontes, by making him

Offic'd with me: We two will walk. my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover he's
Apparent¹² to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours 'till the garden; Shall's attend you there.

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

[Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.]

How she holds up the neb,¹³ the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing¹⁴ husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd

one!¹⁵

[Exeunt POL. HER. and Attendants.]

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There

have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds are now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates

open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamilius; thou'rt an honest

man.—[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home.¹⁶

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made

His business more material.¹⁷

Leon. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already:¹⁸ whispering,

rounding.¹⁹

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust²⁰ it last.—How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

conjure up unreal causes of disquiet; and thus, in the
poet's language, 'stabs him to the centre.'

8 *Credent*, credible.

9 i. e. an immature pea-pool.

10 'Will you take eggs for money?' A proverbial
phrase for 'will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or im-

posed upon?'

11 i. e. may happiness be his portion!

12 Their apparent, next claimant.

13 i. e. mouth.

14 i. e. approving

15 i. e. a horned one, a *cuckold*.

16 'It still came home,' a nautical term, meaning,
'the anchor would not take hold.'

17 The more you requested him to stay, the more ur-

gent he represented that business to be which summon-

ed him away.

18 Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual obser-

vers.

19 To round in the ear was to tell secretly, to whisper.

20 i. e. taste it:—

ille domus sciet ultimus.

Juv. Sat. 4.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,¹
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon.

Ha?

Cam.

Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon.

Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priestlike, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam.

Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't:—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes² honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That see'st at a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,³ 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon.

Have not you seen, Camillo,

(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought,—(for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think,)—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,

1 Messes is here put for degrees, conditions. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes. Those of lower condition sitting below the great standing salt in the centre of the table.

2 To hox is to hamstring, the proper word is to hough.

3 This is expressed obscurely, but seems to mean 'the execution of which (when done) cried out against the nonperformance of it before;' or, as Johnson ironically expresses it, was 'a thing necessary to be done,' but which Camillo had delayed doing because he doubted the issue.

4 Theobald quoted this passage in defence of the well known line in his Double Falsehood, 'None but himself can be his parallel.'—'For who does not see at once,' says he, 'that he who does not think has no thought in him.' In the same light the subsequent editors view this passage, and read with Pope, 'that does not think it.' But the old reading is right, and the absurdity only in the misapprehension of it. Leontes means to say, 'Have you not thought that my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does

(Or else be impudently negative, To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say, My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to Before a truth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear My sovereign mistress clouded so, without My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my hear You never spoke what did become you less Than this, which to reiterate, were sin As deep as that, though true.'

Leon.

Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses? Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot? Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift? Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind With the pin and web,⁶ but theirs, theirs only, That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing; The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing; My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings, If this be nothing.

Cam.

Good my lord, be cur'd

Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon.

Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam.

No, no, my lord.

Leon.

It is: you lie, you lie:

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave; Or else a hovering temporizer, that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil, Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver Infected as her life, she would not live The running of one glass.'

Cam.

Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal,⁷ hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I Had servants true about me: that bare eyes To see alike mine honour as their profits, Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou, His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form Have bench'd,⁸ and rear'd to worship; who may'st

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven, How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,⁹ To give mine enemy a lasting wink; Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam.

Sir, my lord,

I could do this: and that with no rash¹⁰ potion, But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work Maliciously like poison: But I cannot Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, So sovereignly being honourable. I have lov'd thee,

Leon.

Make't thy question, and go rot!¹¹

not think my wife is slippery.') The four latter words, though disjoined from the word think by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it.

5 To reiterate your accusation of her would be as great a sin as that, if committed, of which you accuse her.

6 The pin and web is the cataract in an early stage. 7 i. e. one hour.

8 The old copy reads 'her medal.' The allusion is to the custom of wearing a medallion or jewel appended to a ribbon about the neck.

9 'Bespice a cup.' So in Chapman's Translation of the tenth book of the Odyssey:—

— with a festival

She'll first receive thee; but will spice thy bread

With flowery poisons.'

10 Rash is hasty; as in King Henry IV. Part II. 'rash gunpowder.' Maliciously is malignantly, with effects openly hurtful.

11 Make that, i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is a clear point, a subject of doubt, and go rot! Dost think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and bring disgrace on me and my child, without sufficient grounds?

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?¹
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?²

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news? 'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king bath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but

I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,³—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behave my know-
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.⁴

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument.
To vice⁵ 'you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!⁶
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great⁷ infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over⁸

By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,⁹ and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them of the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer

peare's time meant any kind of winding screw. The
vice of a clock was a common expression.

⁶ That is Judas. A clause in the sentence of ex-
communicated persons was: 'let them have part with
Judas that betrayed Christ.'

⁷ 'Swear his thought over.' The meaning apparent-
ly is 'over-swear his thought by.' &c.

⁸ 'Is pil'd upon his faith.' This folly which is erect-
ed on the foundation of settled belief.

¹ Something is necessary to complete the verse.
Hammer reads:—

² 'Is goads and thorns, nettles and tails of wasps.'

³ To blench is to start off, to shrink.

⁴ Success, for succession. Gentle, well born, was
opposed to simple.

⁵ 'I am appointed him to murder you.' I am the
person appointed to murder you.

⁶ i. e. to screw or move you to it. A vice in Shaks-

Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face.¹ Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine;² My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive,
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!³ Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Enter HERMIONE, MARILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as
if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
now

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

¹ I saw his heart in his face.¹ In Macbeth we have:—
'To find the mind's construction in the face.'

² i. e. I will place thee in elevated rank always near
to my own in dignity, or near my person.

³ Johnson might well say, 'I can make nothing of the
following words:—

and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.'

He suspected the line which connected them to the rest
to have been lost. I have sometimes thought that we
should read *not noting* instead of *but nothing*. Per-
haps they will bear this construction: 'Good expedition

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
softly;

You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I

In my just censure? In my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!⁴ How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider⁵ steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye; make known,
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts:⁷—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;⁸ yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;

Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear⁹
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and has,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

be my friend, and may my absence bring comfort to the
gracious queen who is part of his theme, but who knows
nothing of his unjust suspicion.'

⁴ i. e. judgment.

⁵ 'Alack, for lesser knowledge!' that is, O that my
knowledge were less!

⁶ Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's
time.

⁷ Hefts, heavings, things which are heaved up.

⁸ i. e. a thing pinch'd out of clouts, a puppet for
them to move and actuate as they please.'

⁹ i. e. will brand it.

Least barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is
A federy¹ with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But² with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.³—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.⁴

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears down: 'Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

[To the Guards.]

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mis-
tress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,⁵
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables⁶ where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

¹ *Federy.* This word, which is probably of the poet's own invention, is used for *confederate*, *accomplice*.

² One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it was shared but with her paramour. It is the use of *but* for *be-out* (only, according to Malone) that obscures the sense.

³ i. e. no foundation can be trusted.

⁴ 'He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,

But that he speaks.'

He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

⁵ i. e. what I am now about to do.

⁶ Much has been said about this passage: one has thought it should be *stable-stand*; another that it means *station*. But it may be explained thus:—'If she prove

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord.

Good my lord.—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn' him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations; they are coheirs;
And I had rather glib⁸ myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.⁹

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon.

What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon.

Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as¹⁰ truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant.

And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon.

How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,¹¹
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, or Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:¹² Now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: so have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confined;
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

false, I'll make my stables or kennel of my wife's chamber; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her.'

⁷ 'I would land-damn him.' Johnson interprets this: 'I will damn or condemn him to quit the land.'

⁸ *Glib* or *lib*, i. e. castrate.

⁹ I see and feel my disgrace, as you, Antigonus, now feel my doing this to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

¹⁰ The old copy reads a truth. Rowe made the correction.

¹¹ i. e. proof.

¹² i. e. of abilities more than sufficient.

SCENE II. *The same. The outer Room of a Prison. Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am,—Good lady! No court in Europe is too good for thee, What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keeper. For a worthy lady, And one whom I much honour.

Paul. Pray you, then, Conduct me to the queen.

Keeper. I may not, madam; to the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado, To lock up honesty and honour from The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful, Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Keeper. So please you, madam, to put Apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Keeper. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, prythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together: On her frights and griefs (Which never tender lady hath borne greater), She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you.*

Paul. I dare be sworn: These dangerous unsafe lunes! o'the king! be-shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me: If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister; And never to my red-look'd anger be The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia, Commend my best obedience to the queen; If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll show't the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to th' louddest: We do not know How he may soften at the sight o'the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue; there is no lady living, So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer; Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design; But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it, As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it! I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keeper. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it, Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:

1 *Lunes.* This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly*. A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609.

The child was prisoner to the womb; and is, By law and process of great nature, thence Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to The anger of the king; nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keeper. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause, She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level² of my brain, plot-proof: but she I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 *Attend.* My lord! [*Advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Attend.* He took good rest to-night; 'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see, His nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply; Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself; Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go, See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty; And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter. Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me. Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul; More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough. 1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to night; commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,— That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh At each his needless heavings,—such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking: I Do come with words as medicinal as true; Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour, That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus, I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me; I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, She should not visit you.

Leon. What, can't at not rule her

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this, (Unless he take the course that you have done, Commit me, for committing honour) trust it, He shall not rule me.

2 *Blank and level mean mark and aim, or direction* They are terms of gunnery.

3 *I. e. leave me alone.*

Ant. Lo you now, you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess¹
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,²
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst³ about you.

Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on my own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]
Leon. Out!
A mankind⁴ witch? Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou dotard [*To Antigonus*], thou art woman-
tir'd,⁵ unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.⁶
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess, by that forced⁷ baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past
all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;⁸ and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,⁹
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow¹⁰ in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,¹¹ thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in t.—I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something sa-
vours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

I Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

I Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better
credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us; And on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows;—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[*To Antigonus.*]
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,

¹ The old copy has *professes*.

² 'In comforting your evils.' To comfort, in old language, is to aid, to encourage. Evils here mean wicked courses.

³ I. e. the weakest, or least warlike.

⁴ 'A mankind witch.' In Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1583, *Virago* is interpreted 'A manly woman, or a mankind woman.' Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

⁵ I. e. hen-pecked. To tire in Falconry is to tear with the beak. Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story of Reynard the Fox.

⁶ A crone was originally a toothless old ewe; and thence became a term of contempt for an old woman.

⁷ Forced is false; uttered with violence to truth. Baseness for bastardy; we still say base born.

⁸ 'Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.' So in Cymbeline:

'Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.'

⁹ A callat is a trull.

¹⁰ 'No yellow,' the colour of jealousy.

¹¹ Lozel, a worthless fellow; one lost to all goodness. From the Saxon *Losian*, to perish, to be lost. *Lozel*, *lozliche*, are all of the same family.

To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray,¹—what will you ad-
venture—

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That his ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,²
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for
the fail—

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,³
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,⁴
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!⁵

[Exit, with the Child.

No, I'll not rear

Leon.

Another's issue.

1 Atten. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon.

Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.*
Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle;⁶ the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was it's offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst

¹ Leontes must mean the beard of Antigonus, which
he may be supposed to touch. He himself tells us that
twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, of course his
age must be under thirty, and his own beard would
hardly be gray.

² It was anciently a practice to swear by the cross at
the hilt of a sword.

³ I. e. commit it to some place as a stranger. To
commend is to commit, according to the old dictionaries.

⁴ I. e. the favour of heaven.

⁵ I. e. to exposure, or to be lost or dropped.

⁶ Warburton has remarked that the temple of Apollo
was at Delphi, which was not an island. But Shak-

And ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.⁷

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;—

And gracious be the issue! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice.* LEON-
TES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pro-
nounce)

Even pushes against our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and
Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned
of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,
king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo
to take away the life of our sovereign lord and king, thy
royal husband; the pretence⁸ whereof being by cir-
cumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione,
contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject,
didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood,⁹ shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true.
As I am now unhappy; which¹⁰ is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe¹¹
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince—here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare:¹² for honour,

appears little regarded geographical accuracy. He fol-
lowed Green's Dorastus and Fawnia, in which it is cal-
led the isle of Delphos. There was a temple of Apollo
in the isle of Delos.

⁷ 'The time is worth the use on't' that is, the event
of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent
in it.

⁸ I. e. the design. Shakspeare often uses the word
for design or intention.

⁹ I. e. my virtue-being accounted wickedness, my as-
sertion of it will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means
both treachery and lie.

¹⁰ Which, that is, which unhappiness.

¹¹ Own, possess.

¹² I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I
would willingly spare. This sentiment, which is pro-

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus:¹ if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.²

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level³ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame
(Those of your fact⁴ are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:⁵ for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug⁶ which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily,⁷ is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs

To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.⁸ Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness⁹ of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king
shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not
found.*¹⁰

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my Lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it;
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,¹¹ is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-
selves

Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE faints.
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
down,

And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

bably derived from Ecclesiasticus, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: 'The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach to her children.'

1 Encounter so uncurent is unallowed, or unlawful meeting.—Strain'd means swerv'd or gone astray from the line of duty.

2 It is to be observed that originally in our language, two negatives did not affirm, but only strengthen the negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our authors' plays, and even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, Johnson observes that, according to the present use of words, less should be more, or wanted should be had.

3 See note 2, p. 316. To stand within the level of a gun is to stand in a direct line with its mouth, and in danger of being hurt by its discharge. This expression often occurs in Shakspeare.

4 i. e. they who have done like you. Shakspeare had this from Dorastus and Fawnia, 'it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault.'

5 It is your business to deny this charge; but the mere denial will be useless, will prove nothing.

6 Bugbear.

7 'Starr'd most unluckily.' Ill-starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

8 Strength of limit, i. e. the degree of strength which it is customary to acquire before women are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

9 'The flatness of my misery,' that is absoluteness, the completeness of my misery.

10 This is almost literally from Greene's novel.

11 i. e. of the event of the queen's trial. We still say, he sped well or ill.

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclass'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain¹ hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,²
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!³

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What faying?
boiling

In leads or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,⁴
And damnable⁵ ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's hon-
our,⁶

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire,⁷ ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-
geance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon.

Go on, go on:

¹ Certain is not in the first folio, it was supplied by the editor of the second.

² See p. 318, note 3.

³ This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience, of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

⁴ The same construction occurs in the second book of Phædrus's version of the *Æneid*:

'Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord.

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul.

I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon.

Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son;
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie: and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bohemia. A desert Country near the
Sea. Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a
Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect⁸ then, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar.

Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not

Too far i'the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant.

Go thou away:

I'll follow instantly.

Mar.

I am glad at heart

To be so rid o'the business. [*Exa.*]

Ant.

Come, poor babe:—

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe

⁶ When this the young men heard me speak, of wild
they ceased wood.

⁵ Damnable is used here adverbially.

⁶ The poet forgot that Paulina was absent during the
king's self-accusation.

⁷ I. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he
would have perpetrated such an action.

⁸ I. e. well assured.

*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prythee call't; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see
Thy wife Paulina more:* and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*]

There lie; and there thy character:¹ there these;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; and thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!²—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep
out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but
getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,
stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any
but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-
twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away
two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will
sooner find than the master: if any where I have
them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy.³ Good
luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking
up the Child.*] Mercy on't, a barme; a very pretty
barme! A boy, or a child,⁴ I wonder? A pretty
one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though
I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-
woman in the scape. This has been some stair-
work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work:
they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing
is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till
my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa,
ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come
hither. What ailst thou, man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now
the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot
thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clow. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how

it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to
the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls!
sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the
ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon
swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a
cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land ser-
vice.—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-
bone! how he cried to me for help, and said, his
name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make
an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dra-
goned⁵ it; but, first, how the poor souls roared,
and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gen-
tleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roar-
ing louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clow. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,
nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it
now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by, to have helped the
old man!⁶

Clow. I would you had been by the ship side, to
have helped her; there your charity would have
lacked footing.

[*Aside.*]

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st
with things dying, I with things new born. Here's
a sight for thee; Look thee, a bearing-cloth⁷ for
a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up,
boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I
should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changel-
ing!⁸—open't: What's within, boy?

Clow. You're a made⁹ old man; if the sins of
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live.
Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so:
up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next¹⁰
way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, re-
quires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—
Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your findings;
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman,
and how much he hath eaten: they are never
curst,¹¹ but when they are hungry: if there be any
of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed; If thou may'st dis-
cern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch
me to the sight of him.

Clow. Marry, will I: and you shall help to put
him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good
deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy
and terror,

Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error;¹²—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,

To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide

Of sixteen years,¹³ and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap;¹⁴ since it is in my power

7 A bearing-cloth, is the mantle of fine cloth, in which
a child was carried to be baptized.

8 A changeling. Some child left behind by the
fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

9 The old copies read *mad*. The emendation is
Theobald's.

10 I. e. nearest.

11 *Curst* here signifies *mischievous*. The old adage
says, '*Curst* cows have short horns.'

12 *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in
that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings
discoveries with it.

13 It is certain that Shakspeare was well acquainted
with the *laws* of the drama, as they are called, but
disregarded, nay wilfully departed from them, and
'snatch'd a grace beyond the reach of art.' His pro-
ductions are not therefore to be tried by such laws.

14 I. e. leave unexamined the progress of the inter-
mediate time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story.
The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to

1 I. e. description. The writing afterward discovered
with Perdita.

2 'A savage clamour.' This clamour was the cry of
the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries *this
is the chase*, I. e. the animal pursued.

3 This is from the novel. It is there said to be '*sea
ivie*, on which they do greatly feed.'

4 A *barme*. This word is still in use in the northern
dialects for a *child*. It is supposed to be derived from
born, things born seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*.
Sieveins says that he had been told 'that in some of our
inland countries a child signified a *female infant* in con-
tradistinction to a male one; but the assertion wants
confirmation, and we may rather refer this use of it to
the simplicity of the shepherd.'

5 I. e. *swallowed it*, as our ancient topers swallowed
flip-drasons.

6 Shakspeare, who knew that he himself designed
Antigonus for an old man, has inadvertently given this
knowledge to the shepherd, who had never seen him.

To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning: and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene some growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,²
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument³ of time: Of this allow,⁴
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes. *Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen⁵ years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-ween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.⁶ Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother: whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, he is to me unknown: but I have missingly noted,⁷ he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my

service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle⁸ that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage. Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.⁹

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge.—

With hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging¹⁰ tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts.¹¹

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;¹² but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn, for that my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks atouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.¹³ My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat:¹⁴ Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every eleven wether—tods;¹⁵ every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn.—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springle hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do it without counters.¹⁶—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants: rice

mean, that he who overthrows everything, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of custom as they are made by him.

1 i. e. Imagine with me. It is a French idiom which Shakspeare has played upon in the Taming of the Shrew.

2 Argument, subject.

3 I. e. approve.

4 It should be sixteen, as Time has just stated, and future passages have it.

5 Heaping friendships, friendly offices.

6 Missingly noted, observed at intervals.

7 Angle is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son like a fish away.

8 Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father.

9 I. e. 'the red, the spring blood now reigns over the parts lately under the dominion of winter.' A pale was a division, a place set apart from another, as the

English pale, the pale of the church. The words pale and red were used for the sake of the antithesis. The glow of spring reigns over the paleness of winter.

10 A puggard was a cant name for some kind of thief.

11 Aunt was a cant word for a band or trull.

12 I. e. rich velvet, so called.

13 Autolycus means that his practice was to steal sheets; leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

14 The silly cheat is one of the slang terms belonging to coney-catching or thievery. It is supposed to have meant picking of pockets.

15 Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20 or 22s. in 1581.

16 Counters were circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate to adjust their reckonings.

—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man songmen¹ all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means² and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;³ mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand. [Helping him up.]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.⁴

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames:⁵ I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.⁶

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion⁷ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's

wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,⁸ for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-batings.

Aut. Very true, sir, he sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir: no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,⁹ and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent¹⁰ the stile-a:

A merry hour goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Fl. Thine your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per.

Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes,¹¹ it not becomes me; O, pardon, that I name them; your high self, The gracious mark¹² o' the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.¹³

Fl.

I bless the time,

When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per.

Now Jove afford you cause

To me, the difference¹⁴ forges afford; your greatness

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble

To think, your father, by some accident,

Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!

How would he look, to see his work, so lowly,

Vilely bound up?¹⁵ What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The sternness of his presence?

1 i. e. singers of catches in three parts.

2 Means are tenors.

3 Wardens are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poirs de Garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo Saxon *warden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally coloured with cochineal instead of saffron, as of old.

4 Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says:—'the king hath killed his heart.'

5 'Trol-my dames.' The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house.

6 'Abide,' only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

7 He compassed a motion, &c.; he obtained a puppet-show, &c.

8 Prig, another cant phrase for the order of thieves. Harman in his *Caveat for Cursitor*, 1573, calls a horse-stealer 'a prigger of prancers; for to prigge in their language is to steal.'

9 i. e. dismissed from the society of rogues.

10 To hent the stile is to take the stile. It comes from the Saxon *hentan*.

11 i. e. the extravagance of his conduct in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

12 The gracious mark of the land is the object of all men's notice and expectation.

13 'To show myself a glass.' She probably means, that the prince, by the rustic habit he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her as in a glass how she ought to be dressed, instead of being so goddess-like prank'd up. And were it not for the license and folly which custom had made familiar at such feasts, as that of sheep-shearing, when mimetic sports were allowable, she should blush to see him so attired.

14 Meaning the difference between his rank and hers.

15 'Vilely bound up.' This was a metaphor natural enough to a writer, though not exactly suitable in the mouth of Perdita. Shakspeare has repeated it more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them:¹ Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but dear² sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd³ thoughts, I pry'thee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all: serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting; Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'er the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [To *POL.*
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostesship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!
[To *CAMILLO.*
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs.

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep

1 This speech is almost literally taken from the novel.

2 Dear is wanting in the oldest copy.

3 I. e. far-fetched, not arising from present objects.

4 I. e. appearance and smell. Rue, being used in exorcisms, was called *herb of grace*, and *rosemary* was supposed to strengthen the *memory*, it is prescribed for that purpose in the ancient herbals. Ophelia distributes the same plants with the same attributes.

5 For again in the sense of *cause*.

6 Surely there is no reference here to the impracticable pretence of producing flowers by art to rival those of nature, as Steevens supposed. The allusion is to the common practice of producing by art particular varieties of colours on flowers, especially on carnations.

7 In the folio edition it is spelt *Gillyvors*. Gelofer or gillofer was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams; from the French *gloffe*. There were also stock-gelofers, and wall-gelofer. The variegated gilliflowers or carnations, being considered as a produce of art, were properly called *nature's bastards*, and being streaked with white and red, Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or *immortal* woman; and therefore declines to meddle with

Seeming, and savour,⁴ all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For⁵ I have heard it said,
There is an art,⁶ which, in their pinedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,⁷
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well: and only there-
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping;⁸ these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,⁹
Or Cytherea's breath: pale primroses,
That die unmarried,¹⁰ ere they can behold

them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakspeare's time. This is Mr. Douce's very ingenious solution of this riddle, which had embarrassed Mr. Steevens.

8 'Some call it *sponsus solis*, the spouse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him.'—*Lapton's Notable Things*, book, vi.

9 See Ovid's *Metam.* b. v.—

—ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis;
or the whole passage as translated by Golding, and given in the Variorum Shakspeare.

10 Johnson had not sufficient imagination to comprehend this exquisite passage, he thought that the poet had mistaken Juno for Pallas, and says, that 'sweeter than an eyelid is an odd image.' But the eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas, and

—of a beauty never yet
Equalled in height of stature.
The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c. mentioned by Athenæus.

11 Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original

Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
Se singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstaid shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles;
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear,² as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come, our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.³

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.
Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.⁴

Come, strike up. [*Music.*
Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:⁵ but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth:⁶ He says he loves my
daughter;

edition of Milton's *Lycidas*, which he subsequently
omitted, and altered the epithet *unwedded* to *forsaken*
in the preceding line:

'Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
'*Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.*
Every reader will see that the 'texture and sentiments'
are derived from Shakspeare; and it serves as a beau-
tiful illustration of his meaning.

1 Thus Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*:—
'Through whose white skin softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep.'

2 I. e. you as little know how to fear that I am false,
as, &c.

3 Johnson would transfer this speech to the king, and
Ritson would read 'swear for one.' Mr. Douce has
justly observed that no change is necessary. It is no
more than a common phrase of acquiescence, like 'I'll
warrant you.'

4 I. e. we are now on our good behaviour.

5 A valuable tract of pasturage.

6 Truth.

7 That is dexterously, nimbly.

8 The trade of a milliner was formerly carried on by
men exclusively

9 'With a hie dildò dill, and a dildò dee,' is the bur-

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol.

She dances feately.⁷

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money;
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful
matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing
indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves;⁸ he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such deli-
cate burdens of dildos and fadings;⁹ jump her
and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts
him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm,
good man*.¹⁰

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?¹¹

Serv. He hath ribbands of all the colours i' the
rainbow; points,¹² more than all the lawyers in
Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come
to him by the gross; inkles,¹³ caddisses,¹⁴ cambrics,
lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods
or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a
she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand,¹⁵ and
the work about the square on't.¹⁶

Clo. Prythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprius, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;¹⁷
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,¹⁸
What maids lack from head to heel:*

den of an old ballad or two. *Fading* is also another
burden to a ballad found in Shirley's *Bird in a Cage*;
and perhaps to others. It is also the name given to an
Irish dance, probably from *Fedan*, I whistle, as it was
danced to the pipes.

10 This was also the burden of an old ballad.

11 I. e. undamaged wares, true and good. This word
has sadly perplexed the commentators, who have all
left the reader in the dark as to the true meaning. The
quotation by Steevens from 'Any Thing for a Quiet Life'
ought to have led to a right explanation:—'She says
that you sent ware which is not warrantable, braided
ware, and that you give not London measure.'

12 Points, upon which lies the quibble, were laces
with tags.

13 A kind of tape.

14 A kind of ferret or worsted lace.

15 Sleeve-hand, the cuffs, or wristband.

16 The work about the bosom of it.

17 Amber, of which necklaces were made fit to per-
fume a lady's chamber.

18 These poking-sticks are described by Stubbes in his

*Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their packetts, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,¹ to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,² and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,³ and a pair of sweet gloves.⁴

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful and as true.⁵

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Anatome of Abuses, Part ii:—'They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well, if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion wherafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching and setting off their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire the better to stiffen the ruff.' Stowe informs us that 'about the sixteenth yeare of the queene (Elizabeth) began the making of *steale poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawn-dresses used setting sticks made of wood or bone.'

1 The kiln-hole generally means the fireplace for drying malt; still a noted gossiping place.

2 An expression taken from bell-ringing; now contracted to *clame*. The bells are said to be *clammed*, when, after a course of rounds or changes, they are all pulled off at once, and give a general clash or clam, by which the peal is concluded. As this *clame* is succeeded by a silence, it exactly suits the sense of the passage. —Nares.

3 A *tawdry lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches; so named after St. Audrey (Ethelreda) who is said to have died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment, for

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one. *Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

*A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits you not to know.*

D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill:

A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither?

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither.

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentleman are in sad⁶ talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedler;

Money's a meller,

That doth utter⁷ all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, AUT. DORC. and MOPSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;⁸ they call themselves saltiers;⁹ and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of

having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces; or it probably implies that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakspeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A very curious relation of a disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, is related by Froissart as occurring in the court of France in 1392.

4 Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are often mentioned by Shakspeare; they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the poet's time.

5 All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the stationers' books—'A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward.' To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes.

6 i. e. serious.

7 A sale or utterance of ware. Exactus.—Baret.

8 It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakspeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A very curious relation of a disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, is related by Froissart as occurring in the court of France in 1392.

9 Satyrs.

the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.¹

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted² with him: if your lass Interpretation should abuse; and call this Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited³ For a reply; at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it; Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted⁴ by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:— But to your protestation; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too? *Flo.* And he, and more Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all; That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eyes swerve; had force and knowledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them, Without her love: for her employ them all; Commend them, and condemn them, to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter, Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;— And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be If the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet; Enough then for your wonder: But, come on, Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;— And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you; Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more; Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?⁵ Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing, But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir; He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him, if this be so, a wrong Something unfilial: Reason, my son, Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason The father (all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity) should hold some counsel In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this; But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, Which 'tis not fit, you know, I not acquaint My father with this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. P'rythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, [*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir, That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor, I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,— If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession; Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin. Far⁷ than Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words; Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time, Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too, That makes himself, but for our honour therein, Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou These rural latches to his entrance open, Or hoop⁸ his body more with thy embraces, I will devise a death as cruel for thee, As thou art tender to't.

Per. Even here undone! [*Exit.*]

I was not much afraid: for once, or twice, I was about to speak;⁹ and tell him plainly, The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court, Hides not his visage from our cottage, but Looks on alike.¹⁰—Will't please you, sir, begone?

[*To FLORIZEL.*]

1 Foot rule, *esquierre*, Fr.
2 This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

3 Bought, trafficked.

4 *Straitened*, put to difficulties.

5 That is *sifted*.

6 i. e. 'converse about his own affairs.'

7 *Far*, in the old spelling *farre*, i. e. *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*.

8 The old copy reads *hope*.

9 Warburton remarks that Perdita's character is here finely sustained. 'To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education.'

10 To *look on*, or *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time.

I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you, Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,— Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further, But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father, Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think, Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three,¹ That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea, To die upon the bed my father died, To lie close by his honest bones: but now Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me Where no priest shovels in dust.²—O cursed wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone! If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afraid! delay'd, But nothing altered: What I was, I am: More straining on, for plucking back; not following My leash³ unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord, You know your father's temper: at this time He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess, You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear: Then, till the fury of his highness settle, Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it. I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus? How often said, my dignity would last But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by The violation of my faith; And then Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together, And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:— From my succession wipe me, father! I Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy:⁴ if my reason Will thereto be obedient, I have reason: If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness, Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow; I needs must think it honesty. Camillo, Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may Be theretofore glean'd; for all the aun sees, or The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath To this my fair below'd: Therefore, I pray you, As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend, When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not To see him any more), cast your good counsels Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliver;—I am put to sea With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore; And most opportune to our⁵ need, I have A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,

I would your spirit were easier for advice Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by-and-by. [*To CAMILLO.*

Cam. He's irremovable Resolved for flight: Now were I happy, if His going I could frame to serve my turn; Save him from danger, do him love and honour; Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo, I am so fraught with curious business, that I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think You have heard of my poor services, i' the love That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music To speak your deeds; not little of his care To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord, If you may please to think I love the king; And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is Your gracious self; embrace but my direction, (If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration,) on mine honour I'll point you where you shall have such receiving As shall become your highness; where you may Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see, There's no disjunction to be made, but by, As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her; And (with my best endeavours, in your absence) Your discontenting⁶ father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo, May this, almost a miracle, be done? That I may call thee something more than man, And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet: But as the unthought-on accident⁷ is guilty To⁸ what we wildly do; so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me: This follows,—if you will not change your purpose, But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia; And there present yourself, and your fair princess (For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes; She shall be habited as it becomes The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth: aska thee, the⁹ son, forgive-ness,

As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one He chides to hell, and bids the other grow, Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with What you, as from your father shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down: The which shall point you forth at every sitting,¹⁰ What you must say; that he shall not perceive

1 This speech of the old clown is admirably characteristic; his selfishness is seen by his concealing the adventure of Perdita, and here supported by the little regard he shows for his son or her: he is entirely taken up with himself, though *fourscore and three*.

2 Before the reform of the burial service by Edward VI. it was the custom for the priest to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

3 *Leash*, a leading string.

4 *Fancy* here means *love*, as in other places already pointed out.

5 'Our need.' The old copy reads *her*. The emendation is Theobald's.

6 *Discontenting*, for discontented.

7 This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.

8 *Guilty* to, though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare.

9 The old copy reads, 'thee there son.' The correction was made in the third folio.

10 The council-days were called *sittings*, in Shakespeare's time.

But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors : who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be : Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in¹ the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house !—how shall we do ?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this ; I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know, you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool honesty is ! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have
sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not
a riband, glass, pomander,² brooch, table-book,
ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-
ring, to keep my pack from fasting ; they throng
who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been
hallowed,³ and brought a benediction to the buyer :
by which means, I saw whose purse was best in
picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I re-
membered. My clown (who wants but something
to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the
wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats,
till he had both tune and words, which so drew the
rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses
stuck in ears : you might have pinch'd a placket,⁴
it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece
of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung
in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's
song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in
this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their
festival-purses ; and had not the old man come in

with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's
son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had
not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA
come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king
Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !
All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here ?
[*Seeing AUTOLYCUS.*]

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why,
hanging. [Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow ? Why shakest
thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended
to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why be so still ; here's nobody will steal
that from thee : Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange : therefore, discase
thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity
in't,) and change garments with this gentleman :
Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some boot.⁵

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir ;—I know ye well
enough. [Aside.]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch : the gentleman is
half flayed⁶ already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ?—I smell the trick
of it. [Aside.]

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you !—you must retire yourself
Into some covert ; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face,
Dismantle you : and as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have

No hat :—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?

Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
[Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

3 This alludes to the beads often sold by the Roman-
ists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of
some relic.

4 Steevens has been very facetious about a *placket*,
and has explained it to be the opening in a woman's
petticoat. It was no such thing, it was nothing more
than a *stomacher* ; as appears by Florio's Dictionary,
under the word *Torace* : 'The breast or bulke of a
man : also the middle space between the necke and
the thighs : also a *placket*, a *stomacher*.' Thomas gives
the same explanation of *Thoraca*, except that he spells
the word *placcard*.

5 Boot is advantage, profit. We now say *something
to boot*, something besides the articles exchanged for
each other.

6 Stripped.

1 To take in, is to conquer, to get the better of.

2 *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste,
worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even
sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Philips.
They were used as amulets against the plague or other
infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. Various
receipts for making them may be found in old
books of housewifery, and even in one or two old plays.
They have recently been revived and made into a variety
of ornamental forms under the name of Amulets.
Fumigating pastilles are another modification of the
pomander. The name is derived from *pomme d'ambre*,
I know not on what authority, for in all the old French
dictionaries they are called *pommes de senteur*. Philips
says *pomamber*, Dutch.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLO. PER. and Cam.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do it:¹ I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king: and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her: those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too: who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.² [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an' it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel,³ the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,⁴ breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore they do not give us the lie.⁵

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.⁷

1 Steevens reads, 'If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do it.' The transposition of the word *not* was made by Hamner; it does not render the passage more intelligible, and as we can extract a meaning out of the passage as it originally stood, I do not think so violent a transposition admissible.

2 We should probably read, 'by I know not how much an ounce.'

3 Thus in the Comedy of Errors: 'Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being as it is so plentiful an excrement?'

4 *Fardel* is a bundle, a pack or burthen. 'A pack that a man doth bear with him in the way,' says *Baret*.
5 i. e. estate, property.

6 The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?⁸ receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze⁹ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.¹⁰

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that shox¹ I have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane¹¹ to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'ointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aquavite, or some other hot infusion: then raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,¹² shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But

7 That is, in the fact. Vide *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. I.

8 The measure, the stately tread of courtiers.

9 'Think'st thou because I wind myself into, or draw from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?' To toze is to pluck or draw out. As to toze or telze wool, *Carpere lanam*. See the old dictionaries.

10 Malone says, 'perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read, a present, which the old shepherd mistakes for a pheasant.' The clowns perhaps thought courtiers as corruptible as some justices then were, of whom it is said, 'for half a dozen of chickens they would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.'

11 Germane, related.

12 The hottest day foretold in the almanack.

what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,¹ I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him I will present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. A room in the Palace of Leontes. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Clo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed.

A saintlike sorrow; no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: at the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil: With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord; If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me

Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,

Say so but seldom.

Clo. Not at all, good lady:

You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,

What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,

May drop upon his kingdom, and devour

Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,

Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?

What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,

For present comfort and for future good,—

To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods,

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:

For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,

That king Leontes shall not have an heir,

Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason,

As my Antigonus to break his grave,

And come again to me; who, on my life,

Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue:

[*To LEONTES.*]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander

Left his to the worthiest; so his successor

Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,

I know, in honour,—O, that ever I

Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;

Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives; therefore no wife; one

worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit

Again possess her corps; and, on this stage

(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,

Begin, *And why to me?*⁴

Paul. Had she such power,

She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense⁴ me

To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark

Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't

You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears

Should rift⁴ to hear me; and the words that follow'd

Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,

And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear

Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his

oath.

1 i. e. being handsomely bribed: to consider often signified to reward.

2 i. e. at rest, dead.

3 The old copy reads, 'And begin, why to me.' The transposition of *and* was made by Steevens.

4 Incense, to instigate or stimulate, was the ancient sense of this word: it is rendered in the Latin dictionaries by *dare stimulo*.

5 i. e. split.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
 As like Hermione as is her picture,
 Affront¹ his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
 Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
 No remedy, but you will: give me the office
 To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
 As was your former; but she shall be such,
 As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
 To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
 We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
 Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
 Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
 Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she
 The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
 To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
 Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
 So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
 By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
 And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
 That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
 As every present time doth boast itself
 Above a better, gone; so must thy grave*
 Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
 Have said, and writ so* (but your writing now
 Is colder than that theme*) *She had not been
 Nor was not to be equal'd*;—thus your verse
 Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly cbb'd,
 To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
 The one I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
 The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
 Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
 Of all professors else: make proselytes
 Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
 More worth than any man; men, that she is
 The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
 Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
 Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
(Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentlemen.)
 He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
 (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
 Well with this lord; there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,*
 He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that which may
 Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
 and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
 For she did print your royal father off;
 Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,

Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him: and speak of something, wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
 And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.*

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,¹
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times) hath something
 seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
 (He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
 (Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee,
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
 The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
 daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness: My best train;
 I have from his Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
 Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you,
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,
 A graceful¹ gentleman; against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
 (As he from heaven merits it) with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
 That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
 Desires you to attach his son; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly; and it becomes

1 i. e. meet his eye, or encounter it. *Affrontare*, Ital.
 Shakspeare uses this word with the same meaning
 again in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 1:

'That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.'

1. e. thy beauties which are buried in the grave.

3 So relates not to what precedes, but to what fol-
 lows: that she had not been equal'd.

4 i. e. than the corse of Hermione, the subject of
 your writing.

5 This old copy reads, 'Pr'ythee, no more; cease;'

thou know'st,' &c. Steevens made the omission
 of the redundant word, which he considers a mere un-
 logical gloss or explanation of no more.

6 Steevens altered this to look upon, but there are
 many instances of similar construction in Shakspeare,
 incorrect as they may now appear.

7 i. e. at amity, as we now say. Malone, contrary to
 his usual custom, would here desert the old reading,
 and says he has met with no example of similar phrase
 ology! He surely must have read very inattentively!

8 i. e. full of grace and virtue.

My marvel, and my message. To your court
While he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him: who now
Has these poor men in question.¹ Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heavens sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth² as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—³ Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
tress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[To FLORIZEL.
Is yet answer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter*
AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he
found it; whereupon, after a little amazement, we
were all commanded out of the chamber; only this,
methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the
child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;
—But the changes I perceived in the king, and
Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd
almost, with staring on one another, to tear the
cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumb-

ness, language in their very gesture; they looked,
as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one de-
stroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in
them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more
but seeing, could not say, if the importance⁴ were
joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it
must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:
The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is ful-
filled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of
wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-
makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can de-
liver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news,
which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the
verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found
his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by
circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear
you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The man-
dle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck
of it: the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which
they know to be his character:—the majesty of the
creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affec-
tion⁵ of nobleness, which nature shows above her
breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her,
with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did
you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was
to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you
have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such
manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave
of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was
casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with coun-
tenance of such distraction, that they were to be
known by garment, not by favour.⁶ Our king be-
ing ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found
daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss,
cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohe-
mia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then
again worries he his daughter, with clipping⁷ her;
now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by,
like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns.⁸
I never heard of such another encounter, which
lames report to follow it, and undoes description to
do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus,
that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have
matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not
an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear;
this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only
his innocence (which seems much) to justify him,
but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina
knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his fol-
lowers?

3 Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their mas-
ter's death: and in the view of the shepherd: so
that all the instruments which aided to expose the
child, were even then lost, when it was found. But,
O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was
fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the
loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle
was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth;
and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin
her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger
of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the
audience of kings and princes; for by such was it
acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and

¹ i. e. conversation.

² Worth for descent or wealth.

³ i. e. import, the thing imported.

⁴ In Shakespeare's time, to affect a thing meant, to
have a tendency or disposition to it. The affections
were the dispositions, Appetitus animi.

⁵ Favour here stands for *mien, feature*.

⁶ i. e. embracing.

⁷ Conduits or fountains were frequently representa-
tions of the human figure. One of this kind has been
already referred to in *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there? changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity,¹ and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed² house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

1 'Who was most marble': that is, those who had the hardest hearts.

2 However misplaced the praise, it is no small honour to Julio Romano to be thus mentioned by the poet. By *eternity* Shakespeare only means *immortality*.

3 i. e. remote.

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins⁴ say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall⁵ fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.⁶ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Paulina's House.* *Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORENZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw no That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely,⁷ apart: But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[*PAUL undraws a curtain and discovers a Statue.*]
I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege, Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture:— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty (warm life, As now it coldly stands), when first I woud her! I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty; which has My evils conjured to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee:

4 i. e. Yeomen.

5 i. e. a bold, courageous fellow.

6 *Good masters.* It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord* or *good master* to it suppliant.

7 The old copy reads *lovely*.

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought¹ you (for the stone is
mine,) I'd not have show'd it.²

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
'Would, I were dead, but that, methinks, already³—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breathed? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,⁴
As we are mock'd with art.⁵

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed: descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—
[*Music.*]

'Tis time; and descend; be stone no more: approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:

[*HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal.*]

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*]
If this be magic, let it be an art,
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER. who kneels to HER.*]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope, thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners⁶ all; your exultation
Partake⁷ to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there,
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.⁸

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;

But how is it to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead: and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose⁹ worth, and ho-
nesty,

Is¹⁰ richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look¹¹ upon, my brother:—both your par-
dons,

8 Thus in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:—

'A turtle sat upon a leavelesse tree
Mourning her absent pheere
With sad and sorry cheere:
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her love laments, &c.

9 *Whose* relates to Camillo, though Paulina is the immediate antecedent. I have observed, in the loose construction of ancient phraseology, *whose* often used in this manner, where *his* would be more proper.

10 It is erroneously printed for *is* here in the late Variorum Shakspeare.

11 Look upon for look on. Thus in King Henry V. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 3.

'And look upon, as if the tragedy,' &c.

1 Worked, agitated.

2 The folio reads, 'I'd not have show'd it.' In the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare it stands, 'I'd not have show'd it.' But surely this is erroneous.

3 The sentence if completed would probably have been, 'but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.'—His passion made him break off.

4 I. e. Though her eye be fixed, it seems to have motion in it.

5 As for as if. With has the force of by.

6 You who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

7 I. e. participate.

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king (whom¹ heaven's directing,)
Is troth-pled to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

THIS play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

*. This is not only a *frigid* note of approbation, but a unjustly attributed to Warburton, whose opinion is conveyed in more enthusiastic terms. He must in justice be allowed to speak for himself. 'This play

1 Whom is here used where him would be now employed.

throughout is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

"Our sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name (i. e. Dryden and Pope) into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the collection.*

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I will just take occasion to observe here, that at page 316, Sc. 3, of this play, Paulina says of Hermione, contrasting her with Leontes, that she is

— a gracious innocent soul;

More free than he is jealous.

Where the epithet *free* evidently means *chaste, pure*. I regret that this instance did not occur to me when I wrote the note on Twelfth Night, p. 108, note 6.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general idea of this play is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast, and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' The clumsy and artificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninterrupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintained his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakspeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the dramas, and the want of distinct characterization in the dramatis personæ, together with the farcical nature of some of the incidents made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakspeare

was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *The Taming of the Shrew*. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. The particular translation from Plautus which served as a model has not come down to us. There was a translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W. (Warner), published in 1593, which it is possible Shakspeare may have seen in manuscript: but from the circumstance of the brothers being, in the folio of 1623, occasionally styled *Antipholus Erotes* or *Errotis*, and *Antipholus Sereptus*, perhaps for *Surreptus* and *Erraticus*, while in Warner's translation the brothers are named *Menæchmus Sosicles* and *Menæchmus the traveller*, it is concluded that he was not the poet's authority. It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the contending opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakspeare. Dr. Drake thinks it 'is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth as in the cast of its more chastised parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style.' We may conclude with Schlegel's dictum, that 'this is the best of all written or possible *Menæchmi*; and if the piece is inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakspeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials.'

Malone first placed the date of this piece in 1593, or 1596, but lastly in 1592. Chalmers plainly showed that it should be ascribed to the early date of 1591. It was neither printed nor entered on the Stationers' books until it appeared in the folio of 1623.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

DROMIO of Ephesus, { twin brothers, and Attendants on the two Antipholuses.
DROMIO of Syracuse, }

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, { twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Emilia, but unknown to each other.
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, }

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a conjuror.

EMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, her servant.

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officer, and other Attendants.*

Ægeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders¹, to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, if any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus?

Æge. A heavier task could not have been im-
posed,

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,² not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born: and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnus, till my fatetor's death;
And the³ great care of goods at random lost,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A poor⁴ mean woman was deliver'd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,

Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance⁵ of our harm:

But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.

And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us:

My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;

And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;

And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making main to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:

But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,⁶
Our helpful ship was splitt in the midst,

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;

And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful⁷ welcome to their shipwreck'd

guests;
And would have reft the fisher's of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,

And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus you have heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy,⁸ and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive

After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for⁹ his case was like,

Reft of his brother, but¹⁰ retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:

Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
Do me the favour to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

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What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

¹ A gilder was a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings.

² i. e. natural affection.

³ The old copy reads *he*: the emendation is Malone's. It is a happy restoration; for the manner in which Steevens pointed this passage gave to it a confused if not an absurd meaning.

⁴ The word *poor* was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

⁵ Instance appears to be used here for *symptom* or *prognostic*. Shakespeare uses this word with very great latitude.

⁶ The first folio reads 'borne up.'

⁷ The second folio altered this to 'helpful welcome;' but change was unnecessary. A *healthful* welcome is a kind welcome, wishing health to their guests. It was not a *helpful* welcome, for the slowness of their bark prevented them from rendering assistance.

⁸ It appears, from what goes before, that it was the *eldest*, and not the *youngest*. He says, 'My wife, more careful of the latter-born,' &c.

⁹ The first folio reads *so*: the second *for*.

¹⁰ The personal pronoun *he* is suppressed: such phraseology is not unfrequent in the writings of that age.

I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help:
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if not,¹ then thou art doomed to die:—
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend.²
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A public Place. Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnus,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscated.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

Ant. S. A trusty villain,³ sir; that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
 Please, you, I'll meet with you upon the mart;
 And afterwards consort⁴ you till bed-time;
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
 And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

Ant. S. He that commends me to my own content,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop;
 Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds⁵ himself:
 So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date,⁶—

What now? How chance; thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit:
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold because you come not home;
 You come not home, because you have no stomach;
 You have no stomach, having broken your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
 The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

Tell me and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;

If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,⁷

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry scone⁸ of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.—

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,

And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face.

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

¹ No, which is the reading of the first folio, was anciently; often used for *not*. The second folio reads *not*.
² Go.

³ That is, a faithful slave. It is the French sense of the word.

⁴ I. e. 'accompany you.' In this line the emphasis must be laid on *time*, at the end of the line, to preserve the metre.

⁵ Confounded, here, does not signify destroyed, as Malone asserts; but overwhelmed, mixed confusedly together, lost.

⁶ They were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.

⁷ The old copy reads *cock*. The emendation is Pope's.

⁸ Scone is head. So in *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1:—'Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the scone?' A scone signified a blockhouse, or strong fortification, 'for the most part round, in fashion of a head,' says *Blount*. I suppose that it was anciently used for a lantern also, on account of the round form of that implement.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO E.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught¹ of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage:²
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:³
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Public Place. Enter ADRIANA,
and LUCIANA.*

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner;
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty;

Time is his master; and when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'doors.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe,⁴

There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwee.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some
sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where?⁵

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she
pause;⁶

They can be meek, that have no other cause.⁷

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience⁸ would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience⁹ in thee will be left.

1 i. e. over-reached.

2 This was the character which the ancients gave
of Ephesus.

3 That is, *licentious actions, sinful liberties.*

4 The meaning of this passage may be, that those
who refuse the bridle must bear the lash, and that
woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty.

5 'Elsewhere, *other where* : in another place, *alibi*,'
says Baret. The sense is, 'How if your husband fly
off in pursuit of some other woman?'

6 *To pause is to rest*, to be quiet.

7 i. e. no cause to be otherwise.

8 That is, by urging me to patience which affords no
help.

9 'Fool-begg'd patience' is that *patience* which is so
near to *idiotic simplicity*, that you might be repre-
sented to be a *fool*, and your guardianship *begg'd* ac-
cordingly.

10 i. e. scarce stand under them.

11 *Home* is not in the old copy: it was supplied to
complete the verse by Capell.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

[*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*]

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst you speak with him? know'st
thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not
feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I
could scarce understand them.¹⁰

Adr. But say, I prythee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure he's
stark-mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come home?¹¹ quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;

*I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*¹²

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him
home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other
beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master
home.

Dro. E. Am I so round¹³ with you, as you with
me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.¹⁴

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state.

What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures:¹⁵ My decayed fair¹⁶

12 We have an equally unmetrical line in the first
Act:—

'Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day.'

13 He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies
spherical, as applied to himself; and *unrestrained*, or
free in speech or action, as regards his mistress. The
King in Hamlet desires the Queen to be *round* with
her son.

14 So in Shakspeare's Sonnets, the forty-seventh and
seventy-fifth:—

'When that mine eye is famish'd for a look.'

'Sometimes all full with feeding on his sight,

'And by and by clean starved for a look.'

15 Defeat and defeature were used for disfigurement
or alteration of features. Cotgrave has 'Un visage
defaict: *Groune very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in fea-
ture and colour.*'

16 *Fair*, strictly speaking, is not used here for *few*

A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.*

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere
Or else, what lets² it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;
'Would, that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.³
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,⁴
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scone.

ness, as Steevens supposed; but for beauty. Shakspeare has often employed it in this sense, without any relation to whiteness of skin or complexion. The use of the substantive instead of the adjective, in this instance, is not peculiar to him; but the common practice of his contemporaries.

1 Though Shakspeare sometimes uses *stale* for a decoy or bait, I do not think that he meant it here; or that Adriana can mean to call herself his *stalking-horse*. Probably she means she is *thrown aside, forgotten, cast off*, become *stale* to him. The dictionaries, in voce *Ereotus*, countenance this explanation.

2 Hinders.

3 i. e. intrude on them when you please.

4 Study my countenance.

5 A *scone* was a fortification; to *inscone* was to hide, to protect as with a fort.

6 So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

'I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a scone for my head, and insconce⁵ it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,⁶ and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?⁷

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?⁸

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scant⁹ men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.¹⁰

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.¹¹

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger.'

7 This is another instance of Shakspeare's acquaintance with technical law terms.

8 The old copy reads *them*: the emendation is Theobald's.

9 The following lines 'Upon [Suckling's] Aglaure, printed in folio,' may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

'This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
To be like one that hath more hair than head;
More excrement than body:—trees which sprout
With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit.'

Parnassus Biceps. 1656.

10 Shakspeare too frequently alludes to this loss of hair by a certain disease. It seems to have been a joke that pleased him, and probably tickled his auditors.

11 To *falsing*, as a verb, has been long obsolete; but it was current in Shakspeare's time.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en¹ no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts² us yonder!

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,³
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall⁴
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted⁵ by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live disdain'd,⁶ thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Luc. What is the course and drift of your compact?

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Luc. What is the course and drift of your compact?

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,⁷

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:⁸

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dress,

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle⁹ moss:

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd¹⁰ fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my heads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;¹¹

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone,¹² thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—

Come sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,

And shrive¹³ you of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

8 So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. v. i.:

'They led the vine
To wed her elm. She spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms.'

9 i. e. *unfruitful*.

10 The old copy reads *freed*, which is evidently wrong, perhaps a corruption of *proffered* or *offer'd*.

11 Theobald changed *owls* to *owphes* in this passage most unwarrantably. It was those, '*unlucking birds*,' the striges or *screech-owls*, which are meant.

12 The old copy reads 'Dromio, thou *Dromio*.' The emendation is Theobald's.

13 i. e. call you to confession.

1 The old copy, by mistake, has *in*.

2 i. e. *beckons* us.

3 Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

'My music then you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.'

4 *Fall* is here a verb active.

5 Shakspeare is not singular in the use of this verb.

6 i. e. *unstain'd*.

7 i. e. *separated*, *parted*.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all:

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet,¹
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down,
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. What you will, sir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest;
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jem!

Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome,² malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!³
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?⁴

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil⁵ is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late:
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. O you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part⁶ with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.⁷

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break open the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here is too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

4 I own, am owner of.

5 Bustle, tumult.

1 A carcanet or chain for a lady's neck; a collar or chain of gold and precious stones: from the French *carcan*. It was sometimes spelled *karkanet* and *quarquest*.

2 A mome was a fool or foolish jester. *Momar* is used by Plautus for a fool; whence the French *momeur*.

3 Patch was a term of contempt often applied to persons of low condition, and sometimes applied to a fool.

6 It seems probable that a line following this has been lost; in which Luce might be threatened with a rope; which would have furnished the rhyme now wanting. In a subsequent scene Dromio is ordered to go and buy a rope's end, for the purpose of using it on Adriana and her confederates.

7 Have part.

8 A proverbial phrase, meaning to be so over-reached by foul and secret practices.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.¹

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so:

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once² this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made³ against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalleged estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)

Hath oftentimes unbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this,⁴ I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;

For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)

Upon mine hostess there; good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-strings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?⁵

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:

1 The same quibble is to be found in one of the comedies of Plautus. Children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus, in *The Captives*, mentions, and says that, for his part, he had *tam-tum upum*. *Upupa* signifies both a *laping* and a *mattock*, or some instrument with which stone was dug from the quarries.

2 Once this, here means *once for all; at once*.

3 i.e. made fast. The expression is still in use in some countries.

4 By this time.

5 In the old copy the first four lines stand thus:—
'And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in *buildings* glow so *ruinate*?'
The present emendation was proposed by Steevens,

though he admitted Theobald's into his own text. *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the young shoots. 'The *spring*, or young shoots that grow out of the stems or roots of trees.'—*Barett*

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:

Be secret—false; What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attainment?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but⁶ believe,

Being compact of credit,⁷ that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her; call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,⁸

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else,

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show

not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more to you do I decline.⁹

O, train me not, sweet mermaid,¹⁰ with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,¹¹

And as a bed¹² I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!¹³

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;¹⁴ how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being

gaze where you should, and that will clear

your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on

night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;¹⁵

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

6 Old copy, *not*.

7 i.e. being made altogether of credulity.

8 Vain is light of tongue.

9 'To decline; to turn or hang toward some place or thing.'—*Barett*.

10 Mermaid for siren.

11 So in Macbeth:—

'His silver skin laced with his golden blood.'

12 The first folio reads:—

'And as a *bed* I'll take thee, and there lie.'

Which Malone thus explains:—'I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or other flower,' and there

'Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.'

13 Malone says that by *love* here is meant the *queen of love*.

14 Mated means *matched with a wife*, and *confounded*.

A quibble is intended.

15 i.e. all the happiness I wish for on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim¹ thee:

Thou wilt I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit Luc.*]

Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence:² I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart,³ like my shoe, but her face, nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.⁴

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.⁵

Ant. S. Where France?

1 The old copy reads *I am* thee. The present reading is *Stevens*. Others have proposed *I mean* thee; but *aim* for *am* at was sometimes used.

2 This is a very old corruption of *have* reverence, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's Glossography, 1682.

3 Swart, or swarth, i. e. dark, dusky, infuscus.

4 This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*.

5 Had this play been revived after the accession of James, it is probable this passage would have been struck out; as was that relative to the Scotch lord in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. Sc. I.

6 An equivocal, says Theobald, 'is intended. In 1589, Henry III. of France, being stabbed, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he had appointed his successor; but whose claim the states of France resisted on account of his being a protestant. This I take to be what is meant by France making war against her heir. Elizabeth had sent over the Earl of Essex with four thousand men to the assist-

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.⁶

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that run between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks⁷ to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd⁸ to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,⁹ and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.¹⁰

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to¹¹ self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain; I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.¹² The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What, please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times, you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

ance of Henry of Navarre, in 1591. This oblique sneer at France was therefore a compliment to the poet's royal mistress.⁷ The other allusion is not of a nature to admit of explanation.

7 Carracks, large ships of burthen; caraca, Spanish. Ballast is merely a contraction of *ballasted*; to *ballast* being the old autography: as we write *dress* for *dress'd*, *embos* for *embossed*, &c.

8 I. e. Affianced.

9 Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of faith was a protection from witchcraft.

10 A turnspit.

11 Pope, not understanding sufficiently the phraseology of Shakspeare, altered this to guilty of self-wrong. But guilty to was the construction of that age.

12 Porcupine throughout the old editions of these plays is written *porpentine*. I find it written *porpys* in an old phrase book, called *Hormanni Vulpigaria*, 1519, thus: '*Porpys* have longer prickles than *Yrchins*.'

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing¹ to me by Antipholus:
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus, from the Courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone:
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy
a rope! [*Exit DROMIO.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand indebted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will² be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No! bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you, know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.*

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;

Good sir, say, wher' you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had.

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;

I would not spare my brother in this ease,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir, you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnus,

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage,* sir,

I have convey'd aboard: and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vite.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peevish⁶ sheep,

What ship of Epidamnus stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.⁷

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope; and told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon as

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, and teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

whether the token Angelo wishes Antipholus to send by him was to be verbal or material? Tokens were common in Shakspeare's time of many kinds; there were *tavern tokens*, which were counters of lead or leather. There were *written tokens or bills*, as they were then called, 'given to men by which they might receive a certain sum of money, &c. Such a one Angelo probably requires:

5 Freight, cargo.

6 Peevish was used for mad, or foolish.

7 i. e. carriage; *hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

1 i. e. accruing.

2 The old copy reads *their*.

3 I will for I shall is a Scotticism; but it is not unfrequent in old writers on this side of the Tweed.

4 Malone has a very long note on this passage, in which he says: 'it was not Angelo's meaning, that Antipholus of Ephesus should send a *jewel* or other token by him, but that Antipholus should send him with a verbal token to his wife, by which it might be ascertained that he came from Antipholus; and that she might safely pay the price of the chain.' In the name of common sense, what does this prove?—Can it signify

There is a purse of ducats : let her send it ;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : lie thee, slave ; be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt* Mer. ANG. Officer, and ANT. E.]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their master's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'st thou perceive austerly in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?¹

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.²

Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,³

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;

Stigmatical in making,⁴ worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evil loss is will'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;⁵

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar-limbo, worse than hell :

A devil in an everlasting garment⁶ hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fairy,⁷ pitiless and rough ;

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;⁸

1 The allusion is to those meteors which have sometimes been thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost* best explains it :
'As when to warn proud cities, war appears
Wsg'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,
Fill thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.'

2 This double negative had the force of a stronger asseveration in the phraseology of that age.

3 Dry, withered.

4 Marked or stigmatised by nature with deformity.

5 This expression, which appears to have been proverbial, is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 5.

6 The buff or leather jerkin of the sergeant is called an everlasting garment, because it was so durable.

7 Theobald would read a fury ; but a fairy, in Shakespeare's time, sometimes meant a malevolent spirit, and coupled as it is with pitiless and rough, the meaning is clear.

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;⁹

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.¹⁰

Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter : he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me at whose suit ?

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well ;

But is¹¹ in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell :

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit* LUCIANA.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt :

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?¹²

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;

A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes : If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou reason ?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If he¹³ be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister : I am press'd down with conceit ;¹⁴
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend ;¹⁵
And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me ;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;

Some offer me commodities to buy ;

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for :
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd ?¹⁶

8 The first folio reads, *lans*. Shakespeare would have put *lans* by for the sake of the rhyme.

9 'To hunt or run counter, signifies that the hounds or beagles hunt it by the heel,' i. e. run backward, mistaking the course of the game. To draw dry foot was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon counter, which points at the prison so called.

10 *Hell* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.

11 Thus the old authentic copy. The omission of the personal pronoun was formerly very common : we should now write *he's*.

12 i. e. a bond. Shakespeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.

13 The old copy reads, 'If I,' &c.

14 Fanciful conception.

15 This actually happened to Sir H. Wotton when on his travels. See *Reliquia Wottoniana*, 1685, p. 676.

16 Theobald reads, 'What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam ?' The emendation is approved and

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest¹ to do more exploit with his mace than a morris-pike.²

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band: one that thinks a man always going bed, and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to night? may we begone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay; Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions; Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not:

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.³

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.⁴

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devil's ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,⁵ a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

adopted by Malone; but I think, with Johnson, that the text does not require interpolation.

1 This unfortunate phrase is again mistaken here by all the commentators. It has nothing to do with a *musk-rest*; and the *rest of a pike* is a thing of the imagination. It is a metaphorical expression for being determined, or resolutely bent to do a thing, taken from the game of Primero.

2 A *morris pike* is a *moorish pike*, commonly used in the 16th century. It was not used in the morris dance, as Johnson erroneously supposed.

3 Probably by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market.

Dro. S. Fly, pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

Cour. Now out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain! Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My wife is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest choose For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

Ant. E. Fear me not man, I will not break away; I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day; And will not lightly trust the messenger, That I should be attach'd in Ephesus: I tell you, it will sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.⁶

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home? *Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir: and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.⁷ I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

4 This proverb is alluded to again in the *Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 50:—'He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon.'

5 In the *Witch*, by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims:

'There's one come down to fetch his dues,

A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood, &c.

6 i. e. punish them all by corporal correction. Falstaff says, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*, 'I have pepper'd the rogues; two of them, I'm sure, I've pay'd.'

7 Long from frequent pulling.

8 In the old copy—'and a schoolmaster, called

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*,¹ respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!²

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion,³ with a saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know you din'd at home,

Where 'would, you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,⁴ your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, tauht, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness, That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Pinch. As learning was necessary for an exorcist, the schoolmaster was often employed. Within a very few years, in country villages the pedagogue was still a reputed conjuror.

I Buchanan wrote a pamphlet against the Lord of Liddington, which ends with these words: *respice finem, respice finem*. Shakespeare's quibble may be borrowed from this. The parrot's prophecy may be understood by means of the following lines in *Hudibras*—

'Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*.'

² This tremor was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold; But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome object scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. and DRO.*]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish⁵ officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee

Bear me forth with unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy⁷ strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. and DRO.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring

(The ring I saw upon his finger now),

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

³ 'A customer,' says Malone, 'is used in Othello for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women.' It is surprising that a man like Malone, whose life had been devoted to the study and elucidation of Shakespeare, should so often seem ignorant of the language of the poet's time. 'A customer' was a familiar, an intimate, a customary haunter of any place; as any of the old dictionaries would have shown him under the word *convictudo* or *custom*.

⁴ *Companion* is a word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow*.

⁵ A corruption of the common French oath *par Dieu*.

⁶ Vide before, p. 345, note 6.

⁷ *Unhappy* for *unlucky*, i. e. *mischievous*.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. and Luc.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff¹ from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V.

SCENE I. *The same.* Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city; His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly: Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend; Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day: This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis a pity, that thou liv'st To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezans, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—

Some get within him,² take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.³

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DRO. to the Priory.*]

1 i. e. baggage. *Stuff* is the genuine old English word for all moveables.

2 i. e. close, grapple with him.

3 i. e. go into a house: we still say that a dog takes the water.

4 'The copy,' says Steevens, 'that is the *theme*. We still talk of setting copies for boys!' Surely a boy's copy is not a *theme*? and that word occurs again in the fourth line of this speech. 'Our poet frequently uses copy for pattern,' says Malone. So in Twelfth Night:—

'And leave the world no copy.' I believe Malone's frequently may be reduced to two other instances, one in Henry V. and another in a sonnet. I am persuaded that copy in the present instance neither means *theme* nor *pattern*, but *copie*, *plenty*, *copious source*, an old latinism, many times used by Ben Jonson. The word is spelt *copie* in the folio; and in King Henry V. where

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband, hence: Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad, And much different from the man he was; But, till this afternoon, his passion Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy⁴ of our conference

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;

And therefore comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Whereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls;

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop⁵

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad as man or beast;

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

it means *pattern*, *example*, it is spelt *copy*. But the sense of the passage here will show that my interpretation is right.

5 I think that there is no doubt that this passage has suffered by incorrect printing; I am not satisfied with it, even with the parenthesis in which the third line is enclosed by Steevens. The second line evidently wants a word of two syllables, and I feel inclined to read the passage thus:—

'Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody [madness] and dull melancholy

Kinsmen to grim and comfortless despair;

And at their heels a huge infectious troop!

Heath proposed a similar emendation, but placed *moping* where I have placed *madness*.

And will have no attorney¹ but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approv'd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:²
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth besem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry³ execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke attended; EGGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important⁴ letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order⁵ for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot⁶ not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man⁷ are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,⁸ and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissiors nicks him⁹ like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;

And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[Cry within.]

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, begone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:

Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars,¹⁰ and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;

That hath abused and dishonour'd me,

Even in the strength and height of injury!

Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots¹¹ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,

As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advis'd¹² what I say;

Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,

Nor heady rash, provoked with raging ire,

Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Choice of Change, 1598. 'Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are shaven and notched on the head like foolies.' Florio explains, 'saccene, a shaven pate, a notted poll, a poll-pate, a gull, a ninie.'
10 This act of friendship is frequently mentioned by Shakspeare.

11 Harlot was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women. See Todd's Johnson.

12 'I speak with consideration and circumspectly, not rashly and precipitately.'

1 i. e. substitute.

2 i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the accustomed forms of sober behaviour. In Measure for Measure, 'informal women' is used for just the contrary.

3 i. e. dismal.—'dismolde and sorrie, atra funestus.'

4 i. e. importunate.

5 i. e. to take measures.

6 To wot is to know. Strong escape is an escape effected by strength or violence.

7 Are is here inaccurately put for have.

8 i. e. successively, one after another.

9 The heads of fools were shaved, or their hair cut close, as appears by the following passage in The

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villan,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man:¹ this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go, call the abbess hither;
I think, you are all mated,² or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour, I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

1 '—'—'—' but as a living death,
So *ded alive* of life he drew the breath.'

Sackville's Introduction to the Mirror of Magistrates.
2 Mated is confounded. See note on Macbeth, Act vi. Sc. 1.

3 Deformed for deforming.

4 See note on Act II. Sc. 1.

5 Dromio delights in a quibble, and the word *bound* has before been the subject of his mirth

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves, we do remember, sir, by you
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed³ hand,

Have written strange defeatures⁴ in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.⁵

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?⁶

Though now this grain'd⁷ face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses⁸ (I cannot err.)

Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the
city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;

I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,
and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wroug'd.

[All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him
here.

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty:

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.⁹

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;

But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnus:

6 i.e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice,
which is changed by grief.

7 Furrowed, lined.

8 'But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience.'

Titus Adronicus, Sc. ult.

9 In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

What then became of them, I cannot tell :
[, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins this morning story right ;
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,³
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband ?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so ;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother :—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good ;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you, money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me :

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour ;—

1 'The morning story' is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

2 *Semblance* is here a trisyllable. It appears probable that a line has been omitted here, the import of which may have been :

'These circumstances all concur to prove

These are the parents,' &c.

If it began with the word *these* as well as the succeeding one, the error would easily happen.

3 *Children* is here a trisyllable, it is often spelled as it was pronounced then, *children*.

4 The old copy reads, erroneously, thus :

'Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen are delivered.'

My heavy burden here delivered.⁴

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,⁵

Go to a gossip's feast,⁶ and go with me ;

After so long grief, such naivety !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan,*
Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio ;

Come, go with us : we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and ANT. E. ADR. and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother :

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try it :

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior : till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay ; then thus :

We came into the world, like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*]

ON a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them ; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedict says) "fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake." Thus as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, Lib. III. Cap. 3, some plays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retractate et expolite*) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character ; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till the power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

Theobald corrected it in the following manner :

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons ; nor till this present hour

My heavy burdens are delivered.

Malone, after much argument, gives it thus :

Of you, my sons ; until this present hour

My heavy burden not delivered.

Thirty-three years are an evident error for twenty-five ; this was corrected by Theobald. The reader will choose between the simple emendation which I have made in the text, and those made by Theobald and Malone.

5 i. e. the two Dromios. Antipholus of Syracuse has already called one of them 'the almanack of my true date.' See note on Act I, Sc. 2.

6 Heath thought that we should read, 'and joy with me.' Warburton proposed *gaud*, but the old reading is probably right.

MACBETH

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

DR. JOHNSON thought it necessary to prefix to this play an apology for Shakspeare's magic;—in which he says, 'A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies.' He then proceeds to defend this transgression upon the ground of the credulity of the poet's age; when 'the scenes of enchantment, however they may be now ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.' By whom, or when (always excepting *French criticism*), these sublime conceptions were in danger of ridicule, he has not told us; and I sadly fear that this superfluous apology arose from the misgivings of the great critic's mind. Schlegel has justly remarked that, 'Whether the age of Shakspeare still believed in witchcraft and ghosts, is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which, in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, he has made of preëxisting traditions. No superstition can ever be prevalent and widely diffused through ages and nations without having a foundation in human nature: on this foundation the poet builds; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of a superstition; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns into ridicule, but, which is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin to us in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions.'—In another place the same admirable critic says—'Since *The Furies* of *Æschylus*, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been composed: The Witches, it is true, are not divine *Eumenides*, and are not intended to be so; they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. They discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class; for this was the class to which witches were supposed to belong. When, however, they address *Macbeth*, their tone assumes more elevation: their predictions have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere.' Their agency was necessary; for natural motives alone would have seemed inadequate to effect such a change as takes place in the nature and dispositions of *Macbeth*. By this means the poet 'has exhibited a more sublime picture to us: an ambitious but noble hero, who yields to a deep laid hellish temptation; and all the crimes to which he is impelled by necessity, to secure the fruits of his first crime, cannot altogether eradicate in him the stamp of native heroism.' He has therefore given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise *Macbeth* in the moment of intoxication after his victory, when his love of glory has been gratified; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what can only in reality be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity for murdering the king immediately offers itself; *Lady Macbeth* conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has all those sophisms at command that serve to throw a false grandeur over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of *Macbeth*; he is driven to it as it were in a state of commotion, in which his mind is bewildered. Repentance immediately follows; nay, even precedes the deed; and the stings of his conscience leave him no rest either night or day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell; it is truly frightful to behold that *Macbeth*, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come, clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence, the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of his way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to

threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to sympathize with the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities; and, even in his last defence, we are compelled to admire in him the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience.—The poet wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. *Lady Macbeth*, who of all the human beings is the most guilty participator in the murder of the king, falls, through the horrors of her conscience, into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. *Macbeth* is still found worthy of dying the death of a hero on the field of battle. Banquo staves for the ambitious curiosity which prompted him to wish to know his glorious descendants by an early death, as he thereby rouses *Macbeth's* jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the bubbles of the witches; his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which *Macbeth* could only hold during his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of *Hamlet*: it strides forward with amazing rapidity from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. Thought, and done! is the general motto; for, as *Macbeth* says,

'The flighty purpose never is o'took
Unless the deed go with it.'

In every feature we see a vigorous heroic age in the hardy North, which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years, perhaps, according to the story; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much can be compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events—the very innermost recesses of the minds of the persons of the drama are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal the power of this picture in the excitation of horror. We need only allude to the circumstance attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of *Macbeth*, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of *Lady Macbeth*; what can we possibly say on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of *Medusa*.*

Shakspeare followed the chronicle of Holinshed, and Holinshed borrowed his narration from the *chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, from the Latin of Hector Boethius, and first published at Edinburgh in 1541.

Malcolm the Second, king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm without male issue Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of *Macbeth*. Duncan, who married the sister of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german *Macbeth*, in the castle of Inverness, about the year 1040 or 1045. *Macbeth* was himself slain by Macduff, according to Boethius in 1061, according to Buchanan in 1057, at which time Edward the Confessor reigned in England.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the sergeant at arms who summoned them, and chose one Macdonwald as their captain. Macdonwald speedily collected a considerable body of

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, by A. W. Schlegel, translated by John Black, London, 1813, vol. ii. p. 200

forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman (who was lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber) was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdonwald, being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth, on entering the castle, finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno, king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and, after a great slaughter of his troops, he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno, Shakspeare has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. 'Multa hic fabuloso quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia theatris

aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto.'—*Rerum Scot. Hist. Lib. vii.*

Milton also enumerates the subject among those he considered well suited for tragedy, but it appears that he would have attempted to preserve the unity of time by placing the relation of the murder of Duncan in the mouth of his ghost.

Macbeth is one of the latest, and unquestionably one of the noblest efforts of Shakspeare's genius. Equally impressive in the closet and on the stage, where to witness its representation has been justly pronounced 'the first of all dramatic enjoyments.' Malone places the date of its composition in 1606, and it has been supposed to convey a dexterous and delicate compliment to James the first, who derived his lineage from Banquo, and first united the threefold sceptre of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At the same time the monarch's prejudices on the subject of demonology were flattered by the choice of the story.

It was once thought that Shakspeare derived some hints for his scenes of incantation from *The Witch*, a tragicomedy, by John Middleton, which, after lying long in manuscript, was published about thirty years since by Isaac Reed; but Malone* has with considerable ingenuity shown that Middleton's drama was most probably written subsequently to Macbeth.

* See the chronological order of the plays in the late Variorum Edition, by Mr. Boswell, vol. ii. p. 420.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } Generals of the King's Army.
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } Noblemen of Scotland.
MENTEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.
LADY MACBETH,¹
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three Witches.²
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.
SCENE, in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place. Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.⁴

1 Lady Macbeth's name was Gruach filia Bodhe, according to Lord Hailes. Andrew of Wintown, in his *Cronykil*, informs us that she was the widow of Duncan; a circumstance with which Shakspeare was of course unacquainted.

2 As the play now stands, in Act iv. Sc. 1, three other witches make their appearance.

3 'When the hurlyburly's done.' In *Adagia Scotica*, or *A Collection of Scotch Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*; collected by R. B.; very useful and delightful. *Lond. 12mo. 1668*:—

'Little kens the wife that sits by the fire
How the wind blows cold in hurle burle sueyre.'

'i. e. in the tempestuous mountain-top,' says Mr. Todd, in a note on Spenser; to which Mr. Boswell gives his assent, and says, 'this sense seems agreeable to the witch's answer.' But Peacham, in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577, shows that this was not the ancient acceptance of the word among us: 'Onomatopela, when

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II. *A Camp near Forres. Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.¹*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,⁶
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

we invent, devise, sayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *up rore* and *tumultuous stirre*.' So in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573:—'But hark yonder: what *hurlyburly* or *noyse* is yonde: what *sturre ruffling* or *bruite* is that?'—The witches could not mean when the storm was done, but when the *tumult of the battle* was over; for they are to meet again in lightning, thunder, and rain: their element was a storm.

4 Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the creaking of a toad. A *paddock* most generally seems to have signified a toad, though it sometimes means a frog. What we now call a toadstool was anciently called a *paddock-stool*.

5 The first folio reads *captain*.

6 Sergeants, in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title, but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that¹
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him), from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;²
And fortune, on his damned quarry³ smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore.⁴ But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;⁵
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth,⁷ I must report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;⁸
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,⁹
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-
geons. [*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

1 Vide Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, v. *for*; and Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language, p. 205. *For to that* means no more than *for that*, or *cause that*. The late editions erroneously point this passage, and as erroneously explain it. I follow the punctuation of the first folio.

2 i. e. supplied with armed troops so named. *Of and with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. *Gallowglasses* were heavy-armed foot-soldiers of Ireland and the western isles: *Kernes* were the lighter armed troops.

3 'But fortune on his damned quarry smiling.'—Thus the old copies. It was altered at Johnson's suggestion to *quarrel*, which is approved and defended by Stevens and Malone. But the old copy needs no alteration. *Quarry* means the *squadron*, *escadre*, or *squire* body, into which Macdonwald's troops were formed, better to receive the charge; through which Macbeth 'carved out his passage till he faced the slave.'

4 The meaning is, that Fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him.

5 The old copy reads *which*.

6 Sir W. D'Avenant's reading of this passage, in his alteration of the play, is a tolerable comment on it:—
'But then this daybreak of our victory
Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise.'

Break is not in the first folio.
7 Truth.
8 That is, reports.

9 i. e. make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.
10 'That seems about to speak strange things.'

11 So in King John:—
'Mocking the air with colours idly spread.'

12 By *Bellona's bridegroom* Shakspeare means Macbeth. *Lapp'd in proof* is defended by armour of proof.

13 Confronted him with self-comparisons. By *him* is meant *Norway*, and by *self-comparisons* is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.

14 It appears probable, as Stevens suggests, that *Suceno* was only a marginal reference, which has crept

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.¹⁰

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king.
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,¹¹

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:

Till that Bellona's bridegroom,¹² lapp'd in proof

Confronted him with self-comparisons,¹³

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,

The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sveno,¹⁴ the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch,¹⁵

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more than thatthane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Heath. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—

Give me, quoth I:

*Aroint thee,*¹⁶ *witch!* the rump-fed ronyon!¹⁷ cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,¹⁸

into the text by mistake, and that the line originally stood—

'That now the Norway's king craves composition.'

It was surely not necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway.

15 *Colmes' Inch* is here a dissyllable. *Colmes' Inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columb. *Inch* or *inse*, in Erse, signifies an island.

16 The etymology of this imprecation is yet to seek. *Rynt ye, for out with ye! stand off!* is still used in Cheshire, where there is also a proverbial saying, '*Rynt ye, witch*, quoth Besse Locket to her mother.' Tooke thought it was from *roymous*, and might signify 'a scab or scale on thee!' Others have derived it from the *roican-tree*, or witch-hazel, the wood of which was believed to be a powerful charm against witchcraft; and every careful housewife had a churn-staff made of it. This superstition is as old as Pliny's time, who asserts that 'a serpent will rather creep into the fire than over a twig of *ash*.' The French have a phrase of somewhat similar sound and import—'*Arry-avant*, away there, ho!'—Mr. Douce thinks that '*aroint thee*' will be found to have a Saxon origin.

17 'Rump-fed ronyon,' a scabby or mangy woman, fed on offals; the *rumps* being formerly part of the emoluments or kitchen fees of the cooks in great houses.

18 In *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scott, 1584, he says it was believed that witches 'could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle, or muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas.' And in another pamphlet, 'Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer, who was buried at Edenborough in Januarie last, 1591,'—'All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives,' &c.

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his *Albavine*, 1629, says—

'He sits like a witch sailing in a sieve.'
It was the belief of the times, that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.¹

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.²

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:³

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:⁴

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.⁵

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters,⁶ hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!⁷

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,

1 This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them.

2 I. e. the sailor's chart; *carte-marine*.

3 *Forbid*, i. e. forespoken, *unhappy*, charmed or bewitched. The explanation of Theobald and Johnson, '*interdicted* or under a curse,' is erroneous. A *forbiddin* fellow, Scotice, still signifies an unhappy one.

4 This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure. Hollinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duff, says that they found one of the witches roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, &c.—'for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the enchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from sleepe.' This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:—

'Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid.'

5 In the pamphlet about Dr. Flan, already quoted—'Again it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *King's majestie's shippe*, at his coming forth of Denmarke, *had a contrarie vinde to the rest of his shippes* then being in his companie.'—'And further the said witch declared, that his majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevailed above their intentions.' To this circumstance, perhaps, Shakespeare's allusion is sufficiently plain.

6 The old copy has *weyward*, evidently by mistake. *Weird*, from the Saxon, a *witch*, Shakespeare found in Hollinshed. Gavin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders the *parce* by *weird sisters*.

Are ye fantastical,⁸ or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having,⁹ and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt¹⁰ withal; to me you speak not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,

Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's¹¹ death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence! or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanishing?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would, they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,¹²

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,

His wonders and his praises do contend,

Which should be thine, or his: Silence'd with that,¹³

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,

Strange images of death. As thick as tale,¹⁴

7 The thaneship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. Gray has given a particular description of it in a Letter to Dr. Wharton.

8 I. e. creatures of fantasy or imagination.

9 Estate, fortune.

10 *Rapt* is rapturously affected; *extra se raptus*.

11 '*Sinel*.' The late Dr. Beattie conjectured that the real name of this family was *Sinane*, and that *Dunsinane*, or the *hill* of Sinane from thence derived its name.

12 The *insane root* was probably *henbane*. In Bateman's Commentary on Bartholome de Propriet. Rerum, a book with which Shakespeare was familiar, is the following passage:—'Henbane is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madness, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly *milridium*, for it taketh away wit and reason.'

13 I. e. admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them justice by public commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence: he is *silenced* with wonder.

14 I. e. posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

'*Thicke* (says Baret), that cometh often and *thicks* together: creber, frequens, *frequent, souvent venant*.' And again, 'Crebritas literarum, the often sending, or *thicke* coming of letters. *Thicke* breathing, *anhelitus creber*.' Shakespeare twice uses 'to speak *thick*' for 'to speak *quick*.' To *tale* or *tell* is to *score* or *number*. Rowe, not understanding this passage, altered it to 'as quick as hail.'

Came¹ post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in thy kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives? Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor;
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,²
Might yet enkindle³ you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And of oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act⁴
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting⁵
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion⁶
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated⁷ heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:⁸
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single⁹ state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise;¹⁰ and nothing is,
But what is not.¹¹

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

1 'Came post.' The old copy reads *can*. Rowe made the emendation.

2 i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on.

3 *Enkindle* means 'encourage you to expect the crown.'

4 'As happy prologues to the swelling act.' So in the prologue to King Henry V. :—

'—princes to act,

And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene.'

5 i. e. incitement.

6 *Suggestion*, temptation.

7 *Seated*, firmly placed, fixed.

8 '—Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings.'

So in *The Tragedie of Cæsus*, by Lord Sterline, 1604:

'For as the shadow seems more monstrous still

Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,

So th' apprehension of approaching ill

Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying.'

9 By his *single state of man*, Macbeth means his *simple condition of human nature*. 'Single soul, for a simple or weak guileless person, was the phraseology of the poet's time. *Simplicity* and *singleness* were synonymous.

10 '—that function

Is smother'd in surmise.'

The powers of action are oppressed by conjecture.

11 'But what is not.' Shakspeare has something like this sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

'Where every something, being blent together,

Turns to a wild of nothing.'

12 *Favour* is *courtenance*, *good will*, and *not pardon*,

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,

But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:¹²—my dull brain
was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains,
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd: and, at more times,

The interim having weigh'd it,¹³ let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*
*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Imploir'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,¹⁴
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,¹⁵
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:¹⁶
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would, thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.¹⁷

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.¹⁸

as it has been here interpreted. Vide *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2.

13 'The interim having weigh'd it.' *The interim* is probably here used adverbially.—'You having weighed it in the interim.'

14 *Studied in his death* is well instructed in the art of dying. 'The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.' Steevens thinks that an allusion was intended 'to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend

15 *Ow'd*, owned, possessed.

16 We cannot construe the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.

17 i. e. I owe thee more than all; nay, more than all which I can say or do will requite.

18 'Safe toward your love and honour.' Sir William Blackstone would read:—

Safe toward you love and honour
which he explains thus:—'Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state, who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you.' He says that it has reference to the old feudal *simple ho-*

Dun. Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.¹—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban.

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

Dun.

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.²—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland :³ which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun.

My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

[*Aside.*

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;⁴

And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :

It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish. Execunt.*

SCENE V. Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle. Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a Letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success ; and
I have learned by the perfectest report,⁵ they have
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned
in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives⁶ from the
king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which

mage, which when done to a subject was always accompanied with a saving clause—'*sauf le foy que j'eo day a nostre seigneur le roy* ;' which he thinks awks well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. Malone and Steevens seem to favour this explanation : but *safe* may merely mean *respectful*, *loyal* ; like the old French word *sauf*. Shakespeare has used the old French phrase, *sauf votre honneur*, several times in King Henry V.

1 l. e. exuberant.

2 'In drops of sorrow.'

—lachrymas non sponte cadentes
fudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto ;
on aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis
Gaudia, quam lachrymis.' *Lucan*, lib. ix.

3 Holinshed says, 'Duncan having two sons, &c. he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdom immediately after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realm the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he took the matter) for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne.'

4 'True, worthy Banquo,' &c. We must imagine that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject ; and to some encomium supposed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers.

5 The perfectest report is the best intelligence.

6 Missives, messengers.

title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness ; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd :—Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way : Thou would'st be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,

That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it :
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.*'⁷ Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;⁸
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical⁹ aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings ?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd¹⁰ for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true ; our thane is
coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more ;
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal¹¹ thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it !¹² Come to my woman's breasts,

7 Thou would'st have that [i. e. the crown] which
cries unto thee, 'thou must do thus, if thou would'st
have it, and thou must do that which rather,' &c. The
difficulty of this passage in Italics seems to have arisen
from its not having been considered as all uttered by
the object of Macbeth's ambition. Malone is the author
of this regulation, and furnished the explanation.

8 'That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.' So in
Lord Sterling's Julius Cæsar, 1607 :—

'Thou in my bosom used to pour thy spirit.'

9 'Which fate and metaphysical aid,' &c. ; i. e. *supernatural* aid. We find metaphysics explained
'things supernatural' in the old dictionaries. 'To have
thee crown'd,' is to desire that you should be crown'd.

10 'That tend on mortal thoughts.' *Mortal* and *deadly*
were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. In another
part of this play we have 'the mortal sword,' and 'mortal
murders.' We have 'mortal war,' and 'mortal
hatred.' In Nashe's Pierce Penilesse is a particular
description of these spirits, and of their office. 'The
second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are
those northern *Mariti*, called the spirits of revenge,
and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mis-
chief ; for they have commission to incense men to
rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all
manner of cruelties : and they command certain of the
southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch,
that is termed the spirit of revenge.'

11 Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by
action. 'To keep peace between the effect and pur-
pose,' means 'to delay the execution of her purpose, to
prevent its proceeding to effect.' Sir Wm. Davenant's
strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a rea-
sonably good commentary upon it. Thus in the present
instance :—

—make thick
My blood, stop all passage to remorse ;
That no remorse into mercy may



MARY MACBETH.

Macbeth Act I. Scene V.



And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall¹ thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,²
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present,³ and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favour⁴ ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle. Haut-boys. Servants of Macbeth attending. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat:⁵ the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,⁶ but this bird

Shake his design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripen'd to effect.

1 To *pall*, from the Latin *pallio*, to wrap, to invest, to cover or hide as with a mantle or cloak.

2 Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, 1596, has an expression resembling this:—

'The sullen night in mistie RUGGE is wrapp'd.'
And in his *Polyolbion*, which was not published till 1612, we again find it:—

'Thick vapours that like *ruggs* still hang the troubled air.'

On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*, No. 163; to which Johnson in his notes refers the reader with much complacency.

3 i. e. beyond the present time, which is, according to the process of nature, ignorant of the future.

4 *Favour* is countenance.

5 i. e. situation.

6 i. e. convenient corner.

7 'This short dialogue,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. The conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of the castle's situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life.'

Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.'

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, 'see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield⁸ us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.⁹

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well:
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,¹⁰

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Castle. Hautboys and Torches. Enter, and pass over the Stage, a Sewer,¹¹ and divers Servants with Dishes and Service. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.¹²—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice

8 The explanation by Steevens of this obscure passage seems the best which has been offered:—'Marks of respect importunately shown are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.'—To bid is here used in the Saxon sense of to pray. God yield us, is God reward us.

9 i. e. we as hermits, or beadsmen, shall ever pray for you.

10 In compt, subject to account.

11 A sewer, an officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. *Assecur*, French; from *asseoir*, to place.

12 This passage has been variously explained. I have attempted briefly to express what I conceive to be its meaning:—'There well it were done quickly, if, when 'tis done, it were done (or at an end;) and that no sinister consequences would ensue. If the assassination, at the same time that it puts an end to Duncan's life, could make success certain, and that I might enjoy the crown unmolested, we'd jump the life to come, i. e. hazard or run the risk of what may happen in a future state. To trammel up was to confine or tie up. The legs of horses were trammelled to teach them to amble. There was also 'a trammel-net,' which was 'a long net to take great and small fowl with by night.' *Surcease* is cessation. 'To surcease or to cease from doing something; supersedeo, Lat.; cesser, Fr.'—*Barre*,

Commends¹ the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers² of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition,³ which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now, what news ?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd : Why have you
left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?⁴

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more,⁵ is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere,⁶ and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—— We fail !
Lady M. But screw your courage to the sticking-place,⁷
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains⁸
Will I with wine and wassel⁹ so convince,¹⁰
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck¹¹ only : When in swinish sleep
Their drenched¹² natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?¹³

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,¹⁴
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't ?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show ;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Court within the Castle.
Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant,
with a Torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down : I have not heard the
clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword :—There's husband-
ry¹⁵ in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers !
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose :¹⁶—Give me my sword ;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.
Who's there ?

1 To commend was anciently used in the sense of the Latin *commendo*, to commit, to address, to direct, to recommend.

2 'The sightless couriers of the air' are what the poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.

3 So in the tragedy of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, 1607 :—
'Why think you, lords, that 'tis ambition's spur
That pricketh Cæsar to these high attempts ?'

Malone has observed that 'there are two distinct metaphors in this passage. I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent ; I have nothing to stimulate me to the execution of my purpose but ambition, which is apt to overreach itself ; this he expresses by the second image, of a person meaning to vault into his saddle, who, by taking too great a leap, will fall on the other side.'

4 This passage is perhaps sufficiently intelligible ; but as Johnson and Steevens thought otherwise, I must offer a brief explanation.—'Would'st thou have the crown, that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, and yet live a coward in thine own esteem,' &c. The adage of the cat is among Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1566 :—
'The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her fete.'

5 'Who dares do more is none.' The old copy, instead of 'do more,' reads 'no more' : the emendation is Rowe's.

6 'At there, in the same sense as cohere.
'But screw your courage to the sticking-place.' Shakespeare seems to have taken his metaphor from the screwing up the chords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its sticking-place ; i. e. in the place from which it is not to recede, or go back.

8 The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's chamberlains is copied from Hollinshed's account of King Duff's murder by Dowwald.

9 *Wassel* is thus explained by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616 : '*Wassalle*, a term usual heretofore for quaffing and carousing ; but more especially signifying a merry cup (ritually composed, deckt and fill'd with country liquor) passing about amongst neighbours, meeting and entertaining one another on the vigil or eve of the new year, and commonly called the *wassail-bol*.'

10 To convince is to overcome.
11 A *limbeck* is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall the receipt (i. e. receptacle) of reason be like this empty vessel.

12 I. e. drowned in drink.

13 *Quell* is murder ; from the Saxon *quellan*, to kill.

14 I. e. apprehended, understood.

15 *Husbandry* here means thrift, frugality.

16 It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at ; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep ; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess¹ to your officers:²
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up³
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.⁴

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,⁵—when
'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit BAN.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind: a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

¹ *Largess*, bounty.

² The old copy reads *offices*. *Officers* of a household
was the common term for servants in Shakspeare's
time. He has before called the king's chamberlains
'his spongy officers.'

³ Steevens has rightly explained 'to shut up,' by
'to conclude,' and the examples he has adduced are
satisfactory; but Mr. Boswell supposed that it meant
enclosed, and quoted a passage from Barrow to support
his opinion. The authorities of the poet's time are
against Mr. Boswell's interpretation.

⁴ Being unprepared, our will (or desire to entertain
the king honourably) became the servant to defect (i. e.
was constrained by defective means,) which else should
free have wrought (i. e. otherwise our zeal should have
been manifest by more liberal entertainments.) Which
relates not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.

⁵ *Consent is accord, agreement*, a combination for a
particular purpose. By 'if you shall cleave to my con-
sent,' Macbeth means, 'if you shall adhere to me (i. e.
agree or accord with my views,) when 'tis, (i. e. when
events shall fall out as they are predicted,) it shall make
honour for you.' Macbeth mentally refers to the crown
which he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder
that he was about to commit. We comprehend all
that passes in his mind; but Banquo is still in ignorance
of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to
combat every possible temptation to do ill; and there-
fore expresses a resolve that, in spite of future com-
binations of interest or struggles for power, he will at-
tempt nothing that may obscure his present honours,
alarm his conscience, or corrupt loyalty. Macbeth
could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on
the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the
most dark or distant hint of his criminal designs on the
crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would
naturally have become his accuser as soon as the murder
had been discovered. Malone proposed to read
content instead of *consent*; but his reasons are far from
convincing, and there seems no necessity for change.

⁶ *Dudgeon for handle*; 'a dudgeon dagger is a dagger
whose handle is made of the root of box,' according to
Bishop Wilkins in the dictionary subjoined to his *Real
Character*. *Dudgeon* is the root of box. It has not
been remarked that there is a peculiar propriety in giv-
ing the word to Macbeth, 'Pugnale alla scossese, being
a Scotch or dudgeon haft dagger,' according to *Tor-
riano*.

⁷ *Goutts* drops; from the French *gouttes*.

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still:
And on thy blade, and dudgeon,⁶ goutts⁷ of blood,
Which was not so before;—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead,⁸ and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleeper;⁹ witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.¹⁰—Thou sure and firm-
set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.¹¹—Whiles I threat, he
lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Enter LADY MACBETH.*

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd¹
their possets,

⁸ Dryden's well known lines in the *Conquest of
Mexico* are here transcribed, that the reader may ob-
serve the contrast between them and this passage of
Shakspeare:—

'All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead.
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat,
Even lust and envy sleep!'

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*,
1602, we have the following lines:—

'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts
—I am great in blood,

Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms.'

⁹ The old copy has *sleeps*. The emendation was
proposed by Steevens, and is well worthy of a place in
the text; the word *now* having been formerly admitted
to complete the metre.

¹⁰ The old copy reads *sides*: Pope made the alteration.
Johnson objects to the epithet *ravishing strides*. But
Steevens has shown that a *stride* was not always an ac-
tion of violence, impetuosity, or tumult. Thus in *The
Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. viii.

'With easy steps so soft as foot could stride.'

And in other places we have an *easy stride*, a *leisureable
stride*, &c. Warburton observes, that the justness of
the similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza in
Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece* will explain it:—

'Now stole upon the time in dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' dead-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.'

¹¹ Macbeth would have nothing break through the
universal silence that added such horror to the night, as
well suited with the bloody deed he was about to per-
form. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*,
observes, that 'all general privations are great because
they are terrible.'

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and
one cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the
other;

As¹ they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear², I could not say, *amen*,

When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no
more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve³ of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

Lady M.—What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the
house:

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!*⁴

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.⁵

[Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood?
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,⁶
Making the green—one red.⁷

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame

To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended?—[Knocking.] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know
myself.¹⁰ [Knock.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou
could'st? [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same.* Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old¹¹ turn-
ing the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock:
Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a
farmer,¹² that hanged himself on the expectation of
plenty: Come in time; have napkins¹³ enough about
you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock,
knock: Who's there i' the other devil's name?
'Faith, here's an equivocator,¹⁴ that could swear in
both the scales against either scale; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not e-
quivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knock-
ing.] Knock, knock, knock; Who's there? 'Faith,

Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,

Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be.⁷

7 To incarnardine is to stain of a red colour.

8 In the old copy the line stands thus:—

'Making the Green one, Red.'

The punctuation in the text was adopted by Stevens at
the suggestion of Murphy. Malone prefers the old
punctuation. Stevens has well defended the arrange-
ment of his text, which seems to me to deserve the pre-
ference.

9 'Your constancy hath left you unattended.'—Vide
note on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2.

10 This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof.
'While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not
know, or be lost to myself.'

11 i. e. frequent

12 'Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the ex-
pectation of plenty.' So in Hall's Satires, b. iv.
sat. 6:—

'Each muckworme will be rich with lawless gaine,
Altho' he smother up mowes of seven yeares gaine,
And hang'd himself when corne groves cheap againe.'

13 i. e. handkerchiefs. In the dictionaries of the time
sudarium is rendered by 'napkin or handkerchief,
wherewith we wipe away the sweat.'

14 i. e. a Jesuit. That order were troublesome to the
state, and held in odium in the reigns of Elizabeth and
James. They were inventors of the execrable doc-
trine of equivocation.

1 As for as if.

2 i. e. listening to their fear: the particle omitted.

3 *Sleeve* is unwrought silk, sometimes also called *floss* silk. It appears to be the coarse ravell'd part separated by passing through the slale (reed comb) of the weaver's loom; and hence called *sleeved* or *sleided* silk. I suspect that *sleeveless*, which has puzzled the etymologists, is that which cannot be sleeved, sleided, or unravell'd; and therefore useless: thus a *sleeveless* errand would be a *fruitless* one.

4 Stevens observes that this triple menace, accom-
modated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be
received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind; but
Mr. Boswell thinks that there is no ground for his ob-
jection. He thus explains the passage; *Glamis hath*
murder'd sleep; and therefore my lately acquired dig-
nity can afford no comfort to one who suffers the agony
of remorse,—*Cawdor shall sleep no more*; nothing can
restore me to that peace of mind which I enjoyed in a
comparatively humble state; the once innocent Mac-
beth shall sleep no more.

5 This quibble too occurs frequently in old plays.
Shakespeare has it in King Henry IV. Part II. Act iv.
Sc. 4:—

'England shall double gild his treble guilt.'

6 Thus in The Insatiate Countess, by Marston, 1613:—

'Although the waves of all the northern sea

here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie, last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie: and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physics⁴ pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call.

For 'tis my limited service.⁵ [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly; Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!⁶

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

1 So in Hamlet:—

'Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,'
And in All's Well that Ends Well:—'The flowery way
that leads to the great fire.'

2 i. e. till three o'clock.

3 In for into.

4 i. e. alleviates it.

5 i. e. Appointed service.

6 It has been already observed that Shakspeare uses two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly.

7 'The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.'

So in Hamlet:—

'—He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.'

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exit MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeits,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak,——

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.'—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where,——
Dear Duff, I prythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal.

O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
don't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet, I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd.

Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;⁸

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

And in The Puritan, 1607:—'The punishments that
shall follow you in this world would with horror kill the
ear should hear them related.'

8 'His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.' To
gild with blood is a very common phrase in old plays
See also King John, Act ii. Sc. 2.—Johnson says, 'it is
not improbable that Shakspeare put these forced and
unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a
mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference
between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural
outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so
considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it
consists of antithesis only.'

Unmannerly breech'd with gore :¹ Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken,
Here, where our fate hid in an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,²
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence³ I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it⁴ the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.⁴

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;⁵ and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle. Enter Rosse
and an Old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,

Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?⁶

Old M.

'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,⁷
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange
and certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M.

'Tis said, they ate each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd.

Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse.

Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?⁸

Macd.

They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse.

'Gainst nature still:
Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.⁹

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse.

Where is Duncan's body?

Macd.

Carried to Colme-kill;¹⁰
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse.

Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse.

Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there;—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse.

Father, farewell.
Old M. God's benison go with you: and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*]

¹ 'Breech'd with gore,' covered with blood to their
hills.

² i. e. when we have clothed our half drest bodies,
which may take cold from being exposed to the air. It
is possible, as Steevens remarks, that in such a cloud of
words, the meaning might escape the reader. The
Porter had already said that this 'place is too cold for
hell,' meaning the court-yard of the castle in which
Banquo and the rest now are.

³ *Pretence* is here put for *design* or *intention*. It is
so used again in the *Winter's Tale*:—'The pretence
whereof being by circumstance partly laid open.' Thus
again in this tragedy:—

'What good could they pretend?'

i. e. *intend* to themselves. Banquo's meaning is—'In
our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this
murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under
the direction of God; and, relying on his support, I here
declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to
all its further designs that have not yet come to light.'

⁴ 'the near in blood,'

'The nearer bloody.'

Meaning that he suspects Macbeth to be the murderer;
for he was the nearest in blood to the two princes, being
the cousin-german of Duncan.

⁵ The allusion of the *unlighted shaft* appears to be—
the death of the king only could neither insure the crown
to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while
his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason
to apprehend that they should be removed by the same
means. Malcolm therefore means to say, 'The shaft

has not yet done all its intended mischief; I and my
brother are yet to be destroyed before it will light on the
ground and do no more harm.'

⁶ 'After the murder of King Duffe,' says Holinshed,
'for the space of six months together there appeared no
sunne by daye, nor moon by night in anie part of the
realme; but still the sky was covered with continual
clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose,
with lighteninges and tempests, that the people were in
great fear of present destruction.'—It is evident that
Shakespeare had this passage in his thoughts. Most of
the portents here mentioned are related by Holinshed,
as accompanying King Duffe's death: 'there was a
sparhawk strangled by an owl,' and 'horses of singular
beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh.'

⁷ 'A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,' a tech-
cal phrase in falconry for *soaring to the highest pitch*.
Faulcon *hautain* was the French term for a towering or
high flying hawk.

⁸ *Pretend*, in the sense of the Latin *prætendo*, to
design, or 'lay for a thing before it come,' as the old
dictionaries explain it.

⁹ Macbeth, by his birth, stood next in succession to the
crown, after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Dun-
can's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of
whom was the mother of Duncan, the younger the
mother of Macbeth.—*Holinshed*.

¹⁰ *Colme-kill* is the famous *Iona*, one of the western
isles mentioned by Holinshed, as the burial place of many
ancient kings of Scotland. *Colme-kill* means the cell or
chapel of St. Columbo.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. A Room in the Palace. Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most fully for't; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity:
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,) Why,
by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,¹ sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,²
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel paricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow:
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend³ you to their backs.

Farewell. — [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exit LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. — [Exit Atten.]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty⁴ of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he
dares;

And, to⁵ that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, propheticlike,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd⁶ my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,⁷
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!⁸ — Who's
there? —

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation⁹ with you,
How you were borne in hand;¹⁰ how cross'd; in the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd¹¹
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand has bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur.

We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,¹² water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
clep'd¹³

All by the name of dogs: the valued file¹⁴

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The house-keeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive

Particular addition,¹⁵ from the bill

That writes them all alike: and so of men.

¹ Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists against me in defence of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the extremity, whatever be the consequence.

⁹ i. e. 'passed in proving to you.'

¹⁰ To bear in hand is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

¹¹ I. e. 'are you so obedient to the precept of the gospel, which teaches us to pray for those who despitefully use us?'

¹² Shoughs are probably what we now call shocks. Nashe, in his *Lenten Stiffe*, mentions them, 'a trundle-tail uke or shough or two.'

¹³ Clep'd, called.

¹⁴ The valued file is the descriptive list wherein their value and peculiar qualities are set down; such a list of dogs may be found in Junius's *Nomenclator*, by Fleming, and may have furnished Shakspeare with the idea.

¹⁵ Particular addition, title, description.

¹ 'A solemn supper.' This was the phrase of Shakspeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to solemnize any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation, &c. Howel, in a letter to Sir T. Hawke, 1636, says, 'I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J. [Ben Jonson,] where you were deeply remembered.'

² i. e. 'if my horse does not go well.' Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative.

³ i. e. commit. ⁴ Nobleness.

⁵ 'And to that,' i. e. in addition to.

⁶ For defiled.

⁷ 'The common enemy of man.' Shakspeare repeats the phrase in *Twelfth Night*, Act iii. Sc. 4: — 'Defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.' The phrase was common among his contemporaries; the word *fiend*, Johnson remarks, signifies *enemy*.

⁸ 'To the utterance.' This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakspeare, is borrowed from the French; *se battre à l'outrance*, to fight desperately or to extremity, even to death. The sense therefore is:—

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,¹

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves:
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,²
The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness:³ And with him
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,) I
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room. Enter*
LADY MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

1 'Bloody distance' is mortal enmity.

2 i. e. the exact time when you may look out or lie in wait for him.

3 '——' always thought

That I require a clearness.

'Always remembering that I must stand clear of suspicion.'

4 *Sorriest*, most melancholy.

5 The first folio reads *peace*; the second folio *place*.

6 *Ecstasy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion or alienation of the mind. The old dictionaries render it a *trance*, a *dampe*, a *cramp*.

7 *Remembrance* is here employed as a quadrisyllable.

8 *Present him eminence*, do him the highest honour.

9 The sense of this passage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omission) appears to be as follows:—It is a sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation. The present arrangement of the text is by Malone.

10 Ritson has justly observed, that 'Nature's copy' alludes to *copyhold* tenure, in which the tenant holds an estate for life, having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *life-hold* tenure may well be said to be not eternal. The subsequent speech of Macbeth, in which he says,

'Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond.'

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest⁴ fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place,⁵ have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.⁶ Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on, gentle my lord;
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance⁷

Apply to Banquo: present him eminence,⁸ both
With eye and tongue: unsafe, the while, that we
Must leave our honours in these flattering streams;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.⁹

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's¹⁰ not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-

mons,
The shard-borne beetle,¹¹ with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling¹² night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!¹³—Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes good to the rooky wood:¹⁴

confirms this explanation. Many of Shakespeare's allusions are to legal customs.

11 That is, the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was the ancient word for a *scale* or outward covering, a case or sheath; as appears from the following passage cited by him from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, b. vi. fol. 139:—

'She sigh, her thought a dragon tho,
Whose *sherd*s shynen as the sonne.'

And again in book v. speaking of a serpent:—
'He was so *sherded* all about,
It held all edge-tool without.'

12 i. e. blinding: to *seel* up the eyes of a hawk was to close them by sewing the eyelids together.

13 So in Cymbeline:—
'Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray.'

14 By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakespeare means that it is *growing dark*. Thus, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:—

'Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.'

Spenser, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, has:—
'—— the welkin *thicks* apace.'

Notwithstanding Mr. Steevens's ingenious attempts to explain the *rooky wood* otherwise, it surely means no-

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.¹

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, prythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace. Enter three Murderers.*

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation.²
Already are i' the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a Torch preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly;

Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.³

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first⁴

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state;⁵ but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

thing more than the wood inhabited by rooks. The poet has shown himself a close observer of nature, in marking the return of these birds to their nest-trees when the day is drawing to a close.

1 See note on King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

3 Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of Sir Walter Steward. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom Shakespeare has chosen to describe

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.⁶
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched⁷ gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness, sit?

[The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance!⁸

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir?

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought⁹

He will again be well: If much you note him,

Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

4 'At first and last.' Johnson, with great plausibility, proposes to read, 'To first and last.'

5 'Keeps her state,' continues in her chair of state. A state was a royal chair with a canopy over it.

6 'Tis better thee without than he within,' that is, I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body. He is put for him.

7 'With twenty trenched gashes on his head.' From the French *trancher*, to cut.

8 Macbeth betrays himself by an overacted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause. May I seems to imply here a wish, not an assertion.

9 i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted.

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;¹
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws² and starts
(Impostors to³ true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.⁴ [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fye, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse⁵ at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
all;

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:
I'll drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would, he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.⁶

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation⁷ in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

1 i. e. prolong his suffering, make his fit longer.

2 *Flaue* are sudden gusts.

3 'Impostors to true fear.' Warburton's learning serves him not here; his explanation is erroneous. Malone idly suggests that to may be used for *of*. Mason has hit the meaning, though his way of accounting for it is wrong. It seems strange that none of the commentators should be aware that this was a form of *elliptic* expression, commonly used even at this day, in the phrase 'this is nothing to them,' i. e. in comparison to them.

4 The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. viii. :—

'Be not entombed in the raven or the night.'

5 Shakespeare uses to muse for to wonder, to be in amazement.

6 That is, 'we desire to drink' all good wishes to all.

7 'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes.' Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, explains 'Speculation, the inward knowledge or beholding of a thing.' Thus, in the 115th Psalm :—'Eyes have they, but see not.'

8 *Hyrcan* for *Hyrcanian* was the mode of expression at that time.

9 Pope changed *inhabit*, the reading of the old copy, to *inhibit*, and Stevens altered then to *thee*, so that in the late editions this line runs :—

'If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl.'

To inhibit is to forbid, a meaning which will not suit with the context of the passage. The original text is

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,¹
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit² thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—'Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome!³ us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe.⁴
When now I think you can behold such sights,⁵
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augures!⁶ and understood relations have,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou,⁷ that Macduff denies
his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed'd. I will, to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go e'er:

sufficiently plain, and much in Shakespeare's manner.

'Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle, or any habitation; if I then hide my head, or dwell in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl.' If it had not been for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would have hardly required a note.

10 'Overcome us,' pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer's cloud passes unregarded.

11 i. e. possess.

12 'You strike me with amazement, make me scarce know myself, now when I think that you can behold such sights unmoved,' &c.

13 i. e. *augures*, divinations; formerly spelt *augures*, as appears by Florio in voce *augurio*. 'By understood relations, probably, connected circumstances relating to the crime are meant. I am inclined to think that the passage should be pointed thus :—

'Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak Augures; and understood relations have, By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth The secret'st man of blood.'

In all the modern editions we have it erroneously *augurs*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the magpie: stories such as Shakespeare alludes to are to be found in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, and in Goulart's *Admirable Histories*.

14 i. e. what say'st thou to this circumstance? Thus, in Macbeth's address to his wife, on the first appearance of Banquo's ghost!—

'Behold! look! lo! how say you?'

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.¹

Lady M. You lack the season² of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed.³ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Heath. Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.*

I Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside;
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;⁴

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights,⁶
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.⁷

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

I Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Forbes. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,

1 i.e. examined nicely.

2 'You lack the season of all natures, sleep.' Johnson explains this, 'You want sleep, which seasons or gives the relish to all natures.' Indiget somni vite condimenti. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*: 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.' It has, however, been suggested that the meaning is, 'You stand in need of the time or season of sleep which all natures require.' I incline to the last interpretation.

3 The editions previous to Theobald's read:—

'We're but young indeed.'

The *initiate fear* is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by *hard use* or frequent repetition of it.

4 Shakespeare has been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and consequently for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But the poet has elsewhere shown himself well acquainted with the classical connexion which this deity had with witchcraft. Reginald Scot, in his discovery, mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly 'meetings with Herodias and the Pagan gods,' and that 'in the night time they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans,' &c. Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as 'the Ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or Diana.'

5 Steevens remarks that Shakespeare's mythological knowledge on this occasion appears to have deserted him; for as *Hecate* is only one of the three names be-

Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot⁸ want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For, 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord.

The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;⁹
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,¹⁰
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate¹¹ the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.*

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accus'd!¹²

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*]

longing to the same goddess, she could not properly be employed in one character to catch a drop that fell from her in another. In a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, however, the poet was sufficiently aware of her threefold capacity:—

—fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecat's team.'

The *vaporous drop profound* seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment.

6 *Slights* are arts, subtle practices.

7 This song is to be found entire in *The Witch*, by Middleton.

8 'Who cannot want the thought;' &c. The sense requires 'who can want the thought;' but it is probably a lapse of the poet's pen.

9 'Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives.' The construction is:—'Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives.'

10 Johnson says, 'Free may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant.' I have shown in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 4. that *free* meant *pure*, *chaste*, consequently *unspotted*, which may be its meaning here. *Free* also meant *noble*. See note on the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

11 *Exasperate*, for *exasperated*.

12 The construction is, 'to this our country, suffering under a hand accus'd.'

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*¹

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.²

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under coldest³ stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd⁴ venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's⁵ sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf⁶
Of the ravin'd⁷ salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
Sliver'd⁸ in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hee. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.¹⁰

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,¹¹
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty¹² waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,¹³ and trees blown
down;

Though castles topple¹⁴ on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of nature's germins¹⁵ tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow;¹⁶ grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly¹⁷ show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.¹⁸

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—
Enough.²⁰ [*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd²¹ my fear aright:—But one word
more:—

the entire stanza is found in *The Witch*, by Middleton,
and is there called 'A charme Song about a Vessel.'

11 'By the pricking of my thumbs.' It is a very an-
cient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and
other sensations which could not naturally be account-
ed for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to
happen.

12 l. e. foaming, frothy.

13 l. e. laid flat by wind or rain.

14 *Topple*, tumble.

15 *Germins*, seeds which have begun to sprout or
germinate.

16 'Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten

Her nine farrow.'

Shakespeare probably caught this idea from the laws of
Kenneth II. king of Scotland:—'If a sow eat *hir*
pigges, let hyr be stoned to death and buried, that no
man eat of hyr flesh.'—*Holinshed's History of Scot-*
land, ed. 1577, p. 181.

17 *Deftly* is adroitly, dexterously.

18 The armed head represents symbolically Mac-
beth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff.
The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his
mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head
and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who or-
dered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear
it before them to Dunsinane.

19 Silence was necessary during all incantations.

20 Spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient
of being questioned.

21 *Harp'd*, touched on a passion as a harper touches
a string.

1 'Enter the three Witches.' Dr. Johnson has called the reader's attention to the 'judgment with which Shakespeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions.'

2 'Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.' The orchn or hedgehog, like the toad, for its solitariness, the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular belief that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system; and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in the Tempest.

3 'Coldest stone.' The old copy reads 'cold stone'; the emendation is Stevens's. Mr. Boswell thinks that the alteration was unnecessary.

4 *Swell'd*. This word is employed to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations.

5 The blind-worm is the slow-worm.

6 *Gulf*, the throat.

7 To ravin according to Minshew is to devour, to eat greedily. *Ravin'd*, therefore, may be glutted with prey. Unless, with Malone, we suppose that Shakespeare used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. In Horman's Vulgaria, 1519, occurs 'Thou art a *ravenous* of delicatels.'

8 *Sliver* is a common word in the north, where it means to cut a piece or slice.

9 l. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's chauldron.

10 'Black spirits and white.' The original edition of this play only contains the two first words of this song;

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.¹

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.²

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with
a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?³

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill⁴
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest;⁵ bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellious head,⁶ rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise? is this?

[*Hautboys.*]

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.*
Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;⁸
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; BAN-
quo following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,

¹ 'Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.' This singular expression probably means no more than 'I will listen to thee with all attention.'

² 'For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.' So Holinshed:—'And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slain with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquish'd till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. This prophecy put all fear out of his heart.'

³ The round is that part of a crown which encircles the head: the top is the ornament which rises above it.

⁴ The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced.

⁵ I. e. command it to serve him like a soldier impressed.

⁶ 'Rebellious head.' The old copy reads *dead*; the emendation is Theobald's.

⁷ Noise in our old poets is often literally synonymous for music.

⁸ 'Show his eyes, and grieve his heart.' 'And the man of thine, whom I shall not cut off from mine altar, shall be to consume thine eyes, and to grieve thine heart.'—1 *Samuel*, ii. 33.

⁹ I. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack and crash* were formerly synonymous.

¹⁰ This method of juggling prophecy is referred to in *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'—and like a prophet

Looks in a glass, and shows me future evils.'
In an extract from the Penal Laws against witches, it is

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?⁹

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,¹⁰
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry;¹¹
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd¹² Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,¹³
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique¹⁴ round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st¹⁵ my dread ex-
ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace¹⁶ him in his line. No boasting like a
fool:

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:

said 'they do answer either by voice, or else set before their eyes in glasses, chrysal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the persons or things sought for.'

¹¹ 'That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.' This was intended as a compliment to James the First: he first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head, whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo, who is therefore represented not only as innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan.

¹² In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted into tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the head is said to be *blood-boltered*. When a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered* [pronounced *battered*]. The word *battered* is used in this sense by Philemon Holland in his Translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601, b. xii. c. xvii. p. 370. It is therefore applicable to Banquo, who had 'twenty trencched gashes on his head.'

¹³ I. e. *sprights*. It should seem that *sprights* was almost always pronounced *sprights* or *sprites* by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

¹⁴ *Antique* was the old spelling for *antic*.

¹⁵ I. e. prevent them, by taking away the opportunity

¹⁶ I. e. follow, succeed in it.

But no more sights!--Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.¹

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch²:--for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits³ of the season.³ I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;⁴
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.---I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.---My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah,⁵ your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the ho-
nest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: I,
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.⁶

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice;

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too high your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say, I have done no harm?---What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd⁷ villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother;

Run away, I pray you. [Dies.]

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE III. England. A Room in the King's
Palace. Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.⁸

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

Bestride our downfall'n birthdom:⁹ Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and, what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend,¹⁰ I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

5 Sirrah was not in our author's time a term of re-
proach, but sometimes used by masters to servants, pa-
rents to children, &c.

6 i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

7 'Shag-ear'd' villain.' It has been suggested that
we should read *shag-hair'd*, an abusive epithet frequent
in our old plays. *Hair* being formerly spelt *heare*, the
corruption would easily arise.

8 This scene is almost literally taken from Holm-
shed's Chronicle, which is in this part an abridgment
of the chronicle of Hector Boece, as translated by John
Bellenden. From the recent reprints of both the Scot-
tish and English chroniclers, quotations from them be-
come the less necessary; they are now accessible to the
reader curious in tracing the poet to his sources of in-
formation.

9 *Birthdom*, for the place of our birth, our native land.

10 i. e. befriend.

1 'Our fears do make us traitors.' Our flight is con-
sidered as evidence of our treason.

2 *Natural touch*, natural affection.

3 *The fits of the season* should appear to be the vio-
lent disorders of the season, its convulsions: as we still
say figuratively *the temper of the times*.

4 'The best I can make of this passage is,' says Stee-
vens:--'The times are cruel when our fears induce us
to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumoured
or reported abroad; and yet at the same time, as we
live under a tyrannical government, where *will* is sub-
stituted for *law*, we know not what we have to fear, be-
cause we know not when we offend.' Or, 'when we
are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger
we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime
for which we should be disturbed with fears.'

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve¹ of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.² But I shall crave your
pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,
Yet grace must still look so.³

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, say thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—wear thou thy
wrongs;—

The title is affect'd!⁴—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.⁵

Macd. Not in the places
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious,⁶ avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,⁷ malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

1 'You may deserve of him through me.' The old copy reads *discerne*. The emendation was made by Theobald. In the subsequent part of the line something is wanted to complete the sense. There is no verb to which *wisdom* can refer. Stevens conjectured that the line might originally have run thus:—

—but something
You may deserve through me; and wisdom is it
To offer, &c.

2 'A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.'

A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

3 This is not very clear. Johnson has thus attempted to explain it: 'My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.'

4 To affect is a law term, signifying to *assess* or *reduce to certainty*. The meaning therefore may be:—

'The title is confirmed to the usurper.'

My interpretation of the passage is this: 'Bleed, bleed,

The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough: there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more: that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust:⁸ and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons⁹ to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,¹⁰
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled¹¹ tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.¹² Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
for goodness dares not check thee! Then addressing
Malcolm, Macduff says, 'Wear thou thy wrongs,—the
title to thy crown is now confirmed—to the usurper, he
would probably have added, but that he interrupts
himself with angry impatience, at being suspected of
traitorous double-dealing.

5 i. e. immeasurable evils.

6 *Luxurious*, lascivious.

7 *Sudden*, passionate.

8 Sir W. Blackstone proposed to read *summer-seed-*
ing, which was adopted by Stevens: but there appears
no reason for change. The meaning of the epithet may be,
'just as hot as summer.' In Donne's Poems, Malone
has pointed out its opposite—*winter-seeming*.

9 *Foysons*, plenty.

10 *Portable* answers exactly to a phrase now in use.
Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*.

11 'With an untitled tyrant.' Thus in Chaucer's
Manciple's Tale:—

'Right so betwix a *titileles tiraunt*
And an outlawe.'

12 'Died every day she lived.' The expression is de-
rived from the Sacred Writings:—'I protest by you, re-
joicing, which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily*'

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste;¹ But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspoke mine own detraction: here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls,

That stay his cure: their malady convinces²
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures:
Hanging a golden stamp³ about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
To speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes re-
move

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,

1 *Credulous haste*, overhasty credulity.

2 I.e. *overcomes* it. We have before seen this word
used in the same Latin sense, Act I. Sc. 7, of this
play. 'To convince or convict, to vanquish and over-
come. *Erinco*.'—*Bart.*

3 *A golden stamp*, the coin called an angel; the va-
lue of which was ten shillings.

4 'To rent' is an ancient verb, which has been long
disused,' say the editors: in other words it is the old
orthography of the verb to *rend*.

5 It has been before observed that Shakspeare uses
ecstasy for every species of alienation of mind, whether
proceeding from sorrow, joy, wonder, or any other ex-
citing cause. *Modern* is generally used by him in the
sense of common. *A modern ecstasy* is therefore a
common grief.

6 Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'We use

To say, the dead are well.'

7 To *do off* is to do off, to put off.

8 To *latch* (in the North) signifies the same as to

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent⁴
the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy:⁵ the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tid-
ings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff⁶ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;

An older, and a better soldier, none

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would, I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch⁷ them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,⁸
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it,

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and
babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁹ of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.¹¹

catch. Thus also Golding, in his translation of the first
book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :—

'As though he would, at everie stride, between his
teeth his latch.'

9 'Or is it a fee-grief,' a peculiar sorrow, a grief
that hath but a single owner.

10 *Quarry*, the game after it is killed: it is a term
used both in hunting and falconry. The old English term
querre is used for the square spot wherein the dead game
was deposited. *Quarry* is also used for the game pur-
sued.

11 'Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.'
'Those are killing griefs which dare not speak.'

Vittoria Corombona.

'Light sorrows often speake,
When greet, the heart in silence breake.'

Greene's Tragical History of Faerie Belerra.

'Striving to tell his woes, words would not come,
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe.'

Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond

Macd. My children, too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
 That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
Rosse. My wife kill'd too?

Mal. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
 Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
 Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
 What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
 At one fell swoop?¹

Mal. Dispute it like a man.²
Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
 on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
 They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
 now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
 grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle
 heavens,

Cut short all intermission:³ front to front,
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
 Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune⁴ goes manly.
 Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
 Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
 Put on their instruments.⁵ Receive what cheer
 you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*
Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but
 can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
 she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I
 have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-
 gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
 fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and
 again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast
 sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive
 at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
 watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her
 walking, and other actual performances, what, at
 any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you
 should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no
 witness to confirm my speech.

¹ 'At one fell swoop.' *Swoop*, from the verb to swoop or sweep, is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry

² i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man

³ All intermission, all pause, all intervening time.
⁴ The old copy reads *time*. The emendation is Rowe's

⁵ i. e. encourage, thrust us their instruments forward against the tyrant.

⁶ 'Ay, but their sense is shut.' The old copy reads 'Ay, but their sense are shut.' Malone has quoted other instances of the same inaccurate grammar, according to modern notions, from Julius Cæsar:—

'The posture of his blows are yet unknown.'
 And from the hundred and twelfth Sonnet of Shakespeare:—

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
 and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her;
 stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by
 her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.⁶

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she
 rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to
 seem thus washing her hands; I have known her
 continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what
 comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
 strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One:
 Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is
 murky!—'Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard?
 What need we fear who knows it, when none can
 call our power to account?—Yet who would have
 thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where
 is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be
 clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that:
 you mar all with this starting.⁸

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you
 should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am
 sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all
 the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
 hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
 charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bo-
 som, for all the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet
 I have known those which have walked in their
 sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-
 gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Ban-
 quo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at
 the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your
 hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to
 bed, to bed. [*Exit LADY MACBETH.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; Unnatural
 deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
 More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
 God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
 Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
 And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
 My mind she has mated,⁹ and amaz'd my sight:
 I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
 [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ 'In so profound abyss I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To crick and to flatterer stopped are.'

⁷ Lady Macbeth, in her dream, imagines herself talk-
 ing to her husband, who (she supposes) had just said
Hell is murky (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in
 consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in
 contempt of his cowardice.—'Hell is murky!—Fye, my
 lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard?' This explanation is
 by Steevens, and appears to me very judicious.

⁸ 'You mar all with this starting.' She is here again
 alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the Ghost broke
 in on the festivity of the banquet.

⁹ 'My mind she has mated.' *Mated*, or *amated*,
 from *matte*, old French, signified to overcome, con-
 found, dismay, or make afraid.

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane. Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANEUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward,¹ and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.²

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough³ youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands, move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil, and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there!⁴

Cath. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the medicin⁵ of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle. Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequence, have pronounc'd me thus: *Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman, Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:⁶ The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag⁷ with doubt, nor shake with fear.

1 Duncan had two sons by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland.—*Holinshed.*

2 By the *mortified man* is meant a religious man; one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it; an ascetic.

3 'And many unrough youths.' This odd expression means *smooth-faced, unbearded.*

4 I. e. when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

5 *The medicin*, the physician. In the Winter's Tale, Camillo is called by Perdita 'the medicin of our house.'

6 Shakespeare derived this thought from *Holinshed*:—'The Scottish people before had no knowledge of nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfeit; yet after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof,' &c. 'those superfluities which came into the realm of Scotland with Englishmen.'—*Hist. of Scotland*, p. 179.

7 To sag, or *strag*, is to hang down by its own weight, or by an overload.

8—*cream-fac'd loon.* This word, which signifies a base affect fellow, is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelt *loven*, and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past participle of *to low* or *abase*. *Low* has the same origin.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!⁸ Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb.

Geese, villain?

Serv.

Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?⁹ Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear.¹⁰ What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have liv'd long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sear,¹¹ the yellow leaf: And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not. Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb.

What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey.

'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horaces, skirr¹² the country round; Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct.

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

Macb.

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;¹³ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow; Raze out the written troubles of the brain; And, with some sweet oblivious antidote, Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff, Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct.

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it:—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me: Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land,¹⁴ find her disease,

9 *Patch*, an appellation of contempt, signifying *fool* or *low wretch*.

10 I. e. they infect others who see them with cowardice. In King Henry V. the King says to the conspirators, 'Your cheeks are paper.'

11 *Sear* is dry, withered. We have the same expression and sentiment in Spenser's *Pastorals*:—

'Also my lustful leaf is drie and sear.'

For 'way of life' Johnston would read 'May of life,' in which he was followed by Steevens and others. Warburton contended for the original reading, and was followed by Mason. At a subsequent period Steevens acquiesced in the propriety of the old reading, *way of life*, which he interprets, with his predecessors, *course* or *progress*. Malone followed the same tract. The fact is that these ingenious writers have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life*.

12 I. e. *scour* the country round.

13 The following very remarkable passage in the *Amadigi* of Bernardo Tasso, which bears a striking resemblance to the words of Macbeth, was first pointed out in Mr. Weber's edition of Ford:—

'Ma chi puote con erbe, od argoment
Guarir l'infermita del intelletto?'

Cant. xxxvi. St. 37.

14 To cast the water was the empiric phrase for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,¹ or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence!—Hearest thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane: A Wood
in view. Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM,
Old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF,
MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE,
and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,²
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,³
Both more and less⁴ have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.⁵
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:⁶
Towards which, advance the war.⁷

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the Castle. Enter,
with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEY-
TON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

1 'What rhubarb, senna.' The old copy reads *cyme*.
The emendation is Rowe's.

2 A similar incident is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in
his Northern History, lib. vii. cap. xx. De Strategemate
Hachonis per Frondes.

3 'For where there is advantage to be given.' Dr.
Johnson thought that we should read:—

'—where there is a *vantage* to be gone.'
i. e. where there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks
desert him. We might perhaps read:—

'—where there is advantage to be *gained*;
and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence
to the text of the old copy.

4 i. e. Greater and less, or high and low, those of all
ranks.

5 'What we shall say we have, and what we owe.'
I think, with Mason, that Siward only means to say, in
more pompous language, that the time approached
which was to decide their fate.

6 *Arbitrate*, determine.

7 It has been understood that local rhymes were in-
troduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a
more pointed exit, or to close the scene with additional
force. Yet, whatever might be Shakspeare's motive for
continuing such a practice, he often seems immediately
to repent of it: and in this tragedy, as in other places,
has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs, which de-

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell⁸ of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.⁹
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;¹⁰
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!¹¹

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling¹² thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pall in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane*;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'll give to a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarm-bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness¹³ on our back.

[*Exeunt,*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A Plain before the Cas-
tle. Enter with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM,
Old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their Army,
with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,

stroy the effect, and defeat the supposed purpose of the
antecedent couplets.

8 '—my fell of hair,' my hairy part, my *capillitium*.

Fell is skin, properly a sheep's skin with the wool on it.

9 'There would have been a time for such a word.'
Macbeth might mean that there would have been a more
convenient time for such a word, for such *intelligence*.

By a word certainly more than a single one was meant.
10 'The last syllable of recorded time' seems to signi-
fy the utmost period fixed in the decrees of heaven for
the period of life. The record of *futurity* is indeed no
accurate expression; but as we only know transactions,
past or present, the language of men affords no term for
the volumes of prescience in which future events may
be supposed to be written.

11 [*Striking him*] says the stage direction in the
margin of all the modern editions: but this stage direc-
tion is not in the old copies: it was first interpolated by
Rowe; and is now omitted on the suggestion of the late
Mr. Kemble. See his Essay on Macbeth and King
Richard III. Lond. 1817, p. 111.

12 To *cling*, in the northern counties, signifies to
shrivel, wither, or dry up. *Chung-wood* is wood of which
the sap is entirely uried or spent. The same idea is
well expressed by Pope in his version of the nineteenth
Iliad, 166:—

'Chung with dry famine, and with toils declin'd.'

13 *Harness*, armour.

And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle, Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son, Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we, Shall take upon us! what else remains to do, According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the Plain. Enter MACBETH.*

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bearlike, I must fight the course.²—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a bot-
ter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant show
thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note,
Seems bruited:³ Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
die⁴

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword;⁵ thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou loost labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air⁶
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life,⁷ which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowl'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter⁸ with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Co-
lours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX,
ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe ar-
riv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt;

He only liv'd but till he was a man:
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:⁹
And so his knell is knoll'd.

1 The first folio reads *upon's*.

2 'But, bearlike, I must fight the course.' This was a phrase at bear-baiting. 'Also you shall see two ten dog courses at the great bear.'—*Antipodes*, by Brome.

3 *Bruited* is reported, *noised* abroad; from *bruit*, Fr.

4 'Why should I play the Roman fool, and die.' Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica.

5 'My voice is in my sword.' Thus Casca, in Julius Caesar:—

'Speak, hands, for me.'

6 'The intrenchant air,' the air which cannot be cut.

7 'I bear a charmed life.' In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

8 'That palter with us in a double sense.' That shuffle with ambiguous expressions.

9 To cry *hold!* was the word of yielding (according to Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 74.), that is when one of the combatants cries so. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by the following passage produced by Mr Tollet: it declares it to be a capital offence 'Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them.'—*Bellay's Instructions for the Wars*, 1599.

10 'When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, "In the fore part," he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine."—*Camden's Remains*.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siu. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on a Pole.¹

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art; Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,²
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense³ of
time,

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you: My thanes and kins-
men,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd.⁴ What's more to do,

1 These words, 'on a pole,' Mr. Steevens added to the stage direction from the Chronicle. The stage directions of the players are often incorrect, and sometimes ludicrous.

2 'Thy kingdom's pearl,' thy kingdom's wealth or ornament. Rowe altered this to *peer's*, without authority.

3 To spend an *expense* of time is, it is true, an awkward expression, yet it is probably correct; for, in the Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 1, Antipholus of Ephesus says 'This jest shall cost me some expense.'

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiendlike queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

THIS play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character: the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable; that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their 'true end.' Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.

4 'Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfar; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before thanes were at this time made earls; as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murray, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus.'—*Holinshead's History of Scotland*, p. 176.

KING JOHN.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS historical play was founded on a former drama, entitled 'The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordellion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Faulconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publickly acted by the Queene's Majesties Players in the honourable Citie of London.' This piece, which was in two parts, was 'printed at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591,' without the author's name: was again republished in 1611, with the letters W. Sh. in the title-page; and afterwards, in 1622, with the name of William Shakspeare at length. It may be found by the curious reader among the 'Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded,' &c. published by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols some years since.

Shakspeare has followed the old play in the conduct of its plot, and has even adopted some of its lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this moley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin and ballad metre; and, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour which, from their particular turn, were most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare. Pope attributes the old play to Shakspeare and Rowley conjointly; but we know not on what foundation. Dr. Farmer thinks there is no doubt that Rowley wrote the old play; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one under his name.

Though, as Johnson observes, King John is not 'written with the utmost power of Shakspeare,' yet it has parts of preeminent pathos and beauty, and characters highly interesting drawn with great force and truth. The scene between John and Hubert is perhaps one of the most masterly and striking which our poet ever penned. The secret workings of the dark and turbulent soul of the usurper, ever shrinking from the full development of his own bloody purpose, the artful expressions of grateful attachment by which he wins Hubert to

do the deed, and the sententious brevity of the close, manifest that consummate skill and wonderful knowledge of human character which are to be found in Shakspeare alone. But what shall we say of that heart-rending scene between Hubert and Arthur? a scene so deeply affecting the soul with terror and pity, that even the sternest bosom must melt into tears; it would perhaps be too overpowering for the feelings, were it not for the 'alleviating influence of the innocence and artless eloquence of the poor child.' His death afterwards, when he throws himself from the prison walls, excites the deepest commiseration for his hapless fate. The maternal grief of Constance, moving the haughty unbending soul of a proud queen and affectionate mother to the very confines of the most hopeless despair, bordering on madness, is no less finely conceived, than sustained by language of the most impassioned and vehement eloquence. How exquisitely beautiful are the following lines:—

'Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.'

Shakspeare has judiciously preserved the character of the Bastard Faulconbridge, which was furnished him by the old play, to alleviate by his comic humour the poignant grief excited by the too painful events of the tragic part of the play. Faulconbridge is a favourite with every one: he is not only a man of wit, but an heroic soldier; and we lean toward him from the first for the good humour he displays in his litigation with his brother respecting the succession to his supposed father:—

'He hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face,
The very spirit of Plantagenet!'

This bespeaks our favour toward him: his courage, his wit, and his frankness secure it.

Schlegel has remarked that, in this play, 'the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn

pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch are evident in the style of the manifesto; conventional dignity is most indispensable when personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge ridicules the secret springs of politics without disapproving them, but frankly confesses that he is endeavouring to make his

fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived.' Our commiseration is a little excited for the fallen and degraded monarch toward the close of the play. The death of the king and his previous suffering are not among the least impressive parts; they carry a pointed moral.

Malone places the date of the composition in 1596.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN:

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, *Son of Geoffrey, late*

Duke of Bretagne, *the elder Brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARSHALL, Earl of Penbroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, *chief Justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGWORD, Earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge:*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER OF POMFRET, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace. Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.*

King John.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty,

The horror'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories; To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: Desiring thee to lay aside the sword, Which sways usurpingly these several titles; And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen³ presage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't; Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exit CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.*]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love!

Which now the manage⁴ of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,

That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman,

Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;

A soldier, by the honour-giving hand

Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

1 In my behaviour probably means 'In the words and action I am now going to use.'

2 Control here means *constraint* or *compulsion*.

3 i. e. gloomy, dismal.

4 i. e. conduct, administration.

5 Shakespeare in adopting the character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, proceeded on the following slight hint:—

'Next time a bastard of the king's decess'd,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.'
The character is compounded of two distinct person-

ages. 'Sub illius temporis curriculo *Falcastrus de Brentis*, Neusteriensis, et apurii ex parte matris, arque Bastardus, qui in villi jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat.' *Mathew Paris.*—Holinshed says that 'Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges to revenge the death of his father.' Perhaps the name of Faulconbridge was suggested by the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, 6:—'One Faulconbridge, th' erle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-hearted man.'

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir? You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king, That is well known; and, as I think, one father: But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother; Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it; That is my brother's plea, and none of mine; The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out At least from fair five hundred pound a year; Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick¹ of Cœur-de-lion's face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;

With that half face would he have all my land:

A half-faced groat² five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores⁴

Between my father and my mother lay

(As I have heard my father speak himself,)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me; and took it, on his death,

That this my mother's son was none of his;

And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

¹ Whether.

² Shakespeare uses the word *trick* generally in the sense of 'a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature.'

³ The poet makes Faulconbridge allude to the silver groats of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which had on them a *half-face* or profile. In the reign of John there were no groats at all, the first being coined in the reign of Edward III.

⁴ This is Homeric, and is thus rendered by Chapman in the first Iliad:—

'— hills enow, and farre-resounding seas

Powre out their shades and deepes betweene.'

⁵ i. e. 'this is a decisive argument.'

⁶ *Lord of thy presence* means *possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance*, resembling thy great progenitor.

⁷ *Sir Robert his* for 'Sir Robert's'; *his*, according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother in legitimate; Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;

In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,¹—

My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-

bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence,² and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert his,³ like him:

And if my legs were too such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings⁴

goes!

And, to⁵ his shape, were heir to all this land,

'Would, I might never stir from off this place,

I'd give it every foot to have this face;

I would not be sir Noo⁶ in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my

chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;

Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose

form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise⁷ more great:

Arise, Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.⁸

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your

hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:

Now blessed be the hour by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am my grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:

What though?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:⁹

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

⁸ Queen Elizabeth coined threepenny, threehalf-

penny, and threefarthing pieces; these pieces all had

her head on the obverse, and some of them a *rose* on

the reverse. Being of silver, they were extremely *thin*;

and hence the allusion. The *roses* stuck in the ear, or

in a lock near it, were generally of ribbon; but Burton

says that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in

the ear. Some gallants had their ears bored and wore

their mistresses' silken shoestrings in them.

⁹ To his shape, i. e. in addition to it.

¹⁰ Robert

¹¹ The old copy reads *rise*.

¹² *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-

name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl

of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-*

stalk in his bonnet.

¹³ These expressions were common in the time of

Shakspeare for being born out of wedlock.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, Sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respectful,¹ and too sociable,
For your conversion.² Now your traveller,³
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;⁴
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why, then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:⁵—*My dear sir*
(*Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,*)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an A B C-book:—
O sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours;
And, so, ere answer knows what question would
(Saying in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mourning spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation:⁶
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?⁷

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother;—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where
is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

1 Good evening.

2 *Respectful* does not here mean *respectful*, as the commentators have explained it, but *considerative*, *re-gardful*.

3 Change of condition.

4 It is said, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that 'a traveller is a good thing after dinner.' In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions.

5 'At my worship's mess' means at that part of the table where I, as a knight, shall be placed. See note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 2.—'Your worship' was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as 'your honour' was to a lord.

6 *My picked man of countries* may be equivalent to *my travelled fop*: *picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquiste* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely*, *pickily*: so that our modern *exquisite* and *dandies* are of the same race.

7 An ABC or *absey-book*, as it was then called, is a *catechism*.

8 I. e. he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

9 Shakespeare probably meant to insinuate that a woman who travels about like a *post* was likely to *horn* her husband.

10 Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of War-

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son? Colbrand the giant,¹⁰ that same mighty man? Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unvenered boy Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert? He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile!

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip?—sparrow!¹¹—James, There's toys abroad;¹² anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco
like!¹³

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy
father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,¹⁴
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

wick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book in the poet's age. Drayton has described the combat very pompously in his *Polyolbion*.

11 The Bastard means 'Philip! Do you take me for a sparrow?' The sparrow was called *Philip* from its note, which was supposed to have some resemblance to that word, 'phip phip the sparrows as they fly.'—*Lyly's Mother Bombe*.

12 I. e. rumours, idle reports.

13 This is a piece of satire on the stupid old drama of Soliman and Perseda, printed in 1599, which had probably become the butt for stage sarcasm. In this piece there is a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown and seen through that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates; thus:—

Bas. O, I swear, I swear.

Pist. By the contents of this blade,—

Bas. By the contents of this blade,—

Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco—

Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, knight.

Pist. *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*.

14 Shakespeare alludes to the fabulous history of King Richard I. which says that he derived his appellation of *Cœur de Lion* from having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he had been exposed by the Duke of Austria for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. The story is related in several of the old chronicles, as well as in the old metrical romance.

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. Before the Walls of Angiers.
Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria,¹ and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance,² hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more³ requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war:
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

¹ Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the date of the events upon which this play turns. The cause of the enmity between Richard and the Duke of Austria is variously related by the old chroniclers. Shakespeare has been led into this anachronism by the old play of King John.

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient⁴ to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate,⁵ stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now, the English bottoms have waft⁶ o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath⁷ in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums

[Drums beat.]

Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France: if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that heat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought⁸ his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence⁹ of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief¹¹ into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great com-
mission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal¹² judge, that stirs
good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse it; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

2 Importunity.

3 i. e. greater.

4 To mark the best stations to overawe the town.

5 Immediate, expeditious.

6 The Goddess of Revenge.

7 Waft for wafted.

8 Damage, harm, hurt.

9 Undetermined.

10 Succession.

11 A short writing, abstract, or description

12 Celestial.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.²

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.³

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.⁴
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;⁵
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes⁶ upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it! grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it! grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil! that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r^t she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

1 'Surely (says Holinshed,) Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in behalfe of the child; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would look to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her son should come of lawful age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary.'

2 Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis the VIIIth, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards, in 1151, married our King Henry II.

3 Alluding to the usual proclamation for silence made by criers in the courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-yes*. Austria had just said *Peace*!

4 Austria, who had killed King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him. This was the ground of the Bastard's quarrel.

5 The proverb alluded to is 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insulant.'—*Erasmus Adagia*.

6 Theobald thought that we should read *Alcides' shoes*; but Malone has shown that the shoes of Her-

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth;

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;⁷
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim!⁸

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.⁹

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here.

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordnance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been disshabited, and wide havoc made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

cules were very frequently introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. Theobald supposed that the shoes must be placed on the back of the ass, instead of upon his hoofs, and therefore proposed his alteration.

7 Bustle.

8 Whether.

9 The key to this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the second commandment of 'visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother, but also by her in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is plagued on her account, and with her plague, which is her sin, i.e. (taking by a common figure the cause for the consequence) the penalty entailed upon it. His injury, or the evil he suffers, her sin brings upon him, and her injury or the evils she inflicts he suffers from her, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it.

10 i.e. to encourage. It is a term taken from archery

See note on the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. 2

11 Conference

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
Forewearied¹ in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes² it ; namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
And, with a blessed and unwev'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure³ of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not : but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Their God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phi. Amen, Amen !—Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence ;—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah [To Austria], with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,⁴
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Bast. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so ;—[To Lewis] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Alarums and Excursions ; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. 'You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground !
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;

King John, your king and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day !
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;⁵
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,⁶ come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured !⁷
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows ;

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
fronted power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest ; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power ;
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard ; at the other,
KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run⁸ on ?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

— Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood.⁹

⁷ It was anciently one of the savage practices of the chase for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy.

⁸ Estimated, judged, determined. Shakspeare should have written, 'whose superiority, or whose inequality cannot be censured.'

⁹ The first folio reads *room* : the change was made in the second folio.

¹ Worn out. ² Owns.

³ Roundure, from *rondeur*, Fr. ; circle.

⁴ So in the old play of King John :—

'But let the frolic Frenchman take no scorn
If Philip fronts him with an English horn.'

⁵ Johnson observes 'This speech is very poetical and smooth, and, except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing the earth, is just and beautiful.'

⁶ Shakspeare has used this image in *Macbeth*, Act. ii. Sc. 3 :—

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
And now he feasts, mousing¹ the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry, havoc, kings ! back to the stained field,
You equal potents,² fiery-kindled spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your king ?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here ;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this ;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :
King'd of our fears ;³ until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles⁴ of Angiers flout you, kings ;

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;
Do like the mutines⁵ of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
Till their soul-fearing⁶ clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, disserve your united strength,
And part your mingled colours once again ;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion ;

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?

Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

¹ Mr. Pope changed this to *mounting*, and was followed by subsequent editors. '*Mousing*,' says Malone, 'is marmocking and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse.' 'Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses.'—*The Wonderful Year*, by Decker, 1603.—Shakspeare often uses familiar terms in his most serious speeches ; and Malone has adduced other instances in this play : but in this very speech 'his dead *chaps*' is surely not more elevated than *mousing*.

² Potentates.

³ The old copy reads '*Kings of our fear, &c.*' The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. '*Kings'd of our fears*,' i. e. our fears being our kings or rulers. It is manifest that the reading of the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their fears should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they kings or

I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground—
Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :'
[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to't :—Come, away, away !

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings ! vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field ;
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter therè of Spain, the lady
Blanch,⁷

Is near to England ; Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?

If zealous⁸ love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete :

If not complete, O say, he is not she ;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he :

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she ;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in :

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controuling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,

To our fast-closed gates : for, at this match,

With swifter spleen⁹ than powder can enforce,

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,

And give you entrance ; but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion ; no, not death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,¹¹

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death

masters of their fears, because in the next line mention is made of these fears being *depos'd*.

⁴ *Escrouelles*, Fr. scabby fellows.

⁵ The *mutines* are the mutineers, the seditious.

⁶ i. e. *soul-appalling* ; from the verb to *fear*, to make afraid.

⁷ The poet has made Faulconbridge forget that he had made a similar mistake.

⁸ The Lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

⁹ *Zealous* for pious.

¹⁰ *Spleen* is used by Shakspeare for any violent hurry or tumultuous speed. In a *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning.

¹¹ A *stay* here seems to mean a *supporter of a cause* 'Here's an extraordinary partisan or maintainer that shakes,' &c. Barct translates *columen vel firmamen*

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and
bounce:

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their
souls

Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been for-
ward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely
son,

Can in this book of beauty read,¹ I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
face.

Lev. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow;
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table² of her eye.

(*Whispers with BLANCH.*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart?—he doth espie
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you;
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say
you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak, then, prince Dauphin; can you
love this lady?

Lev. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

For I do love her most unfeign'dly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,³ Touraine,
Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close
your hands.⁴

Aust. And your lips, too; for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.⁵

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;

For, at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lev. She is sad and passionate⁶ at your high-
ness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we
have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.⁷

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

(*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens
retire from the Walls.*)

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed⁸ with a part:
And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded⁹ in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

tum reipublica by 'the stay, the chiefe mainteyner and
succour of,' &c. It has been proposed to read, 'Here's
a say,' i. e. a speech; and it must be confessed that it
would agree well with the tenor of the subsequent part
of Faulconbridge's speech.

¹ So in Pericles:—

'Her face the book of praises,' &c.

² The table is the plain surface on which any thing
is depicted or written. *Tablette*, Fr. Our ancestors
called their memorandum-books a pair of writing tables.
Vide Baretti's Alvearie, 1575, Letter T. No. 2.

³ This is the ancient name for the country now called
the *Vexin*, in Latin *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of
it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute between Philip
and John. This and the subsequent line (except the
words 'do I give') are taken from the old play.

⁴ See Winter's Tale, Act i. Sc. 2.

⁵ Affianced, contracted.

⁶ *Passionate* here means *agitated, perturbed*, a prey
to mournful sensations, not moved or disposed to anger.
Thus in the old play, entitled, *The true Tragedie of*
Richard Duke of York, 1600:—

'—Tell me, good madam,

'Why is your grace so *passionate* of late?'

⁷ Advantage.

⁸ To *part* and *depart* were formerly *synonymous*.
So in Cooper's Dictionary, v. 'communico, to commu-
nicate or *depart* a thing I have with another.'

⁹ To *round* or *roven* in the ear is to *whisper*; from
the Saxon *runian*, *susurrare*. The word and its etymo-
logy is fully illustrated by Casaubon, in his *Treatise de*
Ling. Saxonica, and in a Letter by Sir H. Spelman,
published in Wormius, *Literatura Runicæ*, Hafnise,
1651, p. 4.

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity:—

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wou'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch¹ my hand,
When his fair angels² would salute my palm:
But for³ my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.**Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.*

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man;
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable⁴ of fears.
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering⁵ o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless⁶ stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart,⁷ prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and King John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.¹⁰
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holiday!—

[*Rising*]
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high titles,¹¹ in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;¹²
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:

ground. The present division, which was made by Theobald, is certainly right.

⁶ Capable is susceptible.

⁷ This seems to have been limited by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:—

'Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
Like a proud river, overflow their bounds.'

⁸ Unightly.

⁹ *Swart* is dark, dusky. *Prodigious* is portentous so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil.

¹⁰ The old copy reads, 'makes its owner stoop.' The emendation is Sir T. Haumer's.

¹¹ Solemn seasons, times to be observed above others.
¹² In allusion to Job iii. 3.—'Let the day perish,' &c.; and v. 6, 'Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.'

¹ *Commodity is interest, advantage.* So Baret:—
'What fruite or *commoditie* had he by this his friendship?' *Alvarie*, Letter C. 867. The construction of this passage, though harsh to modern ears, is—'*Commodity*, he that wins of all,—he that cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity.'

Henderson has adduced a passage from Cupid's Whirligig, 1607, which happily illustrates the word *bias* in this passage:—

'O, the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs
All on the rich men's sides.'

² Clapp. ³ Coin. ⁴ I. e. but *canave*.

⁵ In the old copy, the Second Act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd;¹
But² on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,³
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
tried,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a
war.

O Lymoges! O Austria!⁴ thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward,

Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd, too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.⁵

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.⁶

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget
thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven:—

1 i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

2 But for *unless*; its exceptive sense of *be out*. In the ancient almanacs the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains are distinguished, among a number of particulars of the like importance.

3 i. e. a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A counterfeit formerly signified also a *portrait*. The word seems to be here used equivocally.

4 Shakspeare, in the person of Austria, has conjoined the two well known enemies of Richard Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition (in 1193); but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell (in 1199), belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges. The archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. Austria in the old play is called Lymoges, the Austrian duke. Holinshed says, 'The same year Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honour of Coniacke, killed the viscount of Lymoges in revenge of his father's death,' &c.

5 Sir John Hawkins thought that there was here a sarcastic intention of calling Austria a *fool*; he says that a calf-skin coat was anciently the dress of a fool. It is more probable, as Ritson observes, that she means

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,⁷
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:

So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in
this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Chris-
tendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:

And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!

Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no
right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;

For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

to call him a coward; she tells him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's. A *calf-hearted fellow* is still used for a dastardly person.

6 Pope inserted the following lines from the old play here, which he thought necessary 'to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:—

'*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,

Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews
shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil;
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,

Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

And split thy heart for wearing it so long.

7 What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads *earthly*. The emendation was Pope's. It has also *task* instead of *task* in the next line, which was substituted by Theobald. Johnson observes that this must have been a very captivating scene at the time of our struggles with popery

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.¹

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome,

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed² bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well,

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet loot.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength and sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:—
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,³
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?⁴
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm:
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

1 This may be a proverbial sarcasm; but the allusion is now lost.

2 Trim is dress. *Comptus virgineus* is explained by the dictionaries, 'The attire of maidens, or maidenly trimming.' An untrimmed bridle may therefore mean a bride undressed or disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress.

3 I. e. so strong both in hatred and love; in deeds of amity or deeds of blood.

4 A regret is an exchange of salutation.

Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased⁵ lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;⁶

But thou hast sworn, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again: though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou

swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;⁷

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first:

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;

But, in despair, die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day!

Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth? even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,

Made virtuous with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven.
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive

may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

5 A cased lion is a lion irritated by confinement.

6 'Where doing tends to ill,' where an intended act is criminal, the truth is most done by not doing the act. The criminal act therefore, which thou hast sworn to do, is not amiss, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done truly, in the sense I have now affixed to truth; that is, if you do not do it.

7 By what thou swear'st, &c. 'In swearing by religion against religion, thou hast sworn by what thou swear'st; i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, against the thing thou swear'st by; i. e. religion.'

Leu. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may now wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Leu. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-
ther,— [Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms
let's hie! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*
Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
AUSTRIA'S Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
hot;

Some airy devil¹ hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip,² make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not:

But on, my liege: for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. Alarums; Excursions;*
Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR,
the Bastard, HUBERT, and LORDS.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
behind, [To ELINOR.]

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To ARTHUR.]

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard,] away for
England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots: angels³ imprisoned

Set thou at liberty; the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle⁴ shall not drive me
back;

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,⁵

To give me audience:—If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto⁶ the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes;)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit⁷ alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of brooded⁸ watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But ah, I will not:—Yet, I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I'd do't.

1 There is a minute description of numerous devils or spirits, and their different functions, in Nash's *Pierce Penniless* his Supplication, 1592, where we find the following passage:—'The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that suddenly great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone.'

2 Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of *Sir Richard*, calls him by his former name. Shakspeare has followed the old plays, and the best authenticated history. The queen mother, whom King John had made regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army, with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief, which he immediately did. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

3 Gold coin of that name.

4 It appears from Johnson's *Ecclesiastical Laws*, that sentence of excommunication was to be 'explained in order in English, with *bells tolling* and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences.'

5 Showy ornaments.

6 The old copy reads *into*, the emendation is *Theobald's*.

7 Conception.

8 Pope proposed to read *brood-eyed*, instead of *brooded*. The alteration, it must be confessed, is elegant, but unnecessary. The allusion is to the vigilance of animals while brooding, or with a brood of young ones under their protection. *Brooded* may be used for *brooding*, as *delighted* for *delighting*, and *discontented* for *discontenting*, in other places of these plays. To sit on brood, or abroad, is the old term applied to birds during the period of incubation. All the metaphorical uses of the verb to brood are common to the Latin *incubo*.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Elk. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado² of convicted³ sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperato order in so fierce a cause,⁴
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—⁵
I prythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy⁶ all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath⁷ with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st.
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot bear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern⁸ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance: I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were!

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself;

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O, what love I

note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glew themselves in sociable grief;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.⁹

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,

O that these hands could so redeem my son

As they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday expire,¹⁰

There was not such a gracious¹¹ creature born,

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.¹²

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,¹³

5 '—the vile prison of afflicted breath' is the body; the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.

6 To *defy* formerly signified to *refuse*, to *reject*.

7 I do *defy* thy commiseration.—*Romeo and Juliet*.

8 I. e. common.

9 Probably Constance in despair means to apostrophize the absent King John:—'Take my son to England if you will.'

10 To *expire* Shakespeare uses for to *breathe*.

11 *Gracious* is used by Shakespeare often in the sense of *beautiful*, *comely*, *graceful*. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, shows that this was no uncommon signification; he explains *gratioso*, *graceful*, *gracious*, also *comely*, *fine*, *well-favoured*, *gentle*.

12 To the same purpose Macduff observes:—

'He has no children.'

13 'Perfrukur lachrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.'

Lucan, l. ix.

1 King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. 'This is one of those scenes (says Steevens) to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties.'

2 *Armado* is a fleet of war; the word is adopted from the Spanish, and the recent defeat of the Spanish armada had made it familiar.

3 *Convicted* is vanquished, overcome. To *convince* and *convict* were synonymous.

4 A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. *Fierce* wretchedness in Timon of Athens is *hastily*, sudden misery.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.—
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*]
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,¹
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's²
 taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil:
 What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
 No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
 'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
 John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots;³ the time conspires with you:

For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,

Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,

1 'For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.' Psalm xc.

2 The old copy reads *words*. The alteration was made by Pope. Malone thinks that it is unnecessary; and that by the *sweet word, life* is meant. Steevens prefers Pope's emendation, which is countenanced by Hamlet's

'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!'

3 'John lays you plots.' A similar phrase occurs in the First Part of King Henry VI. —

'He writes me here.'

4 The old copy reads *scope*. The emendation is Pope's. Shakspeare finely calls a monstrous birth an *escape of nature*, as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing.

5 *Hurly* is *tumult*.

6 The image is taken from the manner in which birds

To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scape⁴ of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly⁵ all on foot;

And, O, what better-matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call⁶

To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow,⁷ tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,

What may be wrought out of their discontent:

Now that their souls are topfull of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong⁸ actions: Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton.⁹ *A Room in the Castle,*
Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot: and, look thou stand

Within the arras:¹⁰ when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth!

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,

Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attendant. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title

To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness.¹¹ By my christendom,¹²

are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.

7 Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.

8 The first folio reads *strange*; the second folio *strong*.

9 There is no circumstance, either in the original play or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which Arthur is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned merely because, in the first act, King John seems to have been in that town. It has already been stated that Arthur was in fact confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death.

10 Tapestry.

11 This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of his time by Shakspeare: which Lyly also ridicules in his *Midas*:—'Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fables*, says he is *melancholy*.' Again: '*Melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says he is *melancholy*.'

12 i. e. by my *baptism*. The use of this word for

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, 'tis not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.]
How now, foolish rheum! [Aside.]

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your
grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat' red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

christening or baptism is not peculiar to Shakespeare; it was common in his time. Hearne has published a *Pronome* from a MS. of Henry the Seventh's time, in the glossary to Robert of Gloucester in a note on the word *midwinter*, by which it appears that it was the ancient orthography. The childer *ryzt schape & chrystyn-dome*. It is also used by Lyly, Fanshawe, Harington, and Fairfax.

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word;
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
I Attendant. I am best pleas'd to be from such a
deed. [Exeunt Attendants.]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,²
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes:³ See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre⁴ him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:⁵
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu:
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely⁶ in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A Room of State in the
Palace. Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King
takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

1 The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in Shakespeare's time. 'He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*.'—*Daniel*, iii. 19.

2 'This is according to nature,' says Johnson. 'We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.'

3 'The fire being *created*, not to hurt, but to *comfort*, is *dead* with *grief* for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not *deserved*.'

4 i. e. *stimulate*. *set him on*.

5 Owns.

6 i. e. secretly, privately.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous :¹ you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard² a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beautiful eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;³
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about :
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness :⁴
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,⁵
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness

To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,⁶
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall induce you with : Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound⁷ the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies), heartily request
The enfranchisement⁸ of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong), should move you to mew up⁹
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ?¹⁰
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,

1 i. e. this one time more, was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the fourth time.

2 To guard is to ornament.

3 Shakespeare has here repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin ;—

'Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

4 i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager desire of excelling.

5 Fault means blemish.

6 Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c.

7 To declare, to publish the purposes of all, &c

8 Releasement.

9 The construction of this passage is 'If you have a good title to what you have now in rest (i. e. quiet), why then is it that your fears should move you ?' &c.

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,¹¹
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd¹² the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent ;
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death —

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

Mess. From France to England.¹³—Never such
a power

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land !
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk ?

Where hath it slept ?¹⁴ Where is my mother's care ?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died

10 In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. Mental improvement might have been had in a prison as well as any where else.

11 The purpose of the king, to which Salisbury alludes, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might be still a conflict in the king's mind.—

'Between his purpose and his conscience.'

12 i. e. 'ow'd the breadth of all this isle.' The two last variorum editions erroneously read 'breath for breadth,' which is found in the old copy.

13 The king asks how all goes in France ; the messenger catches the word goes, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England.

14 So in Macbeth :—

'—Was the hope drunk
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since ?'

Your noble mother ; And, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France !—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was
amaz'd¹

Under the tide ; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet,² that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety,³ and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?
Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
full of it :

Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot
before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*]

1 i. e. how ill my affairs go in France.

2 Astonied, stunned, confounded, are the ancient
synonyms of *amazed*, *obstupefiesco*.

3 This man was a hermit in great repute with the common
people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have
fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly
dragged at horses' tails through the streets of
Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to
have been even more innocent than his father, hanged
afterwards upon a gibbet. *Holinshed*, in anno 1213.—
Speed says that Peter the hermit was snubbed by the
pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this
purpose.

4 i. e. to safe custody.

5 This may be compared with a spirited passage in
Edward III. Capel's Provisions, p. 75:—

'Our men, with open mouths and staring eyes,
Look on each other, as they did attend.

K. John. Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman.—

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.
[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about

The other four, in wondrous manner.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths ;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;

And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,⁴

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),⁵

Told of a thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him ; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not pro-
voke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :

And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.⁶

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done ! Hadest not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted,⁷ and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind :

But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
a pause,⁸

Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks ;
A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking region.⁹

6 This passage, which called forth the antiquarian
knowledge of so many learned commentators, is now,
from the return of the fashion of *right and left shoes*,
become intelligible without a note.

7 Deliberate consideration.

8 To quote is to note or mark.

9 There are many touches of nature in this conference
of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness
would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt
to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against
Hubert are not words of art or policy, but the eruptions
of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and
desirous of discharging its misery on another. This
account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsa reces-
sibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind ;
particularly that line in which he says, that to have bid

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murder's thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.³

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle. Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down!⁴

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

him tell his tale in express words would have struck him dumb: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subtleties.—Johnson.

1 The old copy reads 'As bid me,' &c. Malone made the correction, in which I concur; though as frequently is used for *that*, *which*. See Julius Cæsar, Act. i. Sc. 2.

2 Expeditious.

3 The old play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* is divided into two parts; the first of which concludes with the king's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with *Enter Arthur*, &c. as in the following scene.

4 Shakspeare has followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris relating the event, uses the word *evanuit*; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France, Whose private with me,⁵ of the Dauphin's love, Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er⁶ we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of us; We will not line his thin bestained cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks: Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason⁸ now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true: to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing ARTHUR

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave, Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame, The wildest savagry, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage, Presented to the tears of soft remorse.⁹

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this: And this, so sole, and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegotten sins of time,¹⁰ And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Exemplary by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand, If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathless excellence

The incense of a vow, a holy vow;

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned.

5 Private account.

6 The use of *or* for *ere*, *before*, is at least as old as Chaucer's time. *Ere ever*, *or ever*, *or ere*, is, in modern English, *sooner than at any time*; *before ever*: and this is the sense in which Shakspeare and our elder writers constantly use the phrase.

7 i. e. ruffled, out of humour.

8 To reason, in Shakspeare, is not so often to argue as to talk.

9 Pity.

10 The old copy reads *sin of times*. The emendation is Pope's.

'Till I have set a glory to this head,¹
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.²

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true³ defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;⁴
Yet I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-
bridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse⁵ and innocence.
Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:⁶
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,——

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.——

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embowd in this beautiful clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—

I am amaz'd,⁷ methinks; and lose my way

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven: and England now is left

To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The unwoven interest⁸ of proud-swelling state.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,

And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace:

Now powers from home, and discontents at home,

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits

(As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast.)

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture⁹ can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,

And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,

And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULF, with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand.

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the Crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet
the French;

And from his holiness use all your power

To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties¹⁰ do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

this passage, which he explains—'Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer.' By 'Do not prove me so,' Hubert means 'do not provoke me, or try my patience so.' This was a common acceptance of the word. 'To assay, to prove, to try, to tempt one to do evil.' *Bart.* in v. Prove.

5 Pity.

6 So in the old play:—

'Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell

Hangs on performance of this damned deed;

This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,

Ensareth Satan chieftain of thy soul.'

7 I. e. confounded.

8 I. e. the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one. On the death of Arthur, the right to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.

9 Girdle.

10 Counties here most probably mean, not the divisions of the kingdom, but the lords and nobility in general.

1 The old copy reads, "'Till I have set a glory to this hand.' This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. Pope thought that we should read 'a glory to this head,' pointing to the head of the dead prince, and using *worship* in its common acceptance. A *glory* is a circle of rays, such as is represented surrounding the heads of saints and other holy persons. The solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. Gray, the poet (says Dr. Farmer,) was much pleased with this correction. The old reading has been explained, 'till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.'

2 So in *Othello*—'Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them.' Both Faulconbridge and *Othello* speak contemptuously. 'You have shown that your sword is bright, and now you may put it up again; you shall not use it.'

3 Honest defence, defence in a good cause.

4 Dr. Johnson has, I think, mistaken the sense of

This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
But, since you are a gentle convertite,¹
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the
prophet

Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :
I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds
out,

But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets ;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,²
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.³

Away ; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field :⁴
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
O, let it not be said !—Forge,⁵ and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with
me,

And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

¹ Convert.

² Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of
Antony, in *All for Love* :—

'An empty circle, since the jewel's gone.'

³ So in *King Richard II.* :—

'A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.'

⁴ So in *Macbeth* :—

'Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it' the hall together.'

⁵ Thus in *Hamlet* :—

— such a sight as this
Becomes the field.'

⁵ *Forge* here seems to mean to range abroad ;
which Dr. Johnson says is its original sense : but *four-*
rage, the French source of it, is formed from the low
Latin *foderagium*, food : the sense of ranging therefore
appears to be secondary.

⁶ We have the same image in *Macbeth* :—

'Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.'

From these two passages Gray formed the first lines of
his 'Bard.'

⁷ I. e. I know that our party is able to cope with one

Bast. O inglorious league !

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,⁶
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present
time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage ; yet, I
know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.⁷ [Exit.

SCENE II. A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent⁸ to these lords again ;
That having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many : O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker ; O and there.
Where honourable rescue and defence ;
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends !
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger⁹ march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot¹⁰ of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here ?
What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth¹¹ thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple¹² thee unto a Pagan shore ;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it¹³ so unneighbourly !

yet prouder, and more confident of its strength than
theirs.

⁸ I. e. the rough draught of the original treaty. In
King Richard II. the scrivener employed to engross the
indictment of Lord Hastings says, 'It took him eleven
hours to write it, and that the precedent was full as long
a doing.'

⁹ Shakespeare often uses *stranger* as an adjective.
See the last scene :—

'Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.'

¹⁰ I. e. the stain.

¹¹ To clip is to embrace ; not yet obsolete in the
northern counties.

¹² The old copy reads *cripple*. The emendation was
made by Pope. The poet alludes to the wars carried on
by the Christian princes in the Holy Land against the
Saracens, where the united armies of France and Eng-
land might have laid their animosities aside and fought
in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against bre-
thren and countrymen.

¹³ Shakespeare here employs a phraseology used be-
fore in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :—

'And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight.'

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!¹
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,²
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:³
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,⁴
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?

1 This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which according to Salisbury's opinion (who in his preceding speech calls it an enforced cause) could only be procured by foreign arms; and the brave respect was the love of country.

2 'This windy tempest till it blow up rain'

Hold back his sorrow's tide.—*Rape of Lucrece.*

3 In what I have now said an angel spake: for see, the holy legate approaches to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of right, to our cause.

4 Appropriated.

5 This was the phraseology of the time:—

'He hath more worthy interest to the state,
'Than thou the shadow of succession.'

King Henry IV. Part II.

6 I. e. passed along the banks of the river. Thus in the old play:—

— from the hollow holes of Thamesis
Echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*

Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi! as I have bank'd their towns?⁷
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,⁸
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak;—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king:
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepar'd; and unreason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That band, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;⁹
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,¹⁰
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,¹¹
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the wound
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their trimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave,¹² and turn thy face in peace:

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

From thence along the wanton rolling glade
To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.¹³
We still say to coast and to flank; and to bank has no
less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern
usage.

7 I. e. assembled it, drew it out of the field.

8 Face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity
So before:—

— outface the brow
Of bragging horror.

9 The old copies read *unheard*: the emendation is
Theobald's. It should be remarked that *hair* was often
spelt *hear*.

10 To take, for to leap. Hunters still say to take a
hedge or gate, meaning to leap over them. Baret has
'to take horse, to leap on horseback.'

11 I. e. the crowing of a cock; *Gallus* being both a
cock and a Frenchman.

12 Nest

13 Needles.

14 Boast

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest; and our being here.

Bas. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bas. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle.*
Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the ab-
bey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,¹
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard² but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burms me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesses me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same.*
Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left
the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;³
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John, and fall before his foot:

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He⁴ means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar of Saint Edmund's Bury;

¹ Supply is here used as a noun of multitude, as it is again in scene v.

² The king had not long since called him by his original name of *Philip*, but the messenger could not take the same liberty.

³ A proverbial expression intimating treachery.

⁴ The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis means, &c.

⁵ i. e. *dissolveth*.

⁶ Rankness, as applied to a river, here signifies exuberant, ready to overflow; as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party it signifies wanton wildness. Petulantia.

⁷ Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth⁷ from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false; since it is true

That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-weari'd sun,—

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;

The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field;

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form

Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight;

And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our rankness⁸ and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;

For I do see the cruel pangs of death

Right⁷ in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New

flight!

And happy newness,⁸ that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp. Enter*
LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath
to set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,

When the English measur'd backward their own
ground,

In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our needless shot;

After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

And wound our tott'ring⁹ colours clearly up.

Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English
lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,

As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,

King John did fly, an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

⁷ Immediate.

⁸ Innovation.

⁹ *Tott'ring* colours is the reading of the old copy, which was unnecessarily altered to *tatter'd* by Johnson, who is followed by the subsequent editors. To totter, in old language, was to waver, to shake with a tremulous motion as colours would do in the wind. It is obvious that *tatter'd* cannot be the right word, for how could their *tatter'd* colours be *clearly wound up*? 'To tottre' (says Baret,) nutare, vacillare, see shake and wagge.' The colours were waving in the wind during the battle, and were wound up at the close of it.

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter,¹ and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey. Enter the Bastard and HERBERT, meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect² thought: I will, upon all hazards, well believe, Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well: Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please, Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,³

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me, That any accent, breaking from thy tongue, Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night, Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news; I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:⁴ I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil; that you might The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure⁵ known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain, Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven, And tempt us not to bear above our power!— I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, These Lincoln washes have devoured them;

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away, before! conduct me to the king; I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey. Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak: and holds belief,

That, being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*]

Pem. He is more patient Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes, In their continuance, will not feel themselves. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them insensible;⁶ and his siege is now Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies; Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death; And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born To set a form upon that indigest Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.⁷

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN in a Chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now, my soul hath elbow room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom, That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment; and against this fire Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come, To thrust his icy fingers in my marrow;⁸ Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips, And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,

the variorum editions for his argument, and Steevens's vein of pleasant irony upon it.

⁹ A description of Chaos, almost in the very words of Ovid:—

Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestaque moles.—*Met. i.* Which Chaos high a huge rude heap:— No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapeless world did view. *Golding's Translation.*

¹⁰ This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *A Wife for a Month*, Act iv. Decker, in the *Gull's Hornbook*, has the same thought:—'the morning waxing cold thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosom.' Perhaps Shakspeare was acquainted with the following passages in two of Marlowe's plays, which must both have been written previous to *King John*, for Marlowe died in 1593:—

'O I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast, And made a frost within me.'—*Lupe's Dominion.*
'O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen, Fetch me some water for my burning breast, To cool and comfort me with longer date.' *Tamburlaine, 1591.*

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus:—
'Philip, some drink. O for the frozen Alps To tumble on, and cool this inward heat— That rageth as a furnace seven-folk.'

¹ I. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations.

² I. e. a well informed one.

³ The old copy reads 'endless night.' The emendation was made by Theobald.

⁴ Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wylkes is the first who mentions it in his *Chronicle* as a report. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever.

⁵ I. e. less speedy, after some delay.

⁶ Prince Henry was only nine years old when his father died.

⁷ *Continuance* here means *continuity*. Bacon uses it in that sense also. So Baret, 'If the disease be of any continuance, if it be an old and settled disease.' I should not have thought this passage needed elucidation, had not Malone proposed to read 'in thy continuance.'

⁸ The old copy reads *invisibile*. Sir T. Hanmer proposed the reading admitted into the text. Malone has endeavoured to elaborate a meaning out of the old reading but without success. I must refer the reader to

I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,¹
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent emotion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered:
And then all this thou seest, is but a cloud,
And module² of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward:
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.³ [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,

¹ Narrow, avaricious.

² *Module* and *model* were only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype, after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype, a *copy*. Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, explains '*model*, the platform, or form of any thing.'

³ This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

⁴ In crastino S. Lucae Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newark obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigornien.

Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred:⁴

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.⁶ [*Exeunt.*]

THE tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

niensi inter corpora S. Oswaldi et sancti [Wolstani] Chronic. sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstable, edit. a T. Hearne, t. i. p. 173. A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

⁵ 'As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the time in superfluous sorrow.'

⁶ This sentiment may have been borrowed from the following passage in the old play:—

'Let England live but true within herself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.'

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN the construction of this play Shakspeare has followed Holinshed, his usual historical authority, some passages of the Chronicle he has transplanted into the drama with very little alteration.

It has been suspected that there was an old play on the subject of King Richard II. which the poet might have seen. Sir Gillie Merrick, who was concerned in the harebrained business of the Earl of Essex, is accused of having procured to be played before the conspirators 'the play of the deposing of Richard the Second; when

it was told him by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was? It seems probable, from a passage in the State Trials, quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, that this old play bore the title of King Henry IV., and not King Richard II., and it could not be Shakspeare's King Henry IV., as that commences a year after the death of King Richard. 'It may seem strange says Malone) that this old play should have

been represented after Shakspeare's drama on the same subject had been printed: the reason undoubtedly was, that in the old play the deposing of King Richard II. made a part of the exhibition: but in the first edition of Shakspeare's play, one hundred and fifty-four lines, describing a kind of trial of the king, and his actual deposition in parliament, were omitted: nor was it probably represented on the stage. Merrick, Cuffe, and the rest of Essex's train, naturally preferred the play in which his deposition was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen. It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament scene, as it is called, which was first printed in the 4to of 1608, was an addition made by Shakspeare to this play after its first representation: but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest, and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth; against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year, exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her. In 1599 Hayward published his History of the first year of King Henry IV. which is in fact nothing more than a history of the deposing of King Richard II. The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play, which was published in 1602.* Hayward was heavily censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison. In 1603, when James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne, and the fear of internal commotion, or foreign invasion, no longer subsisted, neither the author, the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller, could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign; the rejected scene was therefore restored without scruple, and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press.†

Malone places the date of its composition in 1593; Mr. Chalmers in 1596. The play was first entered on the stationers' books by Andrew Wise, August 29, 1597; and there were four quarto editions published during the life of Shakspeare, viz. in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615.

This play may be considered the first link in the chain

of Shakspeare's historical dramas, which Schlegel thinks the poet designed to form one great whole, 'as it were an historical heroic poem, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies.'

In King Richard the Second the poet exhibits to us a noble kingly nature, at first obscured by levity and the errors of unbridled youth, and afterwards purified by misfortune, and rendered more highly splendid and illustrious. When he has lost the love and reverence of his subjects, and is on the point of losing also his throne, he then feels with painful inspiration the elevated vocation of the kingly dignity, and its prerogatives over personal merit and changeable institutions. When the earthly crown has fallen from off his head, he first appears as a king whose innate nobility no humiliation can annihilate. This is felt by a poor groom: he is shocked that his master's favourite horse should have carried the proud Bolingbroke at his coronation: he visits the captive king in his prison, and shames the desertion of the great. The political history of the deposition is represented with extraordinary knowledge of the world; —the ebb of fortune on the one hand, and the swelling tide on the other, which carries every thing along with it; while Bolingbroke acts as a king, and his adherents behave towards him as if he really were so, he still continues to give out that he comes with an armed band, merely for the sake of demanding his birthright and the removal of abuses. The usurpation has been long completed before the word is pronounced, and the thing publicly avowed. John of Gaunt is a model of chivalrous truth: he stands there like a pillar of the olden time which he had outlived.‡

This drama abounds in passages of eminent poetical beauty; among which every reader will recollect the pathetic description of Richard's entrance into London with Bolingbroke, of which Dryden said that 'he knew nothing comparable to it in any other language;' John of Gaunt's praise of England,

'Dear for her reputation through the world;' and Mowbray's complaint at being banished for life.

† Malone's Chronology of Shakspeare's plays.

‡ Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. II p. 224.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND of Langley, Duke of York, } *Uncles to the*
JOHN of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } *King.*

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.

BUSHY,

BAGOT, } *Creatures to King Richard.*

GREEN,

Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, his Son.

Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

SIR PIERCE of Exton. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP, Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace. Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles with him.*

King Richard.

OLD¹ John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,²
Brought hither Henry Hereford³ thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

I 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.' Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as *old* whom we should now esteem as *middle-aged*. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, at the period when the commencement of this play is laid (1398), was only fifty-eight years old: he died in 1399, aged fifty-nine. This may have arisen from its being customary in former times to enter life at

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily as a good subject should,

On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

an earlier period than we do now. Those who married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years.

2 When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. *Band* and *bond* were formerly synonymous.

3 In the old play, and in Harding's Chronicle, Bolingbroke's title is written *Hereford* and *Harford*. This was the pronunciation of our poet's time, and he therefore uses this word as a dissyllable.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence, face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak :—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE¹ and NORFOLK.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come:²
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record of my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live:
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword³
may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable⁴
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my
gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:

1 Drayton asserts that Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. He is called earl of Hereford by the old historians, and was surnamed Bolingbroke from having been born at the town of that name in Lincolnshire, about 1366.

2 i. e. 'by the cause you come on.' The suppression of the preposition has been shown to have been frequent with Shakespeare.

3 My *right-drawn* sword is my sword drawn in a right or just cause.

4 i. e. uninhabitable.

5 To inherit, in the language of Shakspeare, is to possess.

6 *Lewd* formerly signified *knaveish*, *ungacious*, *naughty*, *idle*, beside its now general acceptation.

If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be a traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit⁵ us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd⁶ employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death;⁷
Suggest⁸ his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,⁹
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir
(As he is but my father's brother's son),
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disbur's'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:¹⁰
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

7 Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. who was murdered at Calais in 1397. See Froissart, chap. cxxvi.

8 I. e. *prompt* them, set them on by injurious hints.

9 Reproach to his ancestry.

10 The duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward Earl of Rutland (the Aumerle of this play) to go to France in the year 1395, to demand in marriage Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI. then between seven and eight years of age. Richard was married to his young consort in November 1396, at Calais; his first wife, Anne, daughter of Charles IV. emperor of Germany, died at Shene on Whit Sunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella was merely political, it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England for thirty years.

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it : and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,¹
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening² traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me :

Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;³
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun :
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?⁴
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.⁵

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)⁶
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled⁷ here ;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards⁸ tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots : take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd⁹ up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard ! Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
Since we cannot atone¹⁰ you, we shall see
Justice design¹¹ the victor's chivalry.—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace. Enter GAUNT, and Duch-ess of Gloster.*¹²

Gaunt. Alas ! the part¹³ I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who when he sees¹⁴ the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent¹⁵
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death ; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

¹⁰ i. e. make them friends, 'to make agreement or atonement, to reconcile them to each other.'

¹¹ To design is to mark out, to show by a token. It is the sense of the Latin *designo*. I may here take occasion to remark that Shakspeare's learning appears to me to have been underrated ; it is almost always evident in his choice of expressive terms derived from the Latin, and used in their original sense. The propriety of this expression here will be obvious, when we recollect that *designator* was 'a marshal, a master of the play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory.'

¹² The duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

¹³ i. e. my relationship of consanguinity to Gloster.

¹⁴ The old copy erroneously reads 'who when they see.'

¹⁵ i. e. assent ; consent is often used by the poet for accord, agreement.

¹ Charged.

² Arrogant.

³ Pope thought that some of the rhyming verses in this play were not from the hand of Shakspeare.

⁴ This abrupt elliptical exclamation of impatience is again used in the Taming of a Shrew :—'Why when, I say ! Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.' It appears to be equivalent to 'when will such a thing be done ?'

⁵ 'There is no boot,' or it booteth not, is as much as to say 'there is no help,' resistance would be vain, or profitless.

⁶ i. e. my name that lives on my grave in despite of death.

⁷ Baffled in this place signifies 'abused, reviled, reproached in base terms,' which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to deceive or circumvent.

⁸ There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was a golden leopard.

⁹ The old copies have 'his spots.' The alteration was made by Pope.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?¹

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight: O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or, if misfortune miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife, With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry: As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: I take my leave before I have begun; For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. Commend me to my brother, Edmund York, Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so: Though this be all, do not so quickly go; I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?— With all good speed at Plashy² visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York there see, But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,³ Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans? Therefore commend me; let him not come there, To seek out sorrow that dwells every where: Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die; The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Gosford Green, near Coventry. *Lists set out, and a Throne. Herald, &c. attending. Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.*⁴

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points: and longs to enter in.

Mar. That of Norfolk, sprightly and bold, Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his Throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion The cause of his arrival here in arms: Ask him his name; and orderly proceed To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?

1 To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter; but it is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase, *me complaindre*; and is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

2 Her house in Essex.

3 In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. (See the Preface to the Northumberland Household Book, by Dr. Percy.) The offices of our old English mansions were the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions, bread, wine, ale, &c. and for culinary purposes. They were always situate within the house, on the ground-floor (for there were no subterraneous rooms till about the middle of the reign of Charles I.), and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open, and unlimited licence given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. The duchess therefore laments that, in

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?

Speak truly, on thy knighthood; and thy oath; As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;⁵

Who hither come engaged by my oath, (Which heaven defend a knight should violate!) Both to defend my loyalty and truth, To God, my king, and my⁶ succeeding issue, Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me; And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm, To prove him, in defending of myself, A traitor to my God, my king, and me: And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven

[*He takes his seat.*]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms, Both who he is, and why he cometh hither Thus plated in habiliments of war; And formally according to our law Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists? Against whom comest thou; and what's thy quarrel? Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, Am I; who ready here do stand in arms, To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour, In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous, To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me; And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold, Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists; Except the marshal, and such officers Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty: For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men That vow a long and weary pilgrimage; Then let us take a ceremonious leave, And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, So be thy fortune in this royal fight! Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear; As confident, as is the falcon's flight Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. My loving lord [To Lord Marshal,] I take my leave of you;—

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;— Not sick, although I have to do with death;

consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; 'the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, and the offices unpeopled. All is solitude and silence; her groans are the only cheer that her guests can expect.'

4 The Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surry, (Thomas Holland) officiated. Shakespeare has made a slight mistake by introducing that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal in the present drama. Edward duke of Aumerle (so created by his cousin-german Richard II. in 1397, was the eldest son of Edward duke of York, fifth son of Edward III.) officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415.

5 The duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians.

6 'His succeeding issue' is the reading of the first folio: the quartos all read *my*.

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[To GAUNT.]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and Saint George to
thrive!

[He takes his seat.]

Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.—

Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:

As gentle and as jocund as to jest,¹

Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The King and the Lords return to their seats.]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope, I
cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [To an Officer] to Thomas
duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Hero standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, comba-

tants, [A Charge sounded.]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder² down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long Flourish.]

Draw near, [To the Combatants.]

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil³ wounds plough'd up with neighbours'

swords;

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set you on

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;—]

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

Therefore, we banish you our territories:—

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my com-

fort be,——

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier

doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The fly-slow⁴ hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—

The hopeless word⁵ of—never to return

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit;⁶ not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hand.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

Than an unstringed viol or a harp:

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engao'd⁷ my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native

breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;⁸

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's

light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

which, in the present instance, he has rejected:—

¹ 'All fly-slow things with circumspect eyes.'

² Word, for sentence; any short phrase was called a

word. Thus Ascham, in a Letter to Queen Elizabeth,

'Saying that one unpleasaunte word in that Patent,

called "During pleasure," turned me after to great

displeasure.'—*Concise Papers*.

³ As Shakspeare used merit, in this place, in the

sense of reward, he frequently uses the word meed,

which properly signifies reward, to express merit.

⁴ Compassionate is apparently here used in the

sense of complaining, plaintive; but no other instance

of the word in this sense has occurred to the commenta-

tors. May it not be an error of the press, for 'so pas-

1 To jest in old languages sometimes signified to play
a part in a masque.

2 A warder was a kind of truncheon or staff carried
by persons who presided at these single combats; the
throwing down of which seems to have been a solemn
act of prohibition to stay proceedings. A different move-
ment of the warder had an opposite effect. In Dray-
ton's *Battle of Agincourt*, Erpingham is represented
throwing it up as a signal for a charge.

3 Capel's copy of the quarto edition of this play
reads 'Of cruel wounds,' &c. Malone's copy of the
same edition, and all the other editions, read 'Of civil
wounds,' &c.

4 The five lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

5 The old copies read 'fly-slow hours.' Pope reads
'fly-slow hours,' which has been admitted into the text,
and conveys an image highly beautiful and just. It is
however remarkable that Pope, in the fourth book of
his *Essay on Man*, v. 226, has employed the epithet

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised¹ purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;²—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Saw back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*³

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*To Boling.*] with welcome home from
banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:⁴
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,⁵
Whereto thy tongue a party⁶ verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:⁷
A partial slander⁸ sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him
so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exit K. Rich. and Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I: for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly
gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour
ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for plea-
sure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I
make⁹

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven¹⁰ visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king:¹¹ Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd;¹²

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

¹ Premeditated, deliberated.

² The first folio reads 'So fare.' This line seems to be addressed by way of caution to Mowbray, lest he should think that Bolingbroke was about to conciliate him.

³ The duke of Norfolk went to Venice, 'where for thought and melancholy he deceased.'—*Holinshed.*

⁴ It is a matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good.

⁵ Consideration.

⁶ Had a part or share in it.

⁷ This couplet is wanting in the folio.

⁸ I. e. the reproach of partiality.

⁹ This speech and that which follows are not in the folio.

¹⁰ I. e. the sun.

¹¹ Shakespeare probably remembered Euphues' exhortation to Bottonio to take his exile patiently. 'Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accept him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and same moone shined; whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him from Pontus; Yea, said he, I them of Diogenes.'

¹² We have other allusions to the practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the presence chamber in Shakespeare.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy 'he hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the King's Castle. Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.³—Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so, But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by⁴ me: except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance, Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave. Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,

And added years to his short banishment, He should have had a volume of farewells; But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt, When time shall call him home from banishment, Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy,⁵ Bagot here, and Green, Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,

And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,⁶

With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*

1 There is a passage resembling this in the fifth book of Cicero's Tusculan Questions, which were translated and published by John Dolman, in 1561. There is also something which might serve for a hint in Euphues.

2 Dr. Johnson thought that the First Act should end here.

3 The king here addressed Green and Bagot, who, we may suppose, had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's 'courtship to the common people,' at the time of his departure. 'Yes,' says Richard, 'we did observe it.'

4 The first folio and the quarto of 1597 read 'Faith, none for me.' The emendation was made in the folio, 1632.

5 The earlier quarto copies read, 'Ourselves and Bushy,' and no more. The folio:

'Ourselves, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene.'

In the quarto, the stage-direction says, 'Enter the King, with Bushie,' &c.; but in the folio, 'Enter the King, Aumerle,' &c. because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterward. On this account we have adopted a transposition made in the quarto of 1634.

As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.⁷

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland Expedient⁸ manage must be made, my liege; Ere further leisure yield them further means For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war

And, for⁹ our coffers—with too great a court,

And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: If that come short,

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants;

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,

To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT on a Couch; the DUKE OF YORK,¹⁰ and others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain.

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;¹¹

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,¹²

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;

Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:

6 To illustrate this, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men.

7 'Spes altera Rome.'—*Virg.*

8 Shakespeare often uses *expedient* for *expeditions*, but here its ordinary signification of *fit, proper*, will suit the context equally well.

9 i. e. cause.

10 Edmund duke of York was the fifth son of Edward III. and was born, in 1441, at Langley, near St. Albans. Herts; from whence he had his surname. 'He was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion.'—*Louth's William of Wykeham*, p. 205.

11 To insinuate, to lie, to flatter.

12 'This I suppose to be a musical term,' says Steevens. So in *Lingua*, 1607:—

'I dare engage my ears the close will jar.' Surely this is a supererogatory conclusion. Shakespeare evidently means no more than that music is sweetest in the close, or when the last sweet sounds rest on the ear.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;¹
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation,
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.²
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
³'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash⁴ fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection,⁴ and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed,⁵ and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting⁶ farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter KING RICHARD, and Queen;*⁷ *AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,*⁸ *and WILLOUGHBY.*⁹

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd,¹⁰ do rage the more.

lighted ear. But Steevens's soul, like that of his great coadjutor, does not seem to have been attuned to harmony. The context might, however, have shown him how superfluous his supposition was; and I have to apologize for diverting the attention of the reader from this beautiful passage for a moment.

1 The poet has charged the times of King Richard II. with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in his own time, and much lamented by the wisest of our ancestors.

2 Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding.

3 i. e. hasty, violent.

4 Johnson raised a doubt whether we should not read *invasion* here. Farmer and Malone, upon the authority of a misprint in Allot's England's Parnassus, where this passage is quoted, 'Against *intension*,' &c. propose to read *infection*, a word of their own coinage. Malone's long note proves nothing: he thinks that we could not

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt¹¹ in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inhabits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy deathbed is no less than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land;
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophetic eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd¹² now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so!
Landlord of England art thou now, not king.
Thy state of law is bondsman to the law;¹³
And thou—

K. Rich. —a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,

ceive no other *infection* from abroad than the *plague*; but it is evident that the poet may allude to the *infection* of vicious manners and customs. It is true that *infestation* was in use for 'a troubling, molesting, or disturbing;' but as all the old copies read *infection*, there seems to be no sufficient reason for disturbing the text.

5 i. e. by reason of their breed. The quarto of 1599 reads thus:—

'Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.'

6 'In this 22d yeare of King Richard, the common fame ranne that the king had *letten to farne* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Greene, Knights.'—*Fabian*. *Pelting* is paltry, pitiful, petty.

7 Shakespeare has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the period at which the commencement of the play is laid; and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death.

8 i. e. William Lord Ross, of Hamlake, afterwards lord treasurer to Henry IV.

9 William Lord Willoughby, of Eresby.

10 Ritson proposes to read:—

'—being *rein'd*, do rage the more.'

11 Meagre, thin.

12 Mad.

13 'Thy legal state, that rank in the state and these large desmesnes, which the constitution allotted thee, are now bondslave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease.'

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they¹ to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be hankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:²

So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes;³

Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.⁴

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage,⁵ nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,

Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce;

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;⁶

But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant father's hand had won:

His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,

The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?

Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?

Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time

His charters, and his customary rights;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,

But by fair sequence and succession?

Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue

His livery,⁷ and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while; My liege, farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;

But by bad courses may be understood,

That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,

To see this business: To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;

And we create, in absence of myself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England,

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish

[Exeunt, King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle

GREEN, and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Will. Tends that thou would'st speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

1 i. e. let them love to live, &c.

2 That is, 'our pilgrimage is yet to come.'

3 Kernes were Irish peasantry, serving as light-armed foot soldiers. Shakespeare makes York say, in the second part of King Henry VI. that Cade, when in Ireland, used to disguise himself as a *shag-haired crafty kerne*.

4 The kerne is an ordinary foot soldier, according to Stanithurst; kerne (*highyren*) signifieth a *shower of hell*, because they are taken for no better than *rake-hells*, or the devil's *black-garde*.—Description of Ireland, ch. 8, fol. 28.

5 Alluding to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.

5 When the duke of Hereford went into France, after his banishment, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

6 i. e. when he was of thy age.

7 On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, i. e. *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him. To deny his offer'd homage was to refuse to admit the homage by which he was to hold his lands.

8 Free.

By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks,² benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman; most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,³
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.⁴

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoids is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc,
a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold Lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard earl of Arundel],⁵

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quaint,—

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall⁶ ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,⁷
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

1 Pillaged.

2 Stow records that Richard II. 'compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seals to blanks, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once; some of the commons paid him 1000 marks, some 1000 pounds,' &c.

3 So in the Tempest:—

—another storm brewing, I hear it sing in the wind.

4 'And yet we strike not our sails, but perish by too great confidence in our security:' this is another Latinism. Securely is used in the sense of *securus*.

5 The line in brackets, which was necessary to complete the sense, has been supplied upon the authority of Holinshed. Something of a similar import must have been omitted by accident in the old copies.

6 Stout.

7 Expedition.

8 When the wing feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called 'to imp a hawk.' It is often used metaphorically, as in this instance. The word is said to come from the Saxon *impan*, to graft, or inoculate.

9 Gilding.

10 It has been shown in a former note that *perspective*

Imp⁸ out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,⁹
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives,¹⁰ which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
not seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,¹¹—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit,¹² my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

meant optical glasses, to assist the sight in any way. Mr. Henley says that 'the perspectives here mentioned were round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces like those of the rose-diamond: the concave left uniformly smooth; which if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.' But it may have reference to that kind of optical delusion called *anamorphosis*, which is a *perspective* projection of a picture, so that at one point of view it shall appear a confused mass, or different to what it really is, in another, an exact and regular representation. Sometimes it is made to appear confused to the naked eye, and regular when viewed in a *glass* or *mirror* of a certain form. 'A picture of a chancellor of France, presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single portraiture of the chancellor.'—*Humane Industry*, 1651.

11 The old copies have 'on thinking,' which is an evident error: we should read, 'As though in thinking;' i. e. 'though musing, I have no idea of calamity.' The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind which every one has sometimes felt, is here very forcibly described.

12 Fanciful conception.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is; For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope; Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,¹

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravensburg.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—

The Lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:²
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way
it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

1 *Retir'd*, i. e. drawn it back; a French sense.

2 The first quarto, 1597, reads:—

'And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?'

The folio, and the quarto of 1598 and 1609:—

'And the rest of the revolting faction, traitors?'

3 The queen had said before, that 'some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming toward her.' She talks afterward of her unknown griefs 'being begotten'; she calls Green 'the midwife of her woe'; and then means to say in the same metaphorical style, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth⁴ had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.⁵—
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,⁶—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow [To the Servant.] get thee home, provide
some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go, muster up your
men,

And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit:—All is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exit YORK and QUEEN.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for
their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
Castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That as York thrives to beat back Bo-
lingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and
ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Wilds in Glostershire. Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,

by calling him her 'sorrow's dismal heir,' and explains more fully in the following line:—

'Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy.'

4 Disloyalty, treachery.

5 Not one of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was smothered between two beds at Calais.

6 This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
 But, I bethink me, what a weary way
 From Ravenspurge to Cotswold, will be found
 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company :
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
 The tediousness and process of my travel :
 But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
 The present benefit which I possess :
 And hope to joy,¹ is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company,
 Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
 Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
 health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the
 court,
 Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
 The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?
 He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake to-
 gether.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
 traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurge,
 To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;
 And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
 What power the duke of York had levied there ;
 Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurge.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,
 Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the
 duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;
 Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
 To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
 I count myself in nothing else so happy,
 As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus
 seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
 Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
 trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :
 And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-
 mour ;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-
 loughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords : I wot your love
 pursues

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble
 lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
 poor ;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ;²
 And I am come to seek that name in England :

And I must find that title in your tongue,
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my
 meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out :³—

To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will,)

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time,⁴

And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by
 you ;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle !
 [Kneels.]

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
 knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :⁵

I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?

But then more why ;—Why have they dar'd to

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of despised⁶ arms ?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;

O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my

fault ;

On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason :

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Herc-

ford ;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster,

⁵ In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the same kind of phraseology :—

'Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.'

⁶ Perhaps Shakspeare here uses *despised* for *hate* or *hateful* arms ? Sir Thomas Hanmer changed it to *despited*, but the old copies all agree in reading *despised*. Shakspeare uses the word again in a singular sense in *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 1, where Brabantio exclaims upon the loss of his daughter :—

'—what's to come of my *despised* time

Is nought but bitterness.'

It has been suggested that '*despised*' is used to denote the general contempt in which the British held the French forces. The duke of Bretagne furnished Bo-
 lingbroke with three thousand French soldiers.'

¹ To *joy* is here used as a verb ; it is equivalent with *to rejoice*. 'To joy, to clap hands, to rejoice.' *Baret*. Shakspeare very frequently uses it in this sense.

² 'Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is, it is not to him, it is to the Duke of Lancaster.'

³ 'How the names of them which for capital crimes against majesty were *erased out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memory was damned, I could show at large.'—*Camden's Remaines*, 1605, p. 136.

⁴ Time of the king's absence.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent¹ eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs,² and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery³ here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distraint'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon⁴ to do him right.

Willu. Base men by his endowments are made
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could,—by him that gave me life!—
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet
I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.⁶ *A Camp in Wales. Enter SALIS-
BURY,⁷ and a Captain.*

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten
days,

1 *Indifferent* is impartial. The instances of this use of the word among the poet's contemporaries are very numerous.

2 *Wrongs* is probably here used for *wrongers*.

3 See the former scene, p. 412, n. 7.

4 Stevens explains the phrase, '*It stands your grace upon*,' to mean, 'it is your interest; it is matter of consequence to you.' But hear Baret, '*The heyre is bound; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend; it standeth him upon*;' or is in his charge. *In-cumbit defensio mortis heredi.* The phrase is therefore equivalent to *it is incumbent upon your grace*.

5 — Things without remedy

Should be without regard.

Macbeth.

6 Johnson thought this scene had been by some accident transposed, and that it should stand as the second scene in the third act.

7 John Montacute, earl of Salisbury.

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
man:

The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not
stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,⁸
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes:
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind* with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.⁹
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,¹⁰
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd¹¹ my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress,¹² leaving me no sign,—

8 This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. The poet received the hint from Holinshed: 'In this year, in a manner throughout all the realm of Englande, old baie trees withered, &c.' This, as it appears from T. Lupton's *Syxt Booke of Notable Things*, bl. 4to. was esteemed a bad omen. 'Neither falling sickness, neither devyll, wylf infest or hurt one in that place whereas a bay tree is.' The Romanaynes call it the plant of the good angel, &c.' See also Evelyn's *Sylva*, 4to. 1776, p. 396.

9 i. e. quite, completely.

10 There seems to be no authority for this. Isabel, Richard's second queen, was but nine years old at this period; his first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and he was very fond of her.

11 To *dispark* signifies to divest a park of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood,) and the beasts of the chassa therein; laying it open.

12 The *impress* was a device, or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1593, observes that 'the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed wheresoever they are fixed or set.' For the punishment of a base knight see Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, b. v. c. iii. st. 37.

Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman,
This, and much more, much more than twice all
this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our
souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them
despatch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, and others, with Prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house ;

For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :

Tell her, I send to her my kind commend's ;¹

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
away :

To fight with Glendower and his complices ;

Awile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]²

SCENE II. *The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view. Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you³ this at
hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord : How brooks your grace the
air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for
joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :

As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power, that made
you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

1 Commendations.
2 Johnson says, 'here may be properly inserted the
last scene of the second act.'

3 The quarto of 1597 reads *they*.

4 The old copies read '*that lights*,' &c. The alteration
was made by Johnson.

5 'It is not easy (says Steevens) to point out an image
more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, ancient
or modern.'

6 Here is the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and
of the passive obedience of subjects, expressed in the
strongest terms. Johnson observes that it has been the
fashion to impute the original of every tenet which we

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin I know'st thou
not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and⁴ lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,⁵

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day ;

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord :⁶

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,

Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the
right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?⁷

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace
so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : remember who you
are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ? :

Awake thou sluggard⁸ majesty ! thou sleep'st.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?⁹

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king : Are we not high ?

High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here ?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my

liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-
par'd :¹⁰

have been taught to think false or foolish to the reign of
King James I. But this doctrine was never carried for-
ther In any country, than in this island, while the
house of Tudor sat on the throne.

7 Force.

8 The first quarto reads '*coward* majesty.'

9 So in King Richard III.—

' Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.'

10 'k seems to be the design of the poet to raise Rich-
ard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest
the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive
fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king
In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive ;
but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious.'—
Johnson.

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care!
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay:
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
 White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
 scalps

Against the majesty; and boys, with women's
 voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
 The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew¹ against thy state;
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
 Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale
 so ill:

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?²
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
 my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-
 demption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
 heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate;
 Again curse their souls; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
 curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd³ in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
 shire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
 heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his
 power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man
 speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

¹ *Yew* is called *double-fatal*, because of the poison-
 ous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood
 being used for instruments of death. From some an-
 cient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while
 archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house
 either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It has been
 supposed that *yewes* were anciently planted in church-
 yards not only to defend the church from the wind, but
 on account of their use in making *bows*; while their
 poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to the
 cattle, in that sacred enclosure.

² The mention of Bagot here is a lapse of the poet or
 the king; but perhaps it may have been intended to
 mark more strongly the perturbation of the king's mind,
 by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty,
 on further recollection, might show him the impropriety
 of the question.

³ i. e. *buried*. The verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death;
 And that small model⁴ of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
 All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court: and there the antick sits,⁵
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition,⁶ form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends:—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present
 woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
 And fight and die, is death destroying death;
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Boling-
 broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This age-fit of fear is over-blown;

An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To Aumerle.]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort any more.⁷

Go, to Flint Castle; there I'll pine away;

⁴ A *small model*, or *module*, for they were the same in
 Shakespeare's time, seems to mean in this place a *small*
portion or quantity. It is a Latinism, from *modulus*,
 the measure or quantity of a thing.

⁵ It is not impossible that Shakespeare borrowed this
 idea from that most exquisite emblematic book of engra-
 vings on wood, the *Dance of Death*, or *Imagines Mortis*,
 attributed to Holbein. See the seventh print.

⁶ *Tradition* here seems to mean *traditional practi-
 ces*, i. e. *established or customary homage*.

⁷ That is, to die fighting is to return the evil that we
 suffer, to destroy the destroyers.

⁸ This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is
 more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is
 without remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irre-
 sistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured
 comforts, which unskilful officiousness thinks a virtue
 to administer.

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear¹ the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence:—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Wales. *A Plain before Flint Castle.* Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—King Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me;² only to be
brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,

Least you mistake: The heavens are o'er your
head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

[*Enter PERCY.*]

Well,³ Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king: King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord,⁴ [To NORTH.]

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the
Castle, with a Trumpet.]

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING

RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun

From out the fiery portal of the east;

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory, and to stain the track

Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth

Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,

That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God

That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think, that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,

And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,

Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,

Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,

That lift your vassal hands against my head,

And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke (for yond⁵, methinks, he is,)

That every stride he makes upon my land,

Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope

The purple testament⁶ of bleeding war;

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face;⁷

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the

king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand:

And by the honourable tomb he swears,

That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;

And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents that spring from one most gracious head;

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;

And by the worth and honour of himself,

6 The six first lines of this speech are erroneously given to Bolingbroke in the old copies.

7 Shakespeare uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood.

8 i.e. England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's soil.

1 To ear the land is to till it, to plough it.

2 The word *me*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Hamner.

3 The old copy reads, 'Welcome, Harry:' the emendation is Hamner's.

4 Shakespeare frequently, in his addresses to persons, begins with an hemistich; and sometimes blends short prosaic sentences with his metrical dialogues.

5 *Totter'd*, the reading of the two first quartos, is here probably used for *tottering*, according to the frequent usage of our poet. The other copies read *tatter'd*

Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on the royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend¹ to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns;
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commands.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[*To Aumerle.*
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth!² O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? O God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel,³ for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,⁴ where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cou-
sin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

¹ *Commend for commit.*

² *Sooth is sweet, as well as true.* In this place *sooth* means *sweetness or softness*. Thus to *soothe* still means to calm and sweeten the mind.

³ Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary. 'He had one coat which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 3000 marks.'—*Hollinshed.*

⁴ 'Some way of common trade' is some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, 'a road of much traffic,' i. e. frequent resort.

⁵ A bow.

⁶ It should be remembered that the affirmative particle *ay* was formerly written and sounded *I*, which rhymed well with *die*.

⁷ Lower

⁸ That is the *lower court* of the castle; *basse court*. Fr. Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey:—'My lord

Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?* Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland, What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a leg,⁵ and Bolingbroke says—ay.⁶

North. My lord, in the base⁷ court he doth attend To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*
In the base court? Base court,⁸ where kings grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart Makes him speak fondly,⁹ like a frantic man: Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:—
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although
your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father;
Though you are old enough to be my heir
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no!¹⁰
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Langley. Duke of York's Garden.
Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.¹¹

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

being advertised that the duke was coming, even at hand, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the base court.—Edition 1833, p. 211.

⁹ Foolishly.

¹⁰ 'The duke, with a sharpe high voyce bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the earle of Salisbury on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucester's sounne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death,) who led him straight to the castle.'—Stowe (p. 521. edit. 1603.) from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

¹¹ The bias was a weight inserted in one side of a bowl, which gave it a particular inclination in bowling

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?¹

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots² not to complain.³

1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep,⁴ would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pines,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.⁵

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some suppittance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots⁶ disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We' at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees;
Lest, being over-prond with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 All the old copies read 'of sorrow or of grief.' Pope made the necessary alteration.

2 Profits. 3 See note on Act i. Sc. 2.

4 The old copies read 'and I could sing.' The emendation is Pope's.

5 The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

6 *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersected each other in the old fashion of gardening.

7 *We* is not in the old copy. It was added by Malone.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt,⁸ he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's
likeness, [Coming from her concealment.

Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop⁹ a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.¹⁰ *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*
Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY,¹¹ NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless¹² end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue

8 This uncommon phraseology has already occurred in the present play:—

⁹ He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt
When time shall call him home,' &c.

9 The quarto of 1597 reads *fall*. The quarto of 1598 and the folio read *drop*.

10 The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

11 Thomas Holland, earl of Kent, brother to John Holland, earl of Exeter, was created duke of Surrey in 1397. He was half brother to the king, by his mother Joan, who married Edward the Black Prince after the death of her second husband Thomas Lord Holland.

12 i. e. untimely.

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,¹
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainer of my slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base,
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,²
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun:³ there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,⁴
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,⁵
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,⁶
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage.

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,⁷
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,⁸
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.⁹

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,
Yet best becoming me to speak the truth,
'Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless¹⁰ would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,¹¹

6 I e. in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has just called him boy.

7 Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.

8 This is not historically true. The duke of Norfolk's death did not take place till after Richard's murder.

9 Hume gives the words that Henry actually spoke on this occasion, which he copied from Knyghton, and accompanies them by a very ingenious commentary.—*Hist. of Eng.* 4to ed. vol. ix. p. 50.

10 I e. nobleness; a word now obsolete, but common in Shakespeare's time.

11 This speech, which contains in the most expressive terms the doctrine of passive obedience, is founded upon Holinshed's account. The sentiments would not in the reign of Elizabeth or James have been regarded as novel or unconstitutional. It is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of *divine right* as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the sacredness of their persons, and the sanctity of their charac-

1 The birth is supposed to be influenced by stars; therefore the poet, with his allowed licence, takes stars for birth. We learn from Pliny's Nat. Hist. that the vulgar error assigned the brightest and fairest stars to the rich and great:—*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus.* &c. lib. i. c. viii.

2 This is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars, explained in the preceding note. Fitzwater throws down his gage as a pledge of battle, and tells Aumerle that if he stands upon sympathies, that is upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature; and hence the poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

3 I e. from sunrise to sunset.

4 'A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.'

King Richard III.

5 I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him

His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid¹ it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear² this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child's child's children³ cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.⁴

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; and we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.⁵ [*Exit.*]

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CAR.*]
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:⁶—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours⁷ of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he:
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown;—Here, cousin,
seize the crown;
On this side, my hand; and on that side, yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes⁸ two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs
are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;⁹
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend¹⁰ the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,¹¹
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:¹²
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, repts, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made¹³ to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a Paper.*]
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,¹⁴
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,

5 i. e. conductor.
6 The quarto reads *limbs*.
7 Countenances, features. 8 Owns.

9 Shakespeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here that 'his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares';—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of care to which he had been accus-

tomed.
10 Attend. 11 Oil of consecration.
12 The first quarto reads *duty's rites*.
13 Thus the folio. The quarto reads *that swear*.
14 That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds.

ter. Even that 'cut-purse of the empire,' Claudius, in Hamlet, affects to believe that—
—such divinity doth hedge a king.¹

1 The quarto reads *forfend*.

2 The quarto reads *raise*.

3 i. e. grandchildren. Pope altered it to 'children's children,' and was followed by others. The old copies read, 'Lest child, child's children.'

4 What follows, almost to the end of the act, is not found in the first two quartos. The addition was made in the quarto of 1609. In the quarto, 1597, after the words 'his day of trial,' the scene thus closes:—

Bol. Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next
We solemnly proclaim our coronation.
Lords, be ready all.²

But they can see a sort¹ of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest:
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;
 Made glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
 Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,² insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good.)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his³ majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men?⁴ Was this the face,
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink:⁵
 Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
 And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport.—
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;⁶
 And these external manners of lament
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

1 A sort is a set or company.

2 i. e. haughty.

3 *Hic pro ita.* It was common in the poet's time to use the personal for the neutral pronoun.

4 To his household came every day to meate ten thousand men.—*Chronicle History.*

5 The quarto omits this line and the four preceding words.

6 'But I have that within which passeth show.' These but the trappings and the suits of woe.—*Hamlet.*

7 To convey was formerly often used in an ill sense. Pistol says of stealing, 'convey the wise it call;' and 'to convey' is the word for slight of hand or juggling. Richard means that it is a term of contempt, 'jugglers are you all.'

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
 For, when I was a king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects: being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers' are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.⁸

[*Exeunt K. RICH. some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and AUMERLE.*]

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower.⁹

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke:

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth

Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,

My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

Thou map¹⁰ of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,¹¹

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,

When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul

To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are

Shows us but this; I am sworn brother,¹² sweet,

8 This is the last of the additional lines first printed in the quarto of 1603. In the first editions there is no personal appearance of King Richard.

9 By ill-erected is probably meant erected for evil purposes.

10 *Model* anciently signified, according to the dictionaries, 'the platform or form of any thing.' And *map* is used for picture resemblance. In the Rape of Lucrece Shakespeare calls sleep 'the map of death.'

11 *Inn* does not probably here mean a house of public entertainment, but a dwelling or lodging generally. In which sense the word was anciently used.

12 *Suorum* brother alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who in the age of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together.



RICHARD & HOLINGBROOK.



To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister there in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed: if aught but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:¹

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit² their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall³ of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:⁴
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all;

And he shall think, that thou, which know'st this way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way

To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;

That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,

To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;

And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—

Let me unkind the oath 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.⁵—

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;

My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,⁶ or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. 'That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go?

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near!⁸

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.⁹

[*Kiss again.*]

So now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace. Enter YORK, and his Duchess.*¹⁰

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off

Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,

Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,

While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows' spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old

Through casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls,

With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—

Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,¹¹

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;

¹⁰ The first wife of Edward duke of York was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her the poet has departed widely from history; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

¹¹ 'The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language.'—*Dryden*; *Pref. to Troilus and Cressida*,

¹ Passed.

² To requite their mournful stories.

³ The quarto of 1597 reads *tale*.

⁴ Thus in *Othello*:—

'Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.'

⁵ A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient marriage ceremonies.

⁶ All Hallowes, i. e. All Saints, Nov. 1.

⁷ The quartos give this speech to the king.

⁸ Never the higher, i. e. 'it is better to be at a great distance than being near each other, to find that we are yet not likely to be peaceably and happily united.'

⁹ So in *King Henry V* Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'—the king hath kill'd his heart,'

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend ;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland¹ now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets
now,

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
God knows, I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of
time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and
triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom ?²

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it ;
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,— What should you fear ?

'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a
bond

That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not
show it.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord ?

York. Ho ! who is within there ? [*Enter a Servant.*]
Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my
horse :—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will approach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*]

Duch. What's the matter ?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer ?

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou
art amaz'd :

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—
[*To the Servant.*]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away,
Fond woman ! were he twenty times my son,
I would approach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son :
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his
horse ;

Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York ;
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away ;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*
Enter BOLINGBROKE as King ; PERCY, and
other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last :—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.⁴

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
prince ;

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the
stews ;

And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate : yet, through
both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

¹ The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon.—*Holinshed.*

² So in Milton's Song on May Morning :—

“ who from her green lap throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.”

³ The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on
clips or labels of parchment appendant to them.

⁴ This is a very proper introduction to the future character of King Henry V. to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood, as the poet has described them. But it has been ably contended by Mr. Luders that the whole story of his dissipation was a fiction. At this period (i. e. 1400) he was but twelve years old, being born in 1388.

⁵ The folio reads *sparkles*

Boling. What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If but¹ the first, how heinous e'er it be,

To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key, That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*AUM. locks the door.*]

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:

I do repent me; read not my name there, My heart is not confederate with his hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer,² immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages, Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing³ son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's

sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this

eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.—⁴

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosever pray,

More sins, for his forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound,

This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man; Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make⁵

here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel⁶ upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*]

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!⁷

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our

breast;

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez*

*moy.*⁸

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That sett'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land:

The choppings⁹ French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.¹⁰

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

¹ The old copies read 'If on,' &c Pope made the alteration.

² *Sheer* is *pellucid, transparent*.

³ Thus in *Romans* and *Juliet*:—

'Digressing from the valour of a man.'

To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular.

⁴ It is probable that the old ballad of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' is here alluded to. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. There may have been a popular Interlude on the subject, for the story is alluded to by other contemporaries of the poet.

⁵ i. e. 'what dost thou do here?'

⁶ Thus the folio. The quarto copies read *walk*

⁷ This line is not in the folio.

⁸ The French *moy* being made to rhyme with *destroy*, would seem to imply that the poet was not well acquainted with the true pronunciation of that language: perhaps it was imperfectly understood in his time by those who had not visited France.

⁹ The *chopping* French, i. e. the *changing* or *changeable* French. Thus 'chopping churches' is *changing* one church for another; and *chopping* logic is *discouraging* or *interchanging* logic with another. To *chop* and *change* is still a common idiom.

¹⁰ The old copies read 'I pardon him with all my heart.' The transposition was made by Pope.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,¹—and the abbot,²
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.³
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too,⁴ adieu!
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make
 thee new. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Enter *EXTON*, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
 he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
 Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he spake it
 twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart;
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
 I am the king's friend, and will rid⁵ his foe.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*
 Enter *KING RICHARD*.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;⁶
 In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word:⁷

As thus, *Come, little ones*; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there:

1 The brother-in-law meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to Edward II.) who had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

2 i. e. the abbot of Westminster.

3 'Death and destruction dog thee at the heels.'

King Richard III.

4 *To*, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

5 *To rid* and *to dispatch* were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old Dictionaries, '*To ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any man.'—'*To dispatche* or *ridde* one quickly.' Vide Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576, in *Ridde* and *Dispatche*.

6 i. e. his own body.

7 By the word is meant the Holy Scriptures. The folio reads the *faith* itself against the *faith*.

8 This is the reading of the quarto, 1597; alluding, perhaps, to the custom of our early theatres. The title pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. The folio, and other copies, read 'in *one prison*.'

9 The folio reads '*to hear*.'

10 Tick.

11 It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like:
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,¹²
 And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: Then crushing penury
 Persuades me, I was better when a king;
 Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [Music.]
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check⁹ time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar¹⁰
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward
 watch.¹¹

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,¹²
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours:—But my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack¹³ of the clock.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have help madmen to their wits,¹⁴
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad;
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch¹⁵ in this all hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich.

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
 York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes¹⁶ master's face.
 O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
 In London streets, that coronation day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
 That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
 friend,
 How went he under him?

vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* or ticking of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or *outward watch*, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears (or minute drops, to use an expression of Milton,) his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point*: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

12 Should we not read —

'Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is

Are clamorous groans?' &c.

13 That is, *I strike for him*. One of these automa-

tions is alluded to in King Richard III. Act. iv. Sc. 3:—

'Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation.'

14 See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part ii. sec. 3.

15 *Brooch*, an ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in

general, here figuratively used for *jewel*.

16 Sometimes was used for *former*, as well as *some-*

time. Aliquando.

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.¹
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
 That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down
 (Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
 Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be awed by man,
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing² Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[*Exit.*]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, and then Exton strikes him down.*]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
 That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*]

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt! O, 'would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
 But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news? [*Iness.*]

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happy—The next news is,—I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:⁴
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discours'd in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,⁶

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,

Hath yielded up his body to the grave:

But here is Carlisle living to abide

Thy kindly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—⁷

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;

So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
 Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent:⁸

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,

In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]

THIS play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can it be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSTON.

Cathedral. Stowe seems to have had before him a manuscript history of the latter part of King Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales. He says 'he was imprisoned in Pomfret Castle, where xv days and nights they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was known in England.'

⁵ So the folio. The quarto reads of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent.* The folio is right according to the histories.

⁶ This abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years; and though called 'the grand conspirator,' it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him.

⁷ The bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishopric in *partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.

⁸ Immediately.

¹ Froissart relates a yet more silly tale of a greyhound of King Richard's, 'who was wont to leape upon the king, but left the king and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the king.'
Froissart, by Berners, v. 11. fo. ccxxx.

² Jauncing is hard riding, from the old French word *jaucer*, which Cotgrave explains 'To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withal; or (as our) to jaunt.'

³ These stage directions are not in the old copies.

⁴ The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed (who copied from Fabian, with whom the story of Exton is thought to have its origin.) But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, *Oturburne*, the monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the History of Croyland, and the Godetow Chronicle. His body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, was brought to London, and exposed in Cheap-side for two hours, 'his heade on a black cushion, and his visage open,' when it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

'SHAKESPEARE has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories, from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry, in the last act of King Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters to be exhibited.'

—*Johnson.*

The historical dramas of Shakespeare have indeed become the popular history. Vain attempts have been made by Walpole to vindicate the character of King Richard III. and in later times by Mr. Linders, to prove that the youthful dissipation ascribed to King Henry V. is without foundation. The arguments are probable, and ingeniously urged, but we still cling to our early notions of 'that mad-cap—that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales.' No plays were ever more read, nor does the inimitable, all-powerful genius of the poet ever shine out more than in the two parts of King Henry IV. which may be considered as one long drama divided.

It has been said that 'Falstaff is the summit of Shakespeare's comic invention,' and we may consequently add, the most inimitable comic character ever delineated; for who could invent like Shakespeare? Falstaff is now to us hardly a creature of the imagination, he is so definitely and distinctly drawn, that the mere reader of these dramas has the complete impression of a personal acquaintance. He is surrounded by a group of comic personages from time to time, each of which would have been sufficient to throw any ordinary creation into the

shade; but they only serve to make the supereminent humour of the knight doubly conspicuous. What can come nigher to truth and real individual nature than those admirable delineations, Shallow and Silence? How irresistibly comic are all the scenes in which Falstaff is made to humour the fatuity and vanity of this precious pair.

The historic characters are delineated with a felicity and individuality not inferior in any respect. Harry Percy is a creation of the first order; and our favourite harebrained Prince of Wales, in whom mirthful pleasantry and midnight dissipation are mixed up with heroic dignity and generous feeling, is a rival worthy of him. Owen Glendower is another personification, managed with the most consummate skill; and the graver characters are sustained and opposed to each other in a manner peculiar to our great poet alone.

The transactions contained in the First Part of King Henry IV. are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown Hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the battle of Shrewsbury, on Saturday, the 21st of July, 1403.

Malone places the date of the composition of this play in 1597; Dr. Drake in 1596. It was first entered at Stationers' Hall, February 25, 1597. There are no less than five quarto editions published during the author's life, viz. in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1609, 1613. For the piece which is supposed to have been its original the reader is referred to the 'Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded,' &c. published by Steevens and Nichols.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
Prince JOHN of Lancaster, }
Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the King.*
SIR WALTER BLUNT, }
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
EDWARD MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS. GADSHILL.
PETO. BARDOLPH.
LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.
MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers and Attendants.
SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

King Henry.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,

1 Strands, banks of the sea.

2 Upon this passage the reader is favoured with three pages of notes in the Variorum Shakespeare. Steevens adopted Monk Mason's bold conjectural emendation, and reads—

'No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil!'

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds¹ afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil²
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,——

which, in my opinion, does not make the passage clearer, to say nothing of the improbability of such a corruption as *entrance* for *Erinnys*. Mr. Douce proposed to read *entrails* instead of *entrance*; and Steevens once thought that we should read *entrants*. I am satisfied with the following explanation of the text, modified

Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,¹
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.²

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits³ of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen⁴ done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holyrood-day,⁵ the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy,⁶ and brave Archibald,⁷
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,

from that of Malone:—'No more shall this soil have the
lips of her thirsty entrance (i. e. surface) daubed with
the blood of her own children.' The soil is personified,
and called the *mother* of those who live upon her sur-
face; as in the following passage of King Richard II.:—

—sweet soil, adieu,

My mother and my nurse, that bears me yet.'

1 To levy a power to a place has been shown by Mr.
Gifford to be neither unexampled nor corrupt, but good
authorized English. 'Scipio, before he *levied* his force
to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of
the city on a cake to be devoured.'—*Gosson's School of*
Abuse, 1587, E. 4.

2 Expedition.

3 Limits here seem to mean *appointments* or *deter-*
minations.

4 See Thomas of Walsingham, p. 557, or Holinshed,
p. 528.

5 i. e. September 14th.

6 'This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his often
pricking, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times
rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad.'—*Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 240.

7 *Archibald Douglas*, Earl Douglas.

8 No circumstance could have been better chosen to
mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Fal-
staff in a similar manner,—'to stand *stained with tra-*
vel,' &c.

9 *Balk'd* in their own blood, is *heaped*, or *laid on*
heaps, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank
of earth standing up between two furrows and to *balk*

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd⁹ with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd⁹ in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beateon Douglas,¹⁰ and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.¹¹
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some might-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you,
coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,¹²
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. That is his uncle's teaching, this is Wor-
cester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;¹³
Which makes him prune¹⁴ himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.¹⁵

West. I will, my liege. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room in the*
Palace. Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and
FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or
banks. It was sometimes used in the sense of *monceau*,
Fr. for a heap or hill.

10 Mordake, earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of
Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the son of
Earl Douglas, through a mistake, into which the poet
was led by the omission of a comma in the passage
from whence he took this account of the Scottish pris-
oners.

11 This is a mistake of Holinshed in his English His-
tory, for in that of Scotland, pp. 259, 262, 419, he speaks
of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same
person.

12 Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, ex-
cept the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man
who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not
exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself
to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not
refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for, being a prince of the
royal blood, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to King
Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him, by his ac-
knowledge'd military prerogative.

13 An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented
as a malignant star, that influenced the conduct of Hot-
spur.

14 The metaphor is borrowed from falconry. A hawk
is said to *prune* herself when she picks off the loose fea-
thers and smooths the rest: it is applied to other birds,
and is perhaps so familiar as hardly to require a note.

15 That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me
to say; more than can issue from a mind disturbed like
mine.

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What the devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.*¹ And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace—(majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;² let us be Diana's foresters,³ gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government: being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by;⁴ and spent with crying—bring in;⁵ now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.⁶ And is not a buff jerkin, a most sweet robe of durance?⁷

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

1 Falstaff, with great propriety, according to vulgar astronomy, calls the sun a *wandering knight*, and by this expression evidently alludes to some knight of romance; perhaps 'The Knight of the Sun'; el Cavallero del Febo, a popular book in his time. The words may be part of some forgotten ballad.

2 'Let not us who are body squires to the night (i. e. adorn the night) be called a disgrace to the day.' To take away the beauty of the day may probably mean to disgrace it. A 'squire of the body' originally signified the attendant of a knight. It became afterwards the cant term for a pimp. Falstaff puns on the words *knight and beauty*, quasi *body*.

3 'Exile and alander are justly me awarded, My wife and heirs lacks lands and lawful right; And me their lord made dame Diana's knight.'

This is the lament of Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in The Mirror for Magistrates. Hall, in his Chronicles, says that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*.

4 To lay by is to be still. It occurs again in King Henry VIII.:

'Even the billows of the sea

Hung their heads, and then lay by.'

Stevens says that it is a term adopted from navigation.

5 I. e. 'bring in more wine.'

6 Old lad of the castle. This passage has been supposed to have a reference to the name of Sir John Oldcastle. Rowe says that there was a tradition that the part of Falstaff was originally written by Shakespeare under that name. Fuller, in his Church History, book iv. p. 168, mentions this change in the following manner:—'Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place.'

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pry thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib⁸ cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.⁹

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare,¹⁰ or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?¹¹

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes: and art, indeed, the most comparative,¹² rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.¹³

In confirmation of this, it may be remarked that one of Falstaff's speeches in the first edition has *Old*, instead of *Falst*, prefixed to it: and in the epilogue to the Second Part of King Henry IV. the poet makes a kind of retraction for having made too free with Sir John Oldcastle's name:—'Where, for any thing I know, *Falstaff* shall die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and *this* is not the man.'

7 The *buff*, or leather jerkin, was the common habit of a serjeant, or sheriff's officer, and is called a robe of *durance* on that account, as well as for its durability: an equivocation is intended. In the Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 2, it is called an *everlasting garment*. *Durance* might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as is at present called *everlasting*.

8 A *gib cat* is a *male cat*, from Gilbert, the northern name for a he cat. *Tom cat* is now the usual term.

9 'Lincolnshire bagpipes' is a proverbial saying; the allusion is as yet unexplained. Perhaps it was a favourite instrument in that county, as well as in the north.

10 The *hare* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; and, according to the physis of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.

11 *Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass, and was consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's *Pennyless Pilgrimage*, 1618:—'my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*.'

12 *Comparative*; this epithet, which is used here for one who is fond of making comparisons, occurs again in Act iii. Sc. 2, of this play.

13 This is a scriptural expression. See Proverbs, i. 30 and 24.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration;¹ and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal.—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better 'than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle² me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.³ O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true⁴ man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?⁵ Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thov—jest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Mad—, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors⁶ for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; If you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chaps?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.⁷

1 i. e. thou hast a *wicked trick of repetition*, and (by the misapplication of holy texts) art indeed able to corrupt a saint.

2 To *baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to unknicht. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*. Hall, in his Chronicle, p. 40, mentions it as still practised in Scotland. Something of the same kind is implied in a subsequent scene, where Falstaff says: '*hang me up by the heels* for a rabbit sucker, or a poulterer's hare.' See King Richard II. Act I. Sc. 1.

3 To *set a match* is to make an appointment. So in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 'Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are *setting their match*.' The folio reads *set a watch*; *match* is the reading of the quarto.

4 Honest.

5 After all the discussion about Falstaff's favourite beverage, here mentioned for the first time, it appears to have been the Spanish wine which we now call *sherry*. Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*, that is *sack* from *Xeres*. 'Sherry sack, so called from Xeres, a sea town of Corduba, in Spain, where that kind of sack is made.' *Blount's Glossographia*. It derives its name of *sack* probably from being a dry wine, *vin sec*. And it was recently written *sec*. 'Your best *sack*,' says Gervase Markham, 'are of *Seres* in Spaine.'—*Engl. Housewife*. The difficulty about it has arisen from the later importation of sweet wines from Malaga, the Ca-

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pry'thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallowen summer!⁸ [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,⁹ shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,¹⁰ to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof¹¹ of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night¹² in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit POINS.*]

naries, &c. which were at first called Malaga, or Canary sacks; sack being by that time considered as a name applicable to all white wines.

6 Masks.

7 Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of ten shillings.

8 i. e. late summer. *All-hallowen* tide meaning All-saints, which festival is the first of November.

9 The old copy reads Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. Theobald thinks that Harvey and *Rossil* might be the names of the actors who played the parts of Bardolph and Peto.

10 For the *nonce* signified for the *purpose*, for the *occasion*, for the *once*. Junius and Tooke, in their Etymology of *Anon*, led the way; and Mr. Gifford has since clearly explained its meaning. The editor of the new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry (vol. ii. p. 496,) has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of the A. S. 'for then anes'—'for then anis,'—'for then ones, or onces.' Similar inattention to this form of the prepositive article has produced the phrases 'at the nalc,' 'at the nend;' which have been transformed from 'at than ale,' 'at than end.'

11 *Reproof* is *confutation*. To refute, to refell, to disallow, were ancient synonyms of *to reprove*.

12 We should read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed, according to Poins, 'to-morrow morning by four o'clock.' Shakespeare had forgotten what he had written at the beginning of this scene.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness :
Yet herein will I imitate the sun ;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds¹
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle² him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;³
And, like bright metal on a sullen⁴ ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.* Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,⁵
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so poorly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier⁶ of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

1 'Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,—
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face.'

Shakespeare's 33d Sonnet.

2 Thus in Macbeth :—
'And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.'
3 *Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, no uncommon use of the word even at the present day.

4 So in King Richard II. :—
'The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.'

5 *Condition* is used for *nature*, *disposition*, as well as *estate* or *fortune*. It is so interpreted by Phillips, in his *World of Words*. And we find it most frequently used in this sense by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

6 *Frontier* is said anciently to have meant *forehead*, to prove which the following quotation has been adduced from *Stubbes Anatomy of Abuses* : 'Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth ousted round their *frontiers*, and hangeth over their brow.' Mr. Nares has justly observed, that 'this does not seem to explain the above passage, "The moody forehead of a servant brow," is not sense.' Surely it may be better interpreted 'the moody or threatening outwork ;' in which sense *frontier* is used in Act II. Sc. 3.

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home ;⁷
He was perfumed like a milliner :
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,⁸ which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :⁹—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,¹⁰
Out of my grief¹¹ and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the
mark !)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;¹²
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed, chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;¹³

7 To completely understand this simile the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble land new reap'd.

8 A box perforated with small holes, for carrying perfumes ; quasi *pouncet-box*.

9 *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*, but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff* at it, in familiar modern speech ; to be angry, to take offence ; 'To take in snuffe, Figliar ombra, Figliar in mala parte.'—Torriano.

10 A *popinjay* or *popingay* is a parrot.

11 I. e. *pain*, *dolor ventris* is rendered *belly-grief* in the old dictionaries.

12 So in Sir T. Overburie's Characters, 1616 [An Ordinarie Fencer.] 'his wounds are seldom skin-deepe ; for an inward-bruise lambstones and sweets breads are his only *spermaceti*.'

13 Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as *Hotspur's brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was and not his sister.

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent¹ with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
By the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound² the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who, then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp³ head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare⁴ and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
believe him;

He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them;—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause
awhile;

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows; it appears from Dugdale and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund, earl of March*, nephew to *Lady Percy*, and the proper Mortimer of this play; the other Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the former, and brother to *Lady Percy*. The poet has confounded the two persons.

1 *To indent with fears is to enter into compact with covards.* 'To make a covenant or to indent with one. *Paciscor.*'—Baret.

2 Shakespeare uses *confound* for *spending* or *losing* time.

3 *Crisp is curled.* Thus in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:—
'O beauteous Tyber, with thine easy streams
That glide as smoothly as a Partisan shaft,
Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver curls,
Back to thy grassy-green banks to welcome us.'

4 Some of the quarto copies read *bare*.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To WORCESTER.*]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the unhappy king

(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did King Richard
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer

Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.

But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man;

And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo;

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,

To show the line, and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle king.—

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power,

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker,⁵ Bolingbroke?

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?

No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves

Into the good thoughts of the world again:

Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,

Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,

To answer all the debt he owes to you,

Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.

Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,

And to your quick-conceiving discontents

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;

As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,

As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,

On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

5 Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1355: but he was killed in Ireland in 1399. The person who was proclaimed heir apparent by Richard II. previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund Mortimer*, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old: he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower, and the subsequent historians copied him. Sandford says that he married Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund earl of Stafford. Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakespeare into the error. This Edmund, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in 1392, and consequently, at the time when this play is supposed to commence, was little more than ten years old. The prince of Wales was not fifteen.

6 The *canker-rose* is the dog-rose, the flower of the *Cynosbaton*. So in Much Ado about Nothing:—
'rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his garden'
7 i. e. *disdainful*.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim; Send danger from the east unto the west, So honour cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs, To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap, To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon; Or dive into the bottom of the deep,¹ Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honour by the locks; So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear, Without corvial, all her dignities: But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!²

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures³ here, But not the form of what he should attend.— Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots, That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all; By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them: No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not: I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes.— Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:— He said, he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay, I'll have a starting shall be taught to speak Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,⁴ Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke: And that same sword-and-buckler⁵ prince of Wales,—

But that I think his father loves him not, And would be glad he met with some mischance, I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.⁶

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you, When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue⁷ and impatient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood; Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

1 Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles:—'I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.' Johnson says, 'Though I am far from condemning this speech, with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory, which Warburton endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical; yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.—In the Knight of the Burning Pestle, Beaumont and Fletcher have put this rant into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to be fond of acting parts to *tear a cat in*.

2 *Half-faced*, which has puzzled the commentators, seems here meant to convey a contemptuous idea of something imperfect. As in Nashe's Apology of Pierce Penniless:—'With all other ends of your *half-faced* English.'

3 Shapes created by his imagination.

4 To *defy* was sometimes used in the sense of to *renounce, reject, refuse*, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

5 'Sword and buckler prince' is here used as a term of contempt. The following extracts will help us to the precise meaning of the epithet:—'This field, commonly

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods, Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?— A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;— 'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept: His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy⁸ deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look,—when his infant fortune came to age, And—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,— O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again; We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, 'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Deliver them up without their ransom straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons, Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd, Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employed,— Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd, The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop. I speak not this in estimation, As what I think might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set down; And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.⁹

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:— And then the power of Scotland, and of York,— To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed, To save our heads by raising of a head;¹⁰ For, bear ourselves as even as we can, The king will always think him in our debt;¹¹ And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

called West Smithfield, was for many years called Rufian's Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frays and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every serving man, from the base to the best, carried a buckler at his back, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword.—Stowe's Survey of London.

6 This is said in allusion to low pot-house company, with which the prince associated.

7 The first quarto, 1598, reads *wasp-stung*, which Steevens thought the true reading. The quarto of 1609 reads *wasp-tongue*, which Malone strenuously contends for; and I think with Mr. Nares that he is right. 'He who is stung by wasps has a real cause for impatience; but *waspish*, which is often used by Shakespeare, is peevish, not temper; and *wasp-tongue* therefore very naturally means *peevish-tongue*, which was exactly the accusation meant to be urged.' The folio altered it unnecessarily to *wasp-tongued*.

8 I.e. 'what a deal of candy courtesy.'

9 Conjecture.

10 This phrase is taken from hunting. To *let slip* is to loose a greyhound.

11 A body of forces.

12 This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied. That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by King Richard in the former play.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin,¹ farewell!—No further go in this, Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe (which will be suddenly,)

I'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once

(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother:—we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short, Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard. Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain² is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.³

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank⁴ here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:⁵ this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.⁶

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.⁷

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes⁸ of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are

quite starved.⁹—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.¹⁰

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pry'thee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a tric worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pry'thee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.¹¹

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.¹²

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin¹³ in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,¹⁴ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pry'thee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou drestamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,¹⁵ no long-staff, sippetry strikers;¹⁶ none of these mad, mustachio, purple-

1 This was a common address in Shakspeare's time to nephews, nieces, and grand-children. See Holinshed, *passim*. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

2 Charles' wain was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *great bear*. It is a corruption of *Chortles* or *Churl's* wain. *Churl* is frequently used for a *countryman* in old books, from the Saxon *ceorl*.

3 'Out of all cess' is 'out of all measure.' *Excessively*, *præter modum*. To *cess*, or *assess*, was to number, muster, value, *measure*, or appraise.

4 *Dank* is moist, wet, and consequently *mouldy*.

5 *Bots* are *worms*; a disease to which horses are very subject.

6 Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout*; probably alluding to the red spots with which the trout is covered, having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.

7 It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ix. c. xlvii. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas. 'Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one.' Mason suggests that 'breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches,' may be the meaning of the passage; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

8 The commentators have puzzled themselves and their readers about this word *razes*: Theobald asserts that a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale*. I have somewhere seen the word used for a *fraile*, or little rush basket, such as figs, raisins, &c. are usually packed in; but I cannot now recall the book to memory in which it

occurred. Such a package was much more likely to be meant than a bale. The poet perhaps intended to mark the *petty importance* of the carrier's business.

9 This is one of the poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

10 Gadshill has his name from a place on the Kentish Road, where robberies were very frequent. A curious narrative of a gang, who appear to have infested that neighbourhood in 1590, is printed from a MS. paper of Sir Roger Manwood's in Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. xvi. p. 431.

11 This is a proverbial phrase, frequently used in old plays.

12 Thus in the life and death of Gamaliel Ratsey, 1605:—'—he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped.'

13 A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity. See *Canterbury Tales*, v. 333, and Mr. Tyrwhitt's note upon it.

14 In a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, is an account of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars; and as Nicholas or old Nick is a cant name for the devil, so thieves are equivocally called *Saint Nicholas' clerks*.

15 Footpads.

16 A *striker* was a *thief*.

hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers;¹ such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.²

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her.³ We steal as in a castle,⁴ cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed,⁵ for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share of our purchase,⁶ as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Road by Gadshill.* Enter PRINCE HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.⁷

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire's further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines⁸ to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

1 Some of the commentators have been at great pains to conjecture what class of persons were meant by *great oneyers*. One proposed to read *moneyers*; another *mynheers*; and Malone coins a word, *onyers*, which he says may mean a *public accountant*, from the term *onus*, used in the exchequer. The ludicrous nature of the appellations which Gadshill bestows upon his associates might have sufficiently shown them that such attempts must be futile; 'nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers.' Johnson has judiciously explained it. 'Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with an mean wretches, but with "burgomasters and great ones," or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, great one-yers, or great one-ers, as we say *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*.'

2 A quibble upon *boots* and *booty*. *Boot* is *profit*, *advantage*.

3 Alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff says:—'They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me.'

4 *As in a castle* was a proverbial phrase for security. Stevens has adduced several examples of its use in contemporary writers.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt!¹⁰ me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse: good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own beir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HEN. and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,¹¹ say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed

5 *Fern-seed* was supposed to have the power of rendering persons invisible: the seed of fern is itself invisible; therefore to find it was a magic operation, and in the use it was supposed to communicate its own property.

6 *Purchase* was anciently understood in the sense of *gain*, *profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. The commentators are wrong in saying that it meant stolen goods.

7 This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. Thus in *The Malecontent*, 1604:—'I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to fret, fret.' Velvet and taffata were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened, quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

8 *i. e.* the square or measure. A carpenter's rule was called a *square*; from *esquierre*, Fr.

9 Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powders*.

10 *To colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive*; perhaps from the wild tricks of a colt.

11 *i. e.* be his lot or portion happiness. This proverbial phrase has been already explained in the notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Winter's Tale*.

knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied¹ knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;² I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FAL. &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true³ men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument⁴ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving the booty behind them.

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.⁵

—But, for my own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York⁶ commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.⁷ Is there not my father, my uncle,

and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buf-fets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate?⁸ I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?⁹

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to the bounding steed;

Cry, *Courage!*—to the field! And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and retires;¹⁰ of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers,¹¹ parapets;

Of basilisks,¹² of cannon, culverin;

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the 'currents'¹³ of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden haste. O, what portents

are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot.

That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*¹⁴

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,¹⁵

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

In Virgil '*ferreus somnus.*' Homer terms sleep *brazen*, or, more suitably, *copper*.

¹⁰ *Retires* are retreats.

¹¹ *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. Thus in Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, 1589:—'A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*.' Florio interprets '*frontiera*, a *frontire* or bounding place: also a *skonce*, a *bastion*, a *defence*, a *trench*, or *block-house*, upon or about confines or borders.'

¹² *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance, probably so named from the imaginary serpent or dragon, with figures of which it was ordinary to ornament great guns.

¹³ *Occurrences*.

¹⁴ The motto of the Percy family.

¹⁵ So in *Cymbeline* we have:—

'As quarrellous as the weasel.'

¹ *Gorbellied* is *big-paunched*, corpulent.

² A term of reproach usually applied to avaricious old citizens. It is of uncertain derivation. Cotgrave interprets '*Un gros marroufle*, a big cat; also an ouglie lusk or clusterist; also a rich churl or fat chuff.'

³ *True for honest*: thus opposing the true men to the thieves.

⁴ *Argument* is subject matter for conversation.

⁵ This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

⁶ Richard Scroop, archbishop of York.

⁷ See note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

⁸ Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife (which was not *Katherine*, but *Elizabeth*), or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

⁹ In King Richard III. we have '*leaden slumber*'

About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line¹ his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trisler!—Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammetts,² and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; and for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady.

It must, of force.

SCENE IV. Eastcheap.³ A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern. Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn
brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them
all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and
Francis. They take it already upon their salvation,
that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the
king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud
Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,⁴ a lad of mettle,
a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and
when I am king of England, I shall command all the
good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep,
dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering,
they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.⁵—To con-

1 i.e. to strengthen.

2 Mammetts were puppets or dolls, here used by Shakespeare for a female plaything; a diminutive of *mam*. 'Quasi dicat parvam matrem, seu matronulam.'—'Icuncule, mammetts or puppets that goe by devices of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving.' *Junius's Nomenclator*, by Fleming, 1385.—Mr. Gifford has thrown out a conjecture about the meaning of *mammetts* from the Italian *mammetta*, which signified a *bosom* as well as a *young wench*. See Ben Jonson's Works, vol. v. p. 66. I have not found the word used in English in that sense; but *mammet*, for a puppet or dressed up living doll, is common enough.

3 Eastcheap is selected with propriety for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence: a mansion called Cold Harbour (near All Hallows Church, Upper Thames Street), was granted to Henry Prince of Wales. 11 Henry IV. 1410. Rymer, vol. viii. p. 628. In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. Eastcheap is the place where Henry and his companions meet:—'Hen. V. You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine.' Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar's Head tavern was very near Blackfriars' Play-house.—*Stowe's Survey*.

Sir John Falstaff was in his lifetime a considerable benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford; and though the College cannot give the particulars at large, the

clude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar,⁶ clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker;⁷ one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[Exit POINS.]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir!

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir!

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,⁸ crystal-button, nodd-pated,⁹ agate-ring, puke-stocking,¹⁰ caddis-garter,¹¹ smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Boar's Head in Southwark, and Caldecot Manor in Suffolk were part of the lands, &c. he bestowed.

4 A Corinthian was a *wencher* a *debauchee*. The fame of Corinth, as a place of resort for loose women, was not yet extinct.

5 Mr. Gifford has shown that there is no ground for the filthy interpretation of this passage which Steevens chose to give. 'To breathe in your watering,' is 'to stop and take breath when you are drinking.'

6 It appears from two passages cited by Steevens that the drawers kept sugar folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack.

7 An under-skinker is a tapster, an under-drawer. Skink is drink, liquor; from *seene*, drink, Saxon.

8 The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by these contemptuous distinctions.

9 Nodd-pated is shorn-pated, or cropped; having the hair cut close.

10 Puke-stockings are dark-coloured stockings. Puke is a colour between russet and black; *pultus*, Lat. according to the dictionaries. By the receipt for dyeing it, it appears to have been a dark gray or slate colour.

11 Caddis was probably a kind of ferret or weaselt lace. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France. In Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable, we are told of 'footmen in caddis.' Garters being formerly worn in sight were often of rich materials; to wear a coarse cheap sort was therefore reproachful.

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard¹ is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of good man Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north: he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers, *Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*² says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,³ and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish

1 A kind of sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two sorts, brown and white. Baret says that '*bastarde* is *muscadet, sweete wine, mulsum.*' *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack, and concludes by saying, '*Nullum vinum majoris pretii est, quam bastardum, ob dulcedinis nobilitatem.*'—*De Gent. Septent.* p. 521.

2 Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.

3 Stockings.

4 'Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?' alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, melting with the motion, like butter with the heat of the sun. '*Pitiful-hearted*' is used in the sense which Colgrave gives to '*misericordieux*, merciful, *pitiful*, *compassionate*, *tender.*' Theobald reads '*pitiful-hearted butter*,' which is countenanced by none of the old copies, but affords a clear sense. Malone and Steevens have each given a reading, founded upon the quarto of 1593, which has '*— at the sweet tale of the sonnes:*' but they differ in their explanations of the passage. Their arguments are too long for this place, and are the less necessary as I do not adopt the readings upon which they are founded. Bishop Earle, in his *Microcosmography*, giving the character of a pot poet, says, '*His frequentest works go out in single sheets, and are*

of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime⁵ in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing:⁶ A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,⁷ and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still stay I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through;⁸ my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or

chaunted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench melts like butter to hear them.'

5 Eliot, in his *Orthoepeia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says, 'The vintners of London put in lime; thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the goutes.'

6 This is the reading of the first quarto, 1593. The folio reads 'I could sing all manner of songs.' The passage was probably altered to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. cxxi. Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in the Twelfth Night. The protestants who fled from the persecutions of the duke of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers: their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

7 A dagger of lath is the weapon given to the Vice in the Old Moralities. In the second part of this play Falstaff calls Shallow a *Vice's* dagger.

8 It appears from the old comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, (1599) that this method of defence and fight was then going out of fashion:—'I see by this dearth of good swords that *sword* and *buckler* fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then: then a tall man and a good sword-and-buckler-man will be spitted like a cat or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man,' &c.

less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.¹

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fough set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.²

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal³ green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech⁴—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou

could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,⁵ or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,⁶ you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Fal staff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me,

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,⁷ and send him back again to my mother.

4 A keech is a round lump of fat, rolled up by the butcher in order to be carried to the chandler, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. The old editions read *catch*.

5 The strappado was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were suddenly let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms but shook all the joints out of joint. He adds, 'which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo.' *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, b. iii. p. 310.

6 It has been proposed to read *elf-skin*, with great plausibility. Shakspeare had historical authority for the leanness of the prince. Stowe speaking of him, says, 'He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small,' &c.

7 This is a kind of a joke upon noble and royal, two coins, one of the value of 6s. 8d. the other 10s. Mr.

1 So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—'Thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.'

2 The same jest has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5. To understand it, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies a *tagged lace* used by our ancestors to fasten their garments, as well as the *sharp end of a weapon*. So in Sir Giles Goosecap, a comedy, 1606:—'Help me to truss my points.'—'I had rather see your hose about your heels than I would help you to truss a point.'

3 *Kendal Green* was the livery of Robert earl of Huntingdon and his followers, when in a state of outlawry, under the name of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture. *Green* still continues the colour of woodmen and gamekeepers.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaff's* sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,¹ and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hast fire² and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hast thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.³

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?⁴ How long is't ago, Jack, since thou savest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:⁵ A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amainon⁶ the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook⁷—What, a plague, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol⁸ kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said:—'My royal queen,' and a little after, 'My noble queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I ten groats worse than I was?'—*Hearne's Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford.*

1 i. e. taken in the fact. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1.

2 The fire in Bardolph's face.

3 i. e. drunkenness and poverty.

4 i. e. 'my sweet stuffed creature.' *Bombast* is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton plant the *bombast* tree. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes*. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2.

5 The custom of wearing a ring upon the thumb is very ancient. The rider of the brazen horse in Chaucer's *Squiers Tale*:—

'—upon his *thombe* he had a ring of gold.'

Grave personages, citizens, and aldermen wore a plain broad gold ring upon the thumb, which often had a motto engraved in the inside of it. An alderman's thumb-ring, and its motto, is mentioned in *The Antipodes*, by Brome.

6 A demon; who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

7 The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the par-

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps⁹ more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we should buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, 'i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state,¹⁰ this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's¹¹ vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.¹²

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, 'i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.¹³

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou

tisan or halbert. 'The Welsh glaive,' (which appears to be the same thing,) Grose says, 'is a kind of bill sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes.'

8 Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.

9 *Scotsmen*, on account of their blue bonnets.

10 In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. the same strain of humour is discoverable:—'Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shalt sit in this chair; and I'll be the young prince, and hit thee a box of the ear,' &c. A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it.

11 The banter is here upon the play called *A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe*, containing the Life of Cambyses, King of Persia, by Thomas Preston [1570.] There is a marginal direction in this play, 'At this tale tolde, let the queen weep,' which is probably alluded to, though the measure in the parody is not the same with that of the original.

12 i. e. my obeisance.

13 Thus in Cambyse's:—

'Queen. These words to hear makes stilling tears issue from chrysell eyes.'

Ritson thinks that the following passage in Soliman and Perseda is glanced at:—

'How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look, When they are stopp'd with floods of flowing tears?'

spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,¹ and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,² or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Blood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch³ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropnies, that huge bombard⁴ of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree⁵ ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

¹ A *micher* here signifies a *truant*. So in an old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1509:—'He is a *mychar*; vagus est non disculus.' To *mich* was to skulk, to hide; and hence the word sometimes also signified a *skulking thief*, and sometimes a *miser*. In Lyly's Mother Bombe, 1594, we have: 'How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty.'

² A young rabbit.

³ The machine which separates flour from bran.

⁴ A *bombard* was a very large leathern vessel to hold drink, perhaps so called from its similarity to a sort of cannon of the same name. That it was not a barrel, as some have supposed, is evident from the following passage:—

'His boots as wde as the black jacks,
Or bombards tosed by the king's guards.'

Shirley's Martyr'd Soldier.

⁵ Manningtree, in Essex, formerly enjoyed the privi-

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you;—Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard.]

[Exit Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord! my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exit all but the Prince and Poins.]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

lege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage plays yearly. It appears from other intimations that there were great festivities there, and much good eating at Whitsun ales, &c.

⁶ I. e. go no faster than I can follow.

⁷ When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding place upon all occasions

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.¹ Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.²

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a mark of twelve-score.³ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me to-morrow in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House. Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.*

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction⁴ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is, Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur, For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,⁵ Of burning cressets;⁶ and, at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth, Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done At the same season, if your mother's cat had But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

¹ St. Paul's Cathedral.

² In a very curious letter from Thomas Rainolds, vice chanceller of Oxford, in 1566, to Cardinal Pole, among the Coway Papers, he entreats the suppression of some of the wine taverns in Oxford, and states as one of his reasons that they sell Gascony wine at 16d. a gallon, sack at 2s. 4d. per gallon, and Malvoisie at 2s. 6d. to the utter ruin of the poor students.³ In Florio's *First Frutes*, 1578:—'Claret wine, red and white, is sold for fivepence the quart, and sack for sixpence; muscadell and malmsey for eight.' Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eightpence or eightpence halfpenny a quart, which would make the computation of five shillings and eightpence for two gallons correct. To the note on sack, at p. 433, we may add that sack is called *Vinum Hispanicum* by Coles, and *Vin d'Espagne* by Sherwood. In Florio's *Second Frutes* it is *Vino de Spagna*.

³ A score, in the language Toxophilites, was twenty yards. A mark of twelve score meant a mark at a distance of two hundred and forty yards.

⁴ Induction is used by Shakespeare for commencement, beginning. The introductory part of a play or poem was called the induction. Such is the prelude of

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame⁷ earth, and topples⁸ down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:—

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,

Bootless⁹ home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: Shall we divide our right?

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

the Tinkert to the Taming of the Shrew. Sackville's *induction* to the *Mirror for Magistrates* is another instance.

⁵ Shakspeare has amplified the hint of Holinshed, who says, 'Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night that he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.' The poet had probably also heard that, in 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower.

⁶ Cressets were open lamps, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole or otherwise suspended. Cotgrave thus describes them under the word *fatot*, 'a cresset light (such as they use in playhouses,) made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small open cages of iron.'

⁷ Beldame, and beldaire, formerly signified *grand-mother* and *grandfather*.

⁸ To topple, in its active sense, is to throw down.

⁹ Shakspeare has already, in Act ii. Sc. 1, quibbled upon *boots* and *boot*, profit.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,¹
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower : and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space [To GLEND.] you may have
drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,² north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me cranking³ in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, and monstrous cantle⁴ out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must ; you see, it
doth.

Mort. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cap of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
For I was train'd up in the English court ;⁵
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;⁶
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart ;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick⁷ turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

1 i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map.)

2 A moiety was frequently used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts.

3 To crank is to crook, to turn in and out. Crankling is used by Drayton in the same sense : speaking of a river, he says that Meander

'Hath not so many turns and cranking nooks as she.'

4 A cantle is a portion, a part, a corner or fragment of any thing. The French had *chanteau* and *chantel*, and the Italians *canto* and *cantone* in the same sense.

5 Owen Glendower's real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan. He took the name of Glendower from the lordship of which he was the owner.

6 This disputed passage seems to me to mean that he gave to the language the helpful ornament of *verse*. Hotspur's answer shows that he took it in that sense.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
night :

I'll in and haste the writer,⁸ and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence :
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.]

Mort. Fye, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot choose : sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp⁹ and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies ;

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys : I cried, humph,—and well,

—go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house ;—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ;¹⁰ valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable : and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful—
blame ;¹¹

And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,¹² and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

7 A very common contraction of *candlestick*. The noise to which Hotspur alludes is mentioned in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636 :—
'As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
Where they turn brazen candlesticks.'

8 i. e. the writer of the articles. The old copy reads 'I'll haste the writer, &c.' The two necessary words (in and) were suggested by Steevens.

9 The *moldwarp* is the mole ; A. S. *molde* and *aeorpan* ; because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks.

10 Skilled in wonderful secrets.

11 Shakespeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has the power of an adverb. In King Richard III. we meet with *childish-foolish*, *senseless*, *obstinate*, and *mortal-staring*.

12 i. e. self-opinion or conceit.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct' speedily.

[*GLEND. speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry.²

One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*LADY M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,³

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*LADY M. speaks.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute.⁴

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*LADY M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down.⁵

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,⁶

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:

By that time will our book,⁷ I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;

And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach,⁸ howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.⁹

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song sung by LADY M.*]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth: and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.¹

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,

And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet-guards,¹¹ and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.¹² An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter KING HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave: the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: But be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords*]

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service¹³ I have done,

That in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,

Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,¹⁴

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,

nants, &c.—In a MS. letter from Sir Richard Sackville, in 1560, to Lady Throckmorton, announcing a grant of some land to her husband Sir Nicholas, he says, 'It hath pleased the queen's majesty to sign Mr. Frogmorton's book.'—*Comney Papers.*

⁸ Hound.

⁹ That this is spoken ironically is sufficiently obvious, as Mr. Pye has observed; but the strange attempts to misunderstand the passage made by some commentators, make the observation in some measure necessary.

¹⁰ *Finsbury*, being then open walks and fields, was the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many old plays.

¹¹ *Velvet-guards*, or trimmings of velvet, being the city fashion in Shakspeare's time, the term was used metaphorically to designate such persons.

¹² Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing, and this is a humorous turn which he gives to his argument, 'Come, sing.'—'I will not sing.'—'Tis the next (i. e. readiest, nearest) way to turn tailor or redbreast teacher.' The meaning is, 'to sing is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds.'

¹³ Service, for action.

¹⁴ Mean attempts are mean, unworthy undertakings. Lewd, in this place, has its original signification of idle, ungracious, naughty.

¹ Guard, escort.

² Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, reproaches his daughter in the same words:—

'A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.'

³ It seems extraordinary that Steevens could for a moment conceive that Mortimer meant his lady's two prominent tips! It is obvious, as Mr. Douce has remarked, that her eyes swollen with tears are meant, whose language he is too perfect in, and could answer with the like if it were not for shame.

⁴ A compliment to Queen Elizabeth was perhaps here intended, who was a performer on the lute and virginals. See Melvil's *Memoirs*, folio, p. 50. *Divisions*, which were then uncommon in vocal music, are variations of melody upon some given fundamental harmony.

⁵ It has been already remarked, that it was long the custom in this country to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

⁶ So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*:—

— who shall take his lute,

And touch it till he crown a silent sleep

Upon my eyelid.

The God of Sleep is not only to sit on Mortimer's eyelids, but to sit crowned, that is, with sovereign dominion.

⁷ It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a book in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, cove-

Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,¹
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pickthanks² and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,³
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;⁴
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,⁵
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin⁶ wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded⁷ his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping⁸ fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at glib boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:⁹
Grew a companion to the common streets,

1 The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure. Johnson thus explains it:—'Let me beg so much extenuation, that upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some which are true.' *Reproof* means *disproof*.

2 A sycophant, a flatterer, one who is studious to gain favour, or to pick occasions for obtaining thanks.

3 This appears to be an anachronism. The prince's removal from council, in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury, (1403). His brother the duke of Clarence was appointed president in his room, and he was not created a duke till 1411.

4 True to him that had then possession of the crown.

5 Massinger, in *The Great Duke of Florence*, has adopted this expression:—

'—Giovanni,

A prince in expectation, when he lived here
Stole courtesy from heaven; and would not to
The meanest servant in my father's house
Have kept such distance.'

Mr. Gifford, in the following note on this passage, gives the best explanation of the phrase, which the commentators have altogether mistaken:—'The plain meaning of the phrase is, that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a heavenly kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men, resembling that divine condescension which excludes none from its regard, and, therefore, immediately derived or *stolen* from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. The word *stolen* here

Enfeoff'd¹⁰ himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drow'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,¹¹
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate¹² against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

means little else than to win by imperceptible progress, by gentle violence.'

6 *Bavins* are brushwood, or small fagots used for lighting fires.

7 To *card* is to mix, or debase by mixing. The metaphor is probably taken from mingling coarse wool with fine, and carding them together, thereby diminishing the value of the latter. The phrase is used by other writers for to mingle or mix.

8 The quarto, 1598, reads *carping*. The quarto, 1609, and subsequent old copies, read *carping*, which I am inclined to think from the context is the word which Shakespeare wrote. 'A carping momus,' and 'a carping fool,' were very common expressions in that age.

9 I. e. every beardless vain young fellow who affected wit, or was a dealer in comparisons. Vide Act I. Sc. 2.

10 I. e. gave himself up, absolutely and entirely, to popularity. To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to give or grant any thing to another in fee simple.

11 'Interest to the state.' We should now write *in* the state; but this was the phraseology of the poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*, 'he is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly,' 'Thou hast but the shadow of succession, compared with the more worthy interest in the state (i. e. great popularity) which he possesses.'

12 To *capitulate*, according to the old dictionaries, formerly signified to make articles of agreement. The nobles enumerated had entered into such articles, or confederated against the king.

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours² in a bloody mark,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;³
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel⁴ of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland⁵ hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement⁶ is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you

Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him⁷ fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.* *Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;⁸ I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse:⁹ the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dined, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral,¹⁰ thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By thy fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:¹¹ but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,¹² at the dearest chandler's in

liquor on his back, and the other in his belly.' *Malt horse*, which is the same thing, was a common term of reproach, and is used elsewhere by Shakspeare, and by Ben Jonson.

¹⁰ So Decker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1605:—'An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his nose.—The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an East Indian voyage, to have stood a nights in the poops of their admiral, only to save the charges of candles.' That it was an old joke appears from a passage in Bullen's Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence, 1578, cited by Malone.

¹¹ Stevens has taken occasion here to mention that *candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

¹² *Cheap* being derived from KAVPON, Gothic, is the past participle of cypan, Sax. to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain*. Our ancestors not only used *good cheap*, but *better cheap*, in the sense which we now use *cheap* and *cheaper*. Tooke thinks that *bad-cheap* was also used, but has adduced no example. Baret translates the *ova villa* of Horace by *good cheap eggs*; and the *minoris vendere aliquid*, of Plautus, by *to sell better-cheap*. *Cheap* and *cheaping* therefore came to signify a *market*, which led Johnson to suppose that *good-cheap* was derived from a *bon marche*. All the northern dialects

¹ See p. 119, note 5.

² *Favours* is probably here used for *colours*; the scarf by which a knight of rank was distinguished.

³ Bonds. ⁴ Part.

⁵ There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a Lord March of Scotland, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury. The poet recollected that there was a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family on the rebels' side, (one being *earl of March* in England, the other *earl of March* in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March*.

⁶ Intelligence. ⁷ Feeds himself fat.

⁸ *Liking* is condition, *plight of body*. 'If one be in better plight of body, or better liking.'

⁹ That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be collected from a conundrum in The Devil's Cabinet Opened:—'What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse*?—Because one carries all his

Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Parlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never cailed so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell! You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker² of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,³ but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching.
FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his trunchion like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, 'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

have the same form of speech that our ancestors used; thus *god-kop, betre kop*, in Swedish; *got kiob, better kiob*, in Danish, &c. Florio has 'buon-mercato, *good-cheape*, a good bargain.'

¹ *Eight shillings an ell*, for holland linen, appears a high price for the time, but hear Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*:—'In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some (twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (which is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worn of any doest cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person.'

² *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience.

³ This was a common phrase for *enjoying one's self in quiet, as if at home*; not very different in its application from that maxim, *Every man's house is his castle*. *Inne* originally signified a house or habitation. When the word began to change its meaning, and to be used for a house of public entertainment, the proverb still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense. Falstaff puns upon the word *inn* in order to represent

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune;⁴ nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian⁵ may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound.

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!⁶

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whore-

the wrong done him the more strongly. Old Heywood has one or two epigrams which turn upon this phrase.

⁴ Steevens has been too abundantly copious on the subject of *stewed prunes*. They were a refection particularly common in brothels in Shakespeare's time, perhaps from mistaken notions of their antiepileptic properties. It is not easy to understand Falstaff's similes, perhaps he means as faithless as a *strumpet* or a *bawd*. A *drawn fox* is surely neither an *exenterated fox*: nor a fox drawn over the grounds to exercise the hounds; but a *hunted fox*, a fox drawn from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate.

⁵ One of the characters in the ancient morris dance, generally a man dressed like a woman, sometimes a strumpet; and therefore forms an allusion to describe women of a masculine character. A curious tract, entitled 'Old Meg of Herefordshire for a *Mayd Marian*, and Hereford Town for a *Morris-dance*, 1609,' was reprinted by Mr. Triphook in 1816.

⁶ This imprecation is supposed to have reference to the old adage, 'Ungirt, unblessed.' It appears to have been also proverbial.

son, impudent, embossed¹ rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong; Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,—my brother John;—this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—Jack, meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall at two o'clock i'the afternoon: there shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money, and order for their furniture.²

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel Camp near Shrewsbury. Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have,³ As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy⁴ The tongues of soothers; but a braver place

In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself; Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard⁵ him.

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,⁶ In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.⁷

Wor. I prythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth? And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd,⁸ but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing⁹ now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd¹⁰

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope:

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug.

'Faith, and so we should;

Where¹¹ now remains a sweet reversion;

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement¹² lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair¹³ of our attempt

Brooks no division: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;

And think, how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction,

And breed a kind of question in our cause:

¹ Swollen, puffy, blown up.

² I have followed Mr. Douce's suggestion in printing thus much of this speech in prose. No correct ear will ever receive it as blank verse, notwithstanding the efforts by omission, &c. to convert it into metre.

³ This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is applied by way of preeminence to the head of the Douglas family.

⁴ Disdain.

⁵ To beard is to oppose face to face, in a daring and hostile manner, to threaten even to his beard.

⁶ Epaminondas being told, on the evening before the battle of Leuctra, that an officer of distinction had died in his tent, exclaimed, 'Good gods! how could any body find time to die in such a conjuncture.'—*Xenophon Hellenic*, l. vi.

⁷ The folio reads 'not I his mind.' The quarto, 1598, 'not I my mind.' The emendation is Capell's.

⁸ That is, on any less near to himself, or whose interest is remote.

⁹ Quailing is fainting, slackening, flagging; or falling in vigour or resolution; going back. Cotgrave renders it by *alacchissement*.

¹⁰ Informed.

¹¹ Where, for whereas.

¹² I. e. 'a support to which we may have recourse.'

¹³ 'Hair was anciently used metaphorically for the colour, complexion, or nature of a thing. *Pelo* (an Italian) is used for the colour of a horse, also for the countenance of a man; and *pail*, in French, has the same significations, *ésser d'un pelo*, *estre d'un poil* To be of the same hair, quality, or condition.

For, well you know, we of the offering¹ side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,²
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a
word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term³ of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. 'Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The earl of Westmorland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
'The nimble-footed' mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that da'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd: like estridges that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;⁴
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver⁵ on,
His cuisses⁶ on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in
March,

1 The offering side is the assailing side. Baret renders *'Attentare pudicitiam puellæ, to assaile a maydens chastite: to offer.'*

2 To draw a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to undraw one at present. Thus in the Second Part of King Henry VI. quarto, 1600:—'Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed.'

The folio reads 'dream of fear.'

Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince:—'He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke.'

5 This is the reading of all the old copies, which Hamner not understanding, altered to—

'All plum'd like estridges, and with the wind

Bating like eagles, &c.'

Then came Johnson, who supposed that there must be necessity for emendation, as it had already been attempted: he changed it thus:—

'All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind;

Bated like eagles, &c.'

This reading has been adopted by Malone, and by Steevens, with a voluminous commentary to show its necessity. But surely, if a clear sense can be deduced from the passage as it stands, no conjectural alteration of the text should be admitted. The meaning of the passage is obviously this:—'The prince and his comrades were all furnish'd, all in arms, all plum'd: like estridges (ostriches) that bated (i. e. flutter or beat) the wind with their wings; like eagles having lately bathed.' Johnson's reading is exceptionable, if it was not an unwarrantable innovation, because to wing the wind and to bate are the same thing; and the difficul-

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take⁷ my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Public Road near Coventry. Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.⁸ I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodities of an elliptical construction are not avoided by it. Malone's notion, that a line had been omitted, has not any concurrence. Nor do I think with Mr. Douce, that by *estridges*, *estrige*-falcons are here meant, though the word may be used in that sense in Antony and Cleopatra. The ostridge's plumage would be more likely to occur to the poet, from the circumstance of its being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. So in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 22:—

'Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been,
The Mountford's all in plumes like estridges were seen.'

Bating, or to *bate*, in falconry, is the unquiet fluttering of a hawk. To *beat the wing*, *batter* *Pale*, Ital. All birds *bate*, i. e. flutter, beat, or flap their wings to dry their feathers after bathing; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings, to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character; it is a fluttering or a flapping, not a flight. The fluttering motion and flapping of the plumed crests of the prince and his associates naturally excited these images. *Bated* refers both to the flapping of the plumes, and of the wings of the ostrich; the plumage of that bird is displayed to more advantage when its wings are in motion, than when at rest; and hence the propriety of representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion, or when it 'bated the air, like eagles lately bathed.'

6 The *bearer* of a helmet was a moveable piece, which lifted up or down to enable the wearer to drink or take breath more freely. It is frequently, though improperly, used to express the helmet itself.

7 Armour for the thighs.

8 The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read *tasse*.

9 The *gurnet*, or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

dity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver,¹ worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,² with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:³ and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad-fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villainous march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gives⁴ on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-noose inn-keeper of Daintry.⁵ But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? Ifow now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

1 A gun.

2 Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and eaters of buttered toasts.—Moryson's Itin. 1617.

3 An old faced ancient is an old patched standard. To face a garment was to line or trim it. Thus in the present play:—

'To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour.'

4 Fatters.

5 Davenry.

6 The old copies read 'that this day lives'; but the words, as Mason observes, weaken the sense and destroy the measure.

SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug.

You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life

(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug.

Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver.

Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,⁷

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God,

to God,

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deserving, and good name;

Because you are not of our quality,⁸

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty!

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs;⁹ and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unbidden outlaw sneaking home,

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,

7 Leading is experience in the conduct of armies. The old copies have 'such leading as you are'; but the superfluous words serve only to destroy the metre.

8 Quality, in its general sense, anciently signified profession, occupation. Shakspeare here gives it metaphorically for one of the same fraternity or fellowship.

9 Grievances.

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,¹ and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less² came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur:³
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
'This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for,
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—

In short time, after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that,⁴ task'd the whole state:
'To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd⁵ in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
'Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*
Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;⁷
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you know
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland
(Whose power was in the first proportion),
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,⁸
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies),—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear
there's Douglas,

And Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry
Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath
drawn

The special head of all the land together:—
The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more co-rivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op-
pos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy.—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE
JOHN of Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky⁹ hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes:
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. *Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms.
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs¹⁰ in ungentle steel;

1 That is, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands. This law term has been already explained in King Richard II. Act II. Sc. 1.

2 The greater and the less.

3 The whole of this speech alludes to passages in King Richard II.

4 So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure: 'Great mischiefs succeeding one in another's necke.' *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*: it was common to use these words indiscriminately, says Steevens. *Taxes* were tributes or subsidies, and should not be confounded with *taxes*, which are carefully distinguished by Baret. He interprets '*telonum*, the place where *tasks* or *tributes* are paid.' Phillips, in his *World of Words*, says, '*Task* is an old British word, signifying tribute, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour imposed upon any one.'

5 The old copies read *engag'd*, which Theobald altered to *incag'd*, without reason: to be engaged is to be pledged as an hostage.

6 A brief is any short writing, as a letter, &c.

7 Thomas Lord Mowbray.

8 A strength on which we reckoned, a help of which we made account.

9 'I do not know (says Mr. Blakeway) whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill.' Milton writes the word, perhaps more properly, *bosky*, it is from the French *bois-cageux*, woody.

10 Shakespeare forgot that he was not at this time old, it was only four-years since the deposition of King Richard.

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to't? will you again unknot
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege;
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,¹ peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help: what with the absent king!
 What with the injuries of a wanton time;
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, what with us so
 As that ungentele gull, the cuckoo's bird,²
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand oppos'd³ by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,⁴
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want

Such water colours, to impaint his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving⁵ for a time
 Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,⁶
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no.⁷
 We love our people well: even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
 bestride me,⁸ so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay
 him before his day. What need I be so forward with
 him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter;
 Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour
 prick me off when I come on? how then? Can
 honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or
 take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath
 no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A
 word. What is in that word, honour? What is that
 honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it?
 He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No.
 Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea,
 to the dead. But will it not live with the living?
 No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—there-
 fore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon,
 and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

1 A *chewet* was (as Theobald justly observes) a noisy chattering bird, a pie or jackdaw; called also in French *chouette*. This simple and satisfactory explanation would not do for Steevens and Malone, who fiding that *chewets* were also little round pies made of minced meat, thought that the prince complained Falstaff, for his unseasonable chattering, to a minced pie! The word is a diminutive of *chough*, pronounced *chouh*, from the Saxon *ceo*. *Graculus Monedula*. *Belon*, in his *History of Birds*, describes the *chouette* as the smallest kind of chough or crow, and this will account for the diminutive termination of its name.

2 'The Titling, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chick'

of another bird:—and this she doth so long, untill the young cuckoo being once fledged and ready to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat up her that hatched her.'—*Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Holland*, b. x. ch. 9.

3 i. e. we stand in opposition to you.

4 The quartos read *articulate*. To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

5 i. e. anxiously expecting a time.

6 That is, taken from his account

7 Mason suggests that we should read 'know good Worcester, know, &c.'

8 In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot.
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege.—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *[Exit.]*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before
the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,

1 Westmoreland was impawned as a surety for the safe return of Worcester. See Act iv. Sc. 3.

2 *Tasking* as well as *lasing* was used for *reproof*. We still say 'he took him to task.'

3 I. e. 'mention of himself.' To *cite* is to quote, allege, or mention any passage or incident. The mistakes of Pope and others have induced me to give an explanation of this word, which I should otherwise have thought sufficiently intelligible.

4 That is, *was master of*.

5 *Own*.

6 *So wild at liberty* may mean so wild and licentious, or loose in his conduct. Johnson misunderstood and

He made a blushing citi¹ of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd⁴ there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe⁵ so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild at liberty:⁶
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare: the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—*Percy!*—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Plain near Shrewsbury. Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarm to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness: for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight, and BLUNT is slain.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

wrong pointed this passage. The quarto copies most of them read 'so wild a *libertie*.' Steevens suggests that perhaps the author wrote 'so wild a *libertine*;' to which reading I very much incline.

7 *Esperance*, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. Shakspeare uses *esperance* as a word of four syllables, the *e* final having the same power as in French verse.

8 The folio reads:—

'I was not born to yield thou haughty Scot.'

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well: A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; Schemably¹ furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither² it goes! A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats. I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away; Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *[Exeunt.]*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!³—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory⁴ never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. *[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]*

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exits.]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.⁵ If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado⁶ of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field. Alarums:

Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:⁷—Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

¹ That is in seeming or outward appearance.

² Whither for whithersoever. Thus Baret, 'Whither, or to what place you will. Quovis.' Any-whither also signified to any place. In the last scene of the second act, Hotspur says to his wife:—

³ 'Whither I go, thither shak thou go too.'

⁴ 'Here's no vanity,' the negative is here used ironically, to designate the excess of a thing.

⁵ 'Turk Gregory' means Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his Martyrology, has made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one. There was an old tragedy on the

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive The prince of Wales from such a field as this; Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on; And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt P. JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.⁸

P. Hen. O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all! *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads;

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them.—What art thou, That counterfeits⁹ the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys,

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoever thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the King being in danger, enter PRINCE HENRY.]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:

It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[They fight; DOUGLAS flies]

Cheerly, my lord: How fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;⁹

And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death:

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas

Gawsey. *[Exit KING HENRY.]*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

subject of Hildebrand, but not even the title of it has come down to us.

⁵ 'Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him,' is addressed to the prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is a soliloquy. Shakspeare was not aware that he ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian:—'Piercy a penetrando oculum Regis Scotorum ut fabulator Boetius.'—*Skinner.*

⁶ A rasher or collop of meat cut crosswise for the gridiron.

⁷ History says that the prince was wounded in the face by an arrow.

⁸—the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point, without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged.—*Holinshed*, p. 759.

⁹ Opinion for estimation, reputation, the opinion of the world. The word was then used in that sense.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who
falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.
HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.² O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee
well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;³
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours⁴ hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy⁵ sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd⁶ will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou em-
bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder⁷
me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas
time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had
paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am
no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for
he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not
the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a
man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the
true and perfect image of life indeed. The better

1 Shakespeare had no authority for making Hotspur
fall by the hand of the prince. Holinshed says, 'The
king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty
persons of his enemies. The other of his party, en-
couraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the
Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur.' Speed says that
Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

2 Hotspur, in his last moments endeavours to console
himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts,
but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it,
and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thought
depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and
sport of time; of time which, with all its dominion over

part of valour is—discretion; in the which better
part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid
of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead:
How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am
afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. There-
fore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed
him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing
confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. There-
fore, sirrah [*stabbing him.*] with a new wound in
your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast
thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and
bleeding

On the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pry thee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a doubtful man:
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
There is Percy [*throwing the body down.*]: if your
father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him
kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl
or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is
given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out
of breath; and so was he: but we rose both in an
instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury
clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them,
that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their
own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave
him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive,
and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece
of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I
heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P. HEN. and P. JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He
that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow
great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack,
and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.* The
Trumpets sound. *Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE
HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and
others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, pri-
soners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped.—
Johnson.

3 'Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;

Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit.—*Ovid.*

4 His scarf, with which he covers Percy's face.

5 Thus the folio. The quartos read ignominy.

6 To embowell was the old term for embalming the
body, as was usually done by those of persons of rank.
Thus in Aulicus Coquinarius, 1650:—'The next day was
solemnly appointed for embowelling the corpse, in the
presence of some of the counsell, all the physicians,
chirurgeons, apothecaries, and the Palsgrave's physi-
cian.'

7 Salt.

Misuse the tenor o' thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party slain to day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WOR. and VERNON, guarded.*
How goes the field ?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuer took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught¹ us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

Myself,—and you, son Harry, will towards Wales
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

¹ The quarto of 1598 reads *shown*.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE transactions comprised in this play take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403 ;] and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. [1412-13.] 'Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. "The first play ends (he says) with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeats of the rebels." This is hardly true ; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death,

he assumes a more manly character. This is true ; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first ; to be two only to be one.—JOHNSON.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600. There are two copies, in quarto, printed in that year ; but it is doubtful whether they are different editions, or the one only a corrected impression of the other.

Malone supposes it to have been composed in 1598.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH :
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry V. ;
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence ;
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford ;
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, afterwards
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster ;
Earl of Warwick ;
Earl of Westmoreland ;
GOWER ; HARCOURT ;
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
Earl of Northumberland ;
SCROOP, Archbishop of York ;
LORD MOWBRAY ; LORD HASTINGS ;
LORD BARDOLPH ; SIR JOHN COLE-
VILLE,

} his
Sons.

} of the King's Party.

} Enemies to
the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, Domestic of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.

POINS and PETO, Attendants on Prince Henry.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL-
CALF, Recruits.

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.

RUMOUR. A Porter.

A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY
Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords and other Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers,
Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter RUMOUR painted full of Tongues.¹

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping² west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big ear, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,³
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus

¹ This was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat full of winged tongues. Several other instances are cited in the Variorum Shakspeare.

My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell:
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,⁴
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wroughts. *[Exit.]*

² The force of this epithet will be best explained by the following passage in Macbeth:—

³ Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
And night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

³ The stops are the holes in a flute or pipe.

⁴ Northumberland's castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same. The Porter before the Gate.*
Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

Bardolph.

Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.
North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Outrode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent¹ with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade²
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,³
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur,⁴ coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point⁵
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

¹ Exhausted.

² Jade is not used by Shakspeare as a term of contempt; for King Richard II. gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV. rode at his coronation:—

³ That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
The commentators suppose that a jade meant a horse

kept for drudgery, a hackney; but this is not the fact it was only another name for a horse, as *nag* since.

⁴ So in the book of Job, ch. xxxix:—'He swalloweth the ground in fierceness and rage.'

⁵ Hotspur seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation.

⁵ A silken point is a tagged lace.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give thee such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding¹ fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.²

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,³
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and
thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast to sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.⁴

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance,⁵ wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dulllest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited⁶ once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vaill' his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakn'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,⁸

Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice⁹
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quioif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st brow that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!¹⁰

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
lord.¹¹

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from you
honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

1 i. e. *Hilderling*, base, low fellow.

2 An attestation of its ravage.

3 Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt; and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than the reader will probably express) proposed the following emendation:—

'So dead, so dull in look *Ucalagon*,

Drew Priam's curtain,' &c.

The name of *Ucalagon* occurs in the third Iliad, and in the Æneid.

4 So in Shakespeare's seventy-first Sonnet:—

'—You shall hear the surly *sullen* bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled.' Milton has adopted this expressive epithet:—

'I hear the far-off curfew sound

Over some wide-water'd shore,

Swinging slow with *sullen* roar.'

The bell anciently was rung before the dying person had expired, and thence was called the *passing* bell. Mr. Douce thinks it probable that this bell might have been originally used to drive away demons, who were supposed to watch for the parting soul.

5 By *faint quittance* a *faint return* of blows is meant.

6 i. e. reported, noised abroad.

7 i. e. began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. *To *vail* is to *lower*, to cast down.

8 *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used, in its present sense, for *sorrow*; in the former part for *bodily pain*.

9 Steevens explains *nice* here by *trifling*; but Shakspeare, like his contemporaries, uses it in the sense of *effeminate*, *delicate*, *tender*.

10 'The conclusion of this noble speech (says Johnson) is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be *absence of eyes*, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark that, by an ancient opinion, it has been held that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease at once.'

11 This line in the quarto is by mistake given to *Ummefreville*, who is spoken of in this very scene as *absent*. It is given to *Travers* at Steevens's suggestion.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,¹
And sum'd² the account of chance, before you
said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That in the dole³ of blows your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er;⁴
You were advis'd,⁵ his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,⁶
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,⁷
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness,⁸ constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,⁹
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more¹⁰ and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. A Street. Enter Sir
JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword
and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to
my water?¹¹

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good
healthy water: but for the party that owed¹² it, he
might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird¹³ at
me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay,
man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to
laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me:
I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that
wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee,
like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but
one. If the prince put thee into my service for any
other reason than to set me off, why then I have no
judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake,¹⁴ thou art
fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels.
I was never mann'd with an agate¹⁵ till now: but I
will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile
apparel, and send you back again to your master,
for a jewel; the juvenal,¹⁶ the prince your master,
whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have
a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall
get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to
say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when
he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it
still as a face-royal,¹⁷ for a barber shall never earn
sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as
if he had writ man ever since his father was a
bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is
almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What
said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short
cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him bet-
ter assurance than Bardolph: he would not take
his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may
his tongue be hotter!¹⁸—A whoreson Achitophel!¹⁹
a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman
in hand,²⁰ and then stand upon security!—The
whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but
high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles;
and if a man is thorough²¹ with them in honest
taking up, then they must stand upon—security.
I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth,
as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should
have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I
am a true knight, and he sends me security.—Well,
he may sleep in security; for he bath the horn of
abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines
through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have

1 The fourteen following lines, and a number of others in this play, were not in the quarto edition.

2 Dealing, or distribution.

3 So in King Henry IV. Part I.—

‘As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o’erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.’

4 That is, you were *warned* or *aware*.

5 This mode of expression has before been noticed.

6 This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto.

7 Against their stomachs.

8 That is, ‘stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her.’ It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. Shakspeare has alluded to it in other places.

9 i. e. great and small, *all ranks*.

10 This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the water of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has even its dupes in these enlightened times.

11 Owned.

12 *Gird* (Mr. Gifford says) is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow; the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c. is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages.

13 A root supposed to have the shape of a man. Quacks and impostors counterfeited, with the root briony, figures resembling parts of the human body, which were sold to the credulous as endued with specific virtues. See Sir Thomas Brown’s *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686, for some very curious particulars.

14 An *agate* is used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings and brooches. Thus Florio explains ‘Formaglio: ouches, broaches, or tablets and jewels, that yet some old men wear in their hats, with *agate-stones*, cut and graven with some formes and images on them, namely, of famous men’s heads.’

15 *Juvenal* occurs in A Midsummer Night’s Dream, and in Love’s Labour’s Lost. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a young man.

16 Johnson says that, by a *face-royal*, Falstaff means a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. As a *stage-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. Stevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal*; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face, than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other. Mason thinks that Falstaff’s conceit is, ‘If nothing be taken out of a *royal*, it will remain a *royal* still, as it was.’ The reader will decide for himself. I have nothing better in the way of conjecture to offer.

17 An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with flames.

18 To bear in hand is to keep in expectation by false promises.

19 I. e. in their debt, by taking up goods on credit.

his own lantern to light him.——Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,¹ and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice,² and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow: I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiery aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiery aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged; You hunt counter,³ hence! avant!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of its effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect to poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gail a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle,⁵ my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;⁶ but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:⁷ Virtue is of so

does not seem to be any allusion to the Counter prison here; though such allusions were very common in the poet's age.

4 In the quarto edition this speech stands thus:—

'Old. Very well, my lord, very well.'

This is a strong corroboration of the tradition that Falstaff was first called *Oldcastle*.

5 A *wassell candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *war*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honeycomb.

6 'As light as a clipt angel' is a comparison frequent in the old comedies.

7 I cannot tell, Johnson explains, 'I cannot be taken in a reckoning, I cannot pass current.' Mr. Gifford objects to this explanation, and says that it merely means 'I cannot tell what to think of it.' The phrase with that signification, was certainly common (says Mr. Boswell); but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to me to suit the context better. Let the reader judge.

1 The body of old *St. Paul's Church*, in London, was a constant place of resort for business and amusement, and consequently frequented by idle people of all descriptions. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, &c.

2 This judge was Sir Wm. Gascoigne, chief justice of the King's Bench. He died Dec. 17, 1413, and was buried in Harewood Church, in Yorkshire. His effigy is on his monument, and may be seen in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, vol. ii.

3 To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent. The folio and the modern editions print *hunt-counter* with a hyphen, so as to make it appear like a name; but in the quartos the words are disjoined—*hunt counter*. Cotgrave explains '*contrepied*, that which we call *counter in hunting*;' and '*tenir contrepied*, to set or hold his foot against another man's, thereby to stop him from going any further; to cross or impeach the designs or enterprises of another.' There

little regard in these coster-monger times,¹ that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy² is made a tapster; and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?³ and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever:⁴ But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pounds, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.⁵ Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, filip me with a three-man beetle.⁶

1 *Coster-monger times* are *petty peddling times*; when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money.

2 *Pregnancy* is *readiness*.

3 *Single* is *simple, silly*. How much has been written about this phrase, and to how little purpose! *Single-witted* and *single-sould* were common epithets with our ancestors, to designate *simple persons*.

4 The rest of this speech, which is not in the folio, is restored from the quarto copy.

5 A quibble is here intended between crosses, contraries, and the sort of money so called.

6 This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filipping* the toad. They lay a board, two or three feet long, at right angles, over a transverse piece, two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth: and the fall

—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent⁷ my curses.

—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.⁸ [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace. Enter the Archbishop of York; the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies five largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far Till we had his assistance by the hand: For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed, It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:⁹ And so, with great imagination,

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt, To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;— Indeed the instant action,¹⁰ (a cause on foot),

generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles, &c.

7 To *prevent* is to anticipate.

8 *Mine eyes prevent* the night watches.—*Ps. cxix.* One of our old translators renders the 'Noctem quæ instabat interpretacere; to prevent the night that was at hand.'

9 *Commodity* is *profit, interest*.

10 That is, which turned out to be much smaller than, &c.

11 The first twenty lines of this speech were first inserted in the folio, 1623. This passage has perplexed the editors. The old copies read:

'Yes, if this present quality of war, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot Lives so in hope: As in, &c.'

It has been proposed to read:— 'Yes, if this present quality of war;—

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent! upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Host. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty
thousand?

Host. To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,²
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together,

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Host. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither?

Host. The duke of Lancaster,³ and Westmore-
land:

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;⁴
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond man!⁵ with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?

Induc'd the instant action: a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in, &c.
The reading adopted by Stevens and Malone, from
Johnson's suggestion, is that which I have given; it
affords a clear sense, and agrees with the whole tenor
of Bardolph's argument; at the same time little violence
is done to the text, two letters only being changed.

1 Agree.
2 During this rebellion of Northumberland and the
Archbishop a French army of twelve thousand men
landed at Milford Haven in aid of Owen Glendower.
See Holinshed, p. 531.

3 This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster
was not created a duke till the second year of the reign
of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince
Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakspeare
was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parlia-
ment of King Henry IV. says, 'Then the king rose, and
made his eldest sonne prince of Wales. &c.: his second

And being now trimm'd⁶ in thine own desires,
Thou, beasty feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mouv. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Host. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Street. Enter Hostess;
Fang, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE follow-
ing.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeo-
man? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's the Snare?

Host. O lord, ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stab-
bed me in mine own house, and that most beastly:
in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if
his weapon be out: he will foil⁸ like any devil; he
will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his
thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but
within my vice;⁹—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you,
he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good mas-
ter Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let
him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-
corner (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle;
and he's indicted to dinner to the lubbar's head in
Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I
pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so
openly known to the world, let him be brought in
to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan¹⁰
for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne,
and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off,
and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to
that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There
is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman
should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every
knave's wrong.—

sonne was there made duke of Lancaster.' Annals,
1631.—He seems to have consulted Stowe (p. 323) be-
tween the times of finishing the last play and beginning
of the present.

4 This speech first appeared in the folio.

5 *Many or meyny*; from the French *mesnie*, a mul-
titude.

6 Dressed.

7 A bailiff's follower was formerly called a serjeant's
yeoman.

8 Thrust.

9 The quarto reads *vien*. *Vice* is used for *grasp* or
clutch. The *first* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west
of England.

10 The old copies read 'long one;' which Theobald
supposed was a corruption of *lone* or *loan*. Mr. Douce
thinks the alteration unnecessary; and that the hostess
means to say that a hundred mark is a long score, or
reckoning, for her to bear

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou basely rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle! villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed! rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller,² and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wot'st, wot'st thou? thou wot'st, wot'st thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York—Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord: it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his;—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt³ goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week,⁴ when the prince broke thy head for liking his father⁵ to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some;

¹ It is scarce necessary to remark that *honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are Dame Quickly's corruptions of *homicidal* and *homicide*.

² To *quell* was anciently used for to *kill*. 'A man-queller, a manslayer, or murderer; *homicida*.'—*Juvenius's Nomenclator*, 1555.

³ *Parcel-gilt* is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Lancham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, describing a bridecup, says, 'It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-silvered and *parcel gilt*.' The expression is too common in old writers to need further illustration.

⁴ The folio reads *Whitsun-week*; but the corruption is in the hostess's manner.

⁵ The folio has 'for likening him to,' &c.

whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁶ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your sutor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,⁷ and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales,

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,⁸ is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face, and 'draw' thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me! dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this?

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I'faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

⁶ *Sneap* is *reproof*, *rebuke*. Thus in Brome's *Antipodes*:—

'Do you *sneap* me, my lord?'

And again:—

'No need to come hither to be *sneap'd*.'

—even as now I was not,

When you *sneap'd* me, my lord.

Snip, snib, sneb, and snub, are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or *pinch* by frost. Shakspeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

⁷ Suitably to your character.

⁸ *Water work* is *water colour paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil colour; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water colour, or disemper. The German hunting, or wild boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.

⁹ Withdraw.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper; you'll pay me altogether.

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street. Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,¹ shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

¹ His bastard children, wrapt up in his old shirts. The ellipsis out for out of, Steevens says, is sometimes used.

² Ostentation is not here used for boastful show, but for mere outward show:—

'Like one well studied in a sad ostent

'To please 'his grandam.'—*Merchant of Venice.*

³ A proper fellow of my hands is the same as a tall fellow of his hands, which has been already explained

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation² of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thoughts in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is; that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;³ and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him aye.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass [*To the Page,*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pot-telepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice,⁴ and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation. —There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 4. That a tall or a proper fellow was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for a thief, there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, 'Les beaux hommes at gibet.' The gibet makes an end of proper men.⁵ A striker is one of its meanings, according to Cotgrave, 'who taking a proper youth to be his apprentice, to teach him the order of striking and foisting.'—*Greene's Art of Cony-Catching.*

⁴ An alehouse widow.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph? **Bard.** Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas,¹ your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen² to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's³ cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman⁴ in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins: for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time: and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?⁵

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.⁶

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan⁷ may that be?

Page. A proper gentleman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

1 Falstaff is before called 'thou latter spring, all-hal-louen summer,' and Poins now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martinmas*, which means the same thing. The feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a late summer. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

2 Swollen excrescence.

3 The old copy reads a *borrowed* cap. The emendation is Warburton's.

4 That is *Julius Caesar*. Falstaff alludes to the *veni, vidi, vici*, which he afterwards quotes.

5 *A sty*, a place to fatten a boar in.

6 A cant phrase probably signifying *topers*, or jolly companions of the old sort.

7 Massinger, in *The City Madam*, has used this phrase for a wench:—

—In all these places

I've had my several *pagans* billeted.

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow⁸ himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension!⁹ it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Warkworth. —Before the Castle. Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs;

Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more: Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn; And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers: but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:¹⁰

And speaking thick,¹¹ which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,¹²

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave

(Second to none, unseconded by you,)

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:¹³—so you left him:

S i. e. act. In a MS. letter from Secretary Conway to Buckingham, at the Isle of Ree, 'also what the lords have advanced for the expedition towards you, since Saturday that they returned from Windsor with charge to bestow themselves seriously in it.'—Conway Papers.

9 The folio reads *descension*.

10 The twenty-two following lines were first given in the folio.

11 Speaking thick is speaking quick; rapidity of utterance. Baret translates the *anhiltus creber* of Virgil *thicke-breathing*.

12 Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

'For princes are the glass, the school, the book'

'Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.'

13 Defensible does not in this place mean capable of defence, but bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence: the passive for the active participle.

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew¹ your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance² with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my
mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Enter Two Drawers.*

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there?
apple-Johns? thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure
an apple-John.³

2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true: The prince
once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told
him, there were five more Sir Johns: and, putting
off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six
dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to
the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down:
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;⁴
mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music.
Despatch:—The room where they supped is too hot;
they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master
Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jer-
kins, and aprons; and Sir John must not know of
it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis:⁵ It
will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. Pfiaith, sweet heart, methinks now you are

¹ Ill-betide.

² Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because
it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used
at weddings and funerals.

³ This apple, which was said to keep two years, is
well described by Philips:—

'Nor *John-apple*, whose wither'd rind entrench'd
By many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age.'

Falstaff has already said of himself, 'I am withered
like an old apple-John.'

⁴ A *noise*, or, a *concert*, was used for a *set* or *com-
pany of musicians*. Sneak was a street minstrel, and
therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band.
Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene.
In the old play of King Henry IV. 'There came the
young prince, and two or three more of his companions,
and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse
of musitians*,' &c.

⁵ Old *utis* is old *festivity*, or *merry doings*. *Utis*,
or *utas*, being the eighth day after any festival; any day
between the feast and the eighth day was said to be
within the *utas*. So Sir Thomas More, in the last letter

in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge
beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and
your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose;
But, if faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and
that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes
the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do
you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth
gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court*.⁶—Empty the
jordan.—*And was a worthy king*: [*Exit Drawer.*]
How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect;⁷ an they be once in a
calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort
you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals,⁸ mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make
them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you
help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you,
Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue,
grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and owches*.⁹—for to
serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To
come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and
to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged
chambers!¹⁰ bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you
two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you
are both, in good truth, as rheumatic!¹¹ as two dry
toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirm-
ties. What the good-year! one must bear, and that
must be you: [*To DOLL.*] you are the weaker ves-
sel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge
full hog'shead? there's a whole merchant's venture
of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk
better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends
with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and
whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is
nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient¹² Pistol's below, and would
speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not
come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in Eng-
land.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no,
by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours;

he wrote to his daughter the day before his execution,
desires to die on the morrow, 'For it is Saint Thomas'
even, and the *utas* of Saint Peter.'

⁶ The entire ballad is in the first volume of Dr. Per-
cy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

⁷ Steevens is right in his assertion that *sect* and *sex*
were anciently synonymous; the instances of the use
of the one for the other are too numerous for it to have
been a mere vulgar corruption.

⁸ Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. '*Rascal*
(says Putehan, p. 150) is properly the hunting term
given to young deer *leane* and out of season, and not to
people.'

⁹ Falstaff gives these splendid names to something
very different from gems and ornaments, as we still use
carbuncle. The passage, as Johnson observed, is not
deserving of further illustration.

¹⁰ To understand this quibble it is necessary to re-
member that a chamber signifies not only an apartment,
but a *small piece of ordnance*.

¹¹ Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be re-
marked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a
cant word for *spleen*.

¹² That is, 'he that carrieth the colours to a company
of foot soldiers, an ensign bearer.'—*Philips*. Falstaff
was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol *ensign*. I have
met with the word in old MSS. written *ansine*.

I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. 'Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,² he, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:³ But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion.

1 The names of Master Tisick and Master Dumb are ludicrously intended to denote that the deputy was purey and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II. See *Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 395.

2 A cheater sometimes meant an unfair gamester. But lame cheater seems to have meant a rogue in general.

3 The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a cheater for an escheator, or officer of the exchequer. Greene, in his *Mihil Munchauce*, has the following passage, which gives the origin of the phrase:—'They call their art by a new found name as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice chieters: borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord, at the holding of his leets, as waives, strales, and such like, be called *chetes*, and are accountably to be *eschated* to the lord's use.' Lord Coke, in his *Charge at Norwich*, 1607, puns upon the equivocal:—'But if you will be content to let the *eschator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*.'

4 To nip a bung, in the cant of thievery, was to cut a purse. 'Bung is now used for a pocket, heretofore for a purse.'—*Belman of London*, 1610. Doll means to call him pick-pocket. Cuttle, and cuttle-bung, were also cant terms for the knife used by cutpurses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

5 Lacea, marks of his commission.

6 An expression of disdain.

7 There is a personage of the same stamp with Pistol

What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue; away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,⁴ away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points⁵ on your shoulder? much!⁶

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes.⁷ A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy;⁸ which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. 'Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, fautors!⁹ Have we not Hiren here?¹⁰

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, ifaith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pampers' jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,¹¹ Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,¹² And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

in A Woman's a Weathercock, by Nat. Field, 1612 who is thus described:—

'Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!

That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face, Thy blather-chaps, and thy robustious words, Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,

Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience

'Thou snap'st besides with cheats and cutpurses.'

'Mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes' are put for the refuse of brothels.

8 This word had been perverted to an obscene meaning. An occupant was also a term for a woman of the town, and an occupier meant a wench. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says:—'Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as occupy, nature,' &c.

9 Traitors, rascals.

10 Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. Part of this speech is parodied from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet* and *Hiren* the fair Greek. It is often used ludicrously by subsequent dramatists. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to siren, was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his raunts, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his word the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.

11 This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamborlane to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamborlane*, 1590.

12 A blunder for Hannibal.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, ike dogs: give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain; there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's you some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*²— Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]
Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?³

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif!⁴ What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Gal- loway nags?⁵

Fal. Quoit⁶ him down, Bardolph, like a shove- goat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*]
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!⁷

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritris and frights. So; murder, I warrant you.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue!

i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play:—Play, sirs;—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascally bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,⁸ when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;⁹ and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;¹⁰ and rides the wild mare with the boys;¹¹ and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg: and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;¹² and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel¹³ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!¹⁴ what says the almanack to that?

Untwist the thread of mortal strife,
Send death, and let me die.¹

⁸ Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passers-gers. It was a common subject of allusion.

⁹ Fennel was generally esteemed an inflammatory herb, and therefore to eat conger and fennel was to eat two high and hot things together. Fennel was also regarded as an emblem of flattery.

¹⁰ The flap-dragon was some small combustible material swallowed alight in a glass of liquor: a candle's end formed a very formidable and disagreeable flap-dragon, and to swallow it was consequently among the gallants considered an act of merit, or of gallantry, when done in honour of the toper's mistress.

¹¹ Riding the wild mare is another name for the childish sport of see-saw, or what the French call *bascule* and *balanoire*.

¹² Mr. Douce thinks Falstaff's meaning to be that Poins excites no censure by telling his companions modest stories, or, in plain English, that he tells them nothing but *immodest* ones.

¹³ Falstaff is humourously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivocal between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.

¹⁴ This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn* and *Venus* are never conjoined.

¹ This is again a burlesque upon a line in The Battle of Alcazar, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:—

'Feed then and faint not, my faire Calypolis.'

² Pistol is supposed to read this motto on his sword; by singular chance Mr. Douce picked up an old rapier with the same motto in French:—

Si fortune me tourmente, l'esperance me contente.
A representation is given of it in his Illustrations, vol. i. p. 453.

³ That is, Shall we stop here, and have no further entertainment?

⁴ Neif is used by Shakspeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's Collection.

⁵ Common hackneys.

⁶ I. e. *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were such broad shillings of King Edward VI. as Slencker calls *Edward shovel-boards*, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 1.

⁷ Pistol makes use of fragments of old ballads as well as old plays:—

'O death, rock me on slepe,

Bring me on quiet rest,'

is an ancient song, attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1573, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade:—

'I hate this loathsome life,
O Atropos, draw nle,

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,¹ his man, be not liasing to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly: I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle² of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O *Jesu*, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, —by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive thee then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.³

¹ *Trigon* or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention.

² Few words, as Mr. Gifford observes, have occasioned such controversy among the commentators as

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law;⁴ for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. *Peto*, how now? what news

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster:

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,

Come from the north: and, as I came along,

I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;

When tempest of commotion, like the south

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exit* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, *Dol.*—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst;—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, *Doll*, run; run, good *Doll*.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace. *Enter* KING HENRY in his Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

kirtle. These familiar terms frequently are the most baffling to the antiquary, for being in general use they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and are not therefore accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle* was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

³ The quarto reads 'and the devil blinds him too.'

⁴ *Baret* defines, a '*victualling house*, a tavern where

And well consider of them : Make good speed.—

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case,¹ or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,²
That, with the hurly,³ death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low,⁴ lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow⁵ to you all, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd.⁶

Which to his former strength may be restor'd,

With good advice, and little medicine:—

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips;⁷ how chances mock,

meate is eaten out of due season.⁸ By several statutes made in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. for the regulation and observance of fish days, victuallers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*. The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualling-houses and taverns.

1 A *watch case* here may mean the case of a watch-light; but the following article, cited by Strutt in his *Manners and Customs*. vol. iii. p. 70, from an old inventory, may throw some light upon it:—'Item, a laume (*larum*) or *watche* of iron, in an iron case, with two leaden plumets.'

2 Some of the officious modern editors altered *clouds* to *shrouds*, meaning the rope ladders of a ship, thus marring the poet's noble image. Stevens judiciously opposed himself to this alteration, but was wrong in asserting that '*shrouds* had anciently the same meaning as *clouds*.' *Shrouds* were *covertures*, *hiding places* of any kind, aerial or otherwise. This will be found the meaning of the word in all the passages cited by Stevens. That *clouds* was the poet's word there can be no doubt.

3 *Hurly is a noise or tumult*. As hurly-burly in the first scene of Macbeth. See note there.

4 Warburton's conjecture, that this is a corrupt reading for *happy lovely clown*, deserves attention.

5 This mode of phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is not very correct; but Shakspeare has used it again in King Henry VI. Part 2, where York addresses his two friends Salisbury and Warwick.

And changes fill the cup of alteration.

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,⁹

The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone,

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together, and, in two years after,

Were they at wars: It is but eight years since

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;

Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,

And laid his love and life under my foot;

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,⁹

(You, cousin Nevil,¹⁰ as I may remember,

[To WARWICK.]

When Richard,—with his eyes brimfull of tears,

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—

Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?

Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which

My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—

Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;

But that necessity so bow'd the state,

That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—

The time shall come, thus did he follow it,

The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption:—so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition,

And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,

Figuring the nature of the time's decay:¹¹

The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,

With a near aim, of the main chance of things

As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,

And weak beginnings, lie intresured.

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And, by the necessary form of this,

King Richard might create a perfect guess,

That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;

Which should not find a ground to root upon,

Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?

Then let us meet them like necessities:—

And that same word even now cries out on us;

They say, the bishop and Northumberland

Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace

To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,

The powers that you already have sent forth,

Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.¹¹

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;

6 *Distempered* means *disordered, sick*; being only in that state which foreruns or produces diseases.

7 'When I have seen the hungry ocean gain

Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,

Increasing store with loss, and loss with store,

When I have seen such interchange of state,' &c.

Shakspeare's sixty-fourth Sonnet

8 This and the three following lines are from the quarto copy. Johnson having misunderstood the line—

'What perils past, what crosses to ensue?'

it may be necessary to remark that the perils are spoken of prospectively, as seen by the youth in the book of fate. The construction is, 'What perils *having been* past, what crosses are to ensue.'

9 The reference is to King Richard II. Act iv. Sc. 2: but neither Warwick nor the king were present at that conversation. Henry had then ascended the throne; either the king's or the poet's memory failed him.

10 The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after: when Anne, the daughter of this earl, married *Richard Nevil*, son of the earl of Salisbury, who makes a conspicuous figure in the Third Part of King Henry VI. under the title of *Earl of Warwick*.

11 Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakspeare was led into this error by Holinshed. Vide note on the First Part of King Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. 1.

And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire. Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, your good-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's inn, where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,²—you had not four such swinge-bucklers³ in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas⁴ were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy: and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's⁵ head at the court gate, when he was a crack,⁶ not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped it the clout at twelve score;⁷ and carried you a forehead shaft a fourteen

and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backward-man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good: yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.⁸

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

saunt pastime, he plaid many sporting parts, although not in such uncivil manner as hath bene of hym reported.⁹ The uncivil reports have relation to the above jests. Ben Jonson introduces Scogan with Skelton in his *Masque of The Fortunate Isles*, and describes him thus:—

— Skogan, what was he?

O, a fine gentleman, and master of arts

Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises

For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal

Daintily well.

In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowing verse,

With now and then some sense! and he was paid for't,

Regarded, and rewarded; which few poets

Are nowadays.¹⁰

6 A crack is a boy.

7 Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.

8 It appears that it was fashionable in the poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfunctory terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it.

1 The rood is the cross or crucifix. Rode, Sax.

2 The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have it understood that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and athletic constitution.

3 Swinge-bucklers and swash-bucklers were terms implying rakes and rioters in the time of Shakspeare. See a note on sword and buckler men in the First Part of King Henry IV. Act I. Sc. 3.

4 Buona-roba as we say, good stuff; a good wholesome plump-cheeked wench? Florio.

5 There has been a doughty dispute between Messieurs Ritson and Malone whether there were two Scogans, Henry and John, or only one. Shakspeare probably got his idea of Scogan from his jests, which were published by Andrew Borde in the reign of King Henry VIII. Hollinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions 'Scogan, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respect whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirthe and plea-

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go, Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir?

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shad. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two¹ more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields.

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.²

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [Exeunt FAL, SHAL, and SILENCE.]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings³ in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

¹ There is in fact but *one* more called than Falstaff required, perhaps we might with Mr. Capel omit the word *two*.

² This was a common expression of dislike; which is even used at a later period by Locke in his Conduct of the Understanding. It is of some antiquity also; for I find it frequently in Herman's *Vulgaria*, 1519:—'He cannot away to marry Thetis, or to lie with her: The-

tidis connubia vitat. I cannot away to be guilty of dissembling: Non sustineo esse conscius mihi dissimulanti.'

³ There were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound¹ to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,² the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy: the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver³ into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse:⁴ thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.⁵—Well said, i' faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green⁶ (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver⁸ fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he had done about Turnbush Street⁹ and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:¹⁰ he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake:¹¹ he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scuted¹² buswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.¹³ And now is this Vice's dagger¹⁴ become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst¹⁵ his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name;¹⁶ for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones¹⁷ to me: If the young dace be

1 Bardolph was to have four pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

2 Shakespeare uses *thewes* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*.

3 A *caliver* was less and lighter than a musket; and was fired without a rest. Falstaff's meaning is that though Wart is unfit for a musqueteer, yet, if armed with a lighter piece, he may do good service.

4 *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*!

5 *Shot*, for *shooter*.

6 *Mile End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised there. And again, that 30,000 citizens *sheered* on the 27th August, 1599, on the *Miles-end*; where they *trained* all that day and other days under their captains (also citizens) until the 4th of September. The pupils of this military school were thought but slightly of. Shakespeare has already referred to *Mile End* and its military exercises rather contemptuously in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

7 *Arthur's show* was not, as some have supposed, a *masque* or *pageant*, in which an exact representation of Arthur and his knights was made, but an exhibition of *Toxophilites*, styling themselves 'The Ancient Order, Society, and Unite laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table.' The associates of which were fifty-eight in number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. According to their historian and poet, Richard Robinson, this Society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, 'when he saw a good archer indecise, he chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order.' Robinson's book was printed in 1583, and in a MS. list of his own works, now in the British Museum, he says, 'Mr. Thomas Smith, her majesty's customer, representing himself Prince Arthur, gave me for his booke vs. His 66 knights gave me every one for his xvijd. and every Esque for his booke viijd. when they shot under the same Prince Arthur at *Myles end green*.' Shakespeare has

admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's fool. This society is also noticed by Richard Mulcaster (who was a member) in his book Concerning the Training up of Children, 1591, in a passage communicated to Malone by the Rev. Mr. Bowle.

8 *Quiver* is *nimble, artifice*.

9 *Turnbull-street*, or *Turnball-street*, is a corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell; and anciently the resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute persons. The reader will remember its vicinity to *Ruffians' Hall*, now Smithfield Market. *Picket Hatch*, a celebrated brothelry, is supposed to have been situate in or near Turnbush-street.

10 *Steevens* has adopted Rowe's alteration of this word, *invincible* to *invisible*, without necessity. The word is metaphorically used for *not to be mastered or taken in*.

11 See Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, 1686, p. 72; and note on Act i. Sc. 2, of this play.

12 I. e. *whipped, carted*, says Pope; and notwithstanding Johnson's doubts, Pope is right. A *netwhor* was a whip or riding rod, according to *Coigrave*. And for a further illustration of this passage the reader, curious in such matters, may turn to Torriano's *Italian Dictionary*, 1659, in v. *Trentuno*.

13 *Titles of little poems*.

14 For some account of the *Vice* and his *dagger of lath* the reader may see *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 3. There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage the Old Vice or fool.

15 *Burst, brast and broken*, were formerly synonymous; as may be seen under the words *break* and *broken*, in *Bart*.

16 *Gaunt* is *thin, slender*.

17 This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing 'He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or *twice* as good. I will make good out of him.'

a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest in Yorkshire. Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.*

Arch. What is this forest called?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoveries forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold sortance¹ with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overlive the hazard, And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground, And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy: And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out. Let us sway² on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed³ leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general, The prince, Lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord, Unto your grace do I in chief address The substance of my speech. If that rebellion Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Led on by bloody⁴ youth, guarded⁵ with rage, And countenance⁶ by boys, and beggary; I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd In his true, native, and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd; Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd; Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd; Whose white investments⁷ figure innocence, The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself, Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace, Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war? Turning your books to graves,⁸ your ink to blood, Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd; And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours, Have brought ourselves into a burning fever, And we must bleed for it: of which disease Our late king, Richard, being infected, died. But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland, I take not on me here as a physician; Nor do I, as an enemy to peace, Troop in the throngs of military men: But, rather, show a while like fearful war, To diet rank minds, sick of happiness; And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly. I have in equal balance justly weigh'd What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer.

And find our griefs⁹ heavier than our offences. We see which way the stream of time doth run, And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere⁹ By the rough torrent of occasion: And have the summary of all our griefs, When time shall serve, to show in articles, Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit gain our audience: When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs We are denied access unto his person¹⁰ Even by those men that most have done us wrong The dangers of the days but newly gone, (Whose memory is written on the earth With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples Of every minute's instance¹¹ (present now,) Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms: Not to break peace, or any branch of it; But to establish here a peace indeed, Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied? Wherein have you been galled by the king? What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you? That you should seal this lawless bloody book, Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine, And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?¹²

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth, To brother born an household cruelty, I make my quarrel in particular.¹³

1 Be suitable.

2 That is, let us pass on with our armament. To sway was sometimes used for a rushing hasty movement.

3 Completely accoutred.

4 Baret carefully distinguishes between bloody, full of blood, sanguineous, and bloody, desirous of blood, sanguinarius. In this speech Shakspeare uses the word in both senses.

5 Guarded is a metaphor taken from dress; to guard being to ornament with guards or facings.

6 Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled.—Hady's History of Convocations, p. 141. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

7 Warburton very plausibly reads *glaises*; Steevens proposed *greaves*; and this emendation has my full concurrence. It should be remarked that *greaves*, or eg-armour, is sometimes spelt *graves*.

8 Grievances.

9 The old copies read 'from our most quiet there.' Warburton made the alteration; I am not quite persuaded that it was necessary.

10 In Holinshed the Archbishop says, 'Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him.'

11 'Examples of every minute's instance,' are 'Examples which every minute instances or supplies.' Which even the present minute presses on their notice.

12 Commotion's bitter edge? that is, the edge of bitter strife and commotion; the sword of rebellion. This line is omitted in the folio.

13 The second line of this very obscure speech is omitted in the folio. As the passage stands I can make nothing of it; nor do any of the explanations which have been offered appear to me satisfactory. I think with Malone that a line has been lost, though I do not agree with him in the sense he would give to it. It is with all proper humility I offer the following reading:—

'My quarrel general, the commonwealth,
Whose wrongs do loudly call out for redress;
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.'

i. e. my general cause of discontent is public wrongs, my particular cause the death of my own brother, who was beheaded by the king's order. This circumstance is referred to in the first part of this play:—

'The archbishop—who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.'

The answer of Westmoreland makes it obvious that

West. There is no need of any such redress ; Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all, That feel the bruises of the days before ; And suffer the condition of these times To lay a heavy and unequal hand Upon our honours ?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,¹ Construe the times to their necessities, And you shall say indeed,—it is the time, And not the king, that doth you injuries. Yet, for your part, it not appears to me, Either from the king, or in the present time, That you should have an inch of any ground To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories, Your noble and right well remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing in honour had my father lost, That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ? The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then, Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him : And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,— Being mounted, and both roused in their seats, Their neighing coursers daring of the spur, Their armed staves² in charge, their beavers³ down, Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights⁴ of steel, And the loud trumpet blowing them together ; Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, O, when the king did throw his warder⁵ down, His own life hung upon the staff he throw : Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives, That by indictment, and by dint of sword, Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what :

The earl of Hereford⁶ was reputed then In England the most valiant gentleman ; Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there, He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry : For all the country, in a general voice, Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on, And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king. But this is mere digression from my purpose.— Here come I from our princely general, To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace, That he will give you audience : and wherein It shall appear that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off, That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ; And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ; This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ; For, lo ! within a ken our army lies ; Upon mine honour, all too confident To give admittance to a thought of fear. Our battle is more full of names than yours, Our men more perfect in the use of arms, Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ; Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :— Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

something about *redress* of public wrongs should have fallen from the archbishop. Johnson proposed to read *quarrel* instead of *brother*. In the first line, and explained the passage much as I have done. I have merely superadded the line, which seems to me necessary to complete the sense, and make Westmoreland's reply intelligible.

1 The thirty-seven following lines are not in the quarto.

2 I. e. their lances fixed in the rest for the encounter.

3 It has been already observed that the *beaver* was a moveable piece of the helmet, which lifted up or down, to enable the bearer to drink or breathe more freely.

4 The perforated part of the helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visiere*, Fr.

5 Truncheon.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence : A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission, In very ample virtue of his father, To hear, and absolutely to determine Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended⁷ in the general's name : I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances ;— Each several article herein redress'd ; All members of our cause, both here and hence, That are insinew'd to this action, Acquitted by a true substantial form ; And present execution of our wills To us, and to our purposes, consign'd ;⁸ We come within our awful⁹ banks again, And kuit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet : And either end in peace, which heaven so frame ; Or to the place of difference call the swords Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit West.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me, That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute, As our conditions shall consist¹⁰ upon, Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such, That every slight and false-derived cause, Yea, every idle, nice,¹¹ and wanton reason, Shall, to the king, taste of this action : That, were our royal faiths¹² martyrs in love, We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind, That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff, And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this, the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking¹³ grievances : For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death, Revives two greater in the heirs of life. And therefore will he wipe his tables¹⁴ clean ; And keep no tell-tale to his memory, That may repeat and history his loss To new-remembrance : For full well he knows He cannot so precisely weed this land, As his misdoubts present occasion : His foes are so enrooted with his friends, That, plucking to unfix an enemy, He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this land, like an offensive wife, That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ; As he is striking, holds his infant up, And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods On late offenders, that he now doth lack

6 This is a mistake : he was duke of Hereford.

7 *Intended* is understood, I. e. meant without express sing it. *Entendu*, Fr. ; *subauditus*, Lat.

8 The old copy reads *confind*. Johnson proposed to read *consign'd* ; which must be understood in the Latin sense, *consignatus*, signed, sealed, ratified, confirmed ; which was indeed the old meaning according to the dictionaries. Shakespeare uses *consign* and *consigning* in other places in this sense.

9 *Aufsil* for *lance* ; or under the due awe of an authority.

10 To consist, to rest ; consisto.—*Barell*.

11 Trivial.

12 The faith due to a king. So in King Henry VIII. :—'The citizens have shown at full their royal minds,' I. e. their minds well affected to the king.

13 Piddling, insignificant.

14 Alluding to the table books of slate, ivory, &c. used by our ancestors.

The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true ; —
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your
lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then
set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we
come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest. Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my
cousin Mowbray : —

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ; —
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text ;
Than now to see you here an iron man,¹
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so : — Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament :
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself :
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities² of heaven,
And our dull workings :³ O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up ;⁴
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of the substitute, my father ;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good, my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace :
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,⁵
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
The which hath been with scorn show'd from the
court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep.⁶

With grant of our most just and right desires :
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
Scoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

1 Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, 'coming forth amongst them clad in armour, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand.'

2 This expression has been adopted by Milton : —
'Around him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars.'

3 Dull workings are labours of thought.

4 Raised up in arms.

5 Common sense is the general sense of general danger.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt ;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
And so, success⁷ of mischief shall be born ;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much
too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them di-
rectly,

How far-forth do you like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow⁸ them well :
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority. —

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers⁹ unto their several counties,
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these ro-
dresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word ;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain [*To an Officer,*] and deliver to
the army

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part ;
I know, it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it. —
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;
But heaviness forfeits the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz : since sudden
sorrow

Serves to say thus, — Some good thing, comes to-
morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. [*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark,
how they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. —

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us ; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night
together. —

6 Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea.

7 Succession.

8 Approve.

9 It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful propos-
al, as appears from Holinshed : — 'The earl of West-
moreland, using more policy than the rest, said, whereas
our people have been long in armour, let them depart
home to their woonted trades : In the mean time let us
drink together in signe of agreement, that the people
on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that
we be light at a point.'

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd these none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly¹ brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest. Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you: and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you still be Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*]

1 i. e. foolishly.

2 'It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet without any note of censure or detestation.'—*Johnson.* That Shakspeare followed the historians is no excuse; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue.—I had some doubt whether I should retain this reflection upon the poetical justice of Shakspeare; but I have been determined to do so by the hope that it may lead to the discussion of the passage. I would not willingly believe that the poet approved this abominable piece of treachery.

3 *Cassid.*

4 It appears that Coleville was designed to be pronounced as 'colle'vile; it is often spelt *Colleville* in the old copies.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallews' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,³—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ersbine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,⁴ which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole.

It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for these.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords; I hear, the king my father is sore sick: Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him; And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

6 'At the king's coming to Durham the Lord Hastings, Sir John Coleville of the dale, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded.'—*Holinshed*, p. 530. It is to be observed that there are two accounts of the termination of the archbishop of York's conspiracy, both of which are given by Holinshed. He states that on the archbishop and earl marshal submitting to the king and to his son Prince John, there present, 'their troops skaled and fledde their wayes; but being pursued, many were taken, many slain, &c.; the archbishop and earl marshal were brought to Pomfret to the king, who from thence went to York; whyther the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded.' It is in this last account that Shakspeare has followed, but with some variation; for the names of Coleville and Hastings are not mentioned among those who were beheaded at York.

7 Johnstone was so much unacquainted with ancient phraseology as to make difficulties about this phrase, which is one of the most common petitionary terms of our ancestors. *Stand my good lord, or be my good*

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,¹

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me: nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack² hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,³ full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face: which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil;⁴ till sack commences it,⁵ and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

ENTER BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering⁶ between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.* Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,

lord, means stand my friend, be my patron or benefactor, report well of me.

¹ Condition is most frequently used by Shakspeare for nature, disposition. The prince may therefore mean, 'I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve.'

² Vide note on King Henry IV. Part I. Act. I. Sc. II.

³ Inventive, imaginative.

⁴ It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. See the Secret Wonders of Nature and Art, by Edw. Fenton, 1569, p. 91.

⁵ Commences it, that is brings it into action. Tyrwhitt thinks it is probable that there is an allusion to the commencement and act of the universities, which give to students a complete authority to use those hoards of learning which have entitled them to their degrees. As the dictionaries of the poet's time explain this matter, the conjecture seems probable.

⁶ A pleasant allusion to the old use of soft wax for sealing.

⁷ Ready, prepared.

⁸ To-morrow for our march are we address'd.

King Henry V.

And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,⁷ our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till those rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord,
at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

Cl. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;

And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—

Therefore, omit him not: blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;⁸

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous⁹ as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.¹⁰
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
Nor lose his blood inclind to mirth:

But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;

That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,¹¹

(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As aconitum,¹² or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and
love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas?

Cl. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell
that?

Cl. With Poinis, and other his continual fol-
lowers.

⁸ I. e. if he has respectful attention shown him.

⁹ His qualities were beautiful as his form,

For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free;

Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

When winds breathe sweet, unruily though they be.

Shakspeare's Lover's Complaint.
Humorous was used for capricious, as humorous
now is.

¹⁰ A flaw is a sudden gust of violent wind; alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is the most intense in the morning,) and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called flaws. Shakspeare uses the word again in King Henry VI. and in his Venus and Adonis.

¹¹ Though their blood be inflamed by the temptations to which youth is peculiarly subject.

¹² Aconitum, or aconite, wolfsbane, a poisonous herb. Rush is sudden, hasty, violent.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections¹ fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite :

The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd : which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated.² So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.³—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and new happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver !

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand :
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law ;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read ;
With every course, in his particular.⁴

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Harc. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrow'n :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

1 *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, are *passions*, *desires*. *Appetitus animi*.

2 A parallel passage occurs in Terence :—

—quo modo adolescentulus

Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere

Mature ut cum cognovit, perpetuo oderit.

3 As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

4 The detail contained in Prince John's letter.

5 *Mure for wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his cotemporaries. *Wrought it thin is made it thin by gradual detriment : wrought being the preterite of work.*

6 To fear anciently signified to make afraid, as well as to dread. 'A vengeance light on thee that so doth fear me, or maketh me so feared.'—*Baret*.

7 That is, equivocal births, monsters.

8 i. e. as if the year.

9 An historical fact. On Oct. 12, 1411, this happened.

10 Johnson asserts that *dull* here signifies 'melancholy, gentle, soothing.' Malone says that it means 'producing dullness or heaviness.' The fact is that

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty !

Cl. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cl. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs ;

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,⁵ that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me ;⁶ for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs,⁷ and loathly birds of nature :
The seasons change their manners, as the year⁸
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cl. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between :⁹

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

[*They convey the King into an inner part of the Room, and place him on a Bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull¹⁰ and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cl. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Cl. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !

How doth the king ?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet ?
Tell it him.

dull and *slow* were synonymous. 'Dullness, slowness ; tarditas, tardivete. Somewhat *dull* or *slow* ; tardiusculus, tardelet ;' says *Baret*. But Shakespeare uses *dullness* for *drowsiness* in the Tempest. And *Baret* has also this sense :—'Slow, *dull*, asleep, drowsie, astounded, heavy ; *torpidus*.' It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in the Tempest. The notion is not peculiar to our great poet, as the following exquisite lines, almost worthy of his hand, may witness :—

'Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear ?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.'

(*From Wit Restored*, 1658.) They are attributed to Dr. Sirode, who died in 1644.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.¹ [*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keeps the ports² of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin³ bound,

Snore out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, that stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord!—my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol⁴ hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's

whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me: This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call!

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out;

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When good becomes her object!

1 The hint only of this beautiful scene is taken from Holinshed, p. 541. The poet has wrought up the bare bald narration of the chronicler in the most pathetic and poetical manner.

2 Gates.

3 A *biggin* was a head-band of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-band was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. 'Upon his head he wore a filthy coarse *biggin*, and next it a garnish of night-caps.' *A'ash*, speaking of a miser in his *Pierce Penniless*.

For this the foolish 'over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling⁵ from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yields lus engrossments⁶ to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd⁷ me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm

thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:⁸

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'd'st me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour⁹ of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at vanity,

Harry the fifth is crown'd;—Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his treble guilt;¹⁰

4 i. e. *circle*; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel.

5 Taking toll.

6 Accumulations

7 i. e. *ended*. It is still used in that sense in legal conveyances.

8 i. e. confirmed my opinion.

9 *Hour*, anciently written *houer*, is used sometimes

as a dissyllable, as well by Shakspeare as others.

10 This playing upon words seems to have been highly admired in the age of Shakspeare.

England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry, from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending!¹
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your ma-

jesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable.*²

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the night of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,

How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil³ of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace:⁴ all these bold fears,⁵
Thou see'st with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode:⁶ for what in me was purchas'd,⁷
Falls upon thee in a more fair sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.⁸
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green:
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy

friends,

Have but thy stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them⁹ off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!¹⁰
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,
Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace
son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life
must end.¹¹

1 The Variorum Shakspeare reads:—

'Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!'

Johnson and others have considered this passage as obscure in the construction; but it was only made so by their wrong pointing. The obvious sense is, 'Let me no more rise from this *obseisance*, which my most loyal and inwardly duteous spirit teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.' *Obseisance* and *obedience* were formerly used indiscriminately the one for the other. *Truth* is always used for *loyalty*.

2 It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panaceas of ancient quacks.

3 *Soil* is *stain*, *spot*, *blemish*.

4 *Supposed peace* is *imagined peace*, counterfeit, not real.

5 *Fears* are *objects of fear*; terrors.

6 *The mode* is *the state or form of things*.

7 *Purchas'd* here signifies *obtained by eager pursuit*. It is from the French *pourchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or

honours by any other means than by title or descent. See Spelman's Glossary, in *purchacia*; and Minshew's Guide to the Tongues, in *pourchas*.

8 I.e. by order of succession. Johnson observes that 'every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can.' So did Richard Cromwell in his first speech to parliament:—'For my own part being, by the providence of God, and the disposition of the law, my father's successor, and bearing the place in the government that I do,' &c.—*Harleian Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 21.

9 Mason proposes to read 'I cut some off,' which seems indeed necessary. The sense would then be, 'Some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land.'

10 This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt, while he deprecates its punishment.

11 'At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called *Jerusalem*. Then said the king, *Laud* be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie,

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed, the Holy Land—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.* Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pyc,¹ sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts² cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast,³ and paid:—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had;—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.⁴ Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot⁵ against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.—*Holinshed*, p. 541.

The late Dr. Vincent pointed out a remarkable coincidence in a passage of Anna Comnena (*Alexias*, lib. vi. p. 162, ed. Paris, 1658,) relating to the death of Robert Guiscard, king of Sicily, in a place called Jerusalem, at Cephalonia. In Lodge's *Devils Conjured* is a similar story of Pope Sylvester; but the Pope outwitted the Devil. And Fuller, in his *Church History*, b. v. p. 178, relates something of the same kind about Cardinal Wolsey, of whom it had been predicted that he should have his end at Kingston. Which was thought to be fulfilled by his dying in the custody of Sir William Kingston.

1 This adjuration, which seems to have been a popular substitute for profane swearing, occurs in several old plays. *By cock* is supposed to be a corruption or disguise of the name of God in favour of pious ears; but the addition of *pie* has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. It has been conjectured that it may be only a ludicrous oath by the common sign of an alehouse, *The Cock and Magpie*, or *Cock and Pie*, being a most ancient and favourite sign. It should appear from the following passage, in A Catechisme containing the Summe of Religion, by George Giffard, 1583, that it was not considered as a corruption of the sacred name. 'Men suppose that they do not offend when they do not swear falsely; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they sware by *small things*;

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship.⁶ The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit DAVY.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, Sir John. [Exit SHALLOW.]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justicelike serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent,⁷ like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master:⁸ if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions,⁹) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow,¹⁰ will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

SCENE II. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.* Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

as by *cock and pie*, by the mousefoot, and many such like.¹

2 *Precepts are warrants.* Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

3 i.e. cast up, computed.

4 'A friend in court is worth a penny in purse,' is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605.

5 *Wincote* or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. The old copies read *Wincot*.

6 This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakspeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, 'Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, ending others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy.' *D'Eces*, p. 34. He repeats the same words again in 1571. *Ib.* 153. A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, 'A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes,' &c.

7 *Consent is accord*, agreement; a combination for any particular purpose. Baret renders '*secta*, a divers consente in sundry wilful opinions.'

8 i.e. admitted to their master's confidence.

9 There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt.

10 i.e. a serious face.

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry: O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. *Cl.* Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'twould, 'twere otherwise.

Cl. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.—¹

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath² succeeds,

But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

¹ 'A ragged and forestall'd remission' is a remission or pardon obtained by beggarly supplication. *Forestalling* is *prevention*. In a former scene the prince says to his father:—

'But for my tears, &c.

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke.'

² Amurath IV. emperor of the Turks, died in 1596; his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction. The play may have been written while the fact was still recent.

³ Was this easy? was this a light offence?

⁴ It has already been remarked that Sir William Gascoigne, the chief justice in this play, died in the reign of Henry IV.; and consequently this scene has

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you most;

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly.

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England? Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at naught;

To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person,

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely alighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;

And then imagine me taking your part,

And, in your power, soft silencing your son:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state,

What I have done, that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words;—

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son:

And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand

The unstaïn'd sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this remembrance.⁵—That you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,

no foundation in fact. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, or probably was careless about the matter. While Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, who appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards: but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governor*; but Shakspeare followed the *Chronicles*.

⁵ Treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative.

⁶ i. e. image to yourself that you have a son.

⁷ In your regal character and office.

⁸ Remembrance; that is admonition or warning

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well practis'd, wise directions.—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,¹
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly² I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state's³ of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite.⁴
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Gloucestershire. The Garden of Shallow's House. Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard : where, in an hour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways,⁵ and so forth ;—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper :—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall
 Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year ;
 When flesh is cheap, and females dear,⁶
 And lusty lads roam here and there,
 So merrily,
 And ever among so merrily.

1 The meaning is, My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.

2 Sadly is soberly, seriously ; sad is opposed to wild.

3 That is, with the majestic dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods.

4 Summons.

5 This passage, which was long a subject of dispute, some pertinaciously maintaining that carraways meant apples of that name, has been at length properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's Haven of Health, 1599 :—'For the same purpose careway seeds are used to be made in comfits, and to be eaten with apples, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind, would be eaten with other things that break wind.' Again :—'Howbeit we are wont to eat carraways, or biskets, or some other kind of comfits or seedes, together with apples, thereby to break wind ingendred by them ; and surely this is a verie good way for students.' The truth is, that apples and carraways were formerly always eaten together ; and it is said that they are still served up on particular days at Trinity College, Cambridge.

6 The character of Silence is admirably sustained ; he would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no end to his garrulity. He has a catch for every occasion :—

Fal. There's a merry heart !—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.
 Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; [Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon :—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit : proface !⁷ What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear ; The heart's all.

[Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph ;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;

[Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall :
 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,⁸

And welcome merry shrove-tide.⁹

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I ? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats¹⁰ for you.
 [Setting them before BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship ?—I'll be with you straight.
 [To BARD.]—A cup of wine, sir ?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
 And drink unto the leman mine ;

[Singing.

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry ;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come ;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome : if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—

Welcome, my little tiny thief ; [To the Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha ! will you not, master Bardolph ?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee :—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that : he will not out ; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing : be merry. [Knocking hard.] Look who's at doo there : Ho ! who knocks ?

[Exit DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.

Sil. Do me right,¹¹

[Singing.

'When flesh is cheap and females dear.'

Here the double sense of dear must be remembered.

7 An expression of welcome equivalent to Much good may it do you !

8 This proverbial rhyme is of great antiquity ; it is found in Adam Davie's Life of Alexander :—

'Merrie swithe it is in hall

When the berdes waveth alle.'

9 Shrove-tide was the ancient carnival ; 'In most places where the Romish religion is generally professed, it is a time wherein more than ordinary liberty is tolerated, as it were in recompense of the abstinence (penance which is to be undergone for a time) for the future ; whence by a metaphor it may be taken for any time of rioting or licence.'—Philips's World of Words, T. Waton does not seem to have known that shrove-tide and carnival were the same, or that carnisaprium and carnisaprium were the low Latin terms for the latter. Shrove-tide was a season of such mirth that shroving, or to shrove, signified to be merry.

10 Apples commonly called russetines.

11 To do a man right and to do him reason were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths ; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his Quo Vadis :—'Those formes of ceremonious quaffing, in which men have learned to make gods of others and

And dub me knight :'

Samingo.²

Is't not so ?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so ? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

Fal. How now, Pistol ?

Pist. God save you, Sir John !

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.³—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be ; but Goodman Puff of Barson.⁴

Pist. Puff ?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee ;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base ! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ? And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir :—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways ; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian ?⁵ speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office !—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth :

When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me,⁶ like

The bragging Spaniard.

beasts of themselves : and lose their reason, whiles they pretend to *de reason*.⁷

1 He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistresses, was dubbed a knight for the evening.

2 In Nashe's play called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch :—

'Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass

In cup, or can, or glass ;

God Bacchus, do me right,

And dub me knight, Domingo.'

In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, Monsieur Domingo is celebrated as a toper. It has been supposed that the introduction of Domingo as a burthen to a drinking song was intended as a satire on the luxury of the Dominicans ; but whether the change to *Samingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of San Domingo, is uncertain. Why Saint Dominick should be the patron of toppers does not appear.

3 So in Bulleine's Dialogue of the Fever Pestilence, 1564 :—

'No wiude but it doth turn some man to good.'

4 Barston is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull.

5 Bezonian, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is 'a new levied souldier, such as comes needy to the wars.' Cotgrave, in *bisogne*, says 'a filthy knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base humoured scoundrel.' Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person ; it is often met with very differently spelt in the old comedies.

6 An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *zeus* has always been given. The custom has been regarded as originally Spanish, but without foundation,

Fal. What! is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door :⁸ The things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ; we'll ride all night :—O, sweet Pistol :—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow ; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

Where is the life that late I led, say they :

Why, here it is ; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Street. Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.⁹

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her : There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook,¹⁰ you lie. Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal ; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry !

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions¹¹ again ; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer !¹² I will have you as soundly swung for this,

they most probably had it from the Romans. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesticulation. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, 'a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finger, as in *disgrace*.' The phrase is amply explained in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 492.

7 Stevens remarks that this proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the nail in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

8 In the quarto, 1600, we have 'Enter *Sineklo*, and three or four officers.' And the name of *Sineklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. *Sineklo* is also introduced in The Taming of the Shrew, he was an actor in the same company with Shakspeare.

9 It has already been observed (Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 1) that *nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or constable. Cleveland says of a committee-man :—'He is the devil's *nut-hook*, the sign with him is always in the clutches.'

10 That is to stuff her out, that she might counterfeit pregnancy. In Greene's Dispute between a He Cony-catcher, &c. 1592 :—to wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to feine herself with child.

11 Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttish of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burnt most necessary utensils. In Much Ado About Nothing, Borachio says that he had been entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *musty room* at Leonato's.

you blue-bottle rogue!¹ you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.²

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy³ thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *A public Place near Westminster Abbey. Enter Two Grooms, streuing Rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [To SHALLOW.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.⁴

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance, and contagious prison;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!⁵

1 Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

2 A half kirtle was a kind of apron or fore part of the dress of a woman. It could not be a cloak, as Malone supposed; nor a short bedgown, as Stevens imagined.

3 The hostess's corruption of *atomy*.

4 Warburton thought that we should read:—

'Tis all in all and all in every part.

5 A similar scene occurs in the anonymous old play of King Henry V. Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play.

6 Child, offspring.

7 *Profane* (says Johnson) in our author often signifies love of talk.

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp⁶ of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swoll'd, so old, and so profane;⁷

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence,⁸ and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—

Give you advancement.⁹—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Exeunt King, and his Train.]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;¹⁰

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

8 Henceforward.

9 This circumstance Shakspeare may have derived from the old play of King Henry V. But Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe give nearly the same account of the dismissal of Henry's loose companions. Every reader regrets to see Falstaff so hardly used, and Johnson's vindication of the king does not diminish that feeling. Pains, Johnson thinks, ought to have figured in the conclusion of the play, but I do not believe that any one had ever been sensible of the poet's neglect of him until Johnson pointed it out.

10 Johnson confesses that he does not see 'why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprise in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away.'

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. PAGE, and Officers.]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year
expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech.
My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ;
and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look
for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I
have to say, is of mine own making ; and what, indeed,
I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own
marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—
Be it known to you (as it is very well,) I
was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to
pray your patience for it, and to promise you a
better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this :
which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home,
I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here,
I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my
body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will
pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise
you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,
will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that
were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt.
But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction,
and so will I. All the gentlewomen here
have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then
the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen,
which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not
too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author
will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and
make you merry with fair Katharine of France :
where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of
a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard
opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is
not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs
are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel
down before you ;—but, indeed, to pray for the
queen.¹

I FANCY every reader, when he ends this play, cries
out with Desdemona, ' O most lame and impotent
conclusion ! ' As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided
into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude
it with the death of Henry the Fourth :—

' In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.'

¹ Most of the ancient Interludes conclude with a prayer
for the king or queen. Hence perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play bills.

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth* ; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books ; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action, from the beginning of *Richard the Second* to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them ; the lighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable ; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong ; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked ; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifle is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifle. The character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee ? thou compound of sense and vice ; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed ; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor ; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety ; by an unfaultering power of exciting laughter ; which is more frequently indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please ; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true ; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows *Henry the Fifth* in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true ; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first ; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE transactions comprised in this play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine, princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

This play, in the quarto edition of 1608, is styled *The Chronicle History of Henry, &c.* which seems to have been the title appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. Thus in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome:—

'These lads can act the emperors' lives all over,
And Shakspeare's *Chronicle Histories* to boot.'

The players, likewise, in the folio of 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in his *Pierce Penitence*, dated in that year, says, 'What a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealty.' Perhaps this same play was thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company:—[Thomas Storde] May 2. 1594. A booke entitled *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.* There are two more entries of a play of King Henry V. viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14, 1600. Malone had an edition printed in 1598, and Steevens had two copies of this play, one without date, and the other dated 1617, both printed by Bernard Alsop; from one of these it was reprinted in 1778, among six old plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. published by Mr. Nichols. It is thought that this piece is prior to Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* and that it is the very 'displeasing play' alluded to in the epilogue to the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* 'for Oldcastle died a martyr, &c.' Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety. Shakspeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends, in some measure, the story of the two parts of *King Henry IV.* as well as of *King Henry V.* and no ignorance could debase the gold of Shakspeare into such dross, though no chemistry, but that of Shakspeare, could exalt such base metal into gold. This piece must have been performed before the year 1588, Tarlton, the comedian, who played both the parts of the Chief Justice and the Clown in it, having died in that year.

This anonymous play of *King Henry V.* is neither divided into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation.

There is a play called *Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1600, with the name of William Shakspeare prefixed to it. The prologue of which serves to show that a former piece, in which the character of Oldcastle was introduced, had given great offence:—

'The doubtful title (gentlemen) prefix
Upon the argument we have in hand,
May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturbe
The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
To stop which scruple, let this breife suffice:
It is no *pamper'd glutton* we present,
Nor *aged counsellour* to *youngfull sinne*;
But one whose vertue shone above the rest,
A valiant martyr and a vertuous peere;
In whose true faith and loyalty expresst
Unto his sovereigne, and his countries weale,
We strive to pay that tribute of our love
Your favours merit: let faire truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.'

Shakspeare's play, according to Malone, seems to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. There are three quarto editions in the poet's lifetime, 1600, 1602, and 1608. In all of them the choruses are omitted, and the play commences with the fourth speech of the second scene.

'King Henry the Fifth is visibly the favourite hero of Shakspeare in English history: he portrays him en-

dowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet still disposed to innocent raillery, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, in the intervals between his dangerous and renowned achievements. To bring his life after his ascent to the crown on the stage was, however, attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished event of his reign: and war is much more an epic than a dramatic object.—If we would have dramatic interest war must only be the means by which something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole.' In *King Henry the Fifth*, no opportunity was afforded Shakspeare of rendering the issue of the war dramatic; but he has availed himself of other circumstances attending it with peculiar care. 'Before the battle of Agincourt he paints in the most lively colours the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fulness of individual characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honourable, pedantic Welshman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects. But all this variety still seemed to the poet insufficient to animate a play of which the object was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has therefore tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day, a chorus) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions there described cannot be developed on a narrow stage; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form also Shakspeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing as a poetic herald, what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama.

However much Shakspeare celebrates the French conquest of *King Henry*, still he has not omitted to hint to us, after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign wars to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of the half of their revenues. His learned bishops are consequently as ready to prove to him his undisputed right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the *Salic law* is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was that very feeble *Henry the Sixth*, under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not, therefore, be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the poet that an heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands; and ends, in the manner of comedy, with a marriage of convenience.*

* Schlegel,

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE of GLOSTER } *Brothers to the King.*
 DUKE of BEDFORD, }
 DUKE of EXETER *Uncle to the King.*
 DUKE of YORK, *Cousin to the King.*
 EARL of SALISBURY,
 EARL of WESTMORELAND,
 EARL of WARWICK.
 ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.
 BISHOP of ELY.
 EARL of CAMBRIDGE, } *Conspirators against the*
 LORD SCROOP, } *King.*
 SIR THOMAS GREY, }
 SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, }
 GOWER, } *Officers in King*
 FLUELLEN, } *Henry's Army.*
 MACMORRIS, }
 JAMY, }
 BATES, } *Soldiers in the same.*
 COURT, }
 WILLIAMS, }
 NYM, } *Formerly Servants to Falstaff,*
 BARDOLPH } *now Soldiers in the same.*
 PISTOL, }

Boy, *Servant to them.*
 A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*
 LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
 Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
 The Constable of France.
 RAMBURES, } *French Lords*
 GRANDPREE, }
 Governor of Harfleur.
 MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*
 Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*
 KATHARINE, *Daughter of Charles and Isabel.*
 ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*
 QUICKLY, *Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter CHORUS.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars: and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
 fire,
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O, the very casques,¹
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces² work:
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance:
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings,
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history;
 Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London.³ *An Antechamber in the King's Palace. Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.*⁴

Canterbury.

My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,

1 O for circle, alluding to the circular form of the heate. The very casques does not mean the identical casques, but the casques alone, or merely the casques.

2 'Imaginary forces.' Imaginary for imaginative, or your powers of fancy. The active and passive are often confounded by old writers.

3 This first scene was added in the folio, together with the choruses, and other amplifications. It appears

Which in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling⁵ and unquiet time
 Did push it out of further question.⁶

Eli. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
 Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession:

For all the temporal lands, which men devout
 By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us: being valued thus,—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights:
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him:
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady current, scouring faults;
 Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish

from Hall and Hollinshed that the events passed at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the poet intended to make London the place of his first scene.

4 'Canterbury and Ely.' Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. John Fordham, bishop of Ely, consecrated 1368, died 1426.

5 i. e. scrambling.

6 Question is debate.

7 The same thought occurs in the preceding play, where King Henry V. says:—

'My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections.'

You would desire, the king were made a prelate :
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say,—it hath been all in all his study :
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music :
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,¹
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to his theoric :²
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain :
 His companies³ unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.⁴

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescent⁵ in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so : for miracles are ceased ;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent ;
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us ;
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation :
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty ;
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear
 (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
 The severals, and unhidden passages⁶
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
 Deriv'd from Edward his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this
 off ?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
 Crav'd audience : and the hour I think is come,
 To give him hearing : Is it four o'clock ?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy ;
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear it.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.* Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.⁷

West. Shall we call in the ambassador my liege ?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin ; we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear of him, of some things of weight,
 That task our thoughts,⁸ concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
 And make you long become it !

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed ;
 And justly and religiously unfold,
 Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
 Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul
 With opening titles miscreate,⁹ whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth ;
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,
 Shall drop their blood in approbation¹⁰

Of what your reverence shall incite us to :
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,¹¹

How you awake the sleeping sword of war ;
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed :

For never two such kingdoms did contend,
 Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the

swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord :

And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and
 you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
 To this imperial throne :—There is no bar¹²

To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—

*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
 No woman shall succeed in Salique land ;*

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,¹³
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,

That the land Salique lies in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :

Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Sax-
 ons,

There left behind and settled certain French ;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,

Katharine Swynford. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, 1416. He was properly now only earl of Dorset. Shakspeare may have confounded this character with John Holland duke of Exeter, who married Elizabeth, the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey, in 1400. The old play began with the next speech.

⁸ i. e. keep our thoughts busied.
⁹ Or burthen your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner or opening pretensions, which, if shown in their native colours, would appear to be false.

¹⁰ ' Shall drop their blood in approbation.' *Approbation* is used by Shakspeare for *proving* or establishing by proof.

¹¹ ' Therefore take heed how you impawn our person.' To *impawn* was to *engage* or *pledge*.

¹² ' There is no bar,' &c. The whole speech is taken from Holinshed.

¹³ To *gloze* is to expound or explain, and sometimes to comment upon.

¹ Johnson has noticed the exquisite beauty of this line.

² ' So that the *art* and *practic* part of life

Must be the mistress to his *theoric*.'

He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, ' that his *theory* must have been taught by *art* and *practice*,' which is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Practic* and *theoric*, or rather *practique* and *theorique*, was the old orthography of *practice* and *theory*.

³ *Companies*, for companions.

⁴ *Popularity* meant familiarity with the common people, as well as popular favour or applause.

⁵ This expressive word is used by Drant, in his Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567.

⁶ ' The *severals*, and *unhidden passages*.' The particulars and clear un concealed circumstances of his true titles, &c.

⁷ ' Send for him, good uncle.' The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, half brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt by

For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.
 Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France:
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died with in the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as their general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
 To fine¹ his title with some show of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
 Convey'd² himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,³
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the
 Great

Was reunited to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare⁴ their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make
 this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim: invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince;
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.⁵
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and eold for action!⁶

1 'To fine his title with some show of truth.' To fine is to embellish, to trim, to make showy or specious; Limare.

2 'Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare.' Shakespeare found this expression in Holinshed; and, though it sounds odd to modern ears, it is classical.

3 'Lewis the Tenth.' This should be Lewis the Ninth, as it stands in Hall's Chronicle. Shakespeare has been led into the error by Holinshed, whose Chronicle he followed.

4 'Than amply to imbare their crooked titles.' The folio reads *imbarre*; the quarto *imbace*. As there is no other example of such a word, I cannot but think that this is an error of the press for *imbare*.

5 This alludes to the battle of Cressy; as described by Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 372

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
 earth,

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and
 means, and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
 land,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
 French;

But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches,⁷ gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
 only,

But fear the main intendment⁸ of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brimfulness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
 Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.⁹

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd¹⁰ than
 harm'd, my liege:

For hear her but exampled by herself,—
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
 And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs:
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
 To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;¹¹

6 'Cold for action,' want of action being the cause of their being cold.

7 i. e. your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have.

8 'They of those marches.' The marches are the borders.

9 'But fear the main intendment of the Scot, Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.'

The main intendment is the principal purpose, that he will bend his whole force against us: the Bellum in aliquem intendere, of Livy. A giddy neighbour is an unstable, inconstant one.

10 The quarto reads 'at the bruik thereof.'

11 Fear'd here means frightened.

12 'Yet that is but a crush'd necessity.' This is the reading of the folio. The editors of late editions have adopted the reading of the quarto copy, 'cur'd neces-

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent ;¹
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True : therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey bees ;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act² of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts :³
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil⁴ citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors⁵ pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ;
As many several ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams run in one self-sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.⁶ Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King ascends his Throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd : and by God's help ;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,⁷
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms ;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :

sity,' and by so doing have certainly not rendered the passage more intelligible ; indeed none of the attempts at explanation are satisfactory.

1 *Consent* is connected harmony in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. *Consentio* and *consensus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments, in what we should now call a *chorus* or *concert*.

2 'The act of order' is the *statute* or *law* of order ; as appears from the reading of the quarto. 'Creatures that by awe *ordain* an act of order to a peopled kingdom.'

3 i. e. of different degrees : if it be not an error of the press for *sort*, i. e. *rank*.

4 'The civil citizens kneading up the honey.' *Civil* is *grave*. See *Twelfth Night*, Act iii. Sc. 4. Johnson observes, to *knead* the honey is not physically true. The bees do, in fact, knead the wax more than the honey.

5 'Executors' for executioners. Thus also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 38, ed. 1632 :—'Tremble at an executor, and yet not feare hell-fire.'

6 'Without defeat.' The quartos read, 'Without defeat.'

7 'Empery.' This word, which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though once in general use.

Either our history shall, with full m-uth,
Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.⁸

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May it please your majesty, to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth ;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard⁹ won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there :
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure : and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Ere. Tennis-balls, my liege.¹⁰

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :¹¹
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wran-
gler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces.¹² And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat¹³ of England ;
And therefore, living hence,¹⁴ did give ourself
To barbarous license ; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and show my throne of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,¹⁵
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

8 'Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.' The quartos read '—with a *paper* epitaph.' Either a *paper* or a *waxen* epitaph is an epitaph easily destroyed ; one that can confer no lasting honour on the dead. Steevens thinks that the allusion is to *waxen tablets*, as any thing written upon them was easily effaced. Mr. Gifford says that a *waxen epitaph* was an epitaph affixed to the hearth or grave with wax. But it appears to me that the expression may be merely metaphorical, and not allusive to either.

9 A *galliard* was an ancient spritely dance, as its name implies.

10 In the old play of *King Henry V.* this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis balls*, and a carpet.

11 The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.

12 A *chace* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or *chace*. At long tennis it is the spot where the ball leaves off rolling. We see therefore why the king has called himself a *wrangler*.

13 i. e. the throne.

14 'And therefore living hence ;' that is *from hence*, away from this seat or throne.

15 'For that I have laid by my majesty.' To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character.

And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;¹ and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet unborn, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Ere. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his Throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,²
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,³
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,

1 'Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones.' When ordnance was first used they discharged balls not of iron but of stone.

2 'Task his thought.' We have this phrase before.

3 Expectation is also personified by Milton:—
—while *Expectation* stood
In horror.—

In ancient representations of trophies, &c. it is common to see swords encircled with crowns. Shakspeare's image is supposed to be taken from a wood cut in the first edition of Holinshed.

4 'Richard earl of Cambridge' was Richard de Conisbary, younger son of Edmund Langley, duke of York. He was father of Richard duke of York, and grandfather of Edward the Fourth.

5 'Henry Lord Scroop' was a third husband of Joan, duchess of York, mother in law of Richard earl of Cambridge.

6 *Gilt* for golden money.

7 The old copy reads:—

'Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.'

The alteration was made by Pope.

8 'But till the king come forth, and but till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.'

The old copy reads:—

'But till the king come forth, and not till then.'

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Roderick, and deserves admission into the text. Malone has plainly

Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted
men,—

One, Richard earl of Cambridge;⁴ and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop⁵ of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.—
Have, for the gilt⁶ of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and but till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene." [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *The same.* Eastcheap. *Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.*

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.⁹

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;¹⁰—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one: but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers¹¹ to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest,¹² that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.¹³

shown that it is a common typographical error. The objection is, that a scene in London intervenes; but this may be obviated by transposing that scene to the end of the first act. The division into acts and scenes, it should be recollected, is the arbitrary work of Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors; and the first act of this play, as it is now divided, is unusually short. This chorus has slipped out of its place.

9 At this scene begins the connexion of this play with the latter part of King Henry IV. The characters would be indistinct and the incidents unintelligible without the knowledge of what passed in the two former plays.

10 'When time shall serve, there shall be smiles.' Dr. Farmer thought that this was an error of the press for *smiles*, i. e. *blows*, a word used in the poet's age, and still provincially current. The passage, as it stands, has been explained:—'I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, we shall be in good humour with each other: but be it as it may.'

11 'Sworn brothers.' In the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*. These cut-purses set out for France as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.

12 'That is my rest;' that is my *determination*
13 i. e. I know not what to say or think of it. See this phrase amply illustrated in Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 125. No phrase is more common in our

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife :—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike,¹ call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!² we shall see willful adultery and murder committed. Good Lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog!³ thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good Corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the *solus* in thy howls:

For I can take,⁴ and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason;⁵ you cannot conjure me, I have a humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale.⁶ [*PISTOL and NYM draw.*]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate:

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;

Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,⁷

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam*⁸ Quickly

For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose be-

old dramatic writers; yet it had escaped the commentators on Shakespeare.

1. i. e. base fellow. Still used in the north; where a *tike* is also a dog of a large common breed; as a mastiff, or shepherd's dog.

2 'O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!' The folio has 'O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *heven* now'; an evident error of the press. The quarto reads 'O Lord! here's Corporal Nym's—now,' &c.

3 'Iceland dogges, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter.'—Abraham Fleming's translation of Caius de Canibus, 1576, *Of English Dogges*. *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in 'Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes' no date:—

'He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
Could thrust his finger, but this *island cur*.'

tween his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt MRS. QUICKLY and BOY.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble⁹ shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood,

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—

Is not this just?—for I shall suter be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Southampton. A Council Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,¹⁰

4 'For I can take.' Malone would change this, without necessity, to 'I can talk.' Pistol only means, 'I can understand, or comprehend you.' It is still common in the plebeian phrase: 'Do you take me?' for Do you know my meaning?

5 Barbason is the name of a demon mentioned in The Merry Wives of Windsor. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

6 By *exhale*, Pistol, in his fantastic language, probably means *die* or *breathe your last*. Malone suggests that he may only mean 'draw, haul, or lug out.'

7 'The lazar kite of Cressid's kind.' Of Cressida's nature, see the play of Troilus and Cressida.

8 Formerly.

9 The noble was worth six shillings and eight-pence.

10 'That was his bedfellow.' Thus Holliushed:—

'The said Lord Scrop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometimes to be his bedfellow.' This familiar appellation of *bedfellow* was common among the ancient nobility. This custom, which now appears so strange and unseemly to us, continued to

Whom he hath cloy'd¹ and grac'd with princely favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts;

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head² assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persnaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent³ with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create⁴ of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeld sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice,⁵ we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breeds, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,⁶
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;

Who are the late⁷ commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

the middle of the seventeenth century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept.

1 'Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd.' The quarto reads 'dul'd and cloy'd.'

2 'For which we have in head assembled them.' In head seems equivalent to the modern military term in force.

3 'Consent' is accord, agreement.

4 'I. e. hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal.'

5 I. e. his better consideration, or more circumspect behaviour.

6 'Distemper' here put for intemperance, or riotous excess.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, air knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick⁸ in us but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,

Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black from white,⁹ my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder, ever kept together,

As two yoke-devils swore to either's purpose,

Working so grossly¹⁰ in a natural cause,

That admiration did not whoop at them:¹¹

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,

That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:

And other devils, that suggest by treasons,

Do botch and bungle up damnation

With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety;

But he, that temper'd thee,¹² bade thee stand up,

Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

If that same demon, that hath gul'd thee thus,

Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar¹³ back,

And tell the legions—I can never win

A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

7 i. e. those lately appointed.

8 i. e. living.

9 'Though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black from white.'

Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To stand off is to be prominent.

10 i. e. plainly, evidently.

11 'Did not whoop at them.' That they excited no exclamation of surprise.

12 'He that temper'd thee.' That is, he that ruled thee. 'Temperator, he that tempereth, or moderateth; he that knoweth how to rule and order.'—Cooper.

13 i. e. Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.

The sweetness of affiance!¹ Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;²
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely bolted,³ didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,⁴
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Eze. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
 of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
 And I repent my fault more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not se-
 duce;⁵

Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended;
 But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in suffrance heartily will rejoice,⁶
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise:
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
 sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
 coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

1 'The sweetness of affiance!' Shakspeare uses this
 aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judg-
 ment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust
 is the diminution of that confidence which makes the
 happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion,
 which is the poison of society.—*Johnson.*

2 'Complement' has here the same meaning as in
 Love's Labour's Lost, Act I. Sc. 1. Bullokar defines it,
 'Court ship, [i.e. courtiership] fulness, perfection, fine
 behaviour.' The gradual change of this word, to its
 meaning of ceremonious words, may be traced in
 Blount's Glossography.

3 Bolted is the same as sifted, and has consequently
 the meaning of refined.

4 i. e. endowed, or gifted.

5 'For me, the gold of France did not seduce.'—
 diverse write that Richard earl of Cambridge did not
 conspire with the Lord Scroope, &c. for the murdering
 of King Haurie, to please the French king withall, but
 onlie to the intent to exalt the crowne to his brother-in-
 law Edmund earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel duke of
 Clarence, who being for diverse secret impediments not
 able to have issue, the earl of Cambridge was sure that
 the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his
 children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought)
 he rather confessed himselfe for neede of money to be

Now, lords, for France; the enterpriso whereof
 Shali be to you, as us, like glorious
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war:
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothened on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissiance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance.⁷
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. Mrs. Quickly's House in
 Eastcheap. Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY,
 NYM, BARDOLPH, and BOY.

Quick. Prythee, honey-sweet husband, let me
 bring⁸ thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
 Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting
 veins.

Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would, I were with him, wheresome'er
 he is, either in heaven, or hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Ar-
 thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.
 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had
 been any christom⁹ child; 'a parted even just be-
 tween twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide;¹⁰
 for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and
 play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,
 I knew there was but one way; for his nose was
 as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.¹¹
 How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of
 good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!
 three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him,
 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no
 need to trouble himself with any such thoughts
 yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet:
 I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and
 they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his
 knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as
 cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils
 incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a
 colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him
 about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle wo-
 men: but then he was rheumatic;¹² and talked of
 the whore of Babylon.

corrupted by the French king, lest the earl of Marche
 should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunk
 en, and what should have come to his own children he
 much doubted, &c.—*Holinshed.*

6 i. e. 'at which prevention, in suffering, I will hearti-
 ly rejoice.'

7 'The signs of war advance.' Phœr, in rendering
 the first line of the eighth Æneid, 'Ut belle signum,
 &c. has

'When signe of war from Laurent townes, &c.

8 i. e. let me accompany thee.

9 i. e. christom child: which was one that died within
 the month of birth, because during that time they wore
 the christom cloth, a white cloth put upon a child newly
 christened, wherewith women used to shroud the child
 if dying within the month; otherwise it was brought to
 church at the day of purification.

10 'Even at the turning o' the tide.' It has been a
 very old opinion, which Mead, *De Imperio Solis*,
 quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the
 time of ebb.

11 'And 'a babbled of green fields.' The first folio
 reads 'For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a Ta-
 ble of green fields.' Theobald gave the present reading
 of the text, which, though entirely conjectural, is better
 than any thing which has been offered in the idle bab-
 ble of the numerous notes on this passage.

12 Rheumatic. Mrs. Quickly means lunatic.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and Pay*;

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;¹

Therefore, *caveto* he thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.²—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close,³ I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.* Enter the French King attended: the Dauphin, the DUKE of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then, to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most doubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull⁴ a kingdom

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question.)

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear:

No, with no more, than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:

Question your grace the late ambassadors,—

With what great state he heard their embassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception,⁵ and, withal,

How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,⁶

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter:

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,⁷

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;

And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him:

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;

And he is bred out of that bloody strain,⁸

That haunted us in our familiar paths:

Witness our too much memorable shame,

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,

And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand

Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of

Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain stand-

ing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—⁹

Saw his heroidal seed, and smil'd to see him

Mangle the work of nature, and deface

The patterns that by God and by French fathers

Had twenty years been made. 'This is a stem

Of that victorious stock: and let us fear

The native mightiness and fate of him.¹⁰

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry king of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.

Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*]

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward

dogs

Most spend their mouths,¹¹ when what they seem to

threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,

Take up the English short; and let them know

Of what a monarchy you are the head;

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your ma-

jesty.

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,

Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's shew.

— he throws that *shallow habit* by.

7 'Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,'

The construction of this passage is perplexed, and the

grammatical concord not according to our present no-

tions; but its meaning appears to be, 'So the propor-

tions of defence are filled; which, to make of a weak

and niggardly projection (i. e. *contrivance*), is to do like

a miser who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth.

8 *Strain* is lineage.

9 'Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain

standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun.

There is much childish misunderstanding of this pas-

sage in the notes. Stevens is right when he says that,

divested of its poetical finery, it means that the king

stood upon a hill, with the sun shining over his head, to

see the battle; as before described in the first scene of

the play.

10 i. e. what is allotted him by destiny.

11 i. e. *a bark*; the sportsman's term.

1 Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. '*Pitch and play*, and go your way,' is one in Florio's Collection; 'Brag is a good dog, and *Holdfast* a better,' is one of the others to which he alludes.

2 i. e. dry thine eyes.

3 The Quartos read 'Keep fast thy bugle boc.' The meaning of which may be gathered from the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*:—

— the courtisans of Venice

Shall keep their bugle bows for thee, dear uncle.'

4 'For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom.'

To *dull* is to render torpid, insensible, or inactive; to dispirit. 'In idleness to wax *dull* and without spirit: Torpescere.'—*Baret*.

5 'How modest in exception.' How diffident and decent in making objections.

6 '— the outside of the Roman Brutus.' Warburton has a strained explanation of this passage. Shakspeare's meaning is explained by the following lines in the Rape of Lucrece:—

'Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, long
To him, and to his heirs: namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long varnish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,¹

[Gives a Paper.]

In every branch truly demonstrative:

Willing you, overlook this pedigree:

And, when you find him evenly derived

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for it you hide the

crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it;

And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove:

(That, if requiring fail, he will compel:)

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy

On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war

Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head

Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message:

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this fur-

ther:

To-morrow shall you hear our full intent

Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,

I stand here for him; What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, con-

tempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome

The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,

He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,

That caves and wombly vaultages of France

Shall chide² your trespass, and return your mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,

It is against my will: for I desire

Nothing but odds with England; to that end,

As matching to his youth and vanity,

I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference

(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)

Between the promise of his greener days,

And these he masters now; now he weighs time,

Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read

In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind

at full.

1 'Memorable line': this genealogy, this deduction of his lineage.

2 Shall chide your trespass.' To chide is to resound, to echo.

3 'The well-appointed king at Hampton pier.' 'Well-appointed,' that is, well furnished with all necessities of war. The old copies read 'Dover pier:' but the poet himself, and all accounts, and even the Chronicles which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton. A minute account still exists among the records of the town; and it is remarkable that a low level plain where the army encamped is now covered by the sea, and called Westport.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king

Come here himself to question our delay;

For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,

To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier³

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.

Play with your fancies; and in them behold,

Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:

Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,

Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,

You stand upon the rivage,⁴ and behold

A city on the inconstant billows dancing;

For so appears this fleet majestical,

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;⁵

And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,

Either past or not arrived to, pith and puissance:

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd

With one appearing hair, that will not follow

These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a

siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,

With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.

Suppose the ambassador from the French come

back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him

Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner

With linstock⁶ now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum; and Chambers' go off.]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,

And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit.]

SCENE I. The same. Before Harfleur. Alar-

ums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BED-

FORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling

Ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,

once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead?

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head,⁸

Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,

As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

4 Rivage, the bank, or shore; rivage, Fr.

5 'To sternage of this navy.' The stern, or sternage, being the hinder part of the ship. The meaning of this passage is, 'Let your minds follow this navy.' The stern was anciently synonymous to rudder. 'The sterne of a ship, gubernaculum.'—Baret.

6 'Linstock' is here put for a match; but it was, strictly speaking, the staff to which the match for firing ordnance was fixed.

7 'Chambers,' small pieces of ordnance.

8 'The portage of the head.' Shakespeare uses portage for loop-holes or port-holes.

O'erhang and jutt¹ his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit:
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,²
Whose blood is fet³ from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;⁴
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeo-
men,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt
not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,⁵
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and BOY.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal,⁶ stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:⁷ the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.**

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!¹⁰
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these

1 'O'erhang and jutt^y his confounded base, Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.'

To jutt^y is to project; juttes, or juttes, are projecting moles to break the force of the waves. Confounded is neither worn, or wasted, as Johnson tells us; nor destroyed, as Malone infers; but reared, or troubled. Swill'd anciently was used for 'washed much, or long, drowned, surrounded by water: Prolutus.'

2 'You noble English.' The folio reads *nobliss*, by mistake; the compositor having taken twice the final syllable *ish*. Steevens reads *nobliss*. This speech is not in the quartos.

3 'Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof.' Mr. Pope took the liberty of altering this word to *fetch'd*. The sacred writings afford us many instances of its use. 'Ascita et accepta a Græcis, Fet and taken out of Greece.' It is often coupled with *far*, as in the expressions '*far-fet* and *dear bought*,' 'affected and *far-fet*.'

4 'Argument is matter, subject.'

5 Slips are contrivances of leather to start two dogs at the same time.

three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-face'd; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men:¹⁰ and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase.¹¹ Bardolph stole a lute case: bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service the men would carry coals.¹² They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' adversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is dight himself four yards under the countermines:¹³ by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, 'a faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his pèard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captains, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain: and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

6 'Corporal.' Bardolph is called lieutenant in 'a former scene; so that there is a lapse of memory in the poet in one or other of these instances.

7 'A case of lives'; that is, a 'pair of lives': as a 'case of pistols,' a 'case of poniards,' 'a case of masks.'

8 Fluellen is merely the Welsh pronunciation of *Lluellyn*, as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd*.

9 i. e. 'be merciful, great commander, to men of earth, to poor mortal men.' Duke is only a translation of the Roman *dux*. Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas*, calls Moses 'a great duke.'

10 'The best men'; that is, *bravest*. So, in the next line, *good deeds* are *brave actions*.

11 Purchase, which anciently signified gain, profit, was the cant term used for any thing obtained by cheating; as appears by *Green's Art of Cony-catching*.

12 'Carry coals.' See note on the first scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

13 'Is dight himself'; that is, the enemy had digged four yards under the countermines.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmarris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my nand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Ftu. Captain Macmarris, I pescech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit! you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' nie, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done: and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death: and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

Ftu. Captain Macmarris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Ftu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmarris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault.

[A Parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Ftu. Captain Macmarris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Before, the Gates of Harfleur. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves; Or, like to men proud of destruction,

1 'I shall quit you;' that is, I shall, with your permission, requite you; that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity.

2 'The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.' Gray has borrowed this thought in his Elegy—

'And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

3 'Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds.' To overblow is to drive away, to keep off. Johnson observes that this is a very harsh metaphor.

4 'Whom of succour we entreated.' See A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii. Sc. 1, in a note on the passage:—'I shall desire you of more acquaintance.'

5 l. e. prepared

Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,) If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;² And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants. What is it then to me, if impious war,—

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,— Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation? What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness, When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds²

Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany. If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes; Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid? Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,⁴

Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,

We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy: Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;

For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,— The winter coming on, and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;

To-morrow for the march are we address'd.⁵

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town.]

SCENE IV.⁶ Rouen. A Room in the Palace. Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, j'oublie les doigts,

6 Every one must wish with Warburton and Farmer to believe that this scene is an interpolation. Yet as Johnson remarks, the grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage.

mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingers ; ouy, de fingers.

Kath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingers. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingers, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Kath. *De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris d'a à present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Kath. *De neck : Et le menton ?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Kath. *De sin. Le col, de neck : le menton, de sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné ?*

Kath. *Non, je réciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

Alice. *De nails, madame.*

Kath. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi di je ; de elbow, de neck, et de sin ; Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe ?*

Alice. *De foot, madame ; et de con.*

Kath. *De foot et de con ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user ; Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame !*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à diner.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in Franco ; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant ! snail a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?*

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !

Mort de ma vie ! if they march along. Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten² isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?*

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull ?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water, A drench for sur-rein'd³ jades, their barley broth, Decoit their cold blood to such valiant heat ?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty ? O, for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ; Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us ; and plainly say, Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth,

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas⁴ high, and swift corantos ; Saying, our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald ? speed him hence ;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. Up, princes ; and, with spirit of honour edg'd, More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :

Charles De-la-bret,⁵ high constable of France ; You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,

Alengon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;

Jacques Châtillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquail, and Charolois ;

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land :

With pennons⁶ painted in the blood of Harfleur !

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys ; whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :

Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—

And in a captive chariot, into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march ;

For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,

He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,

And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on

Montjoy :

And let him say to England, that we send

1 *Luxury* for lust.

2 *Toit, Luxury, pellmell, for I lack soldiers.*—Lear.

3 *'Nook-shotten isle.'* Shotten signifies any thing projected : so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. Randle Holme, in his *Accedence of Armory*, p. 353, has '*Querke, a nook-shotten pane*' [of glass.]

4 *'A drench for sur-rein'd jades.'* *Sur-rein'd* is probably over-riden or over-strained. Steevens observes that it is common to give horses, over-riden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this the Constable alludes.

5 *'Lavoltas high.'* The *lavolta*, or volta, 'a kind of turning French dance,' says Florio ; in which the man turns the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a high spring or cabriole. The reader will find a very curious and amusing article on

the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 439.

6 This should be Charles D'Albret ; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakspeare followed Hollinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*. The other French names have been corrected.

7 *Pennons* were flags or streamers, upon which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. 'A pennon must be tow yarde and a halfe long, made round at the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and serveth for the conduct of fifty men.'—*MSS. Harl. No. 2413*. A banneret was created by cutting off the point of the pennon, and making it a banner, which was peculiar to the nobility.

8 'And for achievement offer us his ransom.' That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as ransom.

To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.¹

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The English Camp in Picardy.*
Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not (God be praised, and blessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly,² with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the bridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world: but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart, Of buxom valour,³ hath,—by cruel fate, And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone.—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler⁴ before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth,

¹ *Rouen* is spelt *Roan* in the old copy. It was pronounced as a monosyllable.

² But keeps the bridge most valiantly? After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangy, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

³ 'Buxom valour.' It is true that, in the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant*, *yielding*, *obedient*; and in this sense Spenser uses it: but as we know it was also used for *lusty*, *rampant*, however mistakenly, it was surely very absurd to give the older meaning to it here, as Stevens did. Pistol would be much more likely to take the popular sense, than one founded on etymology. Blount, after giving the old legitimate meaning of *buxomness*, says, 'It is now mistaken for *lustiness* or *rampancy*.'

⁴ A *muffler* was a fold of linen used for concealing the face of a woman.

⁵ 'A *pix*.' The folio reads *par*: but Hollinshed, whom Shakespeare followed, says, 'A foolish soldier stole a *pix* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once more remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender strangled.' It was the box in which the consecrated wafers were kept, originally so named from being made of *box*; but in later times it was made of gold, silver, and other costly materials.

⁶ 'And *figo* for thy friendship.' See note on King Henry IV. Part 2. The *Spanish fig* probably alludes

to the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stolen a *pix*,⁵ and hanged must 'a be. A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:

But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo*⁶ for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the bridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well. I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done:—at such and such a scone,⁸ at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,⁹ and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age,¹⁰ or else you may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark

to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects of either Spanish or Italian revenge; to which custom there are numerous allusions in our old dramas. In the quarto copies of this play we have:—

'The fig of Spain within thy jaw.' And afterwards:—

'The fig of Spain within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.'

⁷ 'Very good.' In the quartos, instead of these two words, we have:—

'Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?'

⁸ 'Such and such a scone.' Stevens has erroneously explained this, 'a hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification.' The quotation from Sir Thomas Smythe only described some particularly imperfect sconces. A *sconce* was a block-house or *chief-fortress*, for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a scone: a lantern was also called a scone, because of its round form.

⁹ 'A beard of the general's cut.' Our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards; a certain cut was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. They are some of them humourously described in a ballad in *The Prince D'Amour*, 1660. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.

¹⁰ 'Such slanders of the age.' Nothing was more common than such huffcap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the poet's age: they are the continual subject of satire in his contemporaries. To the reader who has any acquaintance with our early writers it would be superfluous to cite instances. Stevens mentions Basilisco, in *Solyman and Perseda*, as likely to have given the hint of Pistol's character to Shakespeare.

you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the bridge.'

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the bridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most brave passages: Marry, th'adversary was have possession of the bridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the bridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a brave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'adversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and welks,² and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French unbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.³

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue,⁴ and our voice is imperial! England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our suzerance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

1 'From the bridge.' These words are not in the quarto. If not a mistake of the compositor, who may have caught them from the king's speech, they must mean about the bridge, or concerning it.

2 'His face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs.' *Welks* are not stripes, as Mr. Nares interprets the word; but pimples, or blotches: *Papula*. 'A pimple, a welke; Bourion ou bubbe qui vient en face.' Mr. Steevens remarks that Chaucer's Sompnour may have afforded Shakespeare a hint for Bardolph's face. He also had

'A fire red cherubines face,' with 'welkes white, and knobbes situling on his cheekes.'—*Cant. Tales*, v. 628.

3 'You know me by my habit.' That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable was distinguished by a richly emblazoned dress. *Montjoie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in this country.

4 I. e. in our turn. This theatrical phrase has been already noticed.

5 I. e. without impediment. *Empêchement*, Fr. See *Cotgrave's Dictionary*

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality. *Mont.* Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have, Almost no better than so many French; Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought, upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk; My army, but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before,⁶ tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbour,

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy. Go, bid thy master well advise himself:

If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour:⁷ and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this: We would not seek a battle, as we are; Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it; So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit MONTJOY.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves; And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, Dauphin, and others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;⁸ *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the

6 *God before* was then used for *God being my guide*.

7 'We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour.'

This is from Holinshed. 'My desire is, that none of you be so unadvised as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall colour and make red your tawny ground with the effusion of Christian blood. When he had thus answered the herald he gave him a great reward, and licenced him to depart.' It was always customary to give a reward, or largess, to the herald, whether he brought a message of defiance or congratulation. I will just observe by the way, that the heralds do not appear to have been held in the highest esteem formerly; I find them, in a very curious passage of Robert Rolle's *Speculum Vitæ*, classed with all the other infamous itinerant professions, as courtizans, jugglers, minstrels, thieves, and hangmen.

8 'He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs.' Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire;¹ and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.²

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once wrote a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,—*

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.³

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier:*⁴ thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

1 'He is pure air and fire.' Thus Cleopatra, speaking of herself:—

I am air and fire; my other elements
I give to baser life.

2 'He is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.' There has been much foolish contention about this passage; the sense of which is plain enough. I have elsewhere observed that *jade* is not always used for a tired or contemptible horse. The Dauphin means 'that his charger is indeed a horse, and alone worthy of that name; all others may be called beasts in comparison of him.' Beast is here used in the sense of the Latin *jumentum*, contemptuously to signify an animal only fit for the cart or packsaddle.

3 'Like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.' This expression is here merely figurative, as Theobald long since observed, for *fermibus denudatis*. But it is certain that the Irish trossers, or trowsers, were anciently the direct contrary to the modern garments of that name. 'Their trosses, commonly spelt trossers, were thin pantaloons exactly fitted to the shape.' Bulwer, in his *Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653, says, 'Now our hose are made so close to our breeches that, like the Irish trossers, they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part.'—

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously! and 'twere more honour, some were away

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.⁵

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpre.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would, it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

I will add that Spenser says Chaucer's description of Sir Thopas gives 'the very manner and fashion of the Irish horseman,—in his long hose, his riding shoes of costly cordwaine, his hacqueton, and his habergeon,' &c.—*State of Ireland*, p. 115; Ed. Dublin, 1809.

4 It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with his bible: we have here a strong presumptive proof that he read it, at least occasionally, in French. This passage will be found almost literally in the Geneva Bible, 1588. 2 Peter ii. 22.

5 'Tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.' This poor pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate*. When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate (i. e. beat her wings, or flutter.) The hawk wants no courage, but invariably bates upon the removal of her hood. The Constable would insinuate by his double entendre that the Dauphin's courage, when it appears (i. e. when he prepares for encounter,) will bate; i. e. soon diminish or evaporate.

6 Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the quartos conclude this scene with a couplet:—

—Come, come away;

The sun is high, and we war out the day!

Orl. What a wretched and peevish¹ fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe;²
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,³
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:⁴
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd⁵ face:
Steeds threaten steeds in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,⁶
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,

¹ *Peevish*, i. e. foolish.

² 'Fills the wide vessel of the universe.' Warburton says *universe* for *horizon*. Upon which Johnson remarks:—'The universe, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation.'

³ 'The hum of either army stilly sounds.' This expression applied to sound is not peculiar to Shakespeare; we have 'a still small voice' in the sacred writings, and Florio's Dictionary in the word *sussura*, has 'a buzzing, a murmuring, a charming, a humming, a soft, gentle, still noise, as of running water falling with a gentle stream, or as trees make with the wind, &c.' It is the 'murmure tacito' of Ovid.

⁴ 'The secret whispers of each other's watch.' Holinshed says that the distance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces: and again, 'at their coming into the village, fires were made (by the English) to give light on every side, as there were likewise by the French hosts.'

⁵ It has been said that the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of an *umber* colour when beheld through the light of midnight fires. I suspect that nothing more is meant than 'shadow'd face.' The epithet '*paly flames*' is against the original interpretation. *Umber* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers.

⁶ 'The armourers, accomplishing the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up.' This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, out as to part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of

The confident and over-lusty⁷ French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks,⁸ and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen,
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrouned him:
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly:
Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding⁹ true things, by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *The English Camp at Agincourt.*
Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.¹⁰

iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, to close the rivet up; so that the party's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet. This custom prevailed more particularly in tournaments. See *Varietes Historiques*, 1753, 12mo. tom. ii. p. 73. Douce.

⁷ 'The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice.'
Over-lusty, i. e. *over-saucy*. Thus in North's Plutarch:—'Cassius's soldiers did shew themselves verie stubborn and lustie in the camp.' This is Steevens's explanation; the word *lusty*, however, was synonymous with lively. 'To be lively or lustie, to be in his force or strength, Vigeo.' It is also meant 'in good plight, jolly.' By 'Do the low-rated English play at dice' is meant 'do play them away, or play for them at dice.' The circumstance is from Holinshed.

⁸ '—their gestures sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks.'
Thus Sidney, in *Astrophel*, song 2, has:—
'Anger invests the face with a lovely grace.'

⁹ 'Minding true things.' To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. Thus Baret:—'I minde this matter, and thinke still that it is before my eyes; in oculis animoque versatur mihi hac res.'

¹⁰ 'That we should dress us fairly for our end.' Malone took this for an abbreviation of *address* us, and printed it thus, 'dress us. Steevens very reasonably doubted the propriety of the elision, but would take *dress* in its ordinary acceptation. 'To dress is to make ready. to prepare. Paro, Lat.'

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*¹

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased;
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.²

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer;

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp³ of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of
Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen.

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts⁴ well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or piddle paddle, in Pompey's camp; I

warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]
K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;⁵ therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they

³ 'An imp of fame.' See Second Part of King Henry IV. Act v. Sc. 5.

⁴ I. e. agrees, accords.

⁵ I. e. but human qualities.

⁶ — though his affections are higher mounted than ours, when they stoop, they stoop with like wing. This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft, or mounting high, descended in its flight, it was said to stoop.

¹ Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. He was at this time warden of Dover Castle, and his arms are still visible on the side of the Roman Pharos.

² 'With casted slough and fresh legerity.' The allusion is to the casting of the slough or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness.

owe; some, upon their children rawly¹ left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury;² some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,³ though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's;⁴ but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay⁵ him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun,⁶ that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

1 i. e. their children left *immaturely*, left young and helpless.

2 — beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury. Thus in the song at the beginning of the fourth act of *Measure for Measure*:—

'That so sweetly were forsworn—

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.'

3 i. e. the punishment they are born to.

4 'Every subject's duty is the king's.' This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed and properly concluded.—*Johnson*.

5 To pay here signifies to bring to account, to punish.

6 'That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.' In the quarto the thought is more opened—*It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch.*

7 'Too round' is too rough, too unceremonious.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove, give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.* Upon the king!⁸ let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all. O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy?

And what have kings, that privates have not too, Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?⁹

Art thouught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king, that find thee; and I know, 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced¹⁰ title running 'fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

8 'Upon the king.' There is something very striking and solemn in the soliloquy into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company and especially after forced and unwilling merriment.—*Johnson*. This beautiful speech was added after the first edition.

9 'What is thy soul of adoration?' This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed to:—

'What is the soul of adoration?'

I think erroneously. The present reading is sufficiently intelligible, 'O ceremony, show me what value thou art of? What is thy soul or essence of external worship or adoration? Art thou, &c. If Malone's reading is adopted, it would be necessary to read 'Are they, &c. because ceremony and adoration are then both personified.

10 *Farced* is stuffed. The timid puffy titles with which a king's name is intruded.

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;¹
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion² to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.³

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear: take from them now⁴
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord!
O not to-day! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries,⁵ where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The French Camp. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

1 '—cramm'd with distressful bread.' However oddly this may sound to modern ears, it was sufficiently intelligible to our ancestors. *Distressful bread* is the bread or food of poverty; *Mensa angusta*. Johnson observes that these lines are exquisitely pleasing. 'To sweat in the eye of Phœbus,' and 'to sleep in Elysium,' are expressions very poetical.

2 Apollo. See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 2.

3 He little knows at the expense of how much royal vigilance that peace, which brings most advantage to the peasant, is maintained. *To advantage* is a verb used by Shakespeare in other places. It was formerly in general use.

4 The late editions exhibit the passage thus:—

—take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon, &c.

5 'Two chantries.' One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond.

6 *Via*, an exclamation of encouragement, *on, away*; of Italian origin.

7 'That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage.' This is the reading of the folio which Malone has altered to *dour*, i. e. *do out* in provincial language. It appears to me that there is no reason for the substitution.

Dau. *Montez a cheval*:—My horse! valet! lacquay? ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via*!—*les caux et la terre*—

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable.

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt⁷ them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked cartle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle,⁸—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding⁹ foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance,¹⁰ and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions,¹¹ desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains¹² poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.

8 'About our *squares* of battle.' Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

—no practice had

In the brave *squares* of battle.

9 'A *hilding* foe' is a paltry, cowardly, base foe. Thus in *All's Well* that Ends Well, the French lords call Bertram 'a *hilding*.'

10 'The tucket sonance,' &c. He uses the terms of the field as if they were going out only to chase for sport. To dare the field is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising so as to be taken by hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. The *tucket-sonance* was a flourish on the trumpet as a signal to prepare to march. The phrase is derived from the Italian *locata*, a prelude or flourish, and *suonanza*, a sound, a resounding. Thus in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623, two *tuckets* by two several trumpets.

11 'Yon island carrions.' The description of the English is founded on Holinshed's melancholy account, speaking of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt:—'The Englishmen were brought into great misery in this journey; their victual was in a manner all spent, and now could they get none.—rest none could they take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them allarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it froze; of fewel there was great scarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to bestow it upon for their reliefe or comforte, had they little or none.'

12 Their ragged *curtains* are their *colours*.

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,¹
 With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor
 jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel² bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 'To demonstrate the life of such a battle.'
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay
 for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh
 suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard;³ On, to the field:
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The English Camp. Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
 battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore
 thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are
 fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
 —God be with you, princes all; I'll to my charge;
 If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
 My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman,⁴—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck
 go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
 And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
 Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
 That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland?⁵—No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;

1 Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures, holding the socket for the lights, in their extended hands.

2 The *gimmel bit* was probably a bit in which two parts or links were united, as in the *gimmel ring*, so called because they were double linked, from *gemellus*, Lat.

3 'I stay but for my guard.' Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens were of opinion that *guard* here means rather something of ornament, than an attendant or attendants.

4 'And my kind kinsman.' This is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute*, earl of Salisbury: he was not in point of fact related to Westmoreland, there was only a kind of connection by marriage between their families.

5 In the quarto this speech is addressed to Warwick. The incongruity of praying like a Christian and swearing like a heathen, which Johnson objects against, arose from the necessary conformation to the statute 3 James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage. The players omitted it where they could, and where the metre would not allow of the omission they substituted some other word in its place.

6 *To yearn* is to grieve or vex.

7 'The feast of Crispian.' The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, 1415.

It yearns⁶ me not, if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more; methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more.
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:⁷
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say—to morrow is Saint Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,⁸

What feats he did that day; Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,⁹
 But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition:¹⁰
 And gentlemen in England, now a bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not
 here:

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
 speed;
 The French are bravely¹¹ in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience¹² charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward
 now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-
 land, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I
 alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thou-
 sand men;¹³

8 'With advantages.' Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of old age, shall remember their feats of this day, and remember to tell them with advantage. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times.

9 'From this day to the ending,' &c. Johnson has a note on this passage, which concludes by saying that 'the civil wars have left in the nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history.'

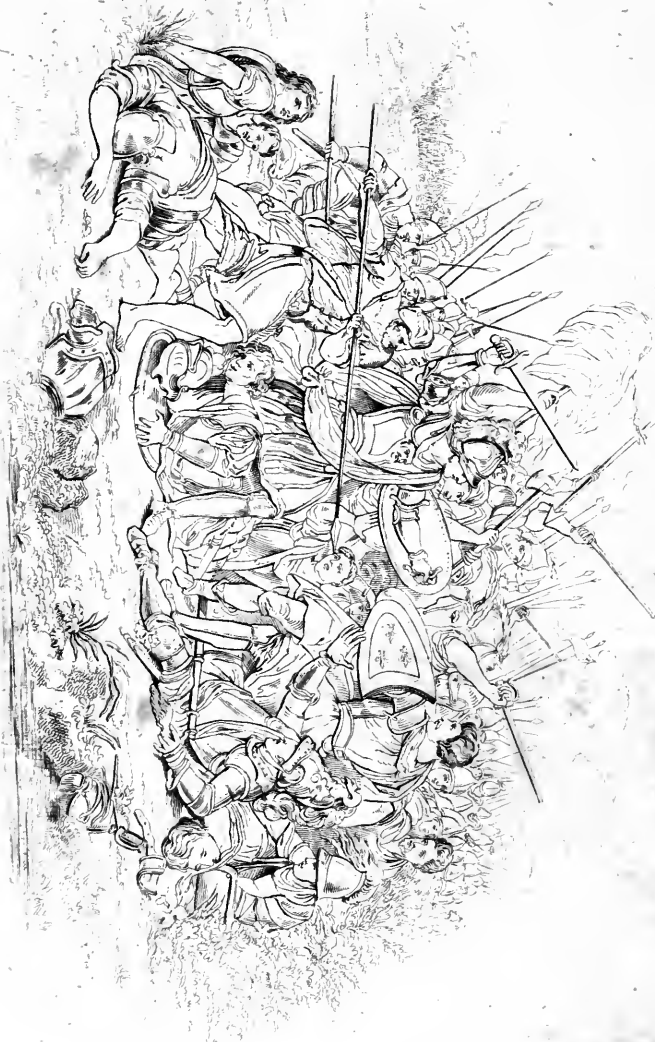
10 I. e. shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and these last were allowed the chief seats at all feasts and public meetings.

11 I. e. in a braving manner. 'To go bravely is to look aloft; and to go gaily, desiring to have the pre-eminence: Speciose ingredit; faire le brave.'

12 I. e. expedition.

13 '—thou hast unwish'd five thousand men.' By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wish'd five thousand men away. The poet, inattentive to numbers, puts five thousand, but in the last scene the French are said to be full three score thousand, which Exeter declares to be five to one; the numbers of the English are variously stated; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.





Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind!
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor
bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer
back;

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass² of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English;³
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt,⁴ are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;

1 i. e. remind.

2 i. e. In brazen plates, anciently let into tombstones.

3 'Mark then abounding valour in our English;
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.'

Theobald, with over busy zeal for emendation, changed
abounding into a *bounding*, and found the allusion ex-
ceedingly beautiful, comparing the revival of the Eng-
lish valour to the rebounding of a cannon ball. There
is, as usual, an idle controversy between Malone and
Steevens, the one preferring the old reading; and the
other, from a spirit of opposition to his rival, which ever
guided him, supporting Theobald's alteration.

4 i. e. golden show, superficial gilding.

5 'The Duke of York.' This *Edward* duke of York
has already appeared in King Richard II. under the title
of *duke of Aumerte*. He was the son of Edmond Lang-
ley, the duke of York of the same play, who was the
fifth son of King Edward III. Richard, earl of Cam-
bridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was
younger brother to this Edward duke of York.

6 The *vaward* is the vanguard.

7 'Callino, castore me!' The jargon of the old co-
pies where these words are printed *Qualitie calmie*
casture me—was changed by former editors into
'Quality, call you me? construe me.' Malone found
Calen o casture me, mentioned as the burthen of a song
in 'A Handful of Pleasant Delities,' 1584. And Mr.

Which if they have, as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee
well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again
for ransom.

*Enter the Duke of York.*⁵

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.⁶

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,
march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle. Alarums: Ex-
cursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and
Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de
bonne qualite.*

Pist. Quality? Callino, castore me!⁷ art thou a
gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,⁸
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitie de moy!*
Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim⁹ out at throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de
ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,

Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of
moys?¹⁰

Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave, in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez; Comment estes-vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir¹¹ him, and
ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and fer
ret, and fir.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites*

Boswell discovered that it was an old Irish song, which
is printed in Playford's Musical Companion, 1667 or
1673:—

'Callino, Callino, Callino, castore me,
Eva ee, eva ee, loo, loo, loo lee.'

The words are said to mean 'Little girl of my heart for
ever and ever.' 'They have, it is true (says Mr. Bos-
well,) no great connection with the poor Frenchman's
supplications, nor were they meant to have any; Pis-
tol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a
tune.'

8 '—thou diest on point of fox.' Fox is an old cant
word for a sword. Generally *old fox*; it was applied to
the old English broadsword.

9 'For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat.' Pistol
is not very scrupulous in the nicety of his language, he
uses rim (ryhme) for the intestines generally. It is not
very clear what our ancestors meant by it; Bishop
Wilkins defines it 'the membrane of the belly;' Florio
makes it the omentum, 'a fat pannicle, caule, sewet,
rim, or kell, wherein the bowels are lapt.' Holmes, in
his Acad. of Armory, calls the *peritonaeum* 'the paunch
or rim of the belly.' Which is defined by others to be
the 'inner rine of the belly.' It was not therefore the
diaphragm or midriff, as Steevens supposed.

10 Pistol's *moy* is probably a vulgar corruption of
moydore (itself a corruption of *moeda d'oro*), at least
we have no better solution to offer. The *moydore* was
current in England for about 27s

11 To *fir* is to beat or scourge; *fouetter*, to *yerk* and
to *jerk* are words of the same import.

vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens : et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.— Follow me, cur. [Exit PISTOL.]

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

[Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil ! The old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ;¹ and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.]

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur !—Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O meschante fortune !— Do not run away. [A short Alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame !—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let us die in fight :² Once more back again ;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,³

His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoild us, friend us now !

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.⁴

1 '—this roaring devil !' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.' See note on Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. In the old play of The Taming of a Shrew, one of the players says, 'My lord, we must have a little vinegar to make our devil roar.' Ho ! ho ! and Ah ! ha ! seem to have been the exclamations constantly given to the devil, who is, in the old mysteries, as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. The Vice or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare his nails with his dagger of lath ; the devil being supposed from choice to keep his claws long and sharp. 2 The old copy wants the word fight, which was supplied by Malone. Theobald proposed 'let us die instant,' which Stevens adopted.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field, To smother up the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ; Let life be short ; else, shame will be too long.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice, within this hour,

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ; From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie, Larding the plain : and by his bloody side, (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds) The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;

And cries aloud,—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast ;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry !

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :

He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—Dear my lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips :

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd :

But I had not so much of man in me,

But⁵ all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[Alarum.]

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :

Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;

Give the word through. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Enter FLEELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the boys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in the world : In your conscience now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.⁶ O, 'tis a gallant king !

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower : What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born ?

3 I. e. who has no more gentility.

4 This line is from the quartos. 5 I. e. reached.

6 'But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gave me up to tears.'

Thus the quarto. The folio reads 'And all,' &c. But has here the force of but that.

7 'Caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. The king killed his prisoners (says Johnson) because he expected another battle, and he had not sufficient men to guard one army and fight another. Gower's reason is, as we see, different. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who gives both reasons for Henry's conduct, but has chosen to make the king mention one of them and Gower the other.

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also heing a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander¹ is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forgot his name.²

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a Part of the English Forces; WARWICK,³ GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skirr⁴ away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:

1 'As Alexander,' &c. Steevens thinks that Shakspeare here ridicules the *parallels* of Plutarch: he appears to have been well read in Sir Thomas North's Translation.

2 Johnson observes, that this is the last time *Falstaff* can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

3 Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

4 i. e. *scour* away. To run swiftly in various directions. It has the same meaning in *Macbeth*, Act. v. Sc. iii. '*Skirr* the country round.'

5 'Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have.' Johnson accuses the poet of having made the king cut the throats of his prisoners twice over. Malone replies that the incongruity, if it be one, is Holinshed's, for thus the matter is stated by him: 'While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred horsemen, who were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and pillaged the king's camp. "When the outcry of the lackies and boys which ran away for fear of the Frenchmen, thus spoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet that every man upon pain of death should incontinently slay his prisoner.' This was the first transaction. Holinshed proceeds, 'When this lamentable slaughter

Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king!

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Aguincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your

was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battayle, ready to abide a new field, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies.—Some write, that the king perceiving his enemies in one part to assemble together, as though they meant to give a new battle for preservation of the prisoners, sent to them a herald, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once and give battaille; promising herewith, that, if they did offer to fight agayne, not only those prisoners which his people already had taken, but also so many of them as in this new conflicte, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption.' The fact is, that notwithstanding the first order concerning the prisoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a subsequent passage, and the concurrent testimony of various historians, upon whose authority Hume says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, 'stopped the slaughter, and was still able to save a great number.' It was policy in Henry to intimidate the French by threatening to kill his prisoners, and occasioned them, in fact, to lay down their arms.

6 Monmouth, according to Fuller, was celebrated for its caps, which were particularly worn by soldiers. The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the capper's chapel still remains. He adds, 'If at this day the phrase of wearing a Monmouth cap be taken in a bad acceptioun, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion.' *Worthies of England*, 1660, p. 50.

majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Chesu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exit MONTJOY and others.*]

Ere. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven¹ and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.²

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce,³ as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen: wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together,⁴ I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

¹ *Craven.* See Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 4.

² 'Of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.' *Great sort* is high rank. A man of such rank is not bound to answer to the challenge from one of the soldier's low degree.

³ Jack-sauce for saucy Jack.

⁴ Henry was felled to the ground by the duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should wear it myself. Follow, good cousin, Warwick: If that soldier strike him (as, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,) Some sudden mischief may arise of it; For I do know Fluellen valiant, And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury: Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Before King Henry's Pavilion.
Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows,⁵ I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove,⁶ soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not

guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.

⁵ 'Into plows.' It has been suggested that we should read 'in plows,' but it was not intended that Fluellen should speak very correctly, and *into* for *in* is still used in Scotland.

⁶ I. e. the glove that thou hast now in thy cap; it was the king's glove, which he had given to Williams

mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly;—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, Herald: are the dead numbered?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a Paper.*]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquault:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:¹

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights,
squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischart

Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,

The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty carls,

Grandpre, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another Paper.*]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, York Gam, esquire:²

¹ 'Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights.' In ancient times the distribution of this honour appears to have been customary on the eve of a battle.

² 'Davy Gam, esquire.' This gentleman being sent out by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report:—'May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.' He saved the king's life in the field. Had the poet been apprized of this circumstance, the brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely a name in a muster roll.—See Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*, 1637, p. 50 and 54; and Dunster's Edition of Phillips's *Cyder*, a poem, p. 74.

³ 'Do we all holy rites.' 'The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown; and, gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victorie, causing his prelates and chapeleins to sing this psalme.—*In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commanding every man to kuese down on the grounde at this verse—*Non nobis,*

None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;³

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,

We'll then to Calais; and to England then;

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,⁴

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach

Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd

sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler⁵ 'fore the king,

Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:

Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,

Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God.⁶ But now behold,

In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!

The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:

As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,⁷
Were now the general of our gracious empress⁸

Domine, non nobis sed nomini tuo da gloriam; which done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his own force or any humane power.—*Holinshed.*

⁴ 'Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen awhile.' Steevens proposes, in order to complete the metre, that we should read—

'Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen awhile.'

⁵ 'Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king, Seems to prepare his way.'

Whifflers were persons going before a great personage or procession, furnished with staves or wands to clear the way. The junior liverymen of the city companies, who walk first in processions, are still called *whifflers*, from the circumstance of their going before.

⁶ 'I. e. transferring all the honours of conquest from himself to God.'

⁷ I. e. similitude.

⁸ I. e. the earl of Essex. Shakspeare grounded his anticipation of such a reception for Essex on his return from Ireland, upon what had already occurred at his setting forth, when he was accompanied by an immense

(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached¹ on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more
cause.

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :)
The emperor's coming² in behalf of France,
To order peace between them, we omit,
And all the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[Exit.]

SCENE I. France. *An English Court of Guard.*
Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your
leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my
friend, Captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beg-
garly, lowsy, praggling knave, Pistol,—which you
and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no pet-
ter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he
is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yester-
day, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was
in a place where I could not breed no contentions
with him; but I will be so sold as to wear it in my
cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell
him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a tur-
key-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you
scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?³
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave,
at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions,
to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you
do not love it, nor your affections, and your appeti-
tes, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I
would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.]
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's
will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time,
and eat your vituals; come, there is sauce for it.
[Strikes him again.] You called me yesterday
mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a
squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you
can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd⁴
him.

concourse of all ranks, showering blessings upon his
head. The continuator of Stowe's Chronicle gives us
a long account of it. But how unfortunately different
his return was from what the poet predicted, may be
seen in the Sydney Papers, vol. ii. p. 127.

1 *Broached* is spitted, transfixed.

2 'The emperor's coming.' The Emperor Sigismund,
who was married to Henry's second cousin. This pas-
sage stands in the following embarrassed and obscure
manner in the folio:—

—Now in London place him.

As yet the lamentation of the French

Invites the king of England's stay at home :

The emperor's coming in behalf of France,

To order peace between them : and omit

All the occurrences; &c.

The liberty I have taken is to transpose the word *and*,
and substitute *see* in its place.

3 'To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?' 'Dost
thou desire to have me put thee to death?'

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my
leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I
pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and
your ploddy coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out
of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge;
I eat, and eke I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more
sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to
swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot
for your proken coxcomb. When you take occa-
sions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at
them! that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it;
or I have another leek in my pocket, which you
shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in
cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy no-
thing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and
keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—
begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a
memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and
dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words?
I have seen you gleeking⁶ and galling at this gen-
tleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he
could not speak English in the native garb, he
could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you
find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh
correction teach you a good English condition.
Fare you well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife⁸ with me
now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand,

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Troyes in Champagne. *An Apart-
ment in the French King's Palace.* Enter, at one
Door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, Ex-
ETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other
Lords; at another the French King, QUEEN ISA-
BEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies,
&c. the DUKE of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we
are met!¹⁰

4 Stunned.

5 'I eat, and eke I swear.' The folio has 'eat I
swear.'

6 *Gleeking* is scoffing, sneering.

7 *i. e.* disposition.

8 *Huswife*, for jilt, or hussy, as we have it still in vul-
gar speech.

9 [Exit.] 'The comic scenes of these plays are now
at an end, and all the comic personages are now dis-
missed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym
and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immedi-
ately after the robbery; Poinc and Peto have vanished
since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into
obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departs-
ure.'—Johnson.

10 'Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met?'
Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.
Here, Johnson thought, that the chorus should have
been prefixed, and the fifth act begin,

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day :—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy :—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :¹
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality ; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England ! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar² and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated ; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, pieties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd ;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleached,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate³ such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled crowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures,⁴ grow to wildness ;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd⁵ attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural,
Which to reduce into our former favour,⁶
You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which,
as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanc'd the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.⁷

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,⁸—go with the king :
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous to our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands ;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,
and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his lovesuit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot
speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English
tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like
me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you
are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit il ? que je suis semblable à les anges.*
Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace,) ainsi
dit il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I must
not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont
pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de mans is be full
of deceits : dat is de princess.*

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwo-

to wildness ; but they were defective in their proper and
favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man.¹

⁵ 'Diffused attire.' I have observed, in a note on
The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 4, that *diffuse*
was used for *obscure, confused*. I find, from Florio's
Dictionary, that *diffused*, or *defused*, were used for *con-*
fused. *Diffused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dish-*
celled attire.

⁶ *Favour* here means comeliness of appearance. We
still say well or ill *favoured* for well or ill *looking*.

⁷ 'Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.' To
pass here signifies 'to finish, end, or agree upon the
acceptance which we shall give them, and return our
peremptory answer.'

⁸ 'Huntingdon.' John Holland, earl of Huntingdon,
who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mort-
mer, earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence
are in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them
speak a word.

¹ The *basilisk* was a *serpent* which, it was anciently
supposed, could destroy the object of his vengeance by
merely looking at it.

² 'This bar ;' that is, this barrier, this place of con-
gress. The Chronicles represent a former interview in
a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation
between the pavilions of the French and English ; but
the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at
Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's
church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shak-
spere's action ; his editors have therefore laid it in a
palace.

³ To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots.

⁴ 'Defective in their natures.' It has been proposed
to read *nurtures*, i. e. culture, as I think, very plausi-
bly. But Stevens concurs in Upton's opinion, that
change is unnecessary. '*Sua deficiunt natura* : They
were not defective in their *erective* nature, for they grew

man. P'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown.¹ I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,² yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly,³ nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined⁴ constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall;⁵ a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donec*

vostre est France, et vous estes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to me much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?⁶ shall we not? what savest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divine déesse*?

Kath. Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceive the most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fy upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage.⁷ Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say,—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,—Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

1 'That thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown.' Johnson thinks this blunt honest kind of English wooing is inconsistent with the previous character of the king, and quotes the Dauphin's opinion of him, 'that he was fitter for a ball-room than the field.' This opinion however was erroneous. Shakspeare only meant to characterise English downright sincerity; and surely the previous habits of Henry, as represented in former scenes, do not make us expect great refinement or polish in him upon this occasion, especially as fine speeches would be lost upon the princess from her imperfect comprehension of his language.

2 l. e. in dancing.

3 l. e. like a young lover, awkwardly.

4 'A fellow of plain and uncoined constancy.' This passage has been sadly misunderstood. The prince evidently means to say, 'Take a fellow of blunt un-

adorned courage or purpose, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places like these fellows of infinite tongue.' Constancy is most frequently used for courage, or resolution, by Shakspeare.

5 l. e. shrink, fall away.

6 'Take the Turk by the beard.' This is one of the poet's anachronisms. The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453; when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.

7 'The poor and untempering effect of my visage.' *Untempering is unsoftening, unmitigating.* I am surprised that Stevens should not have objected to this word as he did to *seasoning*. It is of the same formation. 'To temper or mitigate sorrow with mirth. *Condire per translationem, ut condire tristitiam hilaritate.* Cicero.'—Baret.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kato.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteuse ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que* may.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list¹ of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind; Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral² ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

¹ I.e. slight barrier.

² A moral is the meaning or application of a fable.

³ 'Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid.' See note on Twelfth Night, Act v Sc. 1.

⁴ *Præclarissimus* for *Præclarissimus*. Shakespeare followed Holinshed⁵, in whose Chronicle it stands thus. Indeed all the old historians have the same blunder. In

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid;³ for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus⁴ filius noster Henricus rex Anglie, et hæres Francie*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred: in this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and christianlike accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending⁵ author hath pursued the story;

the original treaty of Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præclarissimus*.

⁵ 'Our bending author.' That is, unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it. Thus Milton, in his Apology for Smectymnus, speaking of Bishop Hall:—'In a strain as pitiful—manifested a presumptuous undertaking with weak and unassumed shoulders.'

In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.¹
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
 This star of England: fortune made his sword;
 By which the world's best garden² he achiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
 Of France and England, did this king succeed;
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England
 bleed:
 Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their
 sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

¹ 'Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.'
 That is, by touching only on select parts.

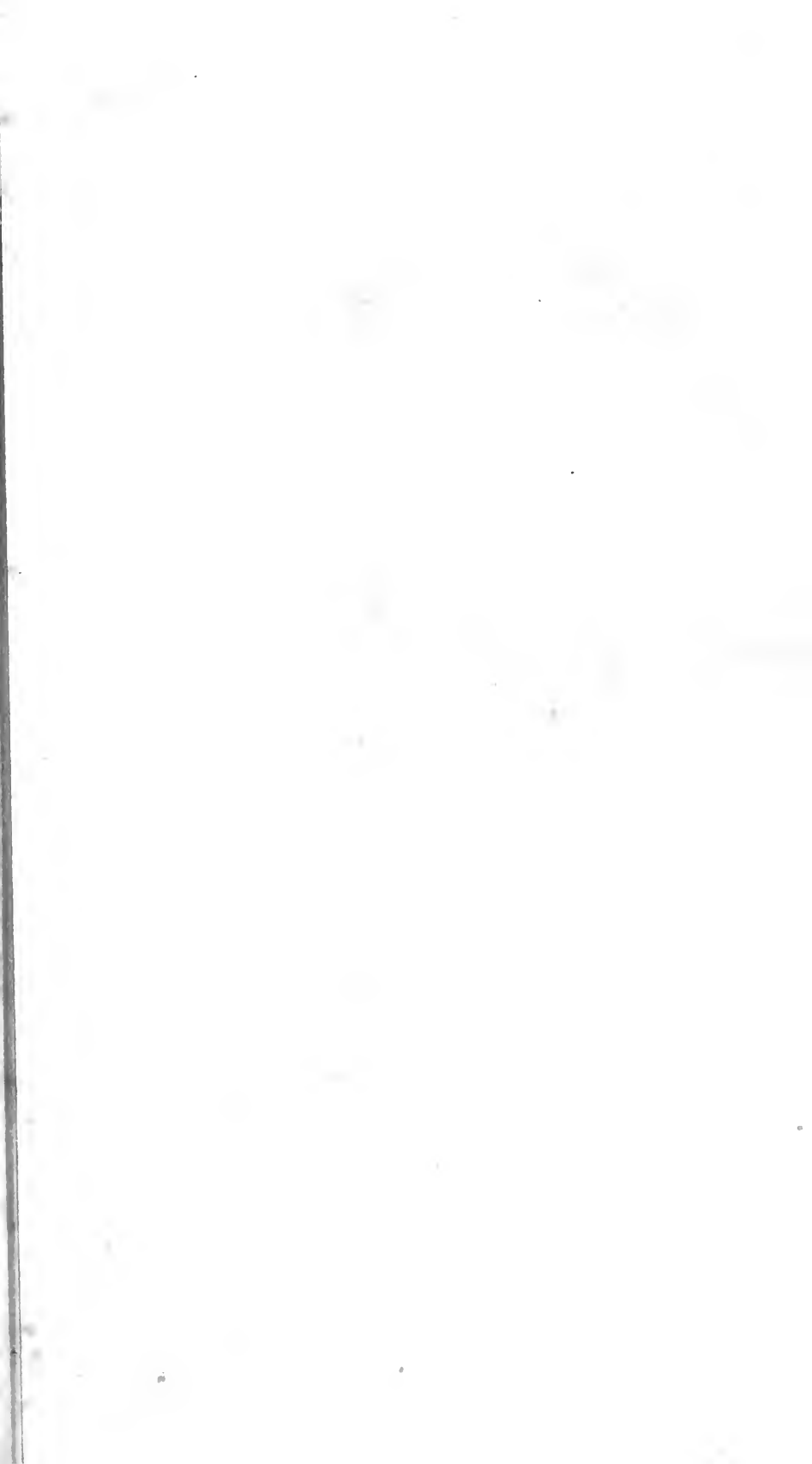
THIS play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. JOHNSON.

² I. e. France. A similar distinction is bestowed on Lombardy in *The Taming of The Shrew* —

'The pleasant garden of great Italy!'

END OF VOL. I.









A. Dick sc.

W. H. Mason del.

THE APOSTLES

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. II.



Maria Rotondi del.

A. J. C.

NEW-YORK.
Harper & Brothers.
1837.



THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO EACH PLAY,

BY
SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F.S.A.

AND
A LIFE OF THE POET,

BY
CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

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BRUNNEN

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1474

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE historical transactions in this play take in the compass of above thirty years. In the three parts of King Henry VI. there is no very precise attention to the date and disposition of facts; they are shuffled backwards and forwards out of time. For instance, the Lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and the Second Part of King Henry VI. opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Margaret: though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. There are other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned.

Mr. Malone has written a dissertation to prove that the First Part of King Henry VI. was not written by Shakespeare: and that the Second and Third Parts were only altered by him from the old play, entitled 'The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster,' printed in two parts, in quarto, in 1594 and 1595. The substance of his argument, as far as regards this play, is as follows:—

1. The diction, versification, and allusions in it, are all different from the diction, versification, and allusions of Shakespeare, and corresponding with those of Greene, Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, and others who preceded him: there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than are found in any one piece of Shakespeare's written on an English story: they are such as do not naturally rise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning. These allusions, and many particular expressions, seem more likely to have been used by the authors already named than by Shakespeare.—He points out many of the allusions, and instances the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which are not to be found in any of the poet's undisputed works.—The versification he thinks clearly of a different colour from that of Shakespeare's genuine dramas: while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before his time. The sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable. He produces numerous instances from the works of Lodge, Peele, Greene, and others, of similar versification.

A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, &c. shows that the First Part of King Henry VI. had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of the piece may induce a belief that it was written by a friend of his. 'How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to thinke that, after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding.'—*Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592.

That this passage related to the old play of King Henry VI. or, as it is now called, the First Part of King Henry VI. can hardly be doubted. Talbot appears in the First Part, and not in the Second or Third Part, and is expressly spoken of in the play, as well as in Hall's Chronicle, as 'the terror of the French.' Holinshed, who was Shakespeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this is an additional proof that this play was not the production of our great poet.

There are other internal proofs of this:—

1. The author does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father's death. He supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the Fourth Act, Sc. 4, speaking of the famous Talbot, he says:—

When I was young (as yet I am not old,)

I do remember how my father said,

A stouter champion never handled sword.

But Shakespeare knew that Henry VI. could not possibly remember any thing of his father:—

'No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at nine months old.'

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 9

'When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.'

King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 1

The first of these passages is among the additions made by Shakespeare to the old play, according to Mr. Malone's hypothesis. The other passage does occur in the True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York; and therefore it is natural to conclude that neither Shakespeare nor the author of that piece could have written the First Part of King Henry VI.

2. In Act ii. Sc. 5. of this play, it is said that the earl of Cambridge raised an army against his sovereign. But Shakespeare, in his play of King Henry V. has represented the matter truly as it was: the earl being in that piece, Act ii., condemned at Southampton for conspiring to assassinate Henry.

3. The author of this play knew the true pronunciation of the word Hecate, as it is used by the Roman writers:—

'I speak not to that railing Hecate.'

But Shakespeare, in Macbeth, always uses Hecate as a dissyllable.

The second speech in this play ascertains the author to have been very familiar with Hall's Chronicle:—

'What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.'

This phrase is introduced upon almost every occasion by Hall when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, not Hall, was Shakespeare's historian. Here then is an additional minute proof that this play was not Shakespeare's.

This is the sum of Malone's argument, which Steevens has but feebly combated in notes appended to it; and I am disposed to think more out of a spirit of opposition than from any other cause. Malone conjectured that this piece which we now call the First Part of King Henry VI. was, when first performed, called The Play of King Henry VI.; and he afterwards found his conjecture confirmed by an entry in the accounts of Henslowe, the proprietor of the Rose Theatre on the Bank Side. It must have been very popular, having been played no less than thirteen times in one season: the first entry of its performance by the Lord Strange's company, at the Rose, is dated March 3, 1591. It is worthy of remark that Shakespeare does not appear at any time to have had the smallest connexion with that theatre, or the companies playing there; which affords additional argument in favour of Malone's position, that the play could not be his. 'By whom it was written (says Malone,) it is now, I fear, difficult to ascertain. It was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed till the year 1623; when it was reiterated with Shakespeare's undisputed plays by the editors of the first folio, and improperly entitled the Third* Part of King Henry VI. In one sense it might be called so; for two plays on the subject of that reign had been printed before. But considering the history of that king, and the period of time which the piece comprehends, it ought to have been called, what in fact it is, The First Part of King Henry VI. At this distance of time it is impossible to ascertain on what principle it was that Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect that they gave it a place as a necessary introduction to the two other parts; and because Shakespeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it.'

Mr. Malone's arguments have made many converts to his opinion; and perhaps Mr. Morgann, in his elegant Essay on the Dramatic Character of Falstaff, led the way, when he pronounced it 'That-drum-and-trumpet thing,—written doubtless, or rather exhibited long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furnished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction.'

* This applies only to the title in the Register of the Stationers' Company: in the first folio it was called the First Part of King Henry VI.

† Malone's Life of Shakespeare, p. 310, ed. 1821.

‡ First published in 1777

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.	Mayor of London. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
DUKE of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.	VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
DUKE of BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.	BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.	CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.	REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.	DUKE of BURGUNDY. DUKE of ALENCON, Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.	Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
EARL of WARWICK. EARL of SALISBURY, EARL of SUFFOLK.	General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.	A French Sergeant. A Porter.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.	An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.	MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier: afterwards married to King Henry.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.	COUNTESS of AUVERGNE.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.	JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GAR- GRAVE.	Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Wardens of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE—partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey. *Dead March.*
Corps of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL of WARWICK, the BISHOP of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black,¹ yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal² tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented³ unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than midday sun force bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive;
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses⁴ have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church men pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;

And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck
Our isle be made a nourish⁵ of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—

¹ Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, who is a character in King Henry V. The earl of Warwick, who appears in a subsequent part of this drama, is Richard Nevill, son to the earl of Salisbury, who came to the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, duke of Warwick. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the king on the demise of Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think the author meant to confound the two characters.

² Alluding to the ancient practice of hanging the stage with black when a tragedy was to be acted.

³ Crystal is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers.

⁴ Consented here means conspired together to promote the death of Henry by their malignant influence on human events. Our ancestors had but one word to express consent, and consent, which meant accord and agreement, whether of persons or things.

⁵ There was a notion long prevalent that life might be taken away by metrical charms.

⁶ Nourish, was anciently epithet *nourryce* and *nouryshe* and, by Lydgate, even *nourish*.

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ——!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.²

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was
us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is mutter'd,—

That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.³

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.⁴

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad
mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite;

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alencon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin is crowned king! all fly to
him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats;

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
ness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,—

I must inform you of a dismal fight,

Between the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood amaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe⁵ had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Wallon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,

For living idly here, in pomp and ease,

Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,

Unto his dastard foeman is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;

Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is be-
sieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:

The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out: for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;

The king from Eltham I intend to steal,⁶

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit. Scene closes.*

1 Pope conjectured that this blank had been supplied by the name of *Francis Drake*, which, though a glaring anachronism, might have been a popular, though not judicious, mode of attracting plaudits in the theatre. Part of the arms of Drake was two blazing stars.

2 Capel proposed to complete this defective verse by the insertion of *Rouen* among the places lost, as Gloster infers that it had been mentioned with the rest.

3 i. e. England's flowing tides.

4 i. e. their miseries which have only a short intermission.

5 For an account of this Sir John Fastolfe, vide *Biographia Britannica*, by Kippis, vol. v.; in which is his life, written by Mr. Gough.

6 The old copy reads *send*, the present reading was proposed by Mason, who observes that the king was not at this time in the power of the cardinal, but under the care of the duke of Exeter. The second article of accusation brought against the bishop by the duke of Gloucester is 'that he purposed and disposed him to set hand on the king's person, and to have removed him from Eltham to Windsor, to the intent to put him in governance as him list.' Holinshed vol. iii. p. 891.

SCENE II. France. Before Orleans. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving,¹ even as in the heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known:

Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have?

At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans; Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts, faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules, And have their provender tied to their mouths, Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear: Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury; And he may well in fretting spend his gall, Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarm; we will rush on them. Now for the honour of the forlorn French:— Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarums: Excursions: afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?— Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled, But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; He fighteth as one weary of his life. The other lords, like lions wanting food, Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.²

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands' bred, During the time Edward the Third did reign. More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samsons, and Goliasses It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! Lean raw-bon'd rascals; who would e'er suppose They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager: Of old I know them; rather with their teeth The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals⁴ or device, Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on; Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do. By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin, I have news for him.

Char. Bastard⁵ of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer⁶ appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;⁷

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

¹ 'You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to.' Gabriel Harvey's *Hunt is up*, by Nash, 1596, Preface.

² I. e. the prey for which they are hungry.

³ These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [Exit Bastard.] But, first to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—

By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath.

[Retires.

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—

Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart:—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deign'd to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this:⁸ Thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high

terms;

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:

And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edged sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side:

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-

yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[They fight.]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too

weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must

help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd,

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love;

For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.

⁴ By *gimmals*, *gimbols*, *gimmers*, or *gimotees*, any kind of device or machinery producing motion was meant. Baret has 'the *gimew* or hinge of a door.'

⁵ Bastard was not in former times a title of reproach.

⁶ Cheer in this instance means *heart* or *courage*, as in the expression 'be of good cheer.'

⁷ Warburton says that, 'there were no *nine sibyls* of Rome, it is a mistake for the *nine Sibylline Oracles* brought to one of the Tarquins.' But the poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that 'the *ten sibyls* were *women* that had the *spirit of prophecy* (sum-
mering them) and that they prophesied of Christ.'

⁸ I. e. be convinced of it.

Char. Mean tin e, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shew'd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I sav. distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp, I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer,¹ halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.²

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?³

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,⁴ were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and he immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his Serving-men in blue Coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;

Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.⁵

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

[*Servants knock.*]

1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?

1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Serv. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who will'd you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—

Break up⁶ the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector; Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a Train of Servants in tawny Coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest,⁷ dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,⁸

And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;

Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sing:⁹

I'll canvas¹⁰ thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus, be thou curs'd Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st: I heard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.*]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose,¹² I cry—a rope! a rope!

Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats!—out scarlet!¹³ hypocrite!

Here a great Tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London,¹⁴ and Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor: thou know'st little of my wrongs:

⁹ Traitor.

¹⁰ The public stews in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester. Upton had seen the office book of the court leet, in which was entered the fees paid by, and the customs and regulations of these brothels.

¹¹ To canvas was 'to toss in a sieve; a punishment (says Cotgrave) inflicted on such as commit gross aburdities.'

¹² A Winchester goose was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews, hence Gloucester bestows the epithet on the bishop in derision and scorn.

¹³ In King Henry VIII. the earl of Surrey, with a similar allusion to Cardinal Wolsey's habit, calls him 'scarlet sin.'

¹⁴ It appears from Pennant's London that this mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom the present earl of Coventry is descended.

¹ i. e. expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.

² This is a favourite image with poets.

³ Mahomet had a dove 'which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast, Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost.' *Raleigh's Hist. of the World*, part i. c. vi.

⁴ Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts, xxi. 9.

⁵ Conveyance anciently signified any kind of furtive knavery, or privy stealing.

⁶ To break up was the same as to break open.

⁷ It appears that the attendants upon ecclesiastical courts, and a bishop's servants, were then, as now, distinguished by clothing of a sombre colour.

⁸ i. e. bald, alluding to his shaven crown.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distract'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou can'st.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs,¹ if you will not away:
This cardinal is more naughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs² bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans. Enter, on the Walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd:

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them, Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace:³

The prince's espials⁴ have inform'd me,

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,

Wont,⁵ through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;

And thence discover how, with most advantage,

They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd:

And fully even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st at any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?

¹ Malone erroneously thinks the mayor cries out for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. The practice of calling out *Clubs! clubs!* to call out the London apprentices upon the occasion of any affray in the streets, has been before explained, see *As You Like It*, Act v. Sc. 2.

² *Stomach* is *pride*, a haughty spirit of resentment

³ Favour.

⁴ Spies. Vide note on *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

⁵ The old copy reads *went*; the emendation is *Mr.*

Tyrwhitt's

The old copy reads '*pit'd* esteem'd.'

⁷ This man [Talbot] was to the French people a

Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?⁷
Discourse, I prythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,

Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me

Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.⁸

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all;

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,⁹

The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd:

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there stand

lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town. SALISBURY and SIR*

THO. GARGRAVE fall.]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath

cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury: at least, if thou canst speak;

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!¹⁰—

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth

fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

very scourge and a daily terror, insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France, to spare their young children, would cry the Talbot cometh. *Hall's Chronicle.*

⁸ Camden says, in his *Remaines*, that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance till the siege of Mans in 1455, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentle

man that was slain by a cannon ball.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me ;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard ; afterwards an Alarum.*
What stir is this ? What tumult's in the heavens ?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
head :

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan !
It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :—
Pucelle or puzzel,¹ dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before one of the Gates.*
Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the
Dauphin, and driveth him in : then enter JOAN LA
PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then
enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
force ?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them :
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes :—I'll have a bout with
thee ;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :
Blood will I draw on thee,² thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
And I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry, starved men ;
Help Salisbury to make his testament :
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel ;

I know not where I am, nor what I do :
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,³
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs ;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :

¹ Puzzel means a dirty wench or a drab, 'from puzz-
za, i. e. malus factor,' says Minshew.

² The superstition of those times taught that he who
could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

³ Alluding to Hannibal's stratagem to escape, by fix-
ing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, re-
corded by Livy, lib. xxij. c. xvj.

⁴ Old copy *treacherous*. Corrected by Pope.

⁵ *Wolves*. Thus the second folio, the first omits that
word, and the epithet *bright* prefixed to Astrea in the
next line but one. Malone follows the reading of the
first folio, and contends that by a licentious pronuncia-
tion a syllable was added, thus English, Astreea.

Sheep run not half so timorous* from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*

It will not be :—Retire into your trenches :
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and*
his Forces, &c.

SCENE VI. *The same. Enter, on the Walls,*
PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and
Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves :—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess !—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
town ?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Cha. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;
For which, I will divide my crown with her :

And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A stately pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, of Memphis, ever was :⁶

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,⁷
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in ; and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Enter to the Gates, a French*
Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.⁸

I Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]
Thus are poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with Scaling Ladders ; their Drums beating a dead
March.

Tal. Lord Regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :

⁶ The *Adonis horti* were nothing but portable earthen
pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them.

⁷ The old copy reads :—

'Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was.'

Rhodope, or Rhodopis, a celebrated courtesan, who
was a slave in the same service with *Æsop*, at Samos.

⁸ 'In what price the noble poems of Homer were
bought by Alexander the Great, inasmuch that everie
night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were
carried in the rich jewel coffer of Darius, lately before
vanquished by him.' *Puttenham's Arte of English*
Poesie, 1589.

⁹ The same as guard-room.

Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France ?—how much he wrongs
his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?
Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid ! and be so martial !

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits :

God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.—

Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George !
a Talbot ! and all enter by the Town.*]

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make
assault !

*The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER,
half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ? what all unready 's ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel how he
sped,

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
friend ?

At all times will you have my power alike ?

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?—

Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default ;

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure,

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels :

Then how, or which way, should they first break in ?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way : 'tis sure, they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms² to endanger them.

Alarm. Enter an English Soldier, crying a Tal-
bot ! a Talbot ! *They fly, leaving their Clothes be-
hind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left,
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town. Enter
TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and
others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury ;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And, that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :

Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans ;

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,

And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I muse,³ we met not with the Dauphin's grace ;

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc ;

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight
began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,

They did amongst the troops of armed men,

Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,

For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)

Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull ;

When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

That could not live asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords ! which of this princely
train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France ?

Tal. Here is the Talbot ; who would speak with
him ?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,

By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies ;⁴

That she may boast she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so ? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me thou ; for, when a world of
men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness overrul'd :—

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;

And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company ?

Bed. No, truly ; it is more than manners will :

And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

1 Unready is undressed.

2 Plans, schemes.

3 Wonder.

4 i. e. where she dwells.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive
my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.
Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out
right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure¹ of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the
man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?²
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled³ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him,
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.⁴

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,⁵
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal.

I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;⁶
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contraries agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of
Ordinance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,⁷
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me;
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. The Temple Garden. *Enter
the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WAR-
WICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and
another Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means
this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?⁸

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-
tween us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,¹⁰
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to
speak,
In dumb significants¹¹ proclaim your thoughts;

1 i. e. judgment, opinion.
2 Dryden has transplanted this idea into his *Don Sebastian* :—

'Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer used, to lull the crying babe.'

3 *Writhled* for *wrinkled*.

4 Thus in *Solyman and Persida* :—

'If not destroy'd and bound and captive,
If captive, then forc'd from holy faith.'

5 i. e. foolish, silly, weak.

6 This is a riddling merchant for the nonce.³ The term *merchant*, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest kind of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradis-

inction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow.

7 *Bruited* is reported, loudly announced.

8 We should read a lawyer. This lawyer was probably Roger Nevile, who was afterwards hanged. See *W. Wyrester*, p. 473.

9 Johnson observes that 'there is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions here,' but there is no reason to suspect that the text is corrupt.

10 i. e. regulate his motions most adroitly. We still say that a horse carries himself well.

11 *Dumb significants*, which Malone would have changed to *significance*, is nothing more than *signs* or *tokens*.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours;¹ and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;²
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

[case,

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[To SOMERSET.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;³
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
rosas,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction,⁴ peevish boy.

Suff. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suff. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence?⁵
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen⁶ from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On and plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's day?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt⁷ from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker⁸ Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory;⁹

To scourge you for this apprehension:¹⁰
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance¹¹ of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambi-
tious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce en-
dure it! [house,

War. This blot, that they object against your
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. A Room in the Tower.
Enter MORTIMER,¹² brought in a Chair by two

Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself,—

have derived some such privilege from the knights
templars, or knights hospitaliers, both religious orders,
its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been
prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author
perhaps did not much consider the matter, but repre-
sents it as suited his purpose.

⁸ Exempt for excluded.

⁹ Partaker, in ancient language, signifies one who
takes part with another; an accomplice, a confederate.
'A partaker, or coparcener; particeps, consors, con-
socius.'—Baret.

¹⁰ So in Hamlet:—

— the table of my memory.

Again:—

— shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain.

¹¹ Theobald changed this to *reprehension*: and War-
burton explains it by *opinion*. It rather means *concep-
tion, or a conceit taken that matters are different from
what the truth warrants.*

¹² A cognizance is a badge.

¹³ This is at variance with the strict truth of history,

¹ Colours is here used ambiguously for tints and
deccits.

² Well objected is properly proposed, properly thrown
in our way

³ It is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for
anger: anger produced by this circumstance—namely,
that thy cheeks blush, &c.

⁴ Theobald altered *fashion*, which is the reading of
the old copy, to *faction*. Warburton contends that 'by
fashion is meant the badge of the red rose, which
Somerset said that he and his friends would be distin-
guished by.'

⁵ The poet mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grand-
father was Edmund of Langley, duke of York. His
maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, earl of
March, who was the son of Philippa, the daughter of
Lionel, duke of Clarence. The duke therefore was his
maternal great great grandfather.

⁶ I. e. those who have no right to arms.

⁷ It does not appear that the temple had any privilege
of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the resi-
dence of law students. The author might imagine it to



MORTIMER & PLANTAGENET.

First Part of King Henry 6 th. Act 2. Scene 5.



Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment !
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,¹
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :²
Weak shoulders, overcome with burd'ning grief,
And pithless³ arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,) ⁴
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Deprived of honour and inheritance :
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire⁵ of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence ;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is
come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend ? Is he
come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised⁶ Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine
arm ;

And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.⁷
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me :
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death ;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him :
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance⁸ sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,

Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by
Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his
own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424-5 ; being then
only thirty-two years old.

1 The heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its
approach.

2 Exigent is here used for *end*.

3 Pith is used figuratively for *strength*.

4 That is, he who terminates or concludes misery.

5 Lately despised.

6 Disease for *uneasiness, trouble, or grief*. It is
used in this sense by other ancient writers.

7 Nephew has sometimes the power of the Latin *ne-
pos*, signifying grandchild, and is used with great laxity
among our ancient English writers. It is here used in-
stead of *cousin*.

8 Haughty is high, lofty.

9 i. e. *thinking*. This is another falsification of his-
tory. Cambridge levied no army ; but was apprehended

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew⁷ Richard ; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I deriv'd am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark ; as, in this haughty⁸ great attempt,
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army ; weening⁹ to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem :
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue have ;
And that my fainting words do warrant death :
Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather :¹⁰
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.¹¹
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would, some part of my young
years

Might but redeem the passage of your age !¹²

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me ; as the slaught'
er doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only, give order for my funeral ;
And so farewell : and fair be all thy hopes !
And prosperous be thy life, in peace and war !

[Dies.]

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :¹³—

at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from
that town for France, on the information of this very
earl of March.

10 i. e. I acknowledge thee to be my heir ; the conse-
quences which may be collected from thence I recom-
mend it thee to draw.

11 Thus Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book iv. :—

'Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd.'

12 The same thought occurs in the celebrated dialogue
between Horace and Lydia. There is some resem-
blance to it in the following lines, supposed to be ad-
dressed by a married lady, who died very young, to her
husband. Malone thinks that the inscription is in the
church of Trent :—

'Immatura peri ; sed tu diuturnior annos
Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos.'

13 i. e. oppressed by those whose right to the crown
was not so good as his own.

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill¹ the advantage of my good.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Parliament House.*²

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill:*³ Winchester snatches it and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good? Thou bastard of my grandfather!⁴

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

¹ *My ill* is my ill usage. This sentiment resembles another of Falstaff, in the Second Part of King Henry IV. — "I will turn diseases to commodity."

² This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

³ I. e. articles of accusation.

⁴ The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War.

Roam¹ thither then

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[A noise again; Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and
WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on alligiance to our-
self,

To hold your slaughter'ing hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[Skirmish again.]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish
broil,

And set this unaccustom'd⁶ fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none, but his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inhorn mate,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.]
Glo. Slay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my
soul!—

of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married.

⁵ The jingle between roam and Rome is common to other writers.

⁶ Johnson explains *unaccustomed* by *unseemly, indecent*; and in a note on Romeo and Juliet he says that he thinks he has observed it used in old books for *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. But he could find no instances of either of these strange uses of the word when he compiled his dictionary.

⁷ I. e. a bookish person, a pedant, applied in contempt to a scholar. *Inhornisms* and *inhorn-terms* were common expressions.

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.¹

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay: but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Hen. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,

And if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willesh Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;

And, in *reguerdon*² of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

¹ A kindly *gird* is a kind or gentle *reproof*. A *gird*, properly, is a cutting reply, a sarcasm, or taunting speech.

² *Reguerdon* is recompense, *reward*. It is perhaps a corruption of *regardum*, Latin of the middle ages.

³ *Ignes suppositos cineri doloso*.—*Hor.*

⁴ i. e. so will the malignity of this discord *propagate* itself, and advance

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
[*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,³
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.⁴
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen. Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as, I hope, we shall),
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*]

Guard. [Within.] Qui est la?

Puc. Paisans, pauvres gens de France:

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen,⁵ I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.*]

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;⁷
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrushing out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that,⁸ for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement; holding out a Torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen:
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

⁵ The duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the king in his room.

⁶ Rouen was anciently written and pronounced *Roaen*.

⁷ Practice, in the language of the time, was treachery or insidious stratagem. Practisants are therefore *confederates* in treachery.

⁸ i. e. no way like or compared to that.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride¹ of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a Chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel;² Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls;
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in Franco,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,

And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,³
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces, leaving BEDFORD, and others.*]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbotts in the world to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*]

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*]

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

'This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?⁵

What, all a-mort?⁶ Rouen hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order⁷ in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;

A braver soldier never couched lance,

¹ *Pride* signifies *haughty power*. The same speaker afterwards says, in Act. iv. :—

"And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee."

² *Darnel* (says Gerard, in his *Herbal*) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in corn for bread, or drinke.³ Hence the old proverb—*Lolium victitare*, applied to such as were dim-sighted. Thus also Ovid. *Fast.* i. 691 :—

"Et careant lolis oculos vitantibus agri."

La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem.

³ This is from Harding's Chronicle, who gives this account of Uther Pendragon:—

"For which the king ordained a horse-litter

To bear him so then unto Verolame,

Where Occa lay and Oysa also in feer,

That Saynt Albons, now hight of noble fame,

Bet downe the walles, but to him forthe thei came

Wher in battayl Occa and Oysa were alayne,

The felde he had, and thereof was ful fayne."

⁴ The Duke of Bedford died at Rouen in September

1435; but not in any action before that town.

⁵ *Scoffe*

⁶ i. e. what quite cast down, or dispirited.

⁷ Make some necessary dispositions.

A gentler heart did never sway in court :
But kings and mightiest potentates must die ;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Plains near the City.*
Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered ;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail :
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd¹ from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expul's² from
France,

And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard.*]
Hark ! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread ;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the DUKE of BURGUNDY
and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his ;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A Parley sounded.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle ; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast !
O, turn thy edged sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

¹ i. e. extirpated, rooted out.

² Expul's² is expell'd.

³ Another mistake. The duke was not liberated till after Burgundy's decline to the French interest ; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of La Pucelle ; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford.

⁴ *Haughty* does not mean *disdainful*, or *violent*, as Johnson supposed ; but *elevated*, *high-spirited*.

⁵ The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. 'I have read (says Johnson) a disserta-

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots !

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake ?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive ?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof ;—

Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?

And was he not in England prisoner ?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free,³ without his ransom paid

In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then ! thou fightest against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring lord,

Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished : these haughty⁴ words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen !

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace :

My forces and my power of men are yours ;

So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again !⁵

Char. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers ;

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Paris. *A Room in the Palace. Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have a while given truce unto my wars,

To do my duty to my sovereign :

In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses,

Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,

Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—

Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet ;

And, with submissive loyalty of heart,

Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,

First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,⁶

That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord !

When I was young (as yet I am not old),

I do remember how my father said,⁷

A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were resolv'd⁸ of your truth,

Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;

Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been requerd⁹ with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face :

Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,

tion writen to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes.¹

⁶ Hamner supplied the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading—

'Is this the fam'd Lord Talbot,' &c.

⁷ Malone remarks that 'Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him.' The poet did not perhaps deem historical accuracy necessary.

⁸ Convinced.

⁹ Rewarded

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, and Nobles.*]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours! that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York.—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou knowest the law of arms
is such,

That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;²
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room of State. Enter*

KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SURFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend³
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven⁴ leg,

[*Plucking it off.*]

(Which I have done,) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,⁵

When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trusty squire, did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

1 l. e. the badge of a rose.

2 By the ancient law before the conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And still by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. maliciously striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand. Stowe gives a circumstantial account of Sir Edmond Knevet being found guilty of this offence, with the ceremonials for carrying the sentence into execution. He petitioned the king to take his left hand instead of his right; and the king was pleased to pardon him altogether.—*Annals*, edit. 1605, p. 978.

3 To pretend is to intend, to design.

4 Warburton would read 'thy craven leg.' Craven is mean, dastardly.

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseming any common man;

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth:

Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty⁶ courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.⁷

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

Profaning this most honourable order;

And should, (if I were worthy to be judge,)

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st
thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter

Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his style? [Viewing the superscription.]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—To the king?

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend⁸ some alteration in good will?

What's here?—I have upon especial cause,—

[*Reads.*]

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of

France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk
with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am
prevented,⁹

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,

You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave
to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

5 The old copy has *Poitiers* instead of *Patay*. The battle of *Poitiers* was fought in 1357, the 31st of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. The action happened (according to Holinshed) 'neere unto a village in Beausse, called *Pataye*.—From this battle departed, without any stroke stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same yeere by his valiantness elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter,' &c.

6 Vide note 8 on p. 13; and note 4 on p. 17.

7 l. e. in greatest extremities. More and most were used by our ancestors for greater and greatest.

8 See note 3.

9 Prevented is anticipated.

Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea, from England into France, This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue, Upbraided me about the rose I wear; Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves Did represent my master's blushing cheeks, When stubbornly he did repugn¹ the truth, About a certain question in the law, Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him; With other vile and ignominious terms: In confutation of which rude reproach, And in defence of my lord's worthiness, I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord; For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit, To set a gloss upon his bold intent, Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him; And he first took exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd² the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such factious emulations shall arise!—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace,

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

Between ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,

With this immodest, clamorous outrage,

To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords,

be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are:

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red Rose.

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well may they upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade,

Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France:

And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais;

From thence to England; where I hope ere long

To be presented by your victories,

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* K. HEN. GLO. SOM.

WIN. SUF. and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him

not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,³—But let it rest;

Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy

voice:

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I fear we should have seen decider⁴ there

More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoever, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility,

This should'ring of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites,

But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much,⁵ when sceptres are in children's hands;

But more, when envy⁶ breeds unkind⁷ division;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. Before Bordeaux. *Enter*

TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,

Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the

General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,

Servant in arms to Harry king of England;

And thus he would,—Open your city gates,

Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,

And do him homage as obedient subjects,

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;

Who, in a moment, even with the earth

Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,

If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,

Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!

he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest.* It is an

example of a rhetorical figure not uncommon.

⁴ 'Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great

consequence, or much weight.

⁵ *Envy*, in old English writers, frequently means

malice, enmity.

⁶ *Unkind* is unnatural.

⁷ The old editions read 'their love.' Sir Thomas

Hanmer altered it to 'our love;' and I think, with

Steevens, that the alteration should be adopted.

¹ To repugn is to resist. From the Latin *repugno*.

² i. e. discovered.

³ The old copy reads 'And if I wish he did;' an evident typographical error. York says that he is not pleased that the king should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the king meant no harm. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily replies, in a menacing tone, 'If I thought he did;'—but

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery!
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due² thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*
Tal. He fables not,³ I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:⁴
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear dear of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's
right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony. Enter York,*
with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials⁵ were discovered,
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted⁶ by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's ho-
nour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud
heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd
lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul!

And on his son, young John; whom, two hours
since,

I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.*

York. Alas! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture⁷ of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Other Plains of Gascony. Enter*
SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TAL-
BOT's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you
sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
Lord Talbot;¹⁰

Who, ring'd about¹¹ with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.

or baffled.¹ 'To be treated with contempt like a *lout*
or country fellow,' says Malone. But the meaning of
the word here is evidently *loitered, retarded*: and the
following quotation from Cotgrave will show that this
was sometimes the sense of *to lout*:—'Loricarder, to
luske, *lout*, or lubber it; to *loyter about* like a master
less man.'

7 — those sleeping stones
That as a waist do girdle you about.'

King John.

S. l. e. expended, consumed. Malone says that the
word is still used in this sense in the western counties.

9 Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

10 l. e. from one utterly ruined by the treacherous
practices of others. The expression seems to have
been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been
used.

11 Encircled, environed.

1 'To rive their dangerous artillery' is merely a figu-
rative way of expressing to discharge it. *To rive* is to
burst; and *burst* is applied by Shakespeare more than
once to thunder, or to a similar sound.

2 Due for *endue*, or giving due and merited praise.

3 So Milton's Comus:—

'She fables not, I feel that I do fear.'

4 In *blood* is a term of the forest; a deer was said to
be in *blood* when in vigour or in good condition, and full
of courage, here put in opposition to *rascal*, which was
the term for the same animal when lean and out of con-
dition.

5 Spies

6 'To *lout* may signify to depress, to lower, to dis-
honour,' says Johnson: but in his Dictionary he ex-
plains it to *overpower*. Steevens knows not what to
make of it. 'to *let down*, to be subdued, or vanquished,

And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring,¹ looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.²
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. The English Camp, near Bordeaux.
Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,³
A terrible and unavoided⁴ danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.⁵

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard⁶ should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

¹ Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post.

² Emulation, here, signifies *envious rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence.

³ To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.

⁴ Unavoided for unavoidable.

⁵ For what reason this scene is written in rhyme (says Dr. Johnson) I cannot guess. If Shakespeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain,
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. A Field of Battle. Alarm: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:

The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd⁷ time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood

From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,

Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood! I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been part of some other poem, which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here.⁷ Mr. Boswell remarks that it was a practice common to all Shakespeare's contemporaries.

⁶ Your care of your own safety.

⁷ Determined here must signify *prescribed, limited, appointed*; and not *ended*, as Steevens and Malone account in explaining it. John could not be meant to say that his time of life was actually ended.

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
On that advantage, bought with such a shame
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die:
And, like² me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;³
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
Crete,⁴

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the same. Alarum;
Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported
by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is
gone;—

O, where's young Talbot?—where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!⁵
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin,⁶ and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is
borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn,⁷

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
O Talbots, winged through the liether⁸ sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies.*]

1 Prior has borrowed this thought in his Henry and
Emma:—

2 Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?

3 i. e. compare me, reduce me to a level by com-
parison.

3 See note on King Richard II. Act I. Sc. 1.

4 Thus in the Third Part of King Henry VI. —

What a peevish fool was that of Crete.

5 Triumphant death, though thy presence is made
more terrible, on account of the stain of dying in cap-
tivity, yet young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

6 Watch me with tenderness in my fall.

7 In King Richard II. we have the same image:—

— within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits
Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp.

8 *Lither* is flexible, pliant, yielding.

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving
the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
wood,⁹

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,

Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:

But—with a proud, majestical high scorn,—

He answer'd thus; Young Talbot was not born

To be the pillage of a giglot¹⁰ wench:

So, rustling in the bowels of the French,¹¹

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
knight:

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bas. How them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended, a French
Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,

Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know¹²

Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our pri-
son is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,

Valiant Lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great earl of Washford,¹³ Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;

Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;

Great marshal to Henry the Sixth,

Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stuffy style indeed!

The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms bath,

Writes not so tedious a style as this.—

Him, that thou magnificest with all these titles,

Sinking and flyblown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only
scurge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,

That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!

O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,

9 Wood signified furious as well as mad: raging-
wood is certainly here furiously raging.

10 A giglot is a wanton wench. 'A minx, gicle (or
giglet), flirt, callet, or gixle,' says Cotgrave.

11 We have a similar expression in the First Part of
Jerónimo, 1605:—

'Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the battle's bowels.'

12 Lucy's message implied that he knew who had
obtained the victory: therefore Hamner reads:—

Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent.

13 *Wesford*, in Ireland, was anciently called *Wes-
ford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimities*, 1599,
it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles
is from the epitaph formerly existent on Lord Talbot's
tomb at Rouen. It is to be found in the work above
cited, with one other, 'Lord Loveloft of Worsop,'
which would not easily fall into the verse. It concludes
as here, and adds, 'who died in the battle of Burdeaux,
1453.'

It would amaze¹ the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as becometh their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em: to keep them
here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be reard²

A phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace. Enter*
KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the
pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,

To have a godly peace concluded of,

Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How deth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,

And 'tablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,

It was both impious and unnatural,

That such immanity³ and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord—the sooner to effect,

And surer bind, this knot of amity,—

The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,

A man of great authority in France,—

Proffers his only daughter to your grace

In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are

young;⁴

And fitter is my study and my books,

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,

So let them have their answers every one:

I shall be well content with any choice,

Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with WIN-

CHESTER, in a Cardinal's Habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?⁵

Then, I perceive, that will be verified,

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—

If once he come to be a cardinal,

He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable:

And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd

To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean

Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your

master,—

I have inform'd his highness so at large,

¹ To amaze is to dismay, to throw into consternation.
'A citie amazed or astonied with feare. Urbs lymphata
horroribus.' *Baret.*

² A word is wanting to complete the metre, which
Hammer thus supplied:—

'But from their ashes, *Dauphin*, shall be reard.'

³ *Immanity* (immanitas, Lat.) outrageousness, cru-
elty, excess. *Biount.* 'A belluine kind of immanity
never rag'd so amongst men.' *Howell's Letters*, iii. 15.

⁴ The king was, however, twenty-four years old.

⁵ The poet has here forgot himself. In the first act
Gloster says:—

'I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.'

And it is strange that Exeter should not know of his

As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my
affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,*

EXETER, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receiv

The sum of money, which I promised

Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive.

That, neither in birth, or for authority,

The bishop will be overcome by thee:

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. France. *Plains in Anjou. Enter*

CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PU-

CELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our

drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,

And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of

France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,

And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee

speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was

Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;

And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most ac-

curs'd:—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortun-

ate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before Angiers. Ala-*

rum: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen

fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;⁶

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,

And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,⁷

Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

advancement. It appears that he would imply that
Winchester obtained his hat only just before his present
entry. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's
reign.

⁶ *Periapts* were certain written charms worn about
the person as preservatives from disease and danger.
Of these the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was
deemed the most efficacious. See *Scott's Discovery of*
Witchcraft, 1584, p. 218, &c.

⁷ The monarch of the north was Zimmar, one of the
four principal devils invoked by witches. The north
was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad
spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the north,

Out of the powerful regions¹ under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where² I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must avail³ her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting.
LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA
PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and
thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning⁴ hag! enchantress, hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [Exeunt.]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY
MARGARET.*

Suff. Bo what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kisses her hand.*] for eternal
peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.⁵

¹ Warburton thought that we should read *legions* here, the same mistake having occurred before in this play.

² Where for *whereas*, a common substitution in old writers; *whereas* is also sometimes used for *where*.

³ To *vail* is to *lower*. See note on Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 1.

⁴ To *bann* is to *curse*.

⁵ This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike (Johnson observes,) is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fye, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suff. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.]

Mar. Whyspeak'st thou not? what ransom must
I pay?

Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suff. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suff. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling
carc.⁶

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suff. Yet so my fancy⁷ may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suff. It shall be so, disdain you ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a
knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.]

Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French:
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside.]

Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush: women have been captivate ere now. [Aside.]

Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suff. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?

Suff. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

⁶ 'Do not represent thyself so weak.' To *disable* was to dispraise, or *impeach*.

⁷ The meaning of *rough* here is not very evident. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *crouch*.

⁸ A *cooling card* was most probably a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant.

⁹ I. e. an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. 'It is sport to see a bold fellow out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and redden posture.'

10 l. e. love.

Suff. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.

Suff. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suff. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent (and for thy honour, give consent,)

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suff. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,¹ or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the Walls.*]

Suff. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suff. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a

child.

Fit to be made companion with a king:

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little

worth,

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,

Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suff. That is her ransom, I deliver her;

And those two counties, I will undertake,

Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,

As deputy unto that gracious king,

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suff. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*]

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;

So, farewell Reignier! Set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord? Good wishes, praise,

and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

Suff. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,

Margaret;

No princely commendation to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suff. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.

But madam, I must trouble you again—

No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suff. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself:—I will not so presume,

To send such peevish² tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suff. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,

stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;

There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;

Mad,³ natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to

burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kill thy father's heart out-

right!

Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless⁴ cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!⁵ base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:

Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis

not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify,

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath

been;

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!⁶

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh:

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avant!—You have suborn'd this

man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her

breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*]

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have con-

demn'd;

Not one begotten of a shepherd swain

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceived!⁷ Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:

1 To face is to carry a false appearance, to play the hypocrite. Hence the name of one of Ben Jonson's characters in *The Alchemist*.

2 I. e. silly; foolish.

3 Mad has been shown by Steevens to have been occasionally used for wild, in which sense we must take it here; if we do not, with others, suspect it an error of the press for And or Her.

4 Timeless is untimely.

5 Miser has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature.

6 This vulgar corruption of obstinate has oddly lasted till now, says Johnson.

7 No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stage,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought;
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live:
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

War. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!¹
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's a sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[Exit, guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse² of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchman gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful³ enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus.
That—in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;⁴
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit⁵ proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract;
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[Aside to CHARLES]

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still.
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SURFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest bulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Surf. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,

¹ The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of this age, that he is many times introduced without regard to anachronism.

² Compassion, pity.

³ Baleful had anciently the same meaning as baneful.

ful. It is an epithet frequently bestowed on poisonous plants and reptiles.

⁴ Coronet is here used for crown.

⁵ 'Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king' Benefit is here a term of law.

So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph¹ having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds:
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Ecc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suff. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:²

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be preferred.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none, but for a king?

Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit

(More than in women commonly is seen,)

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve,

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your

report,

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that

¹ A triumph then signified a public exhibition; such as a tournament, mask, or revel.

² By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. The phrase occurs twice in King Richard III.:-

'Be the attorney of my love to her.'

Again:-

'I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother.'

My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping: post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants: and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure³ me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where from company,

I may revolve and ruminate my grief.⁴ [*Exit.*]

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*]

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;

With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*]

OF this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the public those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:-

'Henry the Sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown.'

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. were printed in 1600. When Henry V. was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The First Part of Henry VI. had been often shown on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

THAT the second and third parts, as they are now called, were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the same author: and the title of The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the title of The First Part of King Henry VI. till Heminge and Condell gave it that name in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which being altered by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. The first part was originally called The Historical Play of King Henry VI. MALONE.

³ To censure is here simply to judge. 'If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.'

⁴ Grief, in the first line, stands for pain, uneasiness, in the second, especially for sorrow.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

RELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS and the Third Part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention between the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present play opens with King Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445], and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster was published in quarto; the first part in 1594; the second, or True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, in 1595; and both were reprinted in 1600. In a dissertation annexed to these plays, Mr. Malone has endeavoured to establish the fact that these two dramas were not originally written by Shakspeare, but by some preceding author or authors before the year 1590; and that upon them Shakspeare formed this and the following drama, altering, retrenching, or amplifying as he thought proper. I will endeavour to give a brief abstract of the principal arguments. 1. The entry on the Stationers' books, in 1594, does not mention the name of Shakspeare; nor are the plays printed with his name in the early editions; but, after the poet's death, an edition was printed by one Pavier without date, but really, in 1619, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. This he has shown to be a common fraudulent practice of the booksellers of that period. When Pavier republished *The Contention of the Two Houses, &c.* in 1619, he omitted the words 'as it was acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants,' which appeared on the original title-page,—just as on the republication of the old play of King John, in two parts, in 1611, the words 'as it was acted in the honourable city of London,' were omitted; because the omitted words in both cases marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakspeare. And, as in King John, the letters W. Sh. were added, in 1611, to deceive the purchaser; so in the republication of *The whole Contention, &c.* Pavier, having dismissed the words above-mentioned, inserted these:—'Newly corrected and enlarged by William Shakspeare;' knowing that these pieces had been made the groundwork of two other plays: that they had in fact been *corrected and enlarged*, (though not in his copy, which was a mere reprint from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.; and hoping that this new edition of the original plays would pass for those altered and augmented by Shakspeare, which were then unpublished.

A passage from Greene's *Groat-worth of Wit*, edited by Mr. Tyrwhitt, first suggested and strongly supports Malone's hypothesis. The writer, Robert Greene, is supposed to address himself to his poetical friend, George Peele, in these words:—'Yes, trust them not [alluding to the players], for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tygers heart wrapp'd in a players hide*, supposes hee is well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Joannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country.'—'O tyger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!' is a line in the old quarto play entitled *The First Part of the Contention, &c.* There seems to be no doubt that the allusion is to Shakspeare, that the old plays may have been the production of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, or some of them; and that Greene could not conceal his mortification, at the fame of himself and his associates, old and established playwrights, being eclipsed by a new upstart writer, (for so he calls the poet,) who had then perhaps first attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. The very term that Greene uses, 'to bombaste out a blank verse,' exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to amplify and swell out a blank verse.

Shakspeare did for the old plays, what Berni had before done to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. He

wrote new beginnings to the Acts; he new versified, he new modelled, he transposed many of the parts; and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and whole speeches, which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced, without any, or very slight, alterations.

Malone adopted the following expedient to mark these alterations and adoptions, which has been followed in the present edition:—All those lines which the poet adopted without any alteration, are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed.

The internal evidences upon which Malone relies to establish his position are, 1. The *variations* between the old plays in quarto, and the corresponding pieces in the folio edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works, which are of so peculiar a nature as to mark two distinct hands. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the least trace in the folio; and many minute variations occur that prove the pieces in the quarto to have been original and distinct compositions. No copyist or shorthand writer would invent circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled draughts, as exhibited in the first folio; or insert *whole speeches*, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In some places a speech in one of these quartos consists of ten or twelve lines: in Shakspeare's folio the same speech consists perhaps of only half the number. A copyist by the ear, or an unskilful shorthand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions imperfectly; but he would not dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter.

Malone then exhibits a sufficient number of instances to prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, his position: so that (as he observes) we are compelled to admit, either that Shakspeare wrote *two sets* of plays on the story which forms his Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI., hasty sketches, and entirely distinct and more finished performances; or else we must acknowledge that he formed his pieces on a foundation laid by another writer or writers; that is upon the two parts of *The Contention of the Two Houses of York, &c.* It is a striking circumstance that almost all the passages in the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. which resemble others in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *ri-faccimento* in folio. As these *resemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakspearian phraseology, ascertain a considerable portion of these disputed dramas to be the production of that poet; so, on the other hand, other passages, *discordant*, in matters of fact, from his other plays, are proved by this *discordancy* not to have been composed by him: and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer.

It is observable that several portions of English history had been dramatised *before* the time of Shakspeare. Thus we have King John, in two parts, by an anonymous writer; Edward I. by George Peele; Edward II. by Christopher Marlowe; Edward III. anonymous; Henry IV. containing the deposition of Richard II. and the accession of Henry to the crown, anonymous; Henry V. and Richard III. both by anonymous authors. It is therefore highly probable that the *whole* of the story of Henry VI. had been brought on the scene, and that the first of the plays here printed, formerly called *The Historical Play of King Henry VI.* and now named *The First Part of King Henry VI.* as well as the Two Parts of the Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, were the compositions of some of the authors who had produced the historical dramas above enumerated.

Mr. Boswell, speaking of the originals of the second and third of these plays, says, 'That Marlowe may have had some share in these compositions, I am not disposed to deny; but I cannot persuade myself that they entirely proceeded from his pen. Some passages are possessed of so much merit, that they can scarcely be ascribed to any one except the most distinguished of

Shakespeare's predecessors; but the tameness of the general style is very different from the peculiar characteristics of that poet's mighty line, which are great energy both of thought and language, degenerating too frequently into tumour and extravagance. The versification appears to me to be of a different colour.—That Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, may all of them have had a share in these dramas, is consonant to the frequent practice of the age; of which ample proofs may be found in the extracts from Henslowe's MS. printed by Mr. Malone.

From the passage alluding to these plays, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, it seems probable that they were

produced previous to 1592, but were not printed until they appeared in the folio of 1623.

To Johnson's high panegyric of that impressive scene in this play, the death of Cardinal Beaufort, we may add that Schlegel says, 'It is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life in such an overpowering and awful manner? And yet it is not mere horror with which we are filled, but solemn emotion; we have an exemplification of a blessing and a curse in close proximity; the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy, which, even in his last moments, labours to enter into the soul of the sinner.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, *his Uncle*.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester,
great Uncle to the King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York:
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons*.
DUKE of SOMERSET,
DUKE of SUFFOLK, } *of the King's Party*.
DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, }
LORD CLIFFORD, }
Young CLIFFORD, *his Son*, }
EARL of SALISBURY, } *of the York Faction*.
EARL of WARWICK, }
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower*. LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother*.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and
WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with Suffolk*.

A Herald. VAUX.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, *two Priests*.
BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjuror*. *A Spirit raised by him*.
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer*. PETER, *his Man*.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor*. Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, *a Rebel*.
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the Weaver*, MICHAEL, &c. *his Followers*.
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman*.
MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch*. Wife to Simpcox.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers. Messengers, &c.
SCENE, *dispersedly in various parts of England*.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace. Flourish of Trumpets; then Hautboys.*
Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator¹ to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance²
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret;

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

1 'The marquesse of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said ladie in the church of St. Martins. At the which marriage were present, the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, that was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, that was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine; seven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops.'—*Hall and Holinshed*.

2 I. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands:—
'Unto your gracious excellence, that are.'

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

'Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

'The mutual conference that my mind hath had³—

'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

'In courtly company, or at my beads,—

'With you mine alder-liest⁴ sovereign,

'Makes me the bolder to salute my king

'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

'And over-joy of heart doth minister.

'K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,

'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

'Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys;⁵

'Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

'Lords with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish*.]

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,

Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads*.] Imprimis, It is agreed between the

French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, mar-

quess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of Eng-

land,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady

Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples,

Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of

England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—

Item.—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of

Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her

father—

3 I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

4 I. e. most beloved of all: from *alder*, of all; formerly used in composition with adjectives of the superlative degree: and *liest*, *dearest*, or *most loved*.

5 This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakespeare frequently uses. It is introduced in Much Ado about Nothing, King Richard II. Macbeth, and King Lear.

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Win. Item,—It is further agreed between them,—
that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released
and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent
over of the king of England's own proper cost and
charges, without having dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess,
kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and
Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
'To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
'What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
'Did he so often lodge in open field,
'In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
'To conquer France, his true inheritance?
'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
'To keep by policy what Henry got?
'Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
'Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
'Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
'Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
'With all the learned council of the realm,
'Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
'Early and late, debating to and fro
'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
'And hath his highness in his infancy
'Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
'And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
'Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
'Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
'O peers of England, shameful is this league!
'Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:
'Blotting your names from books of memory:
'Razing the characters of your renown:
'Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
'Undoing all, as all had never been!

* *Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate dis-
course?

* This peroration with such circumstance?

* For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, we will keep it, if we can;

* But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

* Unto the poor king Reigner, whose large style

* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.¹

* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,

* These counties were the keys of Normandy:—

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

* *War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:

* For, were there hope to conquer them again,

* My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no

tears.

* Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;

* Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

* And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

* Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?²

* Mort Dieu!

¹ This speech crowded with so many circumstances
of aggravation.

² King Reigner, her father, for all his *long style*, had
too short a power to send his daughter honourably to the
king her spouse.—*Holinshead.*

³ The indignation of Warwick is natural, but might
have been better expressed: there is a kind of jingle

* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

* France should have torn and rent my very heart,

* Before I would have yielded to this league.

* I never read but England's kings have had

* Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:

* And our King Henry gives away his own,

* To match with her that brings no vantages.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before

* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

* For costs and charges in transporting her!

* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in

France,

* Before—

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;

* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.

* 'Tis not my speeches that you do mistake,

* But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

* Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face

* I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

* We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

* Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

* I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

* *Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

* 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:

* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king;

* Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

* And heir apparent to the English crown;

* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing word

* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

* What though the common people favour him,

* Calling him—*Humphrey the good duke of Gloster*;

* Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

* *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*

* With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*

* I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

* He will be found a dangerous protector.

* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sove-

reign,

* He being of age to govern of himself,

* Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

* And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—

* We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;

* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

* *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-

phrey's pride,

* And greatness of his place be grief to us,

* Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;

* His insolence is more intolerable

* Than all the princes in the land beside;

* If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

* *Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,

* Despight Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

* *Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.

* While these do labour for their own preferment,

* Behooves it us to labour for the realm.

* I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster

* Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

* Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

* More like a soldier, than a man of the church,

* As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—

* Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

* Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

* Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!

* Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

* Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

* Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—

* And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

intended in wounds and wounds. In the old play the jn-

gle is different. 'And must that then which we won

at our swords, be given away with words?

⁴ Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, married Cecily,

the daughter of Ralf Neville, earl of Westmoreland, by

Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by

his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Ne-

ville, earl of Salisbury, was son to the earl of Westmore-

* In bringing them to civil discipline ;
 * Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
 * When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 * Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people :—
 * Join we together, for the public good ;
 * In what we can to bridle and suppress
 * The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
 * With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
 * And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
 * While they do tend the profit of the land.
 * War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 * And common profit of his country !
 * York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
 * And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
 Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine ;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
 * Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
 * Stands on a tickle² point, now they are gone :
 * Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
 * The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,
 * To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 * I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?
 * 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 * Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
 * And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
 * Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :
 * While—as the silly owner of the goods
 * Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 * And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
 * While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
 * Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
 * So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 * While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 * Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,

* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 * As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
 * Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.³
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
 Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state ;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars ;
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

Exit.

land by a second wife. He married Alice, only daughter of Thomas Montacute, earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans (see Part I. of this play, Act I. Sc. 3.), and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1423. His eldest son, Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, was created earl of Warwick, 1449.

1 This is an anachronism. The present scene is in

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House. Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 * Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 * As frowning at the favours of the world ?
 * Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 * Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight !
 * What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
 * Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ?
 * If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 * Until thy head be circled with the same.
 * Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—
 * What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine :
 * And having both together heav'd it up,
 * We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
 * And never more abase our sight so low,
 * As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 * Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :
 * And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 * Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry
 * Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
 * My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
 * Duch. What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll requite it

* With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
 * Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 * Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
 * But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
 * And on the pieces of the broken wand
 * Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
 * And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

* This was my dream ; what doth it bode, God knows.
 * Duch. Tut, this was nothing hut an argument,
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
 * Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 * But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :
 * Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
 * In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 * And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd ;

* Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
 * And on my head did set the diadem.
 * Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :
 * Presumptuous dame, ill nurtur'd⁴ Eleanor !
 Art thou not second woman in the realm ;
 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?
 * Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 * Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 * To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
 * From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

* Duch. What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric
 * With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?
 * Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
 * And not be check'd.

* Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

* Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure.
 * You do prepare to ride into Saint Albans,
 * Whereas⁵ the king and queen do mean to hawk.
 Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us ?

1445 ; but Richard, Duke of York, was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449.

2 *Tickle* is frequently used for *ticklish* by ancient writers.

3 *Meleager* ; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torment.

4 *Ill nurtur'd* is *ill educated*.

5 *Whereas* for *where* ; a common substitution in old language, as *where* is often used for *whereas*.

* *Duch.* Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.
[Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]
 * Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 * While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
 * Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 * I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 * And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
 * And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 * To play my part in fortune's pageant.
 * Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not,
 man,
 * We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
 * *Duch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but
 grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
 advice,
 * Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
 * *Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
 conferr'd
 * With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;¹
 * And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
 * And will they undertake to do me good?
 * *Hume.* They have promised,—to show your
 highness
 * A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
 * That shall make answer to such questions,
 * As by your grace shall be propounded him.
 * *Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
 * When from Saint Albans we do make return,
 * We'll see these things effected to the full.
 * Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
 * With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit DUCHESSE.]

* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duch-
 ess' gold;
 * Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume?
 * Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
 * The business asketh silent secrecy.
 * Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
 * Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 * Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
 * I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 * And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
 * Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
 * They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 * Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 * And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 * They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;²
 * Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 * Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 * To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
 * Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
 * Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
 * And her attainment will be Humphrey's fall:
 * Sort how it will,⁴ I shall have gold for all. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and others, with Petitions.

* 1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord

protector will come this way by and by, and then
 * we may deliver our supplications in the quill.¹
 * 2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a
 'good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and QUEEN MARGARET.

* 1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
 * with him: I'll be the first, sure.
 * 2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of
 Suffolk, and not my lord protector.
 * *Suff.* How now, fellow? would'st any thing with
 me?
 * 1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye
 'for my lord protector.

* *Q. Mar.* [Reading the superscription.] To my
 'lord protector! are your supplications to his lord-
 ship? Let me see them: What is thine?

* 1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against
 John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keep-
 ing my house, and lands, and wife and all, from
 me.

Suff. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.⁶
 —What's yours?—What's here? *[Reads.]* Against
 the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of
 Melford.—How now, sir knave?

* 2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of
 our whole township.

Peter. *[Presenting his petition.]* Against my
 master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke
 of York was rightful heir to the crown.

* *Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? did the duke of
 York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

* *Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my
 master said, That he was; and that the king was
 'an usurper.

Suff. Who is there? *[Enter Servants.]*—Take
 this fellow in, and send for his master with a pur-
 suivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter
 before the king. *[Exit Servants, with Peter.]*

* *Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be pro-
 tected

'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
 * Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the Petition.]

'Away, base cullions!¹⁰—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. *[Exit Petitioners.]*

* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
 guise,

* Is this the fashion in the court of England?

* Is this the government of Britain's isle,

* And this the royalty of Albion's king?

* What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

* Under the surly Gloster's governance?

* Am I a queen in title and in style,

* And must be made a subject to a duke?

* I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

'Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,

'And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

* I thought King Henry had resembled thee,

'In courage, courtship, and proportion:

* But all his mind is bent to holiness,

* To number Ave-Maries on his beads:

* His champions are—the prophets and apostles,

¹ A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. See the first note on the Merry Wives of Windsor.

² It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of Henry VI. Margery Jourdemayn, John Virley Clerk, and Friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards committed to the custody of the Lord Chancellor. It was ordered that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play, and also in the Chronicles.

³ This expression was proverbial.

⁴ Let the issue be what it will.

⁵ There have been some strange conjectures in explanation of this phrase, in the *quill*. Steevens says that it may mean no more than written or penned suppli-

cations. Mr. Tollet thinks it means with great exactness and observance of form, in allusion to the quilled or plaited ruffs. Hawkins suggests that it may be the same with the French *en quille*, said of a man when he stands upright upon his feet, without moving from the place, in allusion to *quille*, a ninepin. It appears to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of 'in the coil,' i. e. in the bustle. This word is spelt in the old dictionaries *quail*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quile*, or *quill*.

⁶ This wrong seems to have been sometimes practised in Shakespeare's time. Among the Lansdowne MSS. we meet with the following singular petition:—Julius Bogarucius to the Lord Treasurer, in Latin, complaining that the Master of the Rolls keeps his wife from him in his own house, and wishes he may not teach her to be a papist.

⁷ The quarto reads 'an usurer.'

⁸ Queen. An usurper thou would'st say,

Ay—an usurper.

⁹ I. e. scoundrels; from *cogniti*, Ital.

- * His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ ;
- * His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
- * Are brazen images of canonized saints.
- * I would, the college of cardinals
- * Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
- * And set the triple crown upon his head ;
- * That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suff. Madam, be patient ; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

* *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we
Beaufort,

* The imperious churchman ; Somerset, Bucking-
ham,

* And grumbling York : and not the least of these,
* But can do more in England than the king.

* *Suff.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :
* Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

* *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so
much,

* As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
* She sweeps it through the court with troops of
ladies,

* More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's
wife ;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen :

* She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

* And in her heart she scorns her poverty :

* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?

* Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,

* She vaunted 'mongst her mixions t'other day,

The very train of her worst wearing-gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms¹ for his daughter.

* *Suff.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for
her ;²

* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

* That she will light to listen to the lays,

* And never mount to trouble you again.

* So, let her rest ; And, madam, list to me :

* For I am bold to counsel you in this.

* Although we fancy not the cardinal,

* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,

* Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.

* As for the duke of York, this late complaint³

* Will make but little for his benefit :

* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,

* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, con-
versing with him ; DUKE and DUCHESS of GLOS-
TER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM,
SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

* *K. Hen.* For my part, noble lords, I care not
which ;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

* *York.* If York have ill demean'd himself in
France,

Then let him be deny'd⁴ the regentship.

* *Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,

Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

* *War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,

Dispute not that : York is the worthier.

* *Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

* *War.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

* *Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, War-
wick.

* *War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son ;—and show some reason,
Buckingham,

* Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have
it so.

* *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

' To give his censure :⁵ these are no women's
matters.

* *Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs your
grace

' To be protector of his excellence ?

* *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm ;

* And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

* *Suff.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

* Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou ?)

* The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck :

* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas

* And all the peers and nobles of the realm

* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd ; the
clergy's bags

* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
attire,

* Have cost a mass of public treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,

* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in
France,—

* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*

* Give me my fan : What, minion ! can you not ?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

* I cry you mercy, madam ; Was it you ?

* *Duch.* Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman :

* Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.⁶

* *K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet ; 'twas against her
will.

* *Duch.* Against her will ! Good king, look to't
in time ;

* She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby :

* Though in this place most master wear no
breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit DUCHESS.*

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :

* She's tickled now ; her fume needs no spurs,

* She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,

* With walking once about the quadrangle,

* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

* As for your spiteful false objections,

* Prove them, and I lie open to the law :

* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

* As I in duty love my king and country !

* But, to the matter that we have in hand :

* I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man,

* To be your regent in the realm of France.

* *Suff.* Before we make election, give me leave

* To show some reason, of no little force,

* That York is most unmeet of any man.

* *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

* First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :

* Next, if I be appointed for the place,

* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,

* Without discharge, money, or furniture,

* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

* Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

* Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

* *War.* That I can witness ; and a fouler fact

* Did never traitor in the land commit.

* *Suff.* Peace, headstrong Warwick !

* *War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my
peace ?

¹ The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry
surrendered to Reigner on his marriage with Margaret.

² In the original play :—

' I have set *linetteigs* that will entangle them.'

³ I.e. the complaint of Peter the armourer's man
against his master, for saying that York was the right-
ful king

⁴ *Denay* is frequently used instead of *deny* among
the old writers.

⁵ *Censure* here means simply *judgment* or *opinion*,
the sense in which it was used by all the writers of the
time.

⁶ This appears to have been a popular phrase for
the hands or ten fingers.

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of treason: Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?

* *Suff.* Please it your majesty, this is the man that doth accuse his master of high treason: His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,

'Was rightful heir unto the English crown;

'And that your majesty was an usurper.

* *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

* *Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [holding up his hands.] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech;

* I do beseech your royal majesty,

'Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my pretence; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

* *K. Hen.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

* *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

'Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

'Because in York this breeds suspicion:

'And let these have a day appointed them

'For single combat in convenient place;

'For he hath witness of his servant's malice:

'This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

* *K. Hen.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,

We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.²

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

* *Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's

* sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth

* against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I

* shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my

* heart!

* *Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

* *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day

* of combat shall be the last of the next month.—

* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.* The Duke of Gloucester's Garden. Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?³

* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

1 We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces.

2 Theobald inserted these two lines from the old play, because without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloucester's opinion: and the duke of Somerset is made to thank him for his regency before the king has deputed him to it. Malone supposes that Shakespeare thought Henry's consent to Humphrey's doom might be expressed by a nod; and therefore omits the lines.

3 By exorcise Shakespeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them. Vide note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. Sc. 3.

4 Matter or business.

5 The old quarto reads 'the silence of the night.' The variation of the copies is worth notice:—

'Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, * while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go * in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]

* Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth;—* John Southwell, read you; and let * us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome * all. To this gear; * the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.

'The time of night when Troy was set on fire

'The time when screechows cry, and ban-dogs howl,

'And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

'That time best fits the work we have in hand.

'Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,

'We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies appertaining, and make the Circle: BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*]

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power

* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become? [*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall de-

pose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death. [*As the Spirit speaks SOUTHWELL writes the answer*]

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

* Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake;

* False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*]

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and others.

* *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

* Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

* What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

* Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

* My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

* See you well guerdon'd⁴ for these good deserts.

* *Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

* Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The spirit of Ascalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this centric earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
Ascalon, ascend, ascend!—

Warburton, in a learned but erroneous note, wished to prove that an interlunar night was meant: Stevens has justly observed that silent is here used by the poet as a substantive.

6 *Ban-dog*, or *band-dog*, any great fierce dog which required to be tied or chained up. *Canis molossus*, a massive, bear-dog, or bull-dog. It is sometimes called in the dictionaries *canis catenarius*.

7 It was anciently believed that spirits who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance. See both *Lucan* and *Status*.

8 Rewarded.

* *Buck.* True, madam, none at none. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*]
 * Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
 * And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:
 * Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*]

* We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
 * All.—Away!

[*Exit Guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.*]

* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
 Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 What have we here? [*Reads.*]

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

* Why, this is just,

* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand.*

* Come, come, my lords;

* These oracles are hardly attain'd,

* And hardly understood.

* The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,

* With him the husband of this lovely lady:

* Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

* A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

* *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

* To be the post, in hope of his reward.

* *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

* Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,

* To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
 [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans. *Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

* *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,¹

* I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

* Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

* And, next to one, old Joan had not gone out.²

* *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

* And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—

* To see how God in all his creatures works!

* Yea, man and birds, are fain³ of climbing high.

* *Suff.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,

* My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

* They know their master loves to be aloft,

* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

* *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

* That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

¹ The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.

² Johnson was informed that the meaning here is, 'the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.' But surely, *not going out* cannot signify *not coming home*. Dr. Percy's interpretation is entirely opposed to this; he explains it, 'The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game.' Stevens says, 'The ancient books of hawking do not enable him to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations.' I think, if he had looked into Latham's Falconry, he would have found that Dr. Percy's is the right explanation. 'When you shall come afterward to fly her she must be altogether guided and governed by her stomach; yea, she will be kept and also lost by the same: for let her fail of that never so little, and every puff of wind will blow her away from you; nay, if there be no

* *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

* *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

* *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

* Beat on a crown,⁴ the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

* *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

* *Tantæne animis celestibus ira?*

* Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

* With such holiness can you do it?

* *Suff.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

* So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

* *Glo.* As who, my lord?

* *Suff.* Why, as you, my lord;

Am't like your lordly lord protectorship.

* *Glo.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

* *Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloucester.

* *K. Hen.* I prythee, peace Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers, For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.⁵

* *Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword!

* *Glo.* 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that! [*Aside to the Cardinal.*]

* *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*]

* *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

* In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]

* *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

* This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]

* *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?

* *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

* Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

* We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand-sword.⁶ [*Aside to Glo.*]

* *Glo.* True, uncle.

* *Car.* Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

* *Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]

* *K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloucester?

* *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

* Or all my fence⁷ shall fail. [*Aside.*]

* *Car.* *Medice teipsum;* } [*Aside.*]

* Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

* *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

* And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

* To see how God in all his creatures works!

* Yea, man and birds, are fain³ of climbing high?

* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying

A Miracle!⁸

* *Glo.* What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

wind stirring, yet she will wheele and sinke away from him and from his voice, that all the time before had lured and trained her up. Booke i. p. 60, Ed. 1633.

³ i. e. fond or glad.

⁴ i. e. thy mind is working on a crown.

⁵ Vide St. Matthew, v. 9.

⁶ The 'two-hand-sword' was sometimes called the long sword, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier.

Justice Shallow, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument.

In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloucester to bring his sword and buckler.

⁷ Fence is the art of defence.

⁸ This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father.

The impostor's name is not mentioned; but he was detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and in the manner here represented.

See More's Works, p. 134, Edit. 1557.

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suff. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;

A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

* *K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban, and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two Persons in a Chair; his Wife, and a great Multitude, following.

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,

* To present your highness with the man.

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

* Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,

* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suff. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

* *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

* *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

* A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

* By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*

* *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

* *Glo.* Mass, thou lov'd'st plums well, that would'st venture so.

* *Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

* Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

* In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

* *Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of!

Simp. Red, master: red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

* *K. Hen.* Why then; thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all, 's impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

And would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban, have you not beades in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[A Stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry, A miracle!

* *K. Hen.* O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[Exit Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

* *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

* *Suff.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

* *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;

* You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

* *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

* *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

* A sort¹ of naughty persons, lewdly² bent,—

* Under the countenance and confederacy,

* Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

* The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

* Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

* Dealing with witches, and with conjurers;

* Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

* Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

* Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

* And other of your highness' privy council,

* As more at large your grace shall understand.

* *Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means

* Your lady is forthcoming³ yet at London.

* This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's

edge:

* 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to GLOSTER.]

2 I. e. wickedly, knavishly.

3 I. e. your lady is in custody.

1 A sort is a company.

* *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
 * Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
 * And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 * Or to the meanest groom.
 * *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
 * Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
 * *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
 * And, look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
 * How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
 * And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
 * Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
 * Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 * Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
 * As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 * I banish her my bed, and company;
 * And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
 * That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
 * *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
 * To-morrow, toward London, back again,
 * To look into this business thoroughly,
 * And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 * And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 * Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. The Duke of York's Garden. Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.
York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
 * Our simple supper ended, give me leave
 * In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
 * In craving your opinion of my title,
 * Which is infallible to England's crown.
 * *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
 * Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 * The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
 * The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
 * Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
 * Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
 * The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
 * The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester;
 * William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
 * Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
 * And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 * Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
 * Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 * The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 * Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 * Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;

1 In the original play the words are, 'as you both know.' The phraseology of the text is peculiar to Shakespeare.

2 In Act ii. Sc. 5, of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter in the First Part of King Henry IV.

3 Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play; where he is introduced an aged and gray-haired prisoner in the Tower, and represented as having been confined 'since Harry Monmouth first began to reign.' Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvin, in captivity till he died, and this Lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen's daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by King Henry IV. in ward to his son Henry prince of

* Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
 * And him to Pomfret; where, as you all know,
 * Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
 * *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
 * Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
 * *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
 * For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
 * The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
 * *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
 * *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
 * I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
 * Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
 * Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
 * Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
 * *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke.
 * As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 * And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
 * Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
 * But, to the rest.
 * *York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
 * My mother being heir unto the crown,
 * Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
 * To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
 * By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 * To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
 * Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
 * Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence;
 * So, if the issue of the elder son
 * Succeed before the younger, I am king.
 * *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
 * Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 * The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 * Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
 * It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
 * And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
 * Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
 * And, in this private plot, be we the first,
 * That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 * With honour of his birthright to the crown.
 * Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
 * *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 * Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
 * With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
 * And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
 * But with advice and silent secrecy.
 * Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
 * Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 * At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 * At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 * Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 * That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this earl of March during the whole reign of King Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the earl of Salisbury; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catharine; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1422, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland.

4 Sequestered spot.

* 'Tis that they seek : and they, in seeking that,
 * Shall find their deaths, if York can prophecy.
 * *Sal.* My lord, break we off ; we know your
 mind at full.
 * *War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of
 Warwick
 ' Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
 ' *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
 ' Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
 ' The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of Justice.*
Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and
SALISBURY ; the Duchess of Gloster, MARGERY
JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and
BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

* *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
 Gloster's wife :
 ' In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
 ' Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 ' Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
 * You four, from hence to prison back again ;
 [To *JOURN. &c.*]
 * From thence, unto the place of execution.
 * The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 * And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
 ' You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 ' Deprived of your honour in your life,
 ' Shall after three days' open penance done,
 ' Live in your country here, in banishment,
 ' With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
 * *Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were
 my death.

* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged
 thee ;
 * I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
 [*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other prisoners guarded.*]

* Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 ' Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
 ' Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !
 ' I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
 ' Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.
 * *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere
 thou go,
 ' Give up thy staff ; Henry will to himself
 ' Protector be : and God shall be my hope,
 ' My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet ;
 ' And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd,
 ' Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
 * Should be to be protected like a child.—
 ' God and King Henry govern England's helm :
 ' Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
 * *Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff ;
 ' As willingly do I the same resign,
 ' As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
 ' And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
 ' As others would ambitiously receive it.

* Farewell, good king : When I am dead and gone,
 May honourable peace attend thy throne ! [*Exit.*]

* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-
 garet queen ;

* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,

* That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once,—
 * His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
 * This staff of honour rought,¹ there let it stand,
 * Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
 * *Suff.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
 sprays ;

* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
 * *York.* Lords, let him go.—Please it your
 majesty,

* This is the day appointed for the combat ;
 * And ready are the appellant and defendant,
 * The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 * So please your highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely
 therefore

* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
 * *K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all
 things fit ;

* Here let them end it, and God defend the right !
 * *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,

* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
 * The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it ; a drum before him ; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you
 in a cup of sack ; And fear not, neighbour, you shall
 do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of
 charneco.²

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer,
 neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'th' faith, and I'll pledge you all ;
 And a fig for Peter !

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee ; and be not
 afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master
 too ; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all : * drink, and pray for me,
 * I pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last
 * draught in this world.³—Here, Robin, an if I die,
 I give thee my apron ; and, Will, thou shalt have my
 hammer :—and here, Tom, take all the money that
 I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God ! for I am
 never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt
 so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
 —Sirrah, what's thy name ?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter ! what more ?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump ! then see thou thump thy master
 well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
 my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and
 myself an honest man : * touching the duke of
 * York,—will take my death, I never meant him
 any ill, nor the king, nor the queen : * And, there-
 * fore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow,
 as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.¹⁰

* *York.* Despatch!—this knave's tongue begins
 to double.¹¹

1 I. e. sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.
 2 The image is probably from our Liturgy :—'A lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.'

3 *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*.
 Shakespeare uses it in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc. 9 :—'The hand of death has *raught* him.'

4 *Her* in this line relates to *pride*, and not to *Eleanor*.
 The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity.

5 I. e. let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage.

6 In a worse plight.

7 As, according to the old law of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and the sword, so those of inferior rank fought with an ebony staff, or baton, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand.

8 *Charneco* appears to have been a kind of sweet

wine. Warburton imagines that it may have had its name from *charneca*, the Spanish name for a species of turpentine tree ; but Steevens says *Charneco* is the name of a village in Portugal where this wine was made. It is frequently mentioned by old writers.

9 Gay has borrowed this idea in his *What d'ye call it*, where Peasecod says :—

'Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.'
 Peasecod's subsequent bequest is likewise copied from Peter's division of his moveables.

10 Warburton added this allusion to *Bevis* and *Ascapart* from the old quarto. The story of this knight and giant were familiar to our ancestors ; their effigies are still preserved on the gates of Southampton.

11 This is from Holinshed, whose narrative Shakespeare has deserted in making the armourer confess treason :—'His neighbours gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith

* Sound trumpets, alarm to the combatants.

[*Alarm.* They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

* *York.* Take away his weapon;—Fellow,

* Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

* *Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right?

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:¹

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The same. A Street. Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

* And, after summer, overmore succeeds

* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.²

Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

* *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

* To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:

* 'Unearth' may she endure the flinty streets,

* To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind brook

The abject people, gazing on thy face,

* With envious³ looks, still laughing at thy shame;

* That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,

* When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare

* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand: SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

* *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

* See, how the giddy multitude do point,

* And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

* Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;

* And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban⁴ thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

* Methinks, I should not thus be led along.

Mail'd up in shame,⁵ with papers on my back;

* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tyburne.⁶ Fo. 626.

¹ The real name of the combatants were John Davys and William Catour. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Bologne and Robert Horne, the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's Chronicle, may have suggested the name of Horner. The precept to the sheriffs, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield, with the account of expenses incurred, is among the records of the exchequer, and has been printed in Mr. Nichols's Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Antient Times in England, quarto, 1797. It appears that the erection of the barriers, the combat itself, and the subsequent execution of the armourer, occupied the space of six or seven days; that a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed on the occasion, and that the place of battle was strewn with rushes. Mr. Steevens inferred that the armourer was not killed by his opponent, but scorched, and immediately afterwards hanged. This, however, is in direct

* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet⁷ groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;

And, when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advis'd⁸ how I tread.

* Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;

* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

* To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

* Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

* With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;

* I must offend before I be attained:

* And had I twenty times so many foes,

* And each of them had twenty times their power,

* All these could not procure me any scathe,⁹

* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

* Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

* Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

* But I in danger for the breach of law.

* Thy greatest help is quiet,¹⁰ gentle Nell;

* I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

* These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before.

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

* *Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

* And Sir John Stanley is appointed now

* To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

* *Glo.* Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

* *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well: the world may laugh again;¹¹

And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not

farewell.

* *Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

contradiction to all the historians, who state that he was slain. Hall's words are, 'whose body was drawn to Tyburn, and there hanged and beheaded.' The law made no distinction, the dead body of the vanquished was equally adjudged to the punishment of a convicted traitor, in order that his posterity might participate in his infamy. Indeed the record seems decisive; for it states that the dead man was watched after the battle was done, and this most probably means before it was conveyed to Tyburn for execution and decapitation. The death of the vanquished person was always regarded as certain evidence of his guilt.

² i. e. pass or fleet away. ³ Not easily.

⁴ Malicious. ⁵ Curse.

⁶ Wrapped or bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. Mailed, from a mail or male, a little budget.

⁷ Deep-fetched. ⁸ i. e. careful, circumspect

⁹ Scathe is harm, mischief, used by all our ancient writers. The word is still in use in Scotland.

¹⁰ The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the duchess, who indeed suffers hut what she had deserved.—Johnson.

¹¹ i. e. the world may look again favourably on me.

- * *Duch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!
- * For none awakes with me: my joy is—death:
- * Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
- * Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
- * Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence;
- * I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
- * Only convey me where thou art commanded.
- * *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
- * There to be used according to your state.
- * *Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
- * And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
- * *Stan.* Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady,
- * According to that state you shall be used.
- * *Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
- * Although thou hast been conduct¹ of my shame!
- * *Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
- * *Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
- * Come, Stanley, shall we go?
- * *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
- * And go we to attire you for our journey.
- * *Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
- * No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
- * And show itself, attire me how I can.
- * Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.²

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury. Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

- * *K. Hen.* I muse,³ my lord of Gloster is not come:
- * 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, What'er occasion keeps him from us now.
- * *Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe
- * The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
- * With what a majesty he bears himself?
- * How insolent of late he is become,
- * How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
- * We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
- * And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
- * Immediately he was upon his knee,
- * That all the court admir'd him for submission:
- * But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
- * When every one will give the time of day,
- * He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
- * And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
- * Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
- * Small curs are not regarded, when they grin:
- * But great men tremble, when the lion roars:
- * And Humphrey is no little man in England.
- * First, note, that he is near you in descent;
- * And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
- * Me seemeth,⁴ then, it is no policy,—
- * Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
- * And his advantage following your decease,—
- * That he should come about your royal person,
- * Or be admitted to your highness' council.
- * By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
- * And, when he please to make commotion,

- * 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
- * Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
- * Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
- * And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
- * The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
- * Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
- * If it be fond,⁵ call it a woman's fear;
- * Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
- * I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
- * My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
- * Reprove my allegation, if you can;
- * Or else conclude my words effectual.
- * *Suff.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
- * And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
- * I think I should have told your grace's tale.
- * The duchess, by his subornation,
- * Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
- * Or if he were not privy to those faults,
- * Yet, by reputing of his high descent⁶
- * (As next the king he was successive heir,)—
- * And such high vaunts of his nobility,
- * Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
- * By wicked means, to frame our sovereign's fall.
- * Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
- * And in his simple show he harbours treason.
- The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
- No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
- Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.
- * *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
- * Devise strange deaths for small offences done
- * York. And did he not, in his protectorship;
- * Levy great sums of money through the realm,
- * For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
- * By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
- * *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
- * Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
- * *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
- * To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
- * Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
- * Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
- * From meaning treason to our royal person,
- * As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
- * The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
- * To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
- * *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
- * Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
- * For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
- * Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him.
- * For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
- * Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
- * Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
- * Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

- * *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!
- * *K. Hen.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
- * *Som.* That all your interest in those territories
- * Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
- * *K. Hen.* Cold news, Lord Somerset: But God's will be done!
- * York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
- * As firmly as I hope for fertile England.⁷
- * Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

lately, in our memory. Selden says that this must be understood so far as it relates to the title being 'commonly in use, and properly to the king applied,' because he adduces an instance of the use of *majesty*, so early as the reign of Henry the Second. The reader will see more on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 11.

8 i. e. valuing himself on his high descent. The word occurs again in Act v:—

'And in my conscience do *repute* his grace,' &c.

9 These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on this disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss.

1 For conductor.

2 This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. This is one of those touches which came from the hand of Shakspeare; it is not in the old play.

3 Wonder.

4 i. e. it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has intruded into its place.—*Johnson*

5 i. e. assemble by observation.

6 Foolish.

7 Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. Camden says that *majesty* came into use in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, as *sacred majesty*

* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 * Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
 * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 * With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
 * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,¹
 * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
 * That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
 * Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
 * (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
 * This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
 * To rid us from the fear we have of him.
 * Car. That he should die, is worthy policy:
 * But yet we want a colour for his death:
 * 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
 * Suff. But, in my mind, that were no policy;
 * The king will labour still to save his life;
 * The commons haply rise to save his life;
 * And yet we have but trivial argument,
 * More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
 * York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
 * Suff. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
 * York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—²
 * But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
 * Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
 * Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 * To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 * As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
 * Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
 * Suff. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness, then,
 * To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 * Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
 * His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 * Because his purpose is not executed.
 * No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 * By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 * Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
 * As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege,³
 * And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
 * Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 * Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 * So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 * Which mates⁴ him first, that first intends deceit.
 * Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
 * Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 * For things are almost spoke, and seldom meant:
 * But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
 * Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 * And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
 * Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
 * Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
 * Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
 * Say, you consent, and censure⁵ well the deed,
 * And I'll provide his executioner.
 * I tender so the safety of my liege.
 * Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
 * Q. Mar. And so say I.
 * York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
 * It skills not greatly⁶ who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

* Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
 * again,
 * To signify—that rebels there are up,
 * And put the Englishmen unto the sword;
 * Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 * Before the wound do grow incurable;
 * For, being green, there is great hope of help.

* Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient⁷
 * stop!
 * What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
 * York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
 * 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
 * Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
 * Som. If York, with all his far-fet⁸ policy,
 * Had been the regent there instead of me,
 * He never would have staid in France so long.
 * York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
 * I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 * Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
 * By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 * Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
 * Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
 * Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging
 * fire,
 * If wind and fuel, be brought to feed it with:—
 * No more, good York:—sweet Somerset, be still:—
 * Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
 * Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
 * York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a
 * shame take all!
 * Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest
 * shame!
 * Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
 * The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
 * And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
 * To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
 * Collected choicely, from each county some,
 * And try your hap against the Irishmen?
 * York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
 * Suff. Why, our authority is his consent:
 * And, what we do establish, he confirms:
 * Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
 * York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
 * Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
 * Suff. A charge, Lord York, that I will see per-
 * form'd.
 * But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
 * Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
 * That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
 * And so break off: the day is almost spent:
 * Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
 * York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
 * At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
 * For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
 * Suff. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
 * [Exeunt all but York.
 * York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
 * thoughts,
 * And change misdoubt to resolution:
 * Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art:
 * Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
 * Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 * And find no harbour in a royal heart:
 * Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
 * on thought;
 * And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
 * My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 * Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 * Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
 * To send me packing with an host of men:
 * I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
 * Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
 * hearts.
 * 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
 * I take it kindly: yet, be well assur'd
 * You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 * While I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
 * I will stir up in England some black storm,
 * Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
 * And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

stroyed, as being proved by reasons or arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

4 I.e. confounds, overcomes.

5 That is, 'I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he shall see.'

6 I.e. judge or think well of it.

7 'It matters not greatly.' Shakspeare has the phrase in Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

8 Expeditious.

9 Far-fetched.

1 I.e. In the flowers growing on a bank.

2 York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views.

3 The meaning of this obscurely constructed passage appears to be, 'The fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly de-

* Until the golden circuit on my head,¹
 * Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 * Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.²
 * And, for a minister of my intent,
 * I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
 * John Cade of Ashford,
 * To make commotion, as full well he can,
 * Under the title of John Mortimer.
 * In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 * Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;³
 * And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 * Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
 * And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
 * Caper upright like a wild Morisco,⁴
 * Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 * Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
 * Hath he conversed with the enemy;
 * And undiscover'd come to me again,
 * And given me notice of their villanies.
 * This devil here shall be my substitute;
 * For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 * In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
 * By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 * How they affect the house and claim of York.
 * Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured:
 * I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 * Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
 * Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will),
 * Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 * And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
 * For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 * And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.⁵ Bury. A Room in the Palace.
 Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 * We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
 * 2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

* 1 Mur. Here comes my lord.
 * Suff. Now, sirs, have you
 Despatch'd this thing?
 * 1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
 * Suff. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
 my house;
 * I will reward you for this venturesome deed.
 * The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
 * Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 * According as I gave directions?
 * 1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
 * Suff. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CAR-
 DINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

* K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence
 straight:

* Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 * If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

* Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[Exit.

* K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray
 you all,

1 Thus in Macbeth:—

* All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 * Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 * To have thee crown'd withal.

In King Henry IV. Part II. the crown is called 'this
 golden rigot.'

2 A flaw is a violent gust of wind.

3 Kernes were Irish peasantry, who served as light-
 armed foot soldiers. In King Richard II. they are called
 'rough rug-headed Kernes.'

4 A dancer in a morris-dance; originally, perhaps,
 meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named.
 The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris-
 dance is intended. It appears from Blount's Glosso-
 graphy, and some of our old writers, that the dance
 itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition
 of his Italian Dictionary, defines 'Moresca, a kind of
 morice or antique dance, after the Moorish or Ethiopian
 fashion.' The reader who would know more on this
 curious subject will do well to consult Mr. Douce's very

* Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 * Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
 * He be approv'd in practice culpable.

* Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 * That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 * Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

* K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words
 content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

* How now? why look'st thou pale? why trem-
 blest thou?

* Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
 Suff. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

* Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

* Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-
 night,

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.

* Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords!
 the king is dead.

* Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

* Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, open
 thine eyes!

* Suff. He doth revive again;—Madam, be pa-
 tient.

* K. Hen. O heavenly God!

* Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suff. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
 comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk com-
 fort me?

Came he right now? to sing a raven's note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

* By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

* Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,

* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's stung.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

* Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny

* Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

* Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—

* Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,

* And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:*

* For in the shade of death I shall find joy:

* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead!

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk

thus?

* Although the duke was enemy to him,

* Yet he, most christianlike, laments his death:

* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,

* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

* And all to have the noble duke alive.

* What know I how the world may deem of me?

* For it is known we were but hollow friends;

* It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:

* So shall my name with slander's tongue be

wounded,

* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

interesting dissertation, printed in the second volume of
 his Illustrations of Shakspeare.

5 The directions concerning this scene stand thus in
 the quarto copy:—'Then the curtains being drawn,
 Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men
 lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed.
 And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.'

6 As nothing further is spoken either by Somerset or
 the cardinal, or by any one else, to show that they con-
 tinue in the presence, it is to be presumed that they take
 advantage of the confusion occasioned by the king's
 swooning, and slip out unobserved. The next news we
 hear of the cardinal, he is at the point of death.

7 Just now.

8 —As Esculap an herdsman did aspie,
 That did with easy sight enforce a basilisk to flie,
 Albeit naturally that beast doth murder with the eye.'

Albion's England, b. l. c. iii.

9 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 4

* This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy !
 * To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !
 * *K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?
 * Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 * Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb ?
 * Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy :
 * Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 * And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea ;
 * And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

* Drove back again unto my native clime ?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 * Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?
 * What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
 * And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;
 * And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?
 * Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 * But left that hateful office unto thee :
 * The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;
 * Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,

* With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness :
 * The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 * And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;
 * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 * Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 * As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
 * I stood upon the hatches in the storm :
 * And when the dusky sky began to rob
 * My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 * I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 * And threw it towards thy land ;—the sea received it ;

* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart :
 * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;
 * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 * For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 * To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
 * When he to madding Dido would unfold
 * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy ?
 * Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?¹

1 i. e. let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

2 This allusion, which has been borrowed from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. by many writers, is oddly illustrated in a passage of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, b. i. fo. x. ed. 1532.

3 The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*—

'With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempest driven
 To fall on shore. —'

And by Drayton, *Epistle from Richard II. to Queen Isabella* :—

'And undertook to *travaille dangerous wales*,
 Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas.'

4 The verb *perish* is here used actively. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* :—

'— let not my sins
Perish your noble youth.'

5 The old copy reads '*watch me* : the emendation is Theobald's, who observes that 'It was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius who bewitched Dido.' She, taking him for Ascanius, would naturally speak to him about his father, and would be *witched* by what she learned from him, as well as by the more regular narrative she had heard from Æneas himself.

6 Stevens thinks the word *or* should be omitted in this line, which would improve both the sense and metre. Mason proposes to read *art* instead of *or*.

7 Stevens proposed to read *rain* instead of *drain*.

* Ah me, I can no more ! Die, Margaret !
 * For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.

* *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 * That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

* By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 * The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 * That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 * And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 * Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 * Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true ;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry :
 * Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse ;
 * And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege :—Stay, Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and SALISBURY retires.]

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts :

* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
 * Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !
 * If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
 * For judgment only doth belong to thee !
 * Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 * With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 * Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;
 * To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 * And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
 * But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
 * And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
 * What were it but to make my sorrow greater !

The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed : WARWICK and others standing by it.

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made :

* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace ;
 * For seeing him, I see my life in death.

* *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
 * With that dread King that took our state upon him
 * To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
 * I do believe that violent hands were laid
 * Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suff. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !

* What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow ?
 * *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face !

Oh have I seen a timely parted ghost,⁸
 * Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

8 This stage direction was inserted by Malone as best suited to the exhibition. The stage direction in the quarto is, 'Warwick draws the curtains, and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed.' In the folio, 'A bed with Gloster's body put forth.' By these and other circumstances it seems that the theatres were then unfurnished with scenes. In those days, it appears that curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which being drawn open formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. See Malone's Account of the ancient Theatres, prefixed to the variorum editions of Shakspeare.

9 How much discussion there has been about this simple passage, which evidently means :—'I see my own life threatened with extermination, or surrounded by death.' Thus in a passage of the *Burial Service*, to which I am surprised none of the commentators have adverted, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

10 Shakspeare has confounded the terms which signify *body* and *soul* together. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

'— damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial.'

The word is frequently thus licentiously used by ancient writers ; instances are to be found in Spenser and others. 'A timely parted ghost,' says Malone, 'means a body that has become inanimate in the common course

' Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
 ' Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 ' Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy :
 ' Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
 ' To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 ' But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
 ' His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
 ' Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ;
 ' His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling ;
 ' His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 ' And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 ' Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
 ' His well proportion'd beard made ruff and rugged,
 ' Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 ' It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
 ' The least of all these signs were probable.
 ' *Suff.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?

' Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection ;
 ' And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
 ' *War.* But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes ;
 ' And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
 ' 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
 ' And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

' *Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noble-men
 ' As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
 ' *War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

' *Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk ; where's your knife ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his talons ?
 ' *Suff.* I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men ;
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge :—
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som., and others.*]

' *War.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him ?

' *Q. Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

' *War.* Madam, be still ; with reverence may I say ;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

' *Suff.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

' *War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
 And after all this fearful homage done,
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
 Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men !

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

' *War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence ;

* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

* And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

' *K. Hen.* What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?

* Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just ;

* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.²

[*A Noise within.*]

' *Q. Mar.* What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn.

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful weapons drawn

' Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—

' Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

' *Suff.* The traitorous Warwick, with the men of

Bury,
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—[*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories,

* They will by violence tear him from your palace,

* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died ;

* They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;

* And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—

* Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

* As being thought to contradict your liking,—

* Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

* They say, in care of your most royal person,

* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;

* Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,

* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

* That slyly glided towards your majesty,

* It were but necessary you were wak'd ;

* Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

* The mortal worm³ might make the sleep eternal.

* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

* That they will guard you, wh'er you will, or no,

* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;

* With whose envenomed and fatal sting

* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,

my lord of Salisbury.

' *Suff.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd

hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign :

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To show how quaint an orator you are :

But all the honour Salisbury hath won,

Is—that he was the lord ambassador,

Sent from a sort⁴ of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,

or we'll all break in.

' *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

* I thank them for their tender loving care ;

* And had I not been 'cited so by them,

* Yet do I purpose as they do entreat ;

* For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

* Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.

* And therefore—by His majesty I swear,

* Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—

of nature ; to which violence has not brought a timeless end.' But Mr. Douce has justly observed, that *timely* may mean *early, recently, newly*.

1 i. e. the fingers being widely distended. 'Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy a good distance off hold up his hand, and stretch his

fingers abroad, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy's hand, or any finger.'—*Peacham's Complete Gentleman*, 1622, p. 181.

2 Thus in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* :—

'Come, Moor ; I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
 The justice of my quarrel.'

3 Deadly serpent. 4 i. e. dextrous. 5 A company

'He shall not breathe infection in this air'

'But three days longer, on the pain of death.'

[Exit SALISBURY.]

* Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

* K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

'No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

'Had I but said, I would have kept my word:

'But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—

* If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found,

* On any ground that I am ruler of,

* The world shall not be ransom for thy life,—

'Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

'I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exit K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

* Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

'Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,

'Be playfellows to keep you company!

'There's two of you, the devil make a third!

'And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

* Suff. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

* Q. Mar. Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

* Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

* Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,¹

'I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

'Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

'With full as many signs of deadly hate,

'As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!²

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!³

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss:

And boding screechows make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

* Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

* And these dread curses—like the sun's gainst glass,

* Or like an overcharged gun—recoil,

* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

* Suff. You bade me ban,⁴ and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top,

Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

* To wash away my woeful monuments.

* O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[Kisses his hand.]

* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

* Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!⁵

'So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

'I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

* Adventure to be banished myself:

* And banished I am, if but from thee.

* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

* Leather a hundred times to part than die.

* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

* Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

* A wilderness is populous enough,

* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

* For where thou art, there is the world itself,

* With every several pleasure in the world;

* And where thou art not, desolation.

* I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;

* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

* Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pray thee?

* Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,

That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:

* For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

* That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air

* Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

* Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

* Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,

* And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

* The secrets of his overcharged soul:

* And I am sent to tell his majesty,

* That even now he cries aloud for him.

* Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

* Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?

* But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss?

* Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

* Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

* And with the southern clouds, contend in tears;

* Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrow's?

* Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming:

* If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

* Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

* And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

* But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

* Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

* As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

* Dying with mother's dug between thy lips.

begin to rave; they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

6 That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

7 'Nec sine te pulchrum dias in luminis auras Exoritur, neque sit lætum nec amabile quicquam.' *Lucretius.*

And, still more elegantly, Milton, in a passage of his *Conus* (afterwards omitted,) ver. 214, &c.—

'_____ while I see you,
This dusky hollow is a paradise,
And heaven gates o'er my head.'

8 '_____ Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets' *Macbeth.*

9 'Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?'

1 i. e. he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

2 The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gathered mandrakes was to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharged its malignity. See *Bulleine's Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse*, &c. fol. 1579, p. 41.

3 *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant.

4 This is one of the vulgar errors in the natural history of our ancestors. The *lizard* has no sting, and is quite harmless.

5 This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others

Where,¹ from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 'And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 'To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 'So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,²
 'Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death;
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.
 'Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful
 cor'sive,³
 'It is applied to a deathful wound.
 'To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
 'For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris⁴ that shall find thee out.
 Suff. I go.
 Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
 Suff. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
 This way fall I to death.
 Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber. Enter KING HENRY,⁵ SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others. The Cardinal in Bed; Attendants with him.

* K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
 'Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,⁶
 'Enough to purchase such another island,
 'So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
 * K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 * When death's approach is seen so terrible!
 * War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
 * Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
 'Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live where they will or no?⁷
 * O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
 'Alive again? then show me where he is;
 'I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
 * He hath no eyes,⁸ the dust hath blinded them.—
 'Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 'Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
 'Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
 'Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
 * K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 * Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

1 Where for whereas; as in other places.
 2 Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa* to Abelaud, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:—

'See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.'
 3 Corrosive was generally pronounced and most frequently written *cor'sive* in Shakespeare's time. See Mr. Nares's Glossary in voce. The accent, as Mr. Todd observes, being then on the first syllable, the word was easily thus abbreviated.

4 Iris was the messenger of Juno.
 5 The quarto offers this stage-direction:—'*Enter the King and Salisbury, and then the curtains be drawn, and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.*' This description did not escape Shakespeare, for he has availed himself of it in a preceding speech by Vaux.

6 A passage in Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 70. b. suggested the corresponding lines in the old play.

7 'We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
 Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
 Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

King John.

8 'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.' Macbeth.

9 Thus in the old play of King John, 1591, Pandolph sees the king dying, and says:—

'Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
 Lift up your hand, in token you forgive.'

10 'Peccantes culpæ cave, nam labimur omnes
 Aut sumus, aut fulmus, vel possumus esse, quod alce est.'

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
 * That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 * And from his bosom purge this black despair!
 'War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
 * Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
 * K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
 'Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 'Hold up thy hand,⁹ make signal of thy hope—
 'He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
 'War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
 * K. Hen. Forbear to judge,¹⁰ for we are sinners all.—
 'Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
 'And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. The Seashore near Dover.¹¹
Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

* Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful¹² day
 * Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
 * And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
 * That drag the tragic melancholy night;
 * Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings¹³
 * Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 * Breathe the foul contagious darkness in the air.
 * Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 * For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 * Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 * Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
 * Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:—
 'And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
 'The other, [pointing to SUFFOLK,] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
 'I Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.
 'Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
 'Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
 * Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
 * And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
 * Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
 * The lives of those which we have lost in fight
 * Cannot¹⁴ be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

'This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.'—Johnson.

11 There is a curious circumstantial account of the event on which this scene is founded in the Paston Letters, published by Sir John Fenn, vol. i. p. 38, Letter x. The scene is founded on the narration of Hall, which is copied by Holinshed.

12 The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt, if afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*.—Johnson. Spenser and Milton make use of the epithet:—

'For Venus hated his all-blabbing light.'
Britain's Ida, c. ii.
 'Ere the blabbing eastern scout.'—*Comus*, v. 138.
Remorseful is pitiful.

13 The chariot of the night is supposed by Shakespeare to be drawn by dragons. Vide *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

14 The word *cannot*, which is necessary to complete the sense of the passage, is not in the old copy: it was supplied by Malone. The difference between the captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransom. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraidings of Suffolk.

* 1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
 * 2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[To Suff.]
 And so should these, if I might have my will.
 * *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
 * *Suff.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I, my name is Walter Whitmore.
 How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suff. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 And told me—that by *Water* I should die:¹
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded:
 Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
 Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,²
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[Lays hold on SUFFOLK.]

* *Suff.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suff. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
 Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
 * *Suff.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.⁴
 Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
 * Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth mule,
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
 * Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 * Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:⁵
 * How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 * And duly waited for my coming forth?
 * This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 * And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.⁶
 * *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
 * *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

1 Suffolk had heard his name before without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to *Walter* Whickmore, he immediately exclaims, '*Walter!*' Whickmore asks him why he fears him; and Suffolk replies, 'It is thy name affrights me.' The poet here, as in other instances, has fallen into an impropriety by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.

2 Thus Drayton, in Queen Margaret's Epistle to this Duke of Suffolk:—

'I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass;
 Never the sea yet half so dangerous was;
 And one foretold by water thou should'st die.'

A note on these lines says, 'The witch of Eye received answer from the spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water.' See the Fourth Scene of the first Act of this play. The prophecy is differently stated by a contemporary in the Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 40:—'Also he asked the name of the ship; and when he knew it, he remembered Stacy that said, if he might escape the dangers of the *Tower* he should be safe, and then his heart failed him.'

3 The new image which Shakespeare has introduced into this speech—'my arms torn and defac'd'—is also found in King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2. See note on that passage.

4 A *jaded groom* is a low fellow. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. His great grandfather had been a merchant at Hull. If Shakespeare had known his pedigree he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.

6 Pride that has had birth too soon.

* *Suff.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
 * *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side
 Strike off his head.
Suff. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suff. Poole?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord!
 * Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 * Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
 * Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
 * And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
 * Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
 * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 * For daring to affy a mighty lord
 * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 * And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
 * With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
 * The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
 * Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
 * Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
 * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
 * As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 * And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
 * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
 * Burns with revenging fire: whose hopeful colours
 * Advance our half-fac'd sun,⁷ striving to shine;
 * Under the which is writ—*Invitis nobiscus*.
 * The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
 * And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 * Is crept into the palace of our king,
 * And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
 * *Suff.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 * Small things make base men proud: 'this villain here,
 * Being captain of a pinnace,⁸ threatens more
 * Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate.⁹
 * Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 * It is impossible, that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 * Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:¹¹

6 By this expression, 'charm thy riotous tongue,' the poet meant Suffolk to say that it should be as potent as a charm in stopping his licentious talk. The same expression occurs in *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

7 To betroth in marriage. This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes seems to have been suggested by the *Mirror for Magistrates*. See the Legend of William de la Poole. The rest of this speech is entirely Shakespeare's; there is no trace of it in the original play.

8 Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.—*Camden's Remaines*.

9 A pinnace then signified a ship of small burthen, built for speed. Vide note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 3.

10 '*Bargulus*, Illyrius Latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.'—*Cicero de Officiis*, lib. ii. c. 11. Shakespeare, as Dr. Farmer has shown, might have met with this pirate in some of the translations of his time: he points out two to which he is mentioned. In the old play it is, 'Abraas the great Macedonian pirate.'

11 This line in the original play is properly given to the captain. What remorse (i. e. pity) could Suffolk be called upon to show to his assailant? Whereas the captain might with propriety say to his captive, Thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my compassion. Mr. Boswell is, I believe, mistaken in asserting that remorse was used in the modern sense. At least I find no instance where it is so used by Shakespeare.

'I go of message from the queen to France;
'I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,——

'*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

* *Suff. Gelidus timor occupat artus; '—'tis thee I fear.*

'*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

'What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

'*I Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

'*Suff.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

'Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

'Far be it, we should honour such as these

'With humble suit; no, rather let my head

'Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

'Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

'And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

'Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

* True nobility is exempt from fear:—

'More can I bear, than you dare execute.²

'*Cap.* Hail him away, and let him talk no more.

'*Suff.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,³

'That this my death may never be forgot!—

'Great men oft die by vile bezonians.⁴

'A Roman sworder and banditto slave,

'Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

'Stab'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

'Pompey the Great:⁵ and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit SUFF. with WHIT. and others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

'It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—

'Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S Body.

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,⁶

'Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

'*I Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

'His body will I bear unto the king:

'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends:

'So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

SCENE II. Blackheath. *Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

'*John.* They have the more need to sleep now than.

'*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

'*John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.⁷

1 The source from whence this line has been extracted has not yet been discovered. The following lines are the nearest which have been found in the Classic Poets:—

'Subitus tremor occupat artus.'

Virg. JEn. v. 446.

'Nile quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus.'

Ovid. Metam. iv. 247.

'Navite, confessu gelido pallor timorem.'

De Tristib. El. iii. 113.

2 — I am able now, methinks

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel.)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

King Henry VIII.

Again in Othello:—

'Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt.'

3 According to the Letter in the Paston Collection, already cited, the cutting off of Suffolk's head was very barbarously performed. 'One of the lowest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd [dead] with, and dye on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes.'

4 A bezonian is a mean low person.

5 Pompey was killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing boat in which they

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

* *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,——

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver:——

* *Geo.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.*

'*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,——

'*Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.⁸

[*Aside.*]

'*Cade.*—for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*]

'*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

'*Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*]

'*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

'inspired with the spirit of a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*]

'*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*]

'*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.⁹ [*Aside.*]

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*]

were, reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea, a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the poet's memory; though his mention of it is not quite accurate. In the old play Pompey is not named.

6 They 'laid his body on the sands of Dover,' and some say that his head was set on a pole by it.—*Paston's Letters*, vol. i. p. 41.

7 The same phrase was used by the duke of Suffolk to Wolsey and Campeggio in the reign of Henry VIII.

'With that stepped forth the duke of Suffolk from the king, and by his commandment spake these words, with a stout and hault countenance.—'It was never merry England (quoth he) whilst we had cardinals among us.'—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, p. 167, ed. 1825.

8 Tom Nashe speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a cade of herrings, and ludicrously says, 'That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in cades, and from him they have their name.—*Lenten Stuffs*, 1599.

Cade, however, is derived from *cadus*, Lat. a cask. We may add, from the accounts of the Celeress of the Abbey of Barking, in the Monasticum Anglicanum, 'a barrel of herring shold contain a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred.'

Cade, with more learning than should naturally fall to his character, alludes to his name from *cado*, to fall.

9 'Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place for harlots and vagabonds, we call cages'—*Barret*.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.¹ [*Aside.*]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;² and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do.⁴ Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now; who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. He has a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,⁵ and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die,—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

1 A quibble is most probably intended between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn.

2 These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1595, says, 'I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more.'

3 'To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if riches were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.'—*Johnson*.

4 This speech was transposed by Shakespeare from a subsequent scene in the old play.

5 i. e. bonds.

6 That is on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. See *Mabillon's Diplomata*.

7 After this speech, in the old play, are the following words:

—Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll sell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

* *Staff.* Rebellious hinds, and filth and scum of Kent,

* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down;

* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—

* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staff.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;⁸

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

* *Staff.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;

* And thou thyself, a shearmen, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

* *W. Staff.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence's daughter; Did he not?

* *Staff.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth

W. Staff. That's false.

* *Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

* The elder of them, being put to nurse,

* Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

* And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

* Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

* His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staff.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself [*Aside.*]

—Go to, sirrah. Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

* *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

* *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England maimed,⁹ and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded¹⁰ the common-

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up Sir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.

8 I care not, I pay them no regard.

9 Transform me to what shape you can,

Ipsum not what it be. *Drayton's Quest of Cynthia.*

9 The same play upon words is in *Daniel's Civil Wars*, 1595—

* Anjou and Maine, the main that foul appears.

10 Steevens observes that 'Shakspeare has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*:

'Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam.'

The character of the speaker may countenance such indelicacy here, but in other places our author talks of 'gelding purses, patrimonies, and contents.' I must again remark that in the former instances the phrase was only metaphorically used for diminishing or cur-

'wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.'

'*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

'*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

* Assail them with the army of the king.

'*Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,

'Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

'That those, which fly before the battle ends,

'May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

'Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—

'And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;¹

* For they are thrifty honest men, and such

* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are

* most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath. *Alarums.* The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

'*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

'*Dick.* Here, sir.

'*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,

'and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been

'in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will

'I reward thee.—The Lent shall be as long again

'as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a

'hundred lacking one, a week.²

'*Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no

* less. This monument of the victory will I bear;³

* and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's

* heels, till I do come to London, where we will

* have the mayor's sword borne before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break

* open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,

* let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication; the

DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY with

him; at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning

over SUFFOLK's Head.

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind;

* And makes it fearful and degenerate;

* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

tailings, and is not peculiar to Shakespeare, but a common form of expression in his time.

1 Shoes.

2 The last two words, *a week*, were added by Malone from the old play. It is necessary to render the passage intelligible. In the reign of Elizabeth, butchers were strictly enjoined not to sell flesh meat in Lent, not with a religious view, but for the double purpose of diminishing the consumption of flesh meat during that period, and so making it more plentiful during the rest of the year, and of encouraging the fisheries and augmenting the number of seamen. Butchers, who had interest at court, frequently obtained a dispensation to kill a certain number of beasts *a week* during Lent; of which indulgence, the wants of invalids who could not subsist without animal food, was made the pretence. There are several proclamations on the subject in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

3 Here *Cade* must be supposed to take off *Stafford's* armour. So *Holinshed*:—*Jack Cade*, upon his victory against the *Staffords*, apparelled himself in *Sir Hum-*

* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

* But where's the body that I should embrace?

* *Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

* *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop⁴ to entreat:

* For God forbid, so many simple souls

* Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

* Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

* Will parley with *Jack Cade* their general.—

* But stay, I'll read it over once again.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely

face

* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,⁵ over me;

* And could it not enforce them to relent,

* That were unworthy to behold the same?

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to

have thy head.

* *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have

his.

* *K. Hen.* How now, madam? Still

Lamenting, and mourning for *Suffolk's* death?

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

* *Q. Mar.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but

die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st

thou in such haste?

* *Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my

lord!

* *Jack Cade* proclaims himself *Lord Mortimer*,

Descended from the duke of *Clarence's* house:

And calls your grace usurper, openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

They call—false caterpillars, and intend their

death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what

they do.⁶

* *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to *Kenelworth*,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of *Suffolk* now alive,

* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

Therefore away with us to *Kenelworth*.

* *Say.* So might your grace's person be in dan-

ger;

* The sight of me is odious in their eyes:

* And therefore in this city will I stay,

* And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* 2 *Mess.* *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London Bridge*;

the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses:

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take

horse.

phrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in glory returned again toward London.' *Sir Humphrey Stafford* was, in fact, killed at *Sevenoaks*, and is buried at *Bromsgrove*, in *Staffordshire*.

4 *Shakespeare* has here fallen into another inconsistency, by sometimes following *Holinshed* instead of the old play. He afterwards forgets this holy bishop: and in scene the eighth we find only *Buckingham* and *Clifford* were sent, conformably to the old play. *Holinshed* mentions that the archbishop of *Canterbury* and the duke of *Buckingham* were sent.

5 Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over those born under their influence. The old play led *Shakespeare* into this strange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in presence of her husband!

6 Instead of this line the old copy has:—

'Go bid *Buckingham* and *Clifford* gather

An army up, and meet with the rebels.'

* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
* *K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord; [*To LORD SAY.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.

* *Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
* *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
' And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower. Enter LORD SCALES, and others on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Cannon Street. Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone:*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call * you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair * warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London Bridge on fire;¹ and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Smithfield. Alarm. Enter on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH.⁴ They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy;⁵ others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

1 Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, such ornaments to fountains appear to have been no uncommon device in ancient times. The curious reader may see a design, probably from the pencil of Benedetto di Montagna, for a very singular fountain of this kind, in that elegant book the *Hyperotomachia*, printed by Aldus in 1499. Le Grand, in his *Vie Privée des François*, mentions that at a feast made by Philippe-le-Bon, there was 'une statue d'enfant nu, pose sur une roche, et qui de sa broquette pissait eau de rose.' This conduit may, however, have been one set up at the standarde in Cheape, according to Stowe, by John Wels, grocer, mayor, in 1430, with a small cistern for fresh water, having one cock continually running.

2 'He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer.'—*Holinshed*, p. 634.

3 At that time London Bridge was of wood: the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says 'he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge.'

4 Holinshed calls Mathew Gough 'a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continual warres had spent his time in serving of the

Cade. Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.⁶

* *John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*]

* *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. [*Aside.*]

* Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*]

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he * that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,⁷ and * one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

* *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ay, thou say,⁸ thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used;⁹ and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them;¹⁰ when, indeed, only for that cause, they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,¹¹ dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

king his father.' See also IV. of *Worcester*, p. 357; and the *Paston Letters*, vol. i. p. 42.

5 'This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edified till Henry VI. founded the hospital.'

6 'It was reported, indeed, that he should sale with great pride that within four daies all the laws of England should come forth of his mouth.'—*Holinshed*, p. 432.

7 A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the moveables, or personal property of each subject.

8 *Say* is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.

9 Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. Yet Meerman, in his *Origines Typographice*, has availed himself of this passage to support his hypothesis that printing was introduced into England by Frederic Coraelius, one of Coster's workmen, from Haarlem in the time of Henry VI. Shakspeare's anachronisms are not more extraordinary than those of his contemporaries. Spenser mentions cloth made at Lincoln in the ideal reign of King Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period with cloth of Arras and of Tours.

10 I. e. they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

11 A foot-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse: it was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace. This is a reproach truly characteristic: nothing gives so much offence to the lower orders as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

* *Dick*. And work in their shirt too ; as myself,
* for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent ?

* *Say*. Nothing but this : 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.¹

* *Cade*. Away with him, away with him ! he speaks Latin.

* *Say*. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

* *Kent*, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,

* Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle :²

* Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;

* The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;

* Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

* I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy :

* Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

* Justice with favour have I always done ;

* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

* When have I aught exacted at your hands,

* *Kent*, to maintain the king, the realm, and you ?³

* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

* Because my book prefer'd me to the king :

* And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—

* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

* You cannot but forbear to murder me.

* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

* For your behoof,—

* *Cade*. Tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

* *Say*. Great men have reaching hands ; oft have I struck

* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

* *Geo*. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind folks ?

* *Say*. These cheeks are pale for⁴ watching for your good.

* *Cade*. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

* *Say*. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

* *Cade*. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of a hatchet.⁵

* *Dick*. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

* *Say*. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

* *Cade*. Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say,

* I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will

* stand steadier on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

* *Say*. Tell me, wherein I have offended most ?

* Have I affected wealth, or honour ; speak ?

* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?

* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?

* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,⁶

* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

* O, let me live !

* *Cade*. I feel remorse in myself with his words :

* but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for

* pleading so well for his life. Away with him !

* he has a familiar⁷ under his tongue ; he speaks

* not o' God's name. 'Go, take him away, I say,

* and strike off his head presently ; and then break

* into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer,⁸

* and strike off his head, and bring them both upon

* two poles hither.

* *All*. It shall be done.

* *Say*. Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your

prayers,

* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

* How would it fare with your departed souls ?

* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade*. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*]

* The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a

* head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ;

* there shall not a maid be married, but she shall

* pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it :⁹

* Men shall hold of me *in capite* ; and we charge

* and command, that their wives be as free as heart

* can wish, or tongue can tell.

* *Dick*. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-

* side, and take up commodities upon our bills ?¹⁰

* *Cade*. Marry, presently.

* *All*. O brave !

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of LORD SAY, and his Son-in-law.

* *Cade*. But is not this braver ?—Let them kiss

* one another,¹¹ for they loved well, when they were

* alive. Now part them again, lest they consult

* about the giving up of some more towns in France.

* Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night :

* for with these borne before us, instead of maces,

* will we ride through the streets ; and, at every

* corner, have them kiss.—Away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Southwark. *Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.*

* *Cade*. Up Fish Street ! down Saint Magnus'

* Corner ! kill and knock down ! throw them into

* Thames !—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*]

* What noise is this I hear ? Dare any be so bold

* to sound retreat or parley, when I command them

* kill ?

7 A demon who was supposed to attend at call.

8 It was William Crowmer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission of Oyer and Terminer at Guildhall. See W. of Wyre-ester, p. 470.

9 Alluding to an ancient usage, on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called the Custom of the Country. See Cowell's Law Dictionary, or Blount's Glossographia, 1651, in voce *Marcheta*. Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. Boetius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in the time of Malcolm III. A. D. 1057. Sir D. Dalrymple controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom ; as does Whitaker in his History of Manchester. There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as '*free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.*' The authenticity of them, however, is doubtful. See Blount's Jocular Tenures.

10 An equivocal alluding to the halberts or bills borne by the rabble. Shakspeare has the same quibble in Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Sc. 3.

11 This may be taken from the Legend of Jack Cade in the Mirror for Magistrates, as Dr. Farmer observes ; but both Hall and Holinshed mention the circumstance

1 After this line the old play proceeds thus :—

Cade. *Bonum terrum*, What's that ?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

Nick. No, 'tis Outalian : I know it well enough.

2 'Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt.' *Cæsar*. Thus translated by Ar. Golding, 1590 :—'Of all the Inhabitants of the isle, the *civilest* are the Kentish-folke.' It is said also in the same words in Lyly's Euphues and his England, 1590.

3 This passage has been supposed corrupt merely because it was erroneously pointed. I have now placed a comma at *Kent*, to show that it is parenthetically spoken ; and then I see not the slightest difficulty in the meaning of the passage. It was thus absurdly pointed in the folio :—

'When have I aught exacted at your hands ?

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?

Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks,' &c.

4 I. e. in consequence of.

5 The old copy reads 'the *help* of a hatchet.' There can be little doubt but that Dr. Farmer's emendation, '*pap* of a hatchet,' is the true reading : it is a proper accompaniment to the '*hempen caudle.*' Lyly wrote a pamphlet with the title of '*Pap with a Hatchet* ;' and the phrase occurs in his play of Mother Bombie : 'They give us *pap* with a spoon, and when we *speake* for what we love, *pap with a hatchet.*'

6 I. e. these hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

'Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee :

'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
'Unto the commons whom thou hast misled ;
'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

'Cliff. What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
'And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you ;
'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty !
'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

'All. God save the king ! God save the king !

'Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave ?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark ? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom : but you are all recreants, and dastards ; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces ; For me,—I will make shift for one ; and so—God's curse light upon you all !

'All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

'Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him ?
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?

'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;
'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
'Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?
'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

'I see them lording it in London streets,
'Crying—*Villageois !* unto all they meet.

'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
'To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
'Spare England, for it is your native coast :
'Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

'All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

'Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude ? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me : my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you ! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.]

'Buck. What, is he fled ? go some, and follow him ;

'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exit some of them.]

1 So all the historians agree ; and yet in Part I. Act iii. Sc. 4, King Henry is made to say :—

'I do remember how my father said'—
a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this.

2 'The Gallowglasses useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his pice, being commonly good markmen.'—*Stanhurst's Description, of Ireland*, c. viii. f. 21.

'Follow me, soldiers ; we'll devise a mean
'To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exit.]

SCENE IX. Kenelworth Castle. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.

* K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,

* And could command no more content than I ?

* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

* But I was made a king, at nine months old :¹

* Was never subject long'd to be a king,

* As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

* Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty !

* K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd ?

* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Followers, with Halters about their Necks.

'Cliff. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield ;

'And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,

'Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

'K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

'To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !—

'Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

'And show'd how well you love your prince and country :

'Continue still in this so good a mind,

'And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

'Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :

'And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,

'I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Enter a Messenger.

* Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,

* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland ;

* And with a puissant and a mighty power,

* Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,²

* Is marching hitherward in proud array ;

* And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

* His arms are only to remove from thee

* The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

* K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd ;

* Like to a ship, that, having escap'd a tempest,

* Is straightway calm'd³ and boarded with a pirate ;

* But now⁴ is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;

* And now is York in arms to second him.—

* I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him ;

* And ask him, what's the reason of these arms,

* Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;—

* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

* Som. My lord ;

* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,

* Or unto death, to do my country good.

* K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms ;

* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

* Buck. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,

* As all things shall redound unto your good.

* K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better :

* For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Exit.]

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden.⁵ Enter CADE.

* Cade. Fye on ambition ! fye on myself ; that

3 The first folio reads *calme* ; which may be right. The second folio printed by mistake *claimed* ; and the third folio *calm'd*. This reading has been adopted as most perspicuous, and because in *Othello* we have :—
——— must be be-lee'd and *calm'd*.

4 But is here not adversative. 'It was only just now (says Henry,) that Cade and his followers were routed.'

5 'A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he took the said Cade in a garden in *Sussex*, so that there he was slain at *Hothfield*,' &c.—*Holinshed*, p. 633. 'This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester.'—*William of Wyccester*, p. 472.

* have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These
 * five days have I hid me in these woods; and
 * durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for
 * me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have
 * a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could
 * stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have
 * I clumbed into this garden; to see if I can eat
 * grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not
 * amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
 * And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me
 * good: for, many a time, but for a sallet,¹ my
 * brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and,
 * many a time when I have been dry, and bravely
 * marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-
 * pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must
 * serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

'Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
 ' And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 ' This small inheritance, my father left me,
 ' Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
 ' I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
 ' Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 ' Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
 ' And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
 ' Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
 ' me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without
 ' leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get
 ' a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my
 ' head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an
 ' ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin,
 ' ere thou and I part.

'Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
 ' I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
 ' Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
 ' And, like a thief, to come and rob my grounds,
 ' Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 ' But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that
 ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on
 me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,
 come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave
 you all as dead as a door nail,² I pray God, I may
 never eat grass more.

'Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
 stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 ' Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 ' See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
 ' Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
 ' Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 ' Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
 ' My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 ' And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 ' Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
 ' As for words, whose greatness answers words,³
 ' Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* Cade. By my valour, the most complete cham-
 * pion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the
 * edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in
 * chimes of hee ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I be-
 * seech God⁴ on my knees, thou mayest be turned
 * to hobnails. [*They fight; CADE falls.*] O, I am
 * slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let
 * ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 * but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them
 * all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a bury-

ing-place to all that do dwell in this house, because
 ' the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

'Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
 traitor?

'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 ' And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead;⁵

* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

'Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy vic-
 tory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best

man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for

'I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine,

not by valour. [*Dies.*]

*Iden. How much thou wrong'st me,⁶ heaven

be my judge.

*Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare

thee!

*And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

*So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.⁷

'Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,

'And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,

'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath. The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.*

'York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim
 his right,

'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

'To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

'Let them obey that know not how to rule;

'This hand was made to handle nought but gold:

'I cannot give due action to my words,

'Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.⁸

'A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;⁹

'On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb
 me?

'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

'Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee
 well.

'York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
 greeting.

'Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

'Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

'To know the reason of these arms in peace;

'Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—

'Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

'Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

'Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

'York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is
 so great.

'O, I could heave up rocks, and fight with
 flint,

'I am so angry at these abject terms;

'And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

'On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!¹⁰

Aside.

1 A sallet is a helmet.

2 See note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act
 v. Sc. 3.

3 Johnson explains this, 'As for words, whose pomp
 and rumour may answer words, and only words, I shall
 forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.'

4 In the folio 'I beseech Jove' was substituted to avoid
 the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 2, against profane
 swearing. Cade was very unlikely to swear by Jove.

5 This sentiment is much more correctly expressed
 in the quarto:—

'O sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
 Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
 For this great service thou hast done to me.'

6 Johnson erroneously interprets this, 'In supposing
 that I am proud of my victory.' Iden evidently means
 that Cade wrongs him by undervaluing his prowess.

7 Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid
 wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole
 of this speech is wild and confused. The quarto is more
 favourable both to Iden's morality and language. This
 faulty amplification was owing to the desire of expand-
 ing a scanty thought in the old play. It can hardly be
 treated as an interpolation, however we may desire to
 think it such.

8 I. e. balance my hand.

9 York means to say, 'If I have a soul, my hand
 shall not be without a sceptre.'

'I am far better born than is the king :
 'More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
 'But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
 'O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 'That I have given no answer all this while ;
 'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 'The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 'Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 'Seditious to his grace and to the state.
 'Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
 'But if thy arms be to no other end,
 'The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
 'The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
 'York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?
 'Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
 'York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
 'Soldiers, I thank you all : disperse yourselves ;
 'Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 'You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
 * And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 * Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
 * As pledges of my fealty and love,
 * I'll send them all as willing as I live ;
 * Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have—
 * Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
 'Buck. York, I commend this kind submission :
 'We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

'K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
 'That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?
 * York. In all submission and humility,
 * York doth present himself unto your highness.
 * K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring ?
 * York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;
 'And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 'Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.

'Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 'May pass into the presence of a king,
 'Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
 'The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
 'K. Hen. The head of Cade ?—Great God, how just art thou !—
 'O, let me view his visage being dead,
 'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 'Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him ?
 'Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.
 'K. Hen. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy degree ?
 'Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
 * A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
 * Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
 * He were created knight for his good service.
 * K. Hen. Iden, kneel down ; [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
 'We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
 'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
 'Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 'And never live but true unto his liege !
 'K. Hen. See, Buckingham ! Somerset comes with the queen :
 'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

'Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
 'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
 'York. How now ! Is Somerset at liberty ?
 'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
 'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?—
 'False king ! why hast thou broken faith with me,
 'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?
 'King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;
 'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
 'That head of thine doth not become a crown ;
 'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 'And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
 'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine ;
 'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 'Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 'Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 'And with the same to act controlling laws.
 'Give place ; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 'O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
 'Som. O monstrous traitor !—I arrest thee, York,
 'Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown :
 * Obey, audacious traitor ; kneel for grace.
 * York. Would'st have me kneel ? first let me ask of these,
 * If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
 * Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail :
 [*Exit an Attendant.*]
 * I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 * They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
 'Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford ; bid him come again,
 * To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 * Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
 * York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 * Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
 'The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 'Shall be their father's bail ; and bane to those
 'That for my surety will refuse the boys.
Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET with Forces, at one side ; at the other, with Forces also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.
 * See, where they come ; I'll warrant they'll make it good.
 * Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
 'Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king !
 'York. I thank thee, Clifford : Say, what news with thee ?
 'Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :
 'We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
 'For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
 'Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;
 'But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do :
 'To Bedlam* with him ? is the man grown mad ?
 'K. Hen. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour
 'Makes him oppose himself against his king.
 'Clif. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
 'And chop away that factious pate of his.
 'Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
 'His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
 'York. Will you not, sons ?
 'Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
 'Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

1 Iden has before said :—
 'Lord, who would live turmold in a court,
 'And may enjoy such quiet walks as these.' &c.
 This is strictly a picture of poor human nature. He rails at enjoyments which he supposes out of his reach ; but no sooner are they offered to him, but he embraces them eagerly. Shakespeare has in this instance followed the old play.

2 'Mysens et Emonia juvenis quia cuspidem vulnus
 Senerat, hac ipsa cuspidem sensit opem.'

Proper lib. ii. El. 1.

3 Custody, confinement.

4 This has been thought an anachronism ; but Stowe shows that it is not : 'Next unto the parish of St. Butolph is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers ; then an hospital of S. Mary of Bethlehem, founded by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the Sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. He founded it to have bene a priorie of canons with brethren and sisters, and King Edward the Third granted a protection, which I have seen, for the brethren *Milicia beate Maria de Bethlem*, within the cite of London, the 14th year of his reign. *It was an hospital for distracted people.*—*Survey of London*, p. 127, 1393.

* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
* Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,¹
* That, with the very shaking of their chains,
* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

* *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

* And manacle the bearward in their chains,
* If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

* Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,²

* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:

* And such a piece of service will you do,

* If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested

* lump,

* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot

* to bow?

* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

* Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

* And shame thine honourable age with blood?

* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

* *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself

* The title of this most renowned duke;

* And in my conscience do repute his grace

* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

* *Sal.* I have.

* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for

* such an oath?

* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;

* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

* Who can be bound by any solemn vow

* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;

* And have no other reason for this wrong,

* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

* *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

* *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

* *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou

* hast,

* I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

1 The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.

2 Bear-baiting was not only a popular but a royal entertainment in the poet's time. See Stowe's account of Queen Elizabeth's amusements of this kind, or Laneham's Letter concerning the entertainments at Kenelworth Castle. *'Being suffer'd to approach the bear's fell paw'* may be the meaning; but it is probable that *suffer'd* is used for *made to suffer*.

3 A *burgonet* is a helmet; a Burgundian's steel cap or casque.

4 One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. It was originally and properly 'a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime. One notably defamed for naughtiness.' See Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616; or Blount's *Glossography*. 1671.

* *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

* *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

* *Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,

Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

* *War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's

crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,³

(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

* *Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,

* Despight the bearward that protects the bear.

* *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,

To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

* *Rich.* Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

* *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic,⁴ that's more than thou

canst tell.

* *Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. Saint Albans. *Alarums: Excursions.* Enter WARWICK.

* *War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,

Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

* How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

* *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my

steed;

* But match to match I have encounter'd him,

* And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

* Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

* *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

* *York.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other

chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.⁵

* *War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou

fight'st.—

* As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

* *Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost

thou pause?

* *York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in

love,

* But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

* *Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and

esteem,

* But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

* *York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,

* As I in justice and true right express it!

* *Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—

* *York.* A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

* *Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*]

5 In the old play:—

* 'The bonniest gray, that e'er was bred in north.'

6 This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles' conduct in the twenty-second Iliad, v. 205,

where he expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own.

7 A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

8 The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the third part of this drama the poet has forgot this circumstance, and

'York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

[Exit.]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

* Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
* Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
* He that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
* Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[Seeing his dead Father.]

* And the premised¹ flames of the last day
* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
* Particularities and petty sounds
* To cease!²—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
* To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve³
* The silver livery of advised⁴ age;
* And, in thy reverence,⁵ and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
* My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
* It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
* Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:⁶
* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

* Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[Taking up the body.]

* As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
* So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
* For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.⁷
* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY,
QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

* Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

¹ Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

These lines were adopted by Shakspeare from The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, upon which the Third Part of King Henry VI. is founded.

² Premised is sent before their time. The sense is
'let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.'

³ To cease is to stop, a verb active.

⁴ To achieve is to arrive at, or accomplish.

⁵ I. e. circumspect, cautious.

⁶ In that period of life which is entitled to command
reverence. Reverenda canities. Shakspeare has used
the word in the same manner in As You Like It, where
Orlando says to his brother (speaking of their father)
'thou art indeed nearer to his reverence.'

⁷ When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she
murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into
several pieces, that her father might be prevented for
some time from pursuing her.

The death of Somerset here accomplishes that
equivocal prediction of Jourdain the witch in the first
act:—

'Let him shun castles:
Safely shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'

Such equivocal predictions were much in vogue in early
times and the fall of many eminent persons is by the

* K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good
Margaret, stay.

* Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not
fight, nor fly:

* Nor is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
* To give the enemy way: and to secure us
* By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom⁹
* Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
* May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

* Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief
set,

* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you must; incurable discomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.¹⁰
* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To see their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [Exit.]

SCENE III. Fields near Saint Albans. Alarum:
Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD
PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with
Drum and Colours.

* York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
* That winter lion, who, in rage forgets
* Aged contusions and all brush of time;¹¹
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,¹²
* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
* If Salisbury be lost.

* Rich. My noble father
* Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
* Three times bestrid him,¹³ thrice I led him off,
* Persuaded him from any further act:
* But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
* And like rich hangings in a homely house,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

* Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day;
* By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
* God knows, how long it is I have to live;
* And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
* You have defended me from imminent death.—
* Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;¹⁴
* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
* Being opposites of such repairing nature.¹⁵
* York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
* For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

Chronicles represented as accomplishing them: being
delivered in obscure terms, any fortuitous event was the
more readily supposed to verify them.

⁹ This line, Stevens observes, may serve to coun-
tenance his emendation of a passage at the commence-
ment of the third scene, Act iv. of Macbeth, where he
proposed to read 'and wisdom is it to offer,' &c. See
note on that passage.

¹⁰ This expression, the bottom of all our fortunes, is
peculiarly Shakspeare's; he has it in King Henry IV.
Part I.:

'The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.'

¹¹ Parts may stand for parties; but I cannot help
thinking that it is an error for party; by which, as Mr.
Tyrwhitt and Stevens observe, the jingle of hearts and
parts would be avoided.

¹² Warburton would substitute 'all bruis'd of time.'
But, as Stevens observes, 'the brush of time' is the
gradual deterioration of time.

¹³ I. e. the height of youth: the brow of a hill is its
summit.

¹⁴ That is 'three times I saw him fallen, and striding
over him defended him till he recovered.'

¹⁵ I. e. we have not secured that which we have ac-
quired.

¹⁶ I. e. being enemies that are likely so soon to rally
and recover themselves from this defeat. To repair, in
ancient language, was to renovate, to restore to a former
condition.

' To call a present court of parliament.
' Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—
' What says Lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?
War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day :

Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets :—and to London all :
And more such days as these to us befall !
[Exeunt]

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.¹

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE action of this play opens just after the first battle of St. Albans [May 23, 1455.] wherein the York faction carried the day ; and closes with the murder of King Henry VI. and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

The title of the old play, which Shakspeare altered and improved, is 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth : with the whole Contention between the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke : as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be solde at his Shoppe under St Peter's Church in Cornewall, 1595.' There was another edition in 1600 by the same publisher : and it was repro-

duced with the name of Shakspeare on the title page, printed by T. P. no date, but ascertained to have been printed in 1619.

The present historical drama was altered by Crown, and brought on the stage in 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period ; for Crown, in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition :—

' For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,
The divine Shakspeare *did not lay one stone.*'

Whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade, copied almost verbatim from the Second Part of King Henry VI. and several others from this Third Part, with as little variation.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS XI. King of France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
LORD CLIFFORD, } *Lords on King
Henry's side.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards
King Edward IV. } *his Sons.*

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, }

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD, } *of the Duke of York's
Party.*

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *Uncles to the Duke of*
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *York.*
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey. SIR WILLIAM STANLEY. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France ; during all the rest of the play in England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. The Parliament House.
Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white Roses, in their Hats.

Warwick.

I WONDER, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away, and left his men :

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

1 This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition ; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.—*Johnson.*

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
' Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
' Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
' Charg'd our main battle's front ; and, breaking in,
' Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.²
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,

' Is either slain, or wounded dangerous :

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;

' That this is true, father, behold his bloody

[Showing his bloody Sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,

[To York, showing his

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

2 See the former play, p. 256. Shakspeare has fallen into this inconsistency by following the old plays in the construction of these dramas

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.¹

[*Throwing down the DUKE of SOMERSET'S Head.*]

* *York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,
'And this the regal seat: possess it, York:

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.²

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

'For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—

'And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

'Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

* But little thinks we shall be of her council:

* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king; And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

'*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute; I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.³

'I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:— Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads YORK to the Throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state! belike, he means (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;— And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Norfolk. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he; He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

Norfolk. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their back?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.⁴

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown,

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,

In following this usurping Henry.

Cliff. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

'*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster:

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

'*Norfolk.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

'*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives, Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

'*Cliff.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words, I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

'*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

'If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;⁵

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,⁶

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith⁶ thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother [To YORK], as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand caving thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

¹ Shakspeare was also led into this anachronism by the old plays. At the time of the first battle of St. Albans, where Richard is represented to have fought in the last scene of the preceding play, he was not one year old; having been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the present act refers, he was but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

² The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

³ The old play reads 'as the kingdom is.' Why Shakspeare altered it, it is not easy to say, for the new

line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. York means that the dukedom was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother. His title to the crown was not as duke of York, but as earl of March, and by naming that he covertly asserts his right to the crown.

⁴ Another mistake of the author of the old play. York's father was earl of Cambridge, and was beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother, Edward duke of York.

⁵ The military reputation of King Henry V. is the sole support of his son. The name of King Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade.

⁶ Since. A contraction of *sithence*.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.¹—Why faint you, lords?

'My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:

'For Richard in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?²

Eze. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Eze. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Eze. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,—

'Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

'Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—

'Let me, for this my life time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

* West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

'And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND.]

* War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Eze. They seek revenge,³ and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

'The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

* And neither⁴ by treason, nor hostility,

* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[Coming from the Throne.]

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Eze. Accurs'd he he, that seeks to make them foes! [Senet. The Lords come forward.]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.⁵

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

* K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the Prince of Wales.

Eze. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray⁶

her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [Going.]

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

* Ah, wretched man! 'twould, I had died a maid,

* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

* Seeing thou, hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

* Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood

there,

* Rather than have made that savage duke thine

heir,

* And disinherited thine only son.

* Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

* If you be king, why should not I succeed?

* K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me,

sweet son;—

* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

* Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt

be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

quered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influ-

enced by principle but passion.—Johnson.

4 Malone asserts that *neither, either, brother*, and

many similar words, were used by Shakespeare as mo-

nosyllables. Stevens doubts this, with seeming

propriety, and observes that the versification of this and

the preceding play, has many lines as unmetrical and

irregular as this.

5 Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

6 Betray, discover

1 Perhaps Gray had this passage in mind when he wrote:—

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

The winding-sheet of Edward's race.'

2 I.e. detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

3 They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been con-

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
 * And given unto the house of York such head,
 * As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
 * To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 * What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,¹
 * And creep into it far before thy time?
 * Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
 Stern Faulconbridge² commands the narrow seas;
 The duke is made protector of the realm;
 * And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
 * The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
 * Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 * The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
 * Before I would have granted to that act.
 * But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
 * And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
 * Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 * Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 * Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 * And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
 * And utter ruin of the house of York.
 * Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
 * Our army's ready: Come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET, and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,

* Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

* Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;

* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

* Will coast³ my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

* Tire⁴ on the flesh of me, and of my son!

* The loss of those three lords⁵ torments my heart:

* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—

* Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

* *Ere.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield in Yorkshire.* Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

* What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;

* The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

* *York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

* I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

* Before a true and lawful magistrate,

* That hath authority over him that swears;

* Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

* Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

* Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

* Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,

* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

* Within whose circuit is Elysium,

* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

* Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed

* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king or die.—

* Brother, thou shalt to London presently.

* And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

* Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,

* And tell him privily of our intent.—

* You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,

* With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

* In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

* Witty⁶ and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

* While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,

* But that I seek occasion how to rise;

* And yet the king not privy to my drift,

* Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

* But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

* *Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,¹⁰

1 The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of kingly power is soon followed by loss of life.

2 The person here meant was Thomas Nevill, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge, 'a man (says Hall) of no lesse corage than audacitie, who for his cruel conditions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard.' He had been appointed by Warwick, vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends, should escape untaken or undrowned: such, at least, were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See Hall and Holinshed.—*Ritson.*

3 To coast is, apparently, to pursue, to hover about

any thing. The old form of the word appears to have been *costoye*, or *costoite*, from the French *costoyer*, to pursue a course alongside an object, to watch it.

4 To tire is to tear; to feed like a bird of prey.

5 I. e. of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

6 Shakespeare seems to have thought York and Montague brothers-in-law. But Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York, but not during the life of York. Steevens thought that as Shakespeare uses the expression *brothers* of the war in King Lear, something of the kind might be meant here.

7 The obligation of an oath is here eluded by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself, in the foregoing play, was rational and just.—*Johnson.*

8 Of sound judgment.

9 The folio reads 'Enter Gabriel.' It was the name of the actor, probably Gabriel Singer, who played this insignificant part. The emendation is from the old play, and was made by Theobald.

10 I know not (says Johnson) whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has

' Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
' She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
' And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—

' Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
' My brother Montague shall post to London !

* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

* Whom we have left protectors of the king,

* With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

* And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

* *Mont.* Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not :

* And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !

' You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

' *York.* What, with five thousand men ?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general ; What should we fear ?

[*A March afar off.*]

Edu. I hear their drums ; let's set our men in order ;

' And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

' *York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

' I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

' Many a battle have I won in France,

' When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;

' Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle. Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

' *Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?

Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes !

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

' *Cliff.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,⁵—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Cliff. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,

' Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Cliff. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

' *Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

' That trembles under his devouring paws :⁶

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;

' And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

' Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die ;—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's

blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should

enter.

a striking admonition against precipitancy, by which we often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in our power. Had York stayed but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury.

1 'A priest called Sir Robert Aspill.' *Hall*, fo. 99.

2 i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York.

3 Steevens remarks that the epithet *devouring*, which might well have characterized the whole animal, 'is oddly enough bestowed on his paws.'

4 Rutland was born in 1443 ; or at latest, according to Hall, in 1443, and Clifford's father was slain at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old, more probably twelve.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Cliff. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and

thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me ;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul ;

' And till I root out their accursed line,

' And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—

To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Cliff. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

' *Rut.* I never did thee harm : Why wilt thou

slay me ?

Cliff. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.⁴

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;

Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith⁵ God is just,—

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Cliff. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*CLIFFORD slabs him.*]

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit istae tuae*¹⁶

[*Dies.*]

Cliff. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Alarum. Enter YORK*

' *York.* The army of the queen hath got the field :

' My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;⁷

' And all my followers to the eager foe

' Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,

' Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

' My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced

them :

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

' Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;

And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*

' And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple falchion painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him

' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

' Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of*

ground!

' And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*

' *A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!*

With this we charg'd again : but, out, alas!

' We bodg'd⁸ again ; as I have seen a swan

' With bootless labour swim against the tide,

' And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*]

' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue ;

' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :

' And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury :

' The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;

' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

5. Since.

6 This line is in Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon. The same quotation is in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

7 These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See *Grafton's Chronicle*, p. 649.

8 *Bodged* is probably the same as *budged*, from *bouger*, French. Steevens thought that it was the same as *bogged*, i. e. made bad, or bungling work of the attempt to rally. But the following passage, in which Coriolanus speaks of his army who had fled from their adversaries, seems decisive :—

' The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge* From rascals worse than they.'

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

'Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

'I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;

'I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,

With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,

And made an evening at the noontide prick.¹

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth

'A bird that will revenge upon you all:

'And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

* Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;

'So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;

So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,

Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

'And, in thy thought o'errun my former time:

* And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;

And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,

'Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[Draws.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize² to take all vantages;

'And ten to one is no impeachment of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.

Clif. Ay, so survives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK is taken prisoner.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men's yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come make him stand upon this molehill here;

'That taught³ at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

* What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preaching of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

'And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,

Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

'Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pry'thee, grieve, to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

* Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;

* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be fied, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper Crown on his Head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king.

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale⁴ your head in Henry's glory

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable!

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

'Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill beseeeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

'Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

But that thy face is, visorlike, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type⁵ of king of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;

Unless the adage must be verified,—

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small;

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government,¹⁰ that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.¹¹

O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

'Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

upon a molehill, on whose heads they put a garland in stead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crown'd him with that garlande, they kneeled down afore him, as the Jews did to Christe, in scorn, saying to him, Haile king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions. And, at length, having thus scorn'd hym with these and diverse other like despitefull wordes, they strooke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen.

7 Impale, encircle with a crown. 8 Kill him.

9 i. e. the crown, the emblem or symbol of royalty.

10 Government, in the language of the time signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.

11 The North.

1 Noontide point on the dial.

2 Prize here must have the same meaning as *prise* in French, or *presa* in Italian, i. e. a *hold* or *advantage* that may be taken. Unless we can imagine that it signifies *licitum est*, 'it is *prized* or *esteemed* lawful in war,' &c. *Prize*, *prise*, and *prize* were used indiscriminately by our ancestors.

3 Honest men.

4 Reached. Vide note on Part II. of this play, Act II. Sc. 3.

5 Handkerchief.

6 According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead: but Hollinshed, after having copied Hall, says:—'Some write that the duke was taken alive and in derision caused to stand

' Bidd'st thou me rage, why, now thou hast thy wish:
' Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:

' For raging wind blows up incessant showers.
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.¹
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
' And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
' 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions² move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;³
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
' I should not for my life but weep for him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord North-
umberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
' My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gate;
So York may overlook the town of York.⁴

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire. Drums. Enter EDWARD and
RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.*

** Edu.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

¹ We meet with the same thought in Shakespeare's
Rape of Lucrece:—

' This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er,
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.'

² Passions for griefs.
³ 'Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.'

⁴ This gallant prince fell by his own imprudence, in
consequence of leading an army of only five thousand
men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting
for the arrival of his son the earl of March, with a large
body of Welshmen. He and Cecily his wife, with his
son Edmund, earl of Rutland, were originally buried in
the chancel of Fotheringay church. Peacham, in his
Complete Gentleman, 1627, p. 153, gives an account of
the destruction of their monuments, of the disinterment,
&c.; and of their reinterment in the church, by command
of Queen Elizabeth, under a mean monument of plaster.
⁵ Demeaned himself.

* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have
heard

* The happy tidings of his good escape.

* How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd

Where our right valiant father is become.

' I saw him in the battle range about;

' And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.

' Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,

As doth a lion in a herd of neat;⁵

* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;

* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

* So far'd our father with his enemies:

* So fled his enemies my warlike father;

' Methinks, 'tis prize' enough to be his son.

See, how the morning opens her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!⁶

* How well resembles it the prime of youth,

* Trim'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edu. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
sun;⁷

Not separated with the racking clouds,⁸

But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

* *Edu.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

' Each one already blazing by our meeds,¹¹

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

' And overshine the earth, as this the world.

' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your
leave I speak it,

* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell

' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,

When as the noble duke of York was slain,

* Your princely father, and my loving lord.

* *Edu.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too
much.¹²

' *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

' *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;

* And stood against them as the hope of Troy!¹³

* Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.

* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;

* And many strokes, though with a little axe,

* Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

' By many hands your father was subdu'd;

* But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm

* Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:

* Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;

* Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,

* The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,

6 Neat cattle, cows, oxen, &c.

7 Prize is here again used for estimation.

8 Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun,

when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

9 This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and
Holinshed. 'At which tyme the sun (as some write)

appeared to the earl of March like three sunnes, and
sodainly joynd altogether in one; upon whiche sight

hee tooke such courage, that he fiercely setting on his
enemies put them to flight; and for this cause menne
ymagined that he gave the sun in his full brightnesse
for his badge or cognizance.'—*Holinshed.*

10 I. e. the clouds floating before the wind like a reek
or vapour. This verb, though now obsolete, was
formerly in common use; and it is now provincially com-
mon to speak of the reek of the weather.

11 Meed anciently signified merit as well as reward,
and is so explained by Cotgrave, Phillips, and others.

12 The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage
fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their dif-
ferent reception of their father's death.

13 Hector.

' A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
' Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
' And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
' The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;
' Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—
' O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
' The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
' And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
' For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
' Might in the ground be closed up in rest :

' For never henceforth shall I joy again,
' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :

' Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;

* For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,

* And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.

* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
* Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me !—

' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
' Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;

' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :¹

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.²

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what news abroad ?

' *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount

Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,

The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.³

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears :

And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.

I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along :

For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament,
' Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :

But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,

That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,

' Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,

Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,

' Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards :

But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,

So that we fled ; the king, unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,

In haste, posthaste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,

Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

' *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers :

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear :

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist ;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,

As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick : blame me not ;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done ?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,

Numbring our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,

And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside

May make against the house of Lancaster.

' Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,

' Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via* ! to London will we march again ;

And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
' And once again cry—Charge upon our foes !

But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak :

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;

of December, 1460, when Edward was in his nineteenth year, Rutland in his eighteenth, George of York, afterwards duke of Clarence, in his twelfth, and Richard only in his ninth year.

³ This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward had got possession of the crown. The duchess of Burgundy was not their aunt, but a third cousin.

1 Thus in Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty :—
' —like the native bird of eagle's kind,
On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes.'

2 This meeting was at Chipping Norton, according to W. Wyrcester, p. 488.

3 A common ancient expression for killed ; from the French *faire mourir*.

4 The ages of the duke of York's children will show how far historic truth is departed from in the present play. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 29th

'And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
'But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

* (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)

* I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

* *Edu.* Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before York. *Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
'Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;

'And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

'Which argued thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young:

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

'Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;

And long hereafter say unto his child,—

What my great grandfather and grandsire got,

My careless father fondly² gave away?

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Infering arguments of mighty force.

'But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—

That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?³

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And 'would, my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

'As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

'Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,

'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

* *Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our
foes are nigh,

'And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

'You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

'Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently,—

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

'For, with a band of thirty thousand men,

Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;

And, in the towns as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:

'Darraign your battle,⁴ for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the
field:

The queen hath best success when you are absent.⁵

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint*

George!

March. *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

'*Edu.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel
for grace,

'And set thy diadem upon my head;

* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy!

'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,

'Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edu. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent;

Since when, his oath is broke;⁶ for, as I hear,

You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

'To blot out me, and put his own son in.

1 Why, then, things are as they should be; it falls out right.

2 Foolishly.

3 The king quotes two proverbs; the one—'Ill-gotten goods never prosper'; the other—'Happy the child whose father went to the devil.' This last he must be supposed to use interrogatively, as disputing the truth of it: 'Was it always happy for that son?' &c. This interpretation sets the king's reasoning right.

4 I.e. arrange your host, put your host in order. *Darraign* is used by Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser.

5 Happy was the queen in her two bataysils, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fedde ever

from him to the other parte.—*Hall's Chronicle.* Henry VI. fol. c. Drayton has enlarged upon this superstitious belief in his *Miseries of Queen Margaret*.

6 Edward's argument is founded on an article said to have been in the compact between Henry and the duke of York: 'That if the king did closely or apertly studye or go about to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crowne, and the duke of Yorke to take it.—*Hall.* If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would now have a title to the crown; but Malone doubts whether it ever made part of that agreement. The poet followed Hall

'Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

'Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

'Clif. Ay, crookback; here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick? dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

'North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privilege'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that brod this meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,

'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

'Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,¹

'As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,²
Whose father bears the title of a king,

(As if a channel³ should be call'd the sea,)
'Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
traught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?⁴

Edw. A wisp of straw⁵ were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself.—

* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;⁶

* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.

'His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,

'Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
'That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

'For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

'Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

'And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
'Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

'We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Field of Battle between Towton
and Saxon, in Yorkshire.⁷ Alarums: Exe-
cutions. Enter WARWICK.

'War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

'And spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!

'For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

* Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
'Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:

'What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

'Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;

'And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

'Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

'Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,¹⁰
'Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:

'And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—

8 Shakspeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The principal action took place on the eve of Palm Sunday, 1461. 'This battle (says Carte) decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strength-
ened by sixty-two years' continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England.'

9 '— Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair.' Milton.

10 The brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, but a natural son of Salisbury. Hollinshed, relating the death of Lord Clifford in this action at Ferry-
bridge, on the 28th of March, 1461, says, 'He was slain, and with him the bastard of Salisbury, brother
to the earl of Warwick, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacity.'

1 It is my firm persuasion.

2 See the Second Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. I.

3 Gilt is a superficial covering of gold.

4 A channel in the poet's time signified what we now call a kennel; which word is still pronounced channel in the north.

5 To show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent relling.

6 A wisp of straw was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders; even showing it to a woman was, therefore, considered as a grievous affront. A callet was a lewd woman; but a term often given to a scold.

7 i. e. a cuckold. In Troilus and Cressida, Therstes, speaking of Menelaus, calls him 'The goodly transformation of Jupiter there,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds.'

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
 'So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
 'War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 * Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 * Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
 * And look upon,¹ as if the tragedy.
 * Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 * Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 * I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 * Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 * Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
 Edu. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
 'And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
 * And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 * I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
 'Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
 'That to my foes this body must be prey,—
 'Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
 'Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

'Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
 'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
 'I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
 'War. Away, away! Once more sweet lords, farewell.

'Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
 'And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
 And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
 'And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards
 'As victors wear at the Olympian games:
 * This may plant courage in their quailing² breasts;
 * For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
 * Fore-slow³ no longer, make we hence again.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the Field. Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

'Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
 'Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
 'And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
 'Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.⁴

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
 This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself;
 And so, have at thee.

[They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.]

'Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.⁵

[Exeunt.]

1 Look upon for look on, i. e. are mere spectators.

2 Quailing is sinking into dejection.

3 To fore-slow is to delay, to loiter.

4 Fore-slow no time; sweet Lancaster, let's march.

Marlowe's *Edward III.*

5 — non si te ferreus agger

Ambiat. Statius, *Theb.* li. v. 453.

6 Two very similar lines in the preceding play are

spoken of Richard's father by Clifford's father:—

'Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.'

7 The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665. 'This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtful state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides,' &c. Steevens points out a similar comparison in Virgil, *Æn.* lib. x. ver. 354, which originates with Homer, *Il.* xiv.

8 This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing inter-

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.*

* K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,⁶

* When dying clouds contend with growing light;
 * What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 * Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 * Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 * Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
 * Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
 * Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;
 * Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;
 * Now, one the better; then, another best;
 * Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 * Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
 * So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 * Here on this molehill will I sit me down,
 * To whom God will, there be the victory!
 * For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 * Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
 * They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 * 'Would, I were dead! if God's good will were so:
 * For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
 * O God! methinks, it were a happy life,⁷

* To be no better than a homely swain;
 * To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 * To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 * Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 * How many make the hour full complete,
 * How many hours bring about the day,
 * How many days will finish up the year,
 * How many years a mortal man may live.
 * When this is known, then to divide the times:
 * So many hours must I tend my flock;
 * So many hours must I take my rest;
 * So many hours must I contemplate;
 * So many hours must I sport myself;
 * So many days my ewes have been with young;
 * So many weeks ere the poor fools will year;
 * So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 * So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 * Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 * Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 * Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 * To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 * Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 * To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 * O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 * And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 * His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 * His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade
 * All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 * Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
 * His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 * His body couched in a curious bed,
 * When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,⁸ dragging in the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
 'This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

change, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.—*Johnson.* There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. The reader may not be displeased to have them here subjoined, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the poet has attributed to him:—

'Kingdoms are but cares;
 State is devoid of stay;
 Riches are ready snares,
 And hasten to decay.
 Pleasure is a privy [game],
 Which vice doth still provoke;
 Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
 Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
 Out of his slimy mud,
 Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
 The swelling of the flood.'

8 These two horrible instances are selected to show

' May be possessed with some store of crowns :
 * And I, that baply take them from him now,
 * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 * To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 * Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
 * Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 * O heavy time, begetting such events!
 * From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 * My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 * Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 * And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 * Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 * Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
 * And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
 * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 * And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
 * *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 * Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 * Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 * Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 * Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.'

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in his arms.

' *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 * Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 * For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
 * But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
 * Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
 * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 * Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 * Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 * Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
 * O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
 * What stratagems,* how fell, how butcherly,
 * Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 * This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
 * O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 * And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!
 * *K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

' O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
 * O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
 * The red rose and the white are on his face,
 * The fatal colours of our striving houses:
 * The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
 * The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present!
 * With one rose, and let the other flourish!
 * If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
 * Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 * Take on⁴ with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
 * *Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 * Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!
 * *K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful chances,
 * Misthink⁵ the king, and not be satisfied!
 * Son. Was ever son, so rued a father's death?
 * *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?
 * *K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
 * Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
 * Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
 * *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
 * For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 * My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 * And so obsequious⁶ will thy father be,
 * Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 * As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
 * I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 * For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the Body.]

' *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 * Here sits a king more woful than you are.
Alarms: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.
 * *Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
 * And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 * Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
 * *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain,
 * Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 * Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 * With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 * And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 * Are at our backs; and therefore, hence amain.
 * *Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them;
 * Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
 * Or else come after, I'll away before.
 * *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
 * Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 * Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[Exit.]

SCENE VI. *The same. A loud Alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

' *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
 * Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 * O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
 * More than my body's parting with my soul.
 * My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
 * And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
 * Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
 * The common people swarm like summer flies:
 * And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
 * And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
 * O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
 * That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 * Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
 * And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 * Or as thy father, and his father did,
 * Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 * * They never then had sprung like summer flies:
 * I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 * Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 * And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 * For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
 * And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 * Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 * No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 * The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 * For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 * The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 * And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—

5 Think unfavourably of.

6 *Obsequious* is here careful of *obsequies* or funeral rites. See *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 1.

7 In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this, by introducing Ralph, the grocer's apprentice, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, with a forked arrow through his head. The circumstance is related by Holinshed, p. 664:—'The Lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenly, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the throte, and immediately rendered his spirit.'

8 Hence perhaps originated the following passage in *The Bard of Gray*:—

'The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
 * Gone to salute the rising morn.'

the innumerable calamities of civil war. Raphael has introduced the second of these incidents in his picture of the battle of Constantine and Maximianus.

1 The king intends to say that the state of their hearts and eyes shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

2 *Stratagems* here means *direful events*.
 3 Of these obscure lines the following explanation by Henley is the most probable which has been offered:—Had the son been younger he would have been precluded from the levy which brought him to the field; and had the father recognized him before their mortal encounter, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death.

4 *To take on* is a phrase still in use in common parlance, and signifies *to persist in clamorous lamentation*.

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;
' I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarm and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

' *Edw.* Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us pause,
' And smoothe the frowns of war with peaceful looks.'—

* Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;—
' That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
' As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
' Command an argosy to stem the waves.
' But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?
' *War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :
' And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.²

Edw. See who it is : and now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

' *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;

' Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
' In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
' But set his murdering knife unto the root
' From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
' I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there :

' Instead whereof, let this supply the room ;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screechowl to our house,

' That nothing sung but death³ to us and ours :
' Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
' And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?—

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;
' 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
' Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
' Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.⁴

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

' *Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's the Captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ! swear as thou wast wont.

' *Rich.* What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard,

' When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath : I know by that, he's dead ; And, by my soul,

' If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

' This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen :

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

' And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again :

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation ;

' And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :

* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;

* And never will I undertake the thing,

* Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

' Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;—

' And George, of Clarence ;—Warwick, as ourself,

' Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of Gloster ;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.⁵

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;

Richard, be duke of Gloster : Now to London,

To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers,⁶ with Crossbows in their Hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake⁷ we'll shroud ourselves ;

' For through this laund⁸ anon the deer will come ;

' And in this covert will we make our stand,

' Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy crossbow

* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best ;

* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

1 Thus in King Richard III. :—
Grim-visaged war hath smooch'd his wrinkled front.

2 *Departing for separation.* To depart, in old language, is to part. Thus in the old marriage service :—
Till death us depart.

3 We have this also in King Richard III. :—
' Out on you, owls ! nothing but songs of death.'

4 *Sour words ; words of asperity.* ' Verie eagle or sowre : peracerous.'—*Baret.*

5 Alluding to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, duke of Gloster. The author of the old play, in which this line is found, had a passage of Hall's Chronicle in his thoughts, in which the unfortunate ends of those who had borne the title is recounted : he thus concludes :—' So that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaks of Segane's horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie.'

6 In the folio copy, instead of *two keepers*, we have through negligences the names of the persons who re-

presented these characters, *Sincklo* and *Humphrey*. Humphrey was probably Humphrey Jeaffies, mentioned in Mr. Henslowe's manuscript ; *Sincklo* we have before mentioned, his name being prefixed to some speeches in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Hall and Holinshed tell us that Henry VI. ' was no sooner entered into England but he was known and taken of one Cantlow, and brought to the king.' It appears, however, from records in the duchy office, that King Edward granted a rent-charge of one hundred pound to Sir James Harrington, in recompense of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the king's great traitor, rebel, and enemy, lately called Henry the Sixth, made by the said James ; and likewise annuities to Richard and Thomas Talbot, Esquires,—Talbot, and Levesey, for their services in the same capture. Henry had been for some time harboured by James Maychell of Crakenhorpe, Westmoreland. See Rymer's *Fœdera*, xi. 548, 573.

7 Thicket.

8 A plain extended between woods, a *laune*.

* I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
 * In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
 '2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
 ' To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
 ' No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
 * Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 * Thy balm wash'd off,¹ wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 ' No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 * No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

'1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

' This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.
 * *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these our adversities;

* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
 '2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

' Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 ' To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

' Poor queen, and, son, your labour is but lost;
 ' For Warwick is a subtle orator,

' And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 ' By this account, then, Margaret may win him;

' For she's a woman to be pitied much:
 * Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 * The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;

* And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 * To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
 * That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:

* While Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 * Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;²

* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
 * With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
 * O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou wert'st forlorn.³
 '2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

' *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

' A man at least, for less I should not be;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

'2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

' *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind:⁴ and that's enough.

'2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

1 Thus also in King Richard II. —
 ' Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king.'

It is observable that this line is one of those additions to the original play which are found in the folio and not in the quarto.

2 This line has already occurred in the former Act:—
 ' Inferring arguments of mighty force.'

In the line the line occurs but once.

3 The pety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen.—*Steevens.*

4 Malone thinks that there is an allusion here to an old poem by Sir Edward Dyer, beginning—' My mind to me a kingdom is.' See it in Percy's Reliques, 3d edition, vol. I. p. 293.

5 This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
 * Nor to be seen: 'my crown is call'd, content;

' A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
 '2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented
 ' To go along with us: for, as we think,

' You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd;
 ' And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

' Will apprehend you as his enemy.
 * *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

*2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

*2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

* My father and my grandfather were kings;
 * And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
 *1 *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.
 * *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
 * Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

* And as the air blows it to me again,
 * Obeying with my mind when I do blow,

* And yielding to another when it blows,
 * Commanded always by the greater gust;

* Such is the lightness of you common men.
 * But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 * Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
 *1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
 * If he were seated as King Edward is.

'1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.
 ' *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

* And what God will, then let your king perform;
 * And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

' *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field

' This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
 His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
 * Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York
 ' The worthy gentleman did lose his life.⁵

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;

* It were dishonour, to deny it her.

fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror (Queen Margaret) that they were in fact seized by King Edward after his victory at Towton, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464. Shakspeare followed the old play in this instance; but when he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter in writing his King Richard III he stated it truly as he found it in the Chronicles. In Act I. Sc. 2 of that play, Richard, addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth (the Lady Grey of the present scene), says:—

' In all which time you and your husband Grey
 Were factious for the house of Lancaster;

(And, Rivers, so were you:)—was not your husband
 In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?

Malone says that this circumstance, among numerous others, proves incontestably that Shakspeare was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea! is it so?
 I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
 Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind?
Glo. Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;¹
 And come some other time, to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
 'May it please your highness to resolve me now;
 'And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
 'And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
 'Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
** Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
** Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave² have you; for you will have leave,
 'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
 [*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.*]
** K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
** L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
** K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good?
** L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
** K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
** L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
** L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
** K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
** L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.
** K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.
** L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
** K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
** L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
** Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
** Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
** K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
** L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
** K. Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
 What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
** L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
 'That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
** L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
** K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.
** L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive
 * Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
** L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dowry;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
** K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both then and me.
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
 'Accords not with the sadness³ of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
 No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
** Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
** K. Edw.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
 * Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 * All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
 One way, or other, she is for a king;
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
 Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
 'I know I am too mean to be your queen:
 And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
 To be the father unto many sons.
 'Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

1 A very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocity is quicker than is common in Shakspeare.—*Johnson*

2 This phrase implies readiness of assent.

3 i. e. seriousness.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

* *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken, and brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

* And go we, brothers, to the man that took him, To question of his apprehension.—

* Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.

[*EXECUTED KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, and Lord.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

* Would, he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

* That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

* To cross me from the golden time I look for!

* And yet, between my soul's desire and me

* (The lustful Edward's title buried)

* Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

* And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

* To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

* Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;

* Like one that stands upon a promontory,

* And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

* Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

* And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

* Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:

* So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

* And so I chide the means that keep me from it;

* And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,

* Flattering me with impossibilities.—

* My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween too much,

* Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

* Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

* What other pleasure can the world afford?

* I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

* And deck my body in gay ornaments,

* And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

* O miserable thought! and more unlikely,

* Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

* And, for I should not deal in her soft laws

* She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

* To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

* To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

* To shape my legs of an unequal size;

* To disproportion me in every part,

* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,¹

* That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

* O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.

1 It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of bears are produced in the same state with those of other animals.—

Johnson.

2 Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt.—*Johnson.*

3 I.e. encircled. Steevens would read with Hammer:—
'Until my head that this misshap'd trunk bears.'

* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,

* But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

* As are of better person than myself;²

* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;

* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

* Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,

* Be round impaied³ with a glorious crown.

* And yet I know not how to get the crown,

* For many lives stand between me and home:

* And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;

* Seeking a way, and straying from the way

* Not knowing now to find the open air,

* But toiling desperately to find it out,—

* Torment myself to catch the English crown:

* And from that torment I will free myself,

* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;

* And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;

* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

* And frame my face to all occasions.

* I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;

* I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

* I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,

* Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;

* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;

I can add colours to theameleon;

* Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,

* And set the murd'rous Machiavel⁴ to school.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

* Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit*]

SCENE III. France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and

LADY BONA, attended; the King takes his State.

Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her Son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.

* *K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,

* Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,

* And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Margaret

* Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,

* Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:

* But now mischance hath trod my title down,

* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;

* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

* And to my humble seat conform myself.

* *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

* *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,

* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

* Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

* It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Otherwise, he observes, the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself

4 The old play reads with more propriety:—

'And set the aspiring Cataline to school.'

By which the anachronism is also avoided. Machiavel is mentioned in various books of the poet's age as the great exemplar of profound politicians. An amusing instance of the odium attached to his name is to be found in Gill's Logonomia Anglica, 1621:—'Et ne oemper Sidelos loquamur, audi epilogum fabulæ quam docuit Boreali dialecto poeta, titulumque fuit reus Machiavellus:—

'Machil iz hanged
And brenned iz his buks:
Though Machil iz hanged
Yet he iz not wranged,
The Di'el haz him fanged
In hiz cruket ciuks.'

- * *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
 * And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
 * Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
 * That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 * Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
 * And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
 * While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
 * Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 * Of England's true anointed lawful king.
 * This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
 * With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
 * Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
 * And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
 * Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
 * Our people and our peers are both misled,
 * Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 * And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
 * *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
 * While we bethink a means to break it off.
 * *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
 * *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
 * *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
 * And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK,¹ attended.

- * *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?
 * *Q. Mar.* Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
 * *K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
 [*Descending from his State, Queen MARGARET rises.*]
 * *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
 * For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
 * *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
 And, then, to crave a league of amity;
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.
 * *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.²
 * *War.* And, gracious madam, [*To BONA*], in our king's behalf,
 * I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
 * *Q. Mar.* King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,
 * Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 * Springs not from Edward's well meant honest love,
 * But from deceit, bred by necessity;
 * For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 * Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
 * To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—

1 This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king, Shakspeare found in Hall and Holinshed; but later as well as earlier writers of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to other causes. Perhaps we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is but too often experienced in those who are under great obligations—too great to be discharged. There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended on, than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463, and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth, their first child. It should seem from the

- * That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
 * Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
 * Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,
 * Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
 * For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
 * Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
 * *War.* Injurious Margaret!
 * *Prince.* And why not queen?
 * *War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp;
 And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.
 * *Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 * Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all France:
 From these our Henry lineally descends.
 * *War.* Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
 Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
 But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years; a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
 * *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
 * Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
 * *War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
 * *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 * My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 * When nature brought him to the door of death?³
 No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
 * *War.* And I the house of York.
 * *K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
 * Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
 * While I use further conference with Warwick.
 * *Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
 [*Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.*]
 * *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
 * Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
 * To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
 * *War.* Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
 * *K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the peoples' eye?
 * *War.* The more, that Henry was unfortunate.⁴
 * *K. Lew.* Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
 * Tell me for truth the measure of his love
 * Unto our sister Bona.
 * *War.* Such it seems,
 As may beseem a monarch like himself.
 Myself have often heard him say and swear,—
 That this his love was an eternal plant;⁵
 Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Annals of W. of Wyrcester, that no open rupture had taken place between the king and Warwick, up to the beginning of November, 1463; at least nothing appears to the contrary in that historian, whose work is unfortunately defective from that period.

2 There is nearly the same line in a former speech of Margaret's. It is found in its present situation alone in the old play.

3 This passage unavoidably brings to mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates:—

'His withered fist still knocking at death's door.'

4 He means 'that Henry was unsuccessful in war,' having lost his dominions in France, &c.

5 In the language of Shakspeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a perennial one.

Exempt from envy,¹ but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :
Yet I confess, [To WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus—Our sister shall
be Edward's ;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king must make,
* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd :—
Draw near, queen Margaret ; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
* By this alliance to make void my suit ;

* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret ;

* But if your title to the crown be weak,—

* As may appear by Edward's good success,—

* Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd

* From giving aid, which late I promised.

* Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand.

* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;

Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—

You have a father able to maintain you ;²—

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace ;

* Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !³

* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,

* Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold

* Thy sly conveyance,⁴ and thy lord's false love ;

* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A Horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for
you ;

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.

These from our king unto your majesty.—

And, niadain, these for you ; from whom I know not.

[To MARGARET. They all read their Letters.]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he
were nettled :

* I hope, all's for the best.

* *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news ? and
yours, fair queen ?

* *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with un-
hop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What ! has your king married the Lady
Grey ?

* And now, to sooth⁵ your forgery and his,

* Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?

* Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?

* Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before :
Tis proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's ho-
nesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of
heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;

1 Steevens thinks that *envy* in this place, as in many others, is put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain.

2 Johnson is inclined to think this ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father being a frequent topic of reproach.

3 The queen here applies to Warwick the very words that King Edward, p. 69, addresses to the Deity. It seems doubtful whether these words in the former instance are not in the old play addressed to Warwick also.

4 *Conveyance* is used for any crafty artifice. The word has already been explained. Vide King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. 3.

No more my king, for he dishonours me ;
But most himself, if he could see his shame,—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death ?

* Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ?

* Did I impale him with the regal crown ?

* Did I put Henry from his native right ;

* And am I guerdon'd⁶ at the last with shame ?

* Shame on himself ! for my desert is honour.

* And, to repair my honour lost for him,

* I here renounce him, and return to Henry :

* My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor ;

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

* *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my

hate to love ;

* And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

* And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

* 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :

* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

* He's very likely now to fall from him ;

* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
veng'd,

* But by the help to this distressed queen ?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's,
are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and
Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at
once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in
post ;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To reveal it with him and his new bride :

* Thou seest what's past, go fear⁷ thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid
aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me
wrong ;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy reward ; be gone.⁸ [Exit Mess.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,

And Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

* Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ;—

* What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

5 To *sooth*, in ancient language, was 'to countenance a falsehood or forged tale, to uphold one in his talk, and affirm it to be true which he speaketh.' *Baret*. Malone blunders strangely, taking to *sooth* in its modern acceptance of *to soften*.

6 King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earle's house, which was much against the earle's honesty (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his niece, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward.—*Holinshead*, p. 668.

7 Rewarded.

8 Fright.

9 Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, who in the old play is called a *Post*. See note on King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. vii.

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter,¹ and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

*' Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
' Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
' And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
' That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.*

** Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

** And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.*

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

' K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

*' And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
' Shall wait them over with our royal fleet.—*

*' I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
' For mocking marriage with a dame of France.*

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,² but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.

' Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

' Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

** Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?*

** Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

** How could he stay till Warwick made return?*

** Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. *Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.*

** Glo.* And his well chosen bride.

** Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

' K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

' That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

' Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

' K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

' Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

' Glo. Not I:

' No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd

' Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

' K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

*' Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
' Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—*

' And you, too, Somerset, and Montague,

' Speak freely what you think.

' Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis

' Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

' About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

' Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

' Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

' K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

' By such invention as I can devise?

' Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our common-wealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

' Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself England is safe, if true within itself?³

** Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

** Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:

** Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,⁴*

** Which he hath given for fence impregnable,*

** And with their helps only defend ourselves;*

** In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.*

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves

' To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

' K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;

** And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.*

' Glo. And yet, methinks your grace hath not done well,

' To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales

' Unto the brother of your loving bride;

' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

' Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir⁵

' Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

' And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,

' That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

' Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;

' Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

' To play the broker in mine own behalf;

' And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

' K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

' Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty

' To raise my state to title of a queen,

' Do me but right, and you must all confess

' That I was not ignoble of descent,⁶

** And meaner than myself have had like fortune.*

** But as this title honours me and mine,*

** So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,*

** Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.*

⁴ This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England.—*Johnson.*

⁵ Until the Restoration minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who bestowed them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased. I know not (says Johnson) when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

⁶ Her father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother Jaqueline, duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

¹ This is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward prince of Wales was married to Anne, second daughter of the earl of Warwick. In fact Isabella, his eldest daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468. There is, however, no inconsistency in the present proposal; for at the time represented, when Warwick was in France, neither of his daughters were married. Shakspeare has here again followed the old play. In King Richard III. he has properly represented Lady Anne, the widow of Edward prince of Wales, as the youngest daughter of Warwick.

² A stale here means a stalking horse, a pretence.

³ See King John, note on the final speech.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :

' What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
' So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
' And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
' Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
' Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
' Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
' And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

' *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France ?

' *Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,

' But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

' *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief,

' Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

' What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words ;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike he thinks me Henry.

' But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain ;

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;

' She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
' For I have heard, that she was there in place.¹

Mess. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done,²

And I am ready to put armour on.

' *K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

' *Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
' Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words ;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words ?

' Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :

' They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

' But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so link'd in friendship,

' That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ; Clarence will have the younger.³

* Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;

* That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.⁴

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

* *Glo.* Not I :

* My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I

* Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;

* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

' Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

' Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;

' They are already, or quickly will be landed :

' Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

' But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—

' Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

' Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :

' Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?

' If it be so, then both depart to him ;

' I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends ;

' But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

' Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

' That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause !

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

' *K. Edw.* Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

' Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,

' Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Plain in Warwickshire. *Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come :—

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;

And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :

But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :

* That as Ulysses,⁵ and stout Diomed,

* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;

* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

* And seize himself ; I say not—slaughter him,

* For I intend but only to surprise him.—

' You, that will follow me to this attempt,

' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry Henry !*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Edward's Camp, near Warwick.
Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's Tent.

* I Watch. Come on my masters, each man take his stand ;

* The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

* 2 Watch. What, will he not to bed ?

* 1 Watch. Why, no : for he hath made a solemn

vow

¹ In place signifies there present. The expression is of frequent occurrence in old English writers. It is from the French *en place*.

² I. e. my mourning is ended.

³ This is consonant with the former passage of this play, though at variance with what really happened.

⁴ Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the king's hearing. Shakspeare followed the old play, where this line was also found. When the earl of Essex attempted to

raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, 'They that love me, follow me.'

⁵ See the tenth book of the *Iliad*. These circumstances were accessible, however, without reference to Homer in the original.

⁶ We are told by some of the writers of the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries of the fate of Troy.

* Never to lie and take his natural rest,
 * Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
 * 2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
 * If Warwick be so near as men report.

* 3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

* That with the king here resteth in his tent?

* 1 Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

* 3 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king,

* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

* While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

* 2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

* 3 Watch. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,

* I like it better than a dangerous honour.¹

* If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

* 1 Watch. Unless our halberts did shut up his passage.

* 2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

* But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

'War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there?

* 2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arm! Arm! WARWICK, and the rest, following them.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding. Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

'Som. What are they that fly there?

'War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

'When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

'Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

* K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—

'Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

'Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king:

* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind,² be Edward England's king:

[Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

'My lord of Somerset, at my request,

'See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

'Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

'When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

'I'll follow you, and tell what answer

'Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him;

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

¹ This honest watchman's opinion coincides with that of Falstaff. See the First Part of King Henry IV Act v Sc. 3.

* K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit KING EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET with him.

* Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

* But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

'To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exit.

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

'Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

'Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

'What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

'Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

'Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

'Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

'Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

'Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

'And, as I further have to understand,

'Is new committed to the bishop of York,

'Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

'Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

'Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:

'Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

'Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

* And I the rather wean me from despair,

* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

* This is it that makes me bridle passion,

* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

* King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

* Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

'Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,

* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

* Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.

'But to prevent the tyrant's violence

'(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,

'I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

'To save at least the heir of Edward's right;

'There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.

'Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;

'If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exit.

SCENE V. A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.³

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

'Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

'Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

'Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,

'Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

'He hath good usage and great liberty;

'And often, but attended with weak guard,

'Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

'I have advertis'd him by secret means,

'That if, about this hour, he make his way,

'Under the colour of his usual game,

'He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,

'To set him free from his captivity.

² I. e. in his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

³ Shakespeare follows Holinshed in the representation here given of King Edward's capture and imprisonment. The whole, however, is untrue. Edward was never in the hands of Warwick.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

* *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

* Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

* *Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste;

* Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

* *K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

* *Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

* *Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

* *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

* *K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

* *Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

* *K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Room in the Tower.* *Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

* I then crave pardon of your majesty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

* Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

* Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

* At last, by notes of household harmony,

* They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

* But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

* He was the author, thou the instrument.

* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;

* And that the people of this blessed land

* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

* Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

* I here resign my government to thee,

* For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

* For few men rightly temper with the stars;¹

* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.²

* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,

* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;

* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

* *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;

* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,

* That no dissension hinder government:

* I make you both protectors of this land;

* While I myself will lead a private life,

* And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

* *War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent:

* For on thy fortune I repose myself.

* *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:

* We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

* To Henry's body, and supply his place:

* I mean, in bearing weight of government,

* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

* Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,

* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

* *Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd.

* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

* Let me entreat (for I command no more)

* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

* Be sent for, to return from France with speed:

* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

* *Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed,

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

* *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

* *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his Hand on his Head.*]

* Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

* This pretty lad³ will prove our country's bliss.

* His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

* His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

* His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

* Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,

* Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?

* *Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,

* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

* *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

* *Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

* And the Lord Hastings, who attended⁴ him

* In secret ambush on the forest side,

* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

* For hunting was his daily exercise.

* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.

* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

* A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, WAR. CLAR. Lieut. and Attendants.*]

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:

* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;

¹ Few men accommodate themselves to their destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstance.

² See note 1, p. 78.

³ This was adopted from Hall by the author of the old play; Holinshed also copies Hall almost verbatim:—'Whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, ech hereafter give roome and place.' p. 678. Henry earl of Richmond, was the son of Edmond earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the

first duke of Somerset. Edmond was half brother to King Henry VI. being the son of that king's mother, Queen Catharine, by her second husband, Owen Tudor. Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him a saint; but either would not pay the price, or, as Bacon supposes, the pope refused lest 'as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.'

⁴ i. e. waited for him.

* And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
 * As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 * Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
 * So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 * What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
 * Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 * Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
 * Till storms be past of civil enmity.
 * *Oxf.* Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
 * 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
 * *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
 * Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Before York. Enter King Edward, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.*

* *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest;
 * Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
 * And says—that once more I shall interchange
 * My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
 * Well have we pass'd, and now repass the seas,
 * And brought desired help from Burgundy:
 * What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 * From Ravenspurgh haven¹ before the gates of York,
 * But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
 * *Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
 * For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
 * Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
 * *K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
 * By fair or foul means we must enter in,
 * For hither will our friends repair to us.
 * *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

* *May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
 * And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
 * For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
 * *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
 * Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
 * *May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
 * *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
 * As being well content with that alone.
 * *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
 * He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]
 * *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
 * Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.
 * *May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*]
 * *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!
 * *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,
 * So'twere not 'long of him:² but, being enter'd,
 * I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
 * Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.

* *K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
 * But in the night, or in the time of war.
 * What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
 * For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
 * And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
 * *K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
 * *Mont.* To help King Edward in his time of storm, As every loyal subject ought to do.
 * *K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
 * Our title to the crown! and only claim
 * Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
 * *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again; I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
 * Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A March begun.*]
 * *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
 * By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
 * *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,
 * If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
 * I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
 * To keep them back that come to succour you:
 * Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?
 * *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
 * *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;
 * Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
 * *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
 * *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
 * Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
 * The bruit³ thereof will bring you many friends.
 * *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
 * And Henry but usurps the diadem.
 * *Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
 * And now will I be Edward's champion.
 * *Hast.* Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
 * Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*]
 * Sold. [*Reads.*] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
 * *Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
 * By this I challenge him to single fight.
 * [*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]
 * All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
 * *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.
 * If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
 * Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
 * And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
 * Above the border of this horizon,
 * We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
 * For, well I wot,⁴ that Henry is no soldier.—
 * Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it besems thee,
 * To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
 * Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
 * Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
 * And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.⁵ London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, MONTAQUE, EXETER, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia, With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, And with his troops doth march amain to London; And many giddy people flock to him.

these plays. Warwick has but just gone off the stage, when Edward says:—

'And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course, Where peremptory Warwick now remains.'

In the original play this scene follows immediately after King Henry's observations on young Richmond, the sixth scene of the present play.

1 In the old play this is written *Raunspurhaven*, we may therefore infer that such was the pronunciation.

2 The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

3 Report. Vide *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 7.

4 Know.

5 This scene is perhaps the worst contrived of any in

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men and beat him back again.¹

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
'Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
'The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
'Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
'Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
'Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
* Like to his island, girl in with the ocean,
* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.²

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord,—and so I take my leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus, [*Kissing HENRY's hand,*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.

* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field

* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Eze.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed³ hath got me fame.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

* I have not been desirous of their wealth,

* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:

* Then why should they love Edward more than me?

* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;

* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

* The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*]

Eze. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

* *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,

* And once again proclaim us king of England.—

* You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;

* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

* Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with KING HENRY.*]

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

* Where peremptory Warwick now remains:⁴

¹ This line, in the folio copy, is given to the king, to whose character it is so unsuitable, that it has been thought best to give it to Oxford, who is the next speaker in the old play.

² Shakespeare has twice repeated this passage, which made an impression upon him in the old play. He has applied the same expression to the duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is described:—

'Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks.'

In the former instance no trace is to be found of these lines in the old play. Several similar repetitions are found in this Third Part of King Henry VI.

³ Merit.

* The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
'Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.'

* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join;

* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry. *Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

* *1 Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

* *2 Mess.* By this at Dainty, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

* *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

* And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

* *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces.

* And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

* *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I bear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies:

* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

* *Glo.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts,¹ or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

* Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?

* Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

* And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

* *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—

Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

* *Glo.* I thought, at least, he would have said—

the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;

* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

* *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

* *K. Edw.* Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

* *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakening, Warwick takes his gift again:

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

⁴ Warwick has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Shakespeare here again followed the old play. Some of the old dramatic writers seem to have thought that all the persons of the drama, must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience.

⁵ The allusion is to the proverb, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'

⁶ Thus in King John:—

'O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept?'

⁷ That is, enroll myself among thy dependents, Cowell informs us that *servitium* is 'that service which the tenant, by reason of his fee, oweth unto his lord.'

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

'And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

'*Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
'The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!¹
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,²
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:

* Nay, when? ³ strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

* This hand, fast wound about thy cold-black hair,

* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

* *Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*

'*Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

* *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

* If not, the city, being but of small defence,

* We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

* *Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

'*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

* Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;

* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

'*Glo.* Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,⁴

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

* With whom an upright zeal to rights prevails,

* More than the nature of a brother's love:—

* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means;

[*Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*

'Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime⁵ the stones together,

'And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

* That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,⁶ unnatural,

'To bend the fatal instruments of war
'Against his brother, and his lawful king?

* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:

* To keep that oath, were more impiety

* Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

* I am so sorry for my trespass made,

* That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

* I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

* With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee

* (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)

* To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—

* Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

* *K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times

more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate,

* *Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-

like.

War. O passing⁷ traitor, perjurd, and unjust!

* *K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the

town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

* *War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

* *K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and

leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet. Alarums, and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

* For Warwick was a bug,⁸ that fear'd us all.—

* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's

black veil,

* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

* To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,

Is nothing left me, but my body's length!¹⁰

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

taken prisoner at Tewksbury, 1471, and there beheaded; his brother John losing his life in the same fight.

⁵ i. e. To cement.

⁶ i. e. stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

⁷ i. e. exceeding, egregious. 'A passing impudent fellow: insinuator impudens.'—*Baret.*

⁸ Warwick was the *bugbear* that frightened us all.

⁹ 'All the fowls of heaven made their nest in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young.' *Ezekiel*, c. xxxi.

¹⁰ 'Cedes coemptis salibus, et domo

Villaque.' *Hor.*

— *Mors sola fatetur*

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.' *Juv.*

Camden mentions in his *Remaines*, that Constantine, in

¹ A pack of cards was anciently termed a *deck* of cards, or a pair of cards. An instance of a pack of cards being called a *deck*, occurs in the Sessions Paper for January, 1788. The term is said to be still used in Ireland.

² The palace of the bishop of London.

³ This expression of impatience has been already noticed in *The Tempest*, and *King Richard II.*

⁴ The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present duke, Edmund, brother to Henry, was

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

- * *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 * We might recover all our loss again!
 * The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
 * Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
 * *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
 * If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 * And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
 * Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 * Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
 * That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
 * Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
 * *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
 * And, to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
 * And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
 * And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
 * Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,¹
 * That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
 * I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
 * O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
 Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for Warwick bids
 You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
 power! [*Exeunt, bearing off WAR. Body.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Flourish.*
Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

- K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
 * And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 * But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 * I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 * That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 * Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
 * I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
 * Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd on our coast,
 * And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
 * *Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
 * And blow it to the source from whence it came:
 * Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
 * For every cloud engenders not a storm.
 * *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
 * And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
 * If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
 * *K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
 That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury;
 * We having now the best at Barnet field,
 * Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
 * And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.
 Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury. March.*
Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

- * *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
 wail their loss,²
 * But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, 'This is all thou shalt have when thou art dead, if thou canst happily get so much.'

Johnson observes that Warwick's mention of his parks and manors diminishes the pathetic of these lines. It is true that it is something in the strain of the whining ghosts of the *Mirror for Magistrates*; but it was the popular style of the time: Cavendish, in his *Metrical Legends*, introduces Wolsey's shade lamenting to leave his palaces and gardens.

¹ The old play has this line:—
 'Which sounded like a clamour in a vault.'
 I cannot but think that *cannon* is an error of the press in the first folio. 'The indistinct gabble of undertakers

- 'What though the mast be now blown overboard,
 * The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 * And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
 * Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
 * Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 * With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 * And give more strength to that which hath too much;⁴
 * Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 * Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 * Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 * Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
 * And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
 * Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
 * Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 * And Somerset another goodly mast?
 * The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 * And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 * For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 * We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
 * But keep our course, though the rough wind say
 —no,
 * From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
 * As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 * And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
 * What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
 * And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
 * All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 * Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
 * Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 * Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 * Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 * This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 * In case some one of you would fly from us,
 * That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 * More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 * Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 * * 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
 * *Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit,
 * Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 * Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 * And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 * I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 * For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 * He should have leave to go away betimes;
 * Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 * And make him of like spirit to himself.
 * If any such be here, as God forbid!
 * Let him depart, before we need his help.
 * *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
 * O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!
 * *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 * Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
 * If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
 * *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet
 Oxford, thanks.
 * *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath
 nothing else.

(says Steevens,) while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted our author's notice; it has too often forced itself on mine.

² *Arriv'd* is here used in an active form.
³ This speech in the original play is expressed in eleven lines. Malone thinks its extraordinary expansion into thirty-seven lines a decisive proof that the old play was the production of some writer who preceded Shakespeare.

⁴ Thus Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag in *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 2:—

—Thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving the sum of more
 To that which has too much.
 A similar thought is found in Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint*.

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

'*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,

'To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

'Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,

'Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

* I need not add more fuel to your fire,

* For, well I wot,² ye blaze to burn them out:

* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

'My tears gainsay:³ for every word I speak,

'Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

'Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

'Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

'His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,

'His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

'And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

'You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

'Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the same. Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes castle⁴ straight:

For Somerset,⁵ off with his guilty head.

'Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

'*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. [*Exeunt Oxf. and Som. guarded.*]

* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,

* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that who finds Edward,

* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

* *Glo.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:

* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

'Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

'For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

* And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?⁶

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

'*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop's fable in a winter's night;

His curish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

'*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm⁷ your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurd George,

And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are:—

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.⁸ [*Stabs him.*]

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Glo. stabs him.*]

* *Cl.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Cl. stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

'*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?⁹

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

'Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

'*Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*]

'*Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

'Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

'He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

'What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;—

* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

'You have no children, butchers! if you had,¹¹

'The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.

'But if you ever chance to have a child

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

'As, deathsmen! you have rid¹² this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

ness; and the poet following nature makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach.

8 See King Henry VI. Part II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

9 That is, 'thou who art the likeness,' &c. The old copies describe Edward as striking the first blow, and Gloster the next; and this is according to history, which informs us that Edward smote the prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest dispatched him.

10 i. e. dispute, contention.

11 The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff in the tragedy of Macbeth; and this passage may serve as a comment on that.

12 To rid is to cut off, to destroy

1 This scene is ill contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposing armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered.—*Johnson.*

2 Know.

3 Unsay, deny.

4 A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.

5 See note 4, on p. 83.

6 We have nearly the same words in the Tempest:—

'——— O, my heart bleeds,

'To think of the teen that I have turn'd you to.'

7 The prince calls Richard Æsop for his crooked-

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself; 'Twas sin before,¹ but now 'tis charity.
'What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher, Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

'Now march we hence; discharge the common sort

'With pay and thanks, and let's away to London;

'And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

'By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord: What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

'*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

'With trembling wings misdoubteth² every bush:

And I, the hapless male³ to one sweet bird

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and

kill'd.

'*Glo.* Why, what a peevish⁴ fool was that of Crete,

'That taught his son the office of a fowl?

'And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

'The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

'Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

'Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

'My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.—

* But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

'*Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

'If murdering innocents be executing,

'Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd, when first thou

didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

'And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,

'Which now mistrust no parcel⁵ of my fear;

'And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

'And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

1 She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

2 To *misdoubt* is to suspect danger, to fear.

3 The word *male* is here used in an uncommon sense, for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince Edward.

4 *Peevish*, in the language of our ancestors, was used to signify *mad* or *foolish*. See note on Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. i.

5 Who suspect no part of what my fears presage.

6 To *rook*, or *ruck*, is to cower down like a bird at roost or in its nest. The word is of very ancient use in our language.

'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
'And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
'The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven rook'd⁶ her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
'To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou canst not bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
'Thou canst—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

'O, may such purple tears be always shed

'From those that wish the downfall of our house!

'If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither.

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I net reason, think ye, to make haste,

'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,

O, *Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.*

'And so I was; which plainly signified—

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.⁷

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

'And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light

But I will sort⁸ a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,

'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:

'Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—

'I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Palace,

KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne;

QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLA-

RENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others, near

him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal

throne,

Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down,⁹ in tops of all their pride?

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,

And two Northumberlands; two braver men

Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

7 '—— rudis indigestaque moles.'

Ovid. Met. l. 7.

8 Dryden seems to have had this line in his mind when writing his *Ædipus*:—

'It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,

And wander'd in thy limbs.'

9 Select, choose out.

10 A kindred image occurs in King Henry V. v. c.

—— moving like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.'

' With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the king's lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
' Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.'

Aside.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen ;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.²

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

' Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ; }
' And cried—all hail ! when as he meant— } *Aside.*
all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and wait her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court ?
Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour annoy !
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Gloucester may be supposed to touch his head and look significantly at his hand.

² The old quarto play appropriates this line to the queen. The first and second folio, by mistake, have given it to Clarence. In Stevens's copy of the second folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his majesty had erased *Clar.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakspeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a royal name.

THE three parts of King Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words ; but the phraseology is like the rest of the author's style ; and single words, of which, however, I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason ; but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred : in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneity of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished than those of King John, King Richard II. or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given ? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers ?

Of these three plays I think the second is the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind ; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloster, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of King Henry VI. and of King Henry V. are so apparently mutilated and imperfect, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor, who wrote down during the representation what the time would permit ; then, perhaps, filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.—JOHNSON.

* This note by Dr. Johnson has been preserved notwithstanding the full answer to his argument which is given in the abstract of Malone's dissertation prefixed to these plays, which discriminates between what is and what is not from the hand of our great poet. No fraudulent copyist (says Malone) or short-hand writer would have invented circumstances totally different from those which appear in Shakspeare's new modelled draughts, as exhibited in the folio, or insert whole speeches of which scarcely a trace is to be found in that edition.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS Tragedy, though called in the original edition 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' comprises only fourteen years. The second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI, who is said to have been murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not, in fact, take place till 1477-8.

Several dramas on the present story had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. There was a Latin play on the subject, by Dr. Legge, which had been acted at St. John's College, Oxford, some time before the year 1583. And a childish imitation of it, by one Henry Lacey, exists in MS. in the British Museum; (MSS. Harl. No. 6926;) it is dated 1586. In the books of the Stationers' Company are the following entries:—'Aug. 15, 1586, A Tragical Report of King Richard the Third: a ballad.' June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: 'An enterlude, intituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the Deathe of Edward the Fourth, with the Smotheringe of the Two Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable Ende of Shore's Wife, and the Contenton of the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke.' A single copy of this ancient Interlude, which Mr. Boswell thinks was written by the author of *Lochnie*, unfortunately wanting the title-page, and a few lines at the beginning, was in the collection of Mr. Rhodes, of Lyon's Inn, who liberally allowed Mr. Boswell to print it in the last Variorum edition of Shakspeare.* It appears evidently to have been read and used by Shakspeare. In this, as in other instances, the bookseller was probably induced to publish the old play, in consequence of the success of the new one in performance, and before it had yet got into print.

Shakspeare's play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 20, 1597, by Andrew Wise; and was then published with the following title:—'The Tragedie of King Richard the Third: Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother Clarence; and the pitiful Murder of his innocent Nephewes; his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed by Valentine Sims, for William Wise, 1597.' It was again reprinted, in 4to, in 1598, 1602, 1612 or 1613, 1622, and twice in 1629.

This play was probably written in the year 1593 or 1594. One of Shakspeare's Richards, and most probably this, is alluded to in the Epigrams of John Weever,† published in 1599; but which must have been written in 1595.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Hunie-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other:
Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesses said to be their mother.
Rose cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,
Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dressee,
Proud lust-stung Tarquine, seeking still to prove her,
Romeo, *Richard*, more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power attractive beauty,

* A complete copy of Creed's edition of this curious Interlude, (which upon comparison proved to be a different impression from that in Mr. Rhodes's collection,) was sold by auction by Mr. Evans very lately. The title was as follows:—'The true Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women; and lastly, the conjunction of the two noble Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was played by the Queenes Maiesties players. London, printed by Thomas Creede; and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church door, 1594; 4to.' It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable that but a single copy of each of the two editions of this piece should be known to exist.

† This very curious little volume, which is supposed to be unique, is in the possession of Mr Comb, of Hen-

Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie,
They burn in love thy children Shakspeare let them,
Go wo thy muse more nymphish brood beget them.

21th Epig. 4th Weeke.

The character of Richard had been in part developed in the last parts of King Henry VI. where, Schlegel observes, 'his first speeches lead us already to form the most unfavourable prognostications respecting him: he lowers obliquely like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the elements of devastation with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals.' 'The other characters of the drama are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy; but in the background the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who calls forth the curse on the future: every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other, is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the demon, of the whole tragedy, and fulfils the promise which he formerly made to

— set the murderous Machiavel to school.' Besides the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he occupies us in the greatest variety of ways, by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valour. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the honourable death of the hero on the field of battle.—But Shakspeare has satisfied our moral feelings:—He shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond on the night before battle sleeping in their tents; the spirits of those murdered by the tyrant, ascend in succession and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are, properly, merely the dreams of the two generals made visible. It is no doubt contrary to sensible probability, that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators, who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between the two camps, if, by such a favour, they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of spectres, and the soliloquy of Richard on his awaking.†

Steevens, in part of a note, which I have thought it best to omit, observed that the favour with which the tragedy has been received on the stage in modern times 'must in some measure be imputed to Cibber's reformation of it.' The original play was certainly too long for representation, and there were parts which might, with advantage, have been omitted in representation, as 'dramatic encumbrances;' but such a clumsy piece of patchwork as the performance of Cibber, was surely any thing but 'judicious;' and it is only surprising, that the taste which has led to other reformations in the performance of our great dramatic poet's works, has not given to the stage a judicious abridgment of this tragedy in his own words, unencumbered with the superfluous transpositions and gratuitous additions which have been so long inflicted upon us.

The title is as follows:—'Epigrammes in the old est Cut and newest Fashion. A twise even Hournes (in so many Weekes) Studie. No longer (like the Fashion) not unlike to continue. The first seven, John Weever. *Sit voluisse sit valuisse.* At London: printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushele; and are to be sold at his shop, at the great north doore of Faules. 1599. 12s.' There is a portrait of the author, engraved by Cecill, prefixed. According to the date upon this print, Weever was then twenty-three years old; but he tells us, in some introductory stanzas, that when he wrote the Epigrams, which compose the volume, he was not twenty years old; that he was one

'That twenty twelvemonths yet did never know.'
Consequently, these Epigrams must have been written in 1595.

† Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. II. p. 246.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards } Sons to
King Edward V. } the King.RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } Brothers to the
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, after- } King.
wards King Richard III.

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK: EARL OF SURRY, his Son.

EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.

MARQUIS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.

EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS. LORD

STANLEY. LORD LOVELL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.

MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV.
Clarence, and Gloster.LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales,
Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to
the Duke of Gloster.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, a
Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Mes-
sengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Street. Enter GLOSTER.
Gloster.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun¹ of York;
And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;²
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.³
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed⁴ steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.⁵
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,⁶
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions⁷ dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just,

1 The cognizance of Edward IV. was a sun, in memory of the three suns which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

2 'Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
'With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.'

Rape of Lucrece.

3 Dances.

4 i. e. steeds caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barbed*, from *equis bardatus*, Latin of the middle ages.

5 'Is the warlike sound of drum and trumpet turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? The neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances.'—*Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe*, 1594. There is a passage in the

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.^a
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys⁹ as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by wo-
men:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers¹⁰ him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,

Legend of the Death of King Richard III. in the Mirror for Magistrates, evidently imitated from Shakspeare.

6 *Feature* is proportion, or beauty, in general. By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another; but nature, that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

7 Preparations for mischief.

8 This is from Hollinshed. Philip de Comines says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event.

9 i. e. fancies, freaks of imagination.

10 i. e. *frames his temper*, moulds it to this extremity. This word is often used in the same figurative sense by Spenser and other contemporaries of Shakspeare.

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,¹
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Braken-
bury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years;² fair, and not jealous:
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought
to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell
thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou be-
tray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and,
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
will obey.³

Glo. We are the queen's subjects,⁴ and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:⁵

Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.
[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and*

Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er re-
turn,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence
too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad in-
deed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorses up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:⁷
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and
reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street. Enter*

the Corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne

in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to

guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster—
Poor keyhole⁸ figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these

wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

To lie signified anciently to *reside*, or *remain* in a place,
as appears by many instances in these volumes.

⁶ A *mew* was a place in which falcons were kept,
and being confined therein, while moulting, was meta-
phorically used for any close place or places of confine-
ment. The verb to *mew* was formed from the substan-
tive.

⁷ Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince
of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part III.

⁸ Funereal.

⁹ A *key*, on account of the coldness of the metal of
which it is composed, was often employed to stop any
slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old
writers.

¹ The Queen and Shore.

² This odd expression was preceded by others
equally singular, expressing what we now call 'an ad-
vanced age.'

³ This and the three preceding speeches were proba-
bly all designed for prose. It is at any rate impossible
that this line could have been intended for metre.

⁴ I. e. the lowest of her subjects. This substantive is
found in Psalm xxxv. 13.—'Yea the very subjects came
together against me unawares, making mouths at me,
and ceased not.'

⁵ He means, 'or else be imprisoned in your stead.'

May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
And that be heir to his unhappiness !¹
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserably by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whilst I lament King Henry's corpse.
[*The Bearer take up the Corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corpse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the corpse ; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corpse of him that disobey's.²

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearer set down the Coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not :

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern³ of thy butcheries ;—

O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh !⁴—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer

dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man ;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd⁵ infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Foulter than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd ;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not ?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest ; Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt⁶ upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :

Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,

To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershadeth thy day, and death thy life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

the reason. The opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or northern nations, from whom we descended ; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases.—See *Pitt's Atlas* ; *Sveden*, p. 20.

⁵ *Diffus'd* anciently signified *dark, obscure, strange, uncouth, or confused.*

⁶ i. e. the crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of Lady Anne's husband on Edward.

¹ i. e. disposition to mischief.

² 'I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.'—*Hamlet*.

³ Example.

⁴ This is from Hollinshed. It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once; For now they kill me with a living death.¹

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful² tear,—

No,—when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain:—in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn a humble tear;⁴

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to

speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with*

his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.⁵

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young

Edward;—

[*She again offers at his breast.*]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;

To both thy devoirs shalt thou be accessory.

1 See notes on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2.; and King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

2 We have the same expression in *Venus and Adonis* applied to love:—

'For I have heard it is a life in death

That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.'

Pope adopts it:—

— a living death I bear,

Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.'

3 Pitiful.

4 Here is an apparent reference to King Henry VI.

Part III. Act II. Sc. 1.

5 Shakespeare countenances the observation that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

6 Crosby Place is now Crosby Square, in Bishopsgate Street. This magnificent house was built in 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabric is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and encumbered with modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it was

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad

designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place:⁶

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,

At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—

I will with all expedient⁷ duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me

too,

To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve.

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.⁸

[*Exeunt LADY ANNE, TRESSSEL, and*

BERKLEY.]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corpse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming

[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against

me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?⁹

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:

lately the warehouse of an eminent packer. Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great.

7 i. e. expeditious.

8 Cibber, who altered King Richard III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the improbability of this scene, that he thought it necessary to make Tressel say:—

'When future chronicles shall speak of this,

They will be thought romance, not history.'

The embassy under Lord Macartney to China witnessed the representation of a play in a theatre at Tien-sing with a similar incongruous plot.

9 This fixes the exact time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced to the second act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till March, 1477-8, seven years afterwards.

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,¹
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.²
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn you fellow in³ his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. If it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:⁴
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.⁵

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond,⁶ good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn⁷ them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissention rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd⁸ complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send: that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack⁹ became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height,

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?

¹ A small coin, the twelfth part of a French *sous*.
² Marvellous is here used adverbially. A proper man, in old language, was a well-proportioned one.
³ In for into.

⁴ Determin'd signifies the final conclusion of the will: concluded, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.

⁵ By inadvertence, in the old copies *Derby* is put for *Stanley*. The person meant was Thomas Lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But he was not created earl of Derby, till after the accession of King Henry VII. In the fourth and fifth acts of this play, he is every where called Lord Stanley.

⁶ Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of

Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII., she married Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey, duke of Buckingham.

⁷ I. e. summon.
⁸ Lewd here signifies idle, ungracious; and not rude, ignorant, as Stevens asserts.

⁹ I. e. I cannot tell what to say or think of it.
¹⁰ This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack*, so often used by Shakespeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is most common and familiar.

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
 She may help you to many fair preferments ;
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high desert.
 What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may
 she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
 A bachelor, a handsome stripling too ;
 I wis,¹ your grandam had a worse match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
 Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
 Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
 I had rather be a country servant maid,
 Than a great queen, with this condition—
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at :
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I be-
 seech thee !

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ? threat you me with telling of the
 king ?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
 I will avouch, in presence of the king :
 I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
 'Tis time to speak, my pains² are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember thee too well :
 Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
 king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs ;
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
 A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
 To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or
 thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
 Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
 And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
 In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain ?³
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father War-
 wick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon !

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown :
 And, for his meed,⁴ poor lord, he is mew'd up :
 I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
 this world,

Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
 Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
 We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

1 i. e. I think.

2 Labours.

3 See note on King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii. Sc. 2.
 Margaret's battle is Margaret's army.

4 Reward.

5 To pill is to pillage. It is often used with to poll or
 strip. 'Kildare did use to pill and poll his friendes,
 tenants, and retheyners.'—*Holinshed.*

6 Gentle is here used ironically.

7 'What dost thou in my sight.' This phrase has
 been already explained in the notes to Love's Labour's
 Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3. In As You Like It, Act i. Sc. 1,
 Shakespeare again plays upon the word make, as in this
 instance :—

'Now, sir, what make you here ?

Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.'

8 Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hex-
 ham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation pro-

Glo. If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar.
 Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
 You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
 As little joy you may suppose in me,
 That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
 For I am she, and altogether joyless.
 I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*]
 Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
 In sharing that which you have pill'd⁵ from me :
 Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?
 If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;
 Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?—
 Ah, gentle⁶ villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st⁷ thou in
 my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
 That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?⁸

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in ban-
 ishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
 paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd⁹ thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re-
 ported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see
 it.¹⁰

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all, before I
 came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me !

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could all but¹¹ answer for that peevish brat ?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven.—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
 curses !—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,¹²

As ours by murder, to make him a king !

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss ;

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !

Long die thy happy days before thy death ;

hibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or
 harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England.
 She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed
 at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May,
 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she con-
 tinued a prisoner till 1473, when she was ransomed by
 her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she
 died in 1482. So that her introduction in the present
 scene is a mere poetical fiction.

9 To plague in ancient language is to punish. Hence
 the scriptural term of the plagues of Egypt.

10 See King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 2 :—

'What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland.'

11 But is here used in its exceptive sense : could all
 this only, or nothing but (i. e. be out or except) this an-
 swer for the death of that brat.

12 Alluding to his luxurious life.

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!¹
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did: but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,²
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquiss, you are mala-
pert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current;³

¹ 'Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog.' It was an old prejudice which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed, are *marked* by nature as prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a boar. 'The expression (says Warburton) is fine; remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons.' The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Heywood in his *Metrical History of King Edward IV.* will illustrate this:—

'The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
Doe rule all England under a hog.
The crooke backt boore the way hath found
To root our roses from our ground,
Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
And then the dog, the cat, and rat
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.'

The persons aimed at in this rhyme, were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovell.

O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them:

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it,
marquiss.

Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our airy⁴ buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade!—alas!
alas!—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest:—

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it!

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's?⁵ [*Erit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at
liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:

² Alluding to Gloucester's form and venom. A *bottled spider* is a large, bloated, glossy spider: supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size.

³ He was created marquiss of Dorset in 1476. The scene is laid in 1477-8.

⁴ *Aiery* for brood. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *eyren*, eggs; and we accordingly sometimes find it spelled *eyry*. The commentators explained it *nest* in this passage, according to which explanation the meaning a few lines lower would be, 'your *nest* buildeth in our *nest's nest*.'

⁵ It is evident, from the conduct of Shakespeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had ranted against them, and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them.—*Walpole*.

He is frank'd¹ up to fattening for his pams;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath² to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty both call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go
with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do bewep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

I Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*Gives the Warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

I Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,

Talkers are no great doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears:³

I like you, lads:—about your business straight;

Go, go, despatch.

I Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

¹ A *frank* is a pen or coop in which hogs and other animals were confined while fattening. To be *franked up* was to be *closely confined*. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to stuff, to cram, to fatten.

² Harm, mischief.

³ This appears to have been a proverbial saying. It occurs again in the tragedy of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, 607:—

'Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears.'

⁴ Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nancy, in January, 1476-7. Isabel, the wife of Clarence, being then dead (poisoned by the duke of Gloucester, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary, the daughter and heir

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;⁴
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O lord! methought, what pain it was to drown
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears:⁵
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,⁶
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood,⁷ and he shriek'd out aloud,—

Clarence is come,—false, fleeting,—'perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No, marvel, lord, though it affrighted you!
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul,—

For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife,⁸ and my poor children:—

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But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife,⁸ and my poor children:—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—

[*CLARENCE reposes himself on a Chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,¹
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:²
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him
sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath
bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it;
but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no
warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and
tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prythee, stay a little: I hope,
this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont
to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's
done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few,
or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

1 This line may be thus understood, 'The glories of
princes are nothing more than empty titles:' but it would
impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond bet-
ter with the following lines, if it were read:—
'Princes have but their titles for their troubles.'

Johnson.

2 They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and
unreal gratifications.

3 One villain says, Conscience is at his elbow, per-
suading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take
the devil into thy mind, who will be a match for thy
conscience, and believe it not. Perhaps conscience is
here personified, as in Launcelot's dialogue in the Mer-
chant of Venice; but however that may be, Shakespeare
would have used him for it without scruple.

4 i. e. a bold courageous fellow

N

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous
thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot
steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but
it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's
wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-
faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a
purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars
any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns
and cities for a dangerous thing, and every man
that means to live well, endeavours to trust to him-
self, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,
persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe
him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make
thee sigh.⁵

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail
with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects
his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard⁶ with the
hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malm-
sey butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of
him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason⁷ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of
wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord,
anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks,
mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou
speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both *Murd.* To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both *Murd.* Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to
die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of
men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest⁸ have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins;

5 *Head.*

6 i. e. talk with him

7 *Quest* was the term for a jury. 'A quest of twelve
men, Duodecim viratus.'—*Baret.* In *Hamlet* we have
'crowners' quest law.'

Shakespeare has followed the current tale of his own
time. But the truth is, that Clarence was tried and
found guilty by his peers, and a bill of attainder was af-
terwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas
More, his death was commanded by Edward; but he
does not assert that the duke of Gloster was the in-
strument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with
several persons who lived at the time, he never could
get any certain account of the motives that induced Ed-
ward to put his brother to death.

8 This line was altered, and the subsequent line
omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty
of the statute.

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous
blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant springing, brave Plantagenet,²

That princely novice,³ was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee?

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed,⁴ go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster
hates you.⁵

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Aye, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to
weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

1 See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

2 *Bloming* Plantagenet, a prince in the *spring* of
life.

3 *Youth*, one yet new to the world.

4 *Reward*.

5 Walpole rightly suggested, from the Chronicle of
Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Cla-
rence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with
his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of
Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his mar-
riage with the younger sister of the duchess of Clarence,
Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward
prince of Wales. This is fully confirmed by a letter

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not
do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately de-
spatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have
been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole.

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace. Enter*
KING EDWARD (led in sick), QUEEN ELIZA-
BETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKING-
HAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good
day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred¹, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudg-
ing hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

King Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your
king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

from Sir John Paston to his brother, dated Feb 14,
1471-2:—"Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of
Clarence and Gloucester went to Shene to pardon; men
say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of
Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said,
he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sis-
ter-in-law, but *they shall part no fellowship*, as he
saith; so, what will fall, can I not say."—*Paston's Let-
ters*, vol. ii. p. 91.

6 l. e. do not merely *elope* and conceal your ill-will to
each other, but eradicate it altogether from your bosoms,
and swear to love each other.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
lord marquiss.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces DORSET.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*To the Queen*], but with all due-
teous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:—

Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen: indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.¹

¹ Milton has this observation:—"The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passages in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he), not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard:—

'I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.'

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in depart-

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[They all start.]
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-
vers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,²
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,³
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did;
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prythee, peace; my soul is full of
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou re-
quest'st?

Stan. The forfeit,⁴ sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,⁵

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?⁶

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals;

Have done a drunken slaughter; and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—

But for my brother, not a man would speak,—

Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all

Have been beholden to him in his life;

ing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep
dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion.¹

² This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which
Drayton has versified in his *Baron's Wars* :—

'Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,

Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.'

Canto II. Ed. 1619:

³ We have the same play on words in *Macbeth* :—

'—the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.'

⁴ He means the remission of the forfeit.

⁵ 'This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The

recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very

natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour

to communicate the crime to others.'—*Johnson.* The

hint for this pathetic speech is to be found in Sir Thomas

More's History of Edward V. inserted in the *Chronicles.*

⁶ i. e. be circumspect, deliberate, or consider what I

was about.

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.¹ O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you
not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter the DUCHESS OF
YORK,² with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
breast;

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,³ you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:

Incapable⁴ and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my hugs⁵ he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,⁶ grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS,
and DORSET, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and
weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:⁷
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief),
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's
death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Cla-
rence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and
he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's
gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they
are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcel'd,⁸ mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much dis-
pleas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd. In him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HAS-
TINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do crv you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

¹ Hastings was lord chamberlain to King Edward IV.

² Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

³ The duchess is here addressing her grand-children; but cousin seems to have been used instead of our kinsman and kinswoman, and to have supplied the place of both.

⁴ Unsusceptible.

⁵ This word gave no offence to our ancestors; one in-

stance will show that it was used even in the most re-
fin'd poetry:—

'And on thy *dugs* the queen of love doth tell
Her godhead's power in *scrowles* of my desire.'
Constable's Sonnets, 1594, Dec. vi. Son. 4

⁶ In the language of our elder writers, to *dissemble* signified to *feign* or simulate, as well as to cloak or conceal feelings or dispositions. Milton uses *dissembler* in this sense in the extract in a note on a former page.

⁷ The children by whom he was represented

⁸ Divided.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.* I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. Yon cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swollen hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungo-

vern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:²
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures³ in this weighty business?

[*Eseunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index⁴ to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Eseunt.*]
SCENE III. *The same. A Street. Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes; the king's dead.

2 Cit. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:⁵

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed.

1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

¹ Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welchmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages.—*Vide Holinshed.*

² This speech seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley.

³ I. e. your judgments, your opinions.

⁴ That is preparatory, by way of prelude.

⁵ An ancient proverbial saying, noticed in The English Courtier and Country Gentleman, 4to. bk. I. 1586,

3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 Cit. Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!⁶

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage,⁷ council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud;

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than he deserve, or I expect.

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason⁸ almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still it is so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.⁹
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.¹⁰

3 Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Eseunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS of YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:¹⁰
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overtaken him in his growth.

sign. B: '—as the proverb saith *seldome come the better*. Val. That proverb indeed is ancient, and for the most part true.'

⁶ 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.'

Ecclesiast. c. x.

Shakspeare found it cited in the duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in More's Richard III.

⁷ We may hope well of his government under all circumstances; we may hope this of his council while he is in his nonage, and of himself in his riper years.

⁸ See note 6, p. 97.

⁹ 'Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest.'—*From More's Richard III. copied by Holinshed, III. 721.*

¹⁰ This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1597 reads:—

'Last night I hear they lay at Northampton:

At Stony-Stratford they will be to-night.'

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved. According to the reading of the quarto the scene would

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Gramdam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young:

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I prythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Gramdam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Gramdam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,

As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;

Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accurs'd and unquiet wrangling days!

be on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which happened on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which, before the entry of the messenger, he manifestly does not know; namely, the duke of Gloster's coming to Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered to him by his uncle. See *Hall*, Edward V. fol. 6. Malone thinks this an unanswerable argument in favour of the reading of the quarto; while Steevens thinks it a matter of indifference, but prefers the text of the folio copy on account of the versification.

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous

And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go.
[To the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep; And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. A Street. *The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.^a

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth^b with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—[Exeunt Mayor, &c.]

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Eye, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not

To tell us whether they would come, or no.

¹ *Parlous* is a popular corruption of *perilous*; jocularly used for *alarming*, *amazing*.

² The quarto reads to *jet*, which Mr. Boswell thought preferable; but the folio is right. 'To *jut* upon the throne,' is to make *inroads* or *invasions* upon it. See Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, in voce *incurso*. *Awless* is not producing awe, not revered.

³ Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop [Rotherham] to ingratiate himself with Richard III. put his majesty's badge, the *Hog*, upon the gate of the Public Library at Cambridge.

⁴ Thomas Bouchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

⁵ London was anciently called *Camera Regia*. See Coke's Institutes, 4, 243; Camden's Britannia, 374; and Ben Jonson's Entertainment to King James, passing in his Coronation. London is called the king's special chamber in the duke of Buckingham's oration to the citizens (apud More), which Shakspeare has taken other phrases from.

⁶ To *jump* with, is to agree with, to suit, or correspond with.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The queen your mother, and your brother York, Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your grace, But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye! what an indirect and poevish course Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the duke of York Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York, Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land, Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious, and traditional:¹ Weigh it but with the grossness² of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him. The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place, And those who have the wit to claim the place: This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it; And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: Then, taking him from thence, that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.³

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day, or two, Your highness shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd; Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd⁴ to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.⁵ [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long. Thus, like the formal⁶ vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word. [*Aside.*]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man; With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live. Death makes no conquest of this conqueror; For now he lives in fame, though not in life.— I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man, I'll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly⁷ have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours: Too late⁸ he died, that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord, You said that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.⁹

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk:—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

¹ Ceremonious for superstitious; traditional for adherent to old customs.

² Grossness here means plainness, simplicity. Warburton, not understanding the word, would have changed it. Johnson has misinterpreted it; and Malone, though he defends the reading, leaves it unexplained.

³ This argument is from More's History, as printed in the Chronicles, where it is very much enlarged upon. 'Verely I have often heard of saintuarie men, but I never heard erste of saintuarie chyldren * * *'. But he can be no saintuarie manne, that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose lyfe or libertie can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardy. And he that taketh one oute of saintuarie to dooe hym good, I saye plainly that he breaketh no saintuarie.'—*More's History of Kinge Richard the Thirde.* Edit. 1521, p. 43.

⁴ I.e. recounted. Minshew, in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb retail, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to retails or retell.

⁵ I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdom surpassing those tender years, and their judgments carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom

of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.'—*Bright's Treatise of Melancholy*, 1586, p. 52.

⁶ For an account of the vice in old plays, see note on Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. 'He appears (says Mr. Gifford) to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a two-fold office, to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend, or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.'

⁷ 'Short summers commonly have a forward spring.' So in an old proverb preserved by Ray:—

'There's lightning lightly before thunder.'

⁸ Late.

⁹ This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means to say, 'I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is.'

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me; Because that I am little, like an ape, He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.¹

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons! To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, He prettily and aptly taunts himself: So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along? Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham, Will to your mother; to entreat of her, To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost; My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York Was not incensed² by his subtle mother, To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy; Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;³ He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will

not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle

Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold divided⁴ councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him,

Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;

And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,

Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business

soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us

both. [*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables

Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness,

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.⁵ Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord;— [*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt

To-night the boar had ras'd⁶ off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently, you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divides.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour, and myself, are at the one;

And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:⁷

And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond⁸

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us,

And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase,

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say,

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early

stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean

the crown?

Cate. Aye, my good lord.

5 Every material circumstance in this scene is from Holinshed, except that it is a knight with whom Hastings converses instead of Buckingham.

6 This term *rascd* or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. By the boar, throughout this scene, is meant Gloucester, in allusion to his crest.

7 This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time; it was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter or dedication of that age.

8 Instance is here put for *motive*, *cause*.

9 Weak, silly.

1 York alludes to the protuberance on Gloucester's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens.

2 i. e. incited, instigated.

3 Capable is quick of apprehension, susceptible, intelligent.

4 But the protectours and the duke after they had sent to the lord cardinal, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then lord chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in one place, as fast were they in another place, contriving the contrary to make the protectours king. The Lord Stanley, that was after earl of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much misliked these two several counsels.—Holinshed, from Sir T. More.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward.

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,¹
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;²
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot³ you what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exit STAN. and CATESBY.*]
How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it,⁴ to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John,⁵ with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;⁶

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving⁷ work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Pomfret. Before the Castle. *Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY,⁸ and VAUGHAN, to Execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit¹⁰ of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

1 Cross.

2 I. e. suspect it of danger.

3 Know.

4 That is, continue it.

5 See note 1 on the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

6 *Exercise* probably means religious exhortation or lecture.

7 From the continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, where the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey.

8 Confession.

9 Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors.—*Walpole.*

10 The limit for the limited time.

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.¹
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*
BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of Ely,² CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.³

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward⁴ with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morning:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,⁵ my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;⁶

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

¹ We have this word in the same sense again in Shakspeare's twenty-second Sonnet:—

'Then look I death my days should *expiate*.'

I cannot but think with Steevens that it is an error of the press for *expiate*.

² Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1479. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed lord chancellor in 1497. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.—See *More's Life of Richard III.*

³ The only thing wanting is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.

⁴ Intimate, confidential.

⁵ See note on Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.

⁶ This circumstance of asking the bishop for some of his strawberries seems to have been mentioned by the old historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloucester affected at the very time he had determined on the death of Hastings. It originates with Sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's entrance to the council 'fyrst about

That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,

Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood? he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whoso'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—

Off with his head: now, by Saint Paul, I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done:

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with Glo. and Buck.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream the boar did raise his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did acorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them so long, saleng meryly that he had been a slepe that day. And after a litle talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elye, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your gardayne in Holborne, I require you let us have a messe of them.' It is remarkable that this bishop (Morton) is supposed to have furnished Sir Thomas More with the materials of his history, if he was not the original author of it. See Preface to More's Life of Richard III. ed. 1821.

⁷ i. e. semblance, appearance.

⁸ For foot-cloth see note on King Henry VI. Part 2 Act iv. Sc. 7. A foot-cloth horse was a palfrey covered with such housings, used for state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown.

This is from Hollinshed, who copies Sir Thomas More:—'In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice stumbled with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whom no such mischance is toward: yet hath it bene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notable foregoeing some great misfortune.'



W. Marshall.

KING RICHARD III.

Glester, Fuxkingham, Hastings &c. Act. II. Scene. IV.



As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,¹
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Same. The Tower Walls. Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, and marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Fremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending³ deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF,⁴ with HASTINGS' Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation⁵ with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor.

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death:
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wait his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,⁶
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayortowards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.⁷
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,

¹ i. e. familiar intercourse: what is now called 'criminal conversation.'

² 'Too late of our intent.' In common speech a similar phrase is sometimes used; viz. 'to come short of a thing.' Mason would have changed *of* to *for*.

³ This person was *one Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c. are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an act of parliament. *Parl. Hist.* 2. p. 396. See also the duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in *Mora's History*, as copied by the *Chronicles*.

⁴ 'Nescius auræ fallacis.'—*Horace*.

William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

⁵ Those who now smile at me shall shortly be dead themselves.

⁶ i. e. pretending

⁷ The quarto has '*Enter Catesby with Hastings's head*.' For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliff is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, it is probable the editors of the folio had to answer.

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;¹

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*To CAT.*] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence² out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A Street. Enter a Scrivener.*

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent³ was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamind, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.⁴

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's Castle. Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,⁵
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;⁶
And his resemblance, being not like the duke,
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*
Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence;
His answer was—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke infer'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they: Would
they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend⁷ some
fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descent:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee⁸ for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads: the lord mayor
knocks. [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,

his concubine. Edward, however, had been married to
Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudely,
and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this
ground his children were declared illegitimate by the
only parliament assembled by King Richard III.; but no
mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

6 This tale is supposed to have been first propagated
by the duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement
of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of
Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the duke of
Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal.
Walpole thinks it highly improbable that Richard should
have urged such a topic to the people, or 'start doubts
of his own legitimacy, which was too much connected
with that of his brothers, to be tossed and bawled about
before the multitude.' He has also shown that Richard
'lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged
with her in her palace at this very time.'—*Historic
Doubts*, 4to. 1768.

7 It would not be difficult (says Mr. Reed) to fill whole
pages with instances to prove that *statue* was formerly
a word of three syllables; and there are several pas-
sages in Shakespeare where it is necessary so to pro-
nounce it. It has been thought advisable in these in-
stances to adhere to the old orthography, *statua*, which
distinguishes it as a trisyllable, as in the present instance.

8 Pretend.

9 Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and if (says
Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my
own person, or for my own purposes shall seem to deny
your suit, there is no doubt we shall bring all to a happy
issue.

1 Baynard's Castle was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to Stowe) came in with the conqueror. It had belonged to Richard duke of York, but was now Edward the Fifth's. This edifice, which stood in Thames Street, has been long pulled down; it is said that parts of its strong foundations may be seen at low water.

2 Edward Earl of Warwick, who, the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richard from his confinement at Sheriff-Hutton Castle to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and who was afterwards cruelly sacrificed to a scruple of Ferdinand king of Spain, who was unwilling to marry his daughter Katharine to Arthur prince of Wales while he lived, conceiving that his claim might interfere with Arthur's succession to the crown. He was beheaded in 1499. Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster, who was restored in blood in the fifth year of Henry VIII. and afterwards, in the thirty-first year of his reign (1540,) barbarously led to the block at the age of seventy, for some offence conceived at the conduct of her son Cardinal Pole.

3 I.e. the original draft from which the engrossment was made. This circumstance, like the others, in the play, is taken from Holinshed, who follows Sir Thomas More.

4 I.e. seen in silence, without notice or detection.

5 The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been

Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,¹
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtizans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross² his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay !³

Buck. I fear, he will : Here Catesby comes again :—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before.
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our request ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;

I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; Would it might please your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The accepted office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,⁴
And almost shoulder'd⁵ in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure,⁶ we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain :
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitely thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
(And much I need⁷ to help you, if need were ;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice⁸ and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :

For first he was contract to Lady Lucy,

Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;

And afterwards by substitute betroth'd

To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,⁹

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts

To base declension and loath'd bigamy :¹⁰

⁵ Shoulder'd in has the same meaning as rudely thrust into.

⁶ Recover. The word is frequently used by Spenser ; and both as a verb and a substantive by Lyly.

⁷ And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.

⁸ Weak, silly.

⁹ See King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii.

¹⁰ Bigamy, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from Polygamy, or having two wives at once ; as it consisted in either mar-

¹ I. e. a couch, or sofa.

² Fatten, pamper.

³ This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard employed to prove his title to the crown from the pulpit at Paul's Cross.

⁴ Shakespeare seems to have remembered the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross :—

'Bastard slips shall never take deep root.'

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,¹
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,²

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, wher' you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in your throne;
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their

suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and you sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher' I will, or no,

I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will

say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be

crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have

it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*]

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.³

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Tower.

Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET; on the other,

rying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. This is from Sir T. More, as copied by Hall and Holinshed.

1 The duke here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By 'some alive' is meant the duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. This is very closely copied from Sir Thomas More.

2 Pity.

3 To this act should probably be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and

ANNE, DUCHESS of GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece¹ Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kindly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

[*To the DUCHESS of GLOSTER.*]

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despitful tidings! O displeasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your

grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee

gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, ma-

dam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible.—*Johnson.*

4 We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

5 I. e. grand-daughter. The words grandson or grand-daughter never occur in Shakespeare.

6 This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time.

7 I. e. 'I may not so resign my office.'

O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice¹ hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear² me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*

For making me, so young, so old a widow!

And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad,)

More miserable by the life of thee,

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams³ was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complain-

ing.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for

yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of

it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune

guide thee! [*To DORSET.*]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To ANNE.*]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess

thee! [*To Q. ELIZABETH.*]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years⁴ of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.⁵

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the

Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Palace. Flourish of Trumpets.* RICHARD, as King upon his throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

1 A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg.
2 She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or other criminals, by placing a crown of iron heated red hot upon his head.

3 It is recorded by Polydore Virgil that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams. The veracity of that historian has been called in doubt; but Shakespeare followed the popular histories.

4 Shakespeare seems here to have spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York, the husband of this lady, had been then living, would have been but seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose she was not older: nor did she go speedily to her grave; she lived till 1495.

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the

touch.⁶

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would

speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be

king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned

liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward

lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness

freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,

dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.⁷

[*Aside.*]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[*Descends from his Throne.*]

And unrespective boys:⁸ none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes;—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting

gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit⁹ of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him

hither, boy.— [*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving witty¹⁰ Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order¹¹ for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:

5 Sorrow.

6 'To play the touch' is to resemble the touchstone.

7 Several of our ancient historians observe that this was an accustomed action of Richard's, whether he was

pensive or angry.

8 Unrespectful, i. e. devoid of cautious and prudential consideration, inconsiderate, unregardful.

9 Secret act.

10 Witty was not at this time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for sagacity, wisdom, or judgment; or, as Baret defines it, 'having the senses sharp, perceiving or foreseeing quicklie.'

11 i. e. take measures.

The boy is foolish,' and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it: for it stands me much upon,²
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.³
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?*

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal⁵ upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[Whispers.]

There is no more but so;—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.⁶

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,⁷
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

1 Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil, at the time of his death, in 1499, as an idiot; and his account, which is copied by Holinshed, was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakspeare's representation.

2 i. e. it is incumbent upon me.

3 'I am in blood'

Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more
Returning were as tedious,' &c. *Macbeth.*

4 'The best part of our chronicles, in all men's opinions, is that of Richard III. written as I have heard by Moortou, but as most suppose by Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with Tyrrel to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, he was then sitting on a draught; a fit carpet for such a counsel.' Sir James Tyrrel was executed for treason in the beginning of King Henry VII.

5 We should now say 'deal with,' but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time.

6 The quarto has the following very characteristic line:—

'King. Shall we hear from thee, Tirril, ere we sleep?'

7 King Henry IV. married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford; and the other was married to Thomas duke of Gloster, fifth son of King Edward III., who was created earl of Hereford,

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king?—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

Have told me, I being by,⁸ that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont:⁹ at which name, I started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck.——

Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,¹⁰ thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me wh'er you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt KING RICHARD and TYRREL.]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock,¹¹ while my fearful head is on. [Exit.]

SCENE III. The same. Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

in 1386, by King Richard II.; his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford. The duke of Buckingham, (who was the grandson of this Edmund and Anne,) had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the title, but he had not a shadow of right to the moiety of the estate, which, if it devolved to King Edward IV. with the crown, was now the property of his children, or otherwise belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard, to Richard's refusing to restore him the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them.

8 The duke of Gloster, according to the former play, was not by when King Henry uttered the prophecy, but the poet does not often trouble himself about such minute points of accuracy.

9 Hooker, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter, mentions this as a 'very old and ancient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, Red Hill, taking the name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated.' It was first built, he adds, as some think, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him.

10 This alludes to the *jack of the clock house*, mentioned before in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 3. It was a figure made in old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those still preserved at St Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automats, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. *Jack* was a term of contempt, occurring before in this play.

11 His castle in Wales

*Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil!—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne¹ Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton² is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;³

Delay leads impotent and snail pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.⁴
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

¹ He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in honourable custody.

² Bishop of Ely.

³ Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay.

⁴ ——— now is his fate grown mellow,

Instant to fall into the rotten jaws

Of chap-fall'n death.⁵

Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602.

King Richard III. was printed in 1597, Marston is therefore the imitator.

⁶ Induction is preface, introduction, or prologue.

⁶ In the third scene of the first act Margaret was re-

A dire induction⁶ am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right fit⁶ right⁶

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute,—

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal—living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of senility,⁷

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him;

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell hound, that doth hunt us all to death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;

That foul defacer of God's handy work;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves—

O upright, just, and true disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal⁸ cur

proached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. ⁷ So just is God to right the innocent.' Margaret now, perhaps, means to say, 'The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.'

⁷ Seniority.

⁸ Vide Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2:—

'Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts.'

Its apparent signification is *cruel, sanguinary, fleshly-minded.*

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow¹ with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,² because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate³ Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index⁴ of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish⁵ flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this,⁶ and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place. And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

1 i. e. *partaker* of or *participator* in the grief of others. The word appears to have been used metaphorically for an *equal*, a companion, or old and intimate acquaintance.

2 i. e. thrown into the bargain.

3 *Adulterate* is *stained with adultery*. *Adulterata*, Lat.

4 See note on Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4:—
"——— what act

That roars so loud and thunders in the index.
Mr. Nares suggests that the *index* of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.

5 Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted.

6 i. e. run through all this from first to last.

7 *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being sleep not at night, and fast during the day.

8 *Bettering* is *amplifying*, *magnifying* thy loss.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe:
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering⁸ thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. MARGARET.*]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Rich. Windy attorneys⁹ to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,¹⁰
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.¹¹

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the 'breach' of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum within.*]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[*Flourish. Alarums*]

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,¹²

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

Shakspeare employed the word for the sake of the antithesis between *better* and *loss*.

9 Thus in *Venus* and *Adonis*:—

'So of concealed sorrow may be said:
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks as desperate of his suit.'

10 The meaning of this harsh metaphor is: The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate; that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and more verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.

11 Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macbeth.

12 A spice or particle of your disposition.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy¹ and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturesome;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,²
that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordi-
nance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves³ thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with
you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty?
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live unscar'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were
opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were con-
trary.

K. Rich. All unavoyd⁴ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoyd grace makes des-
tiny:

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,⁵
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still⁶ use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.⁷

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise⁸ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from
thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers:
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who
else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: What think you
of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

mirring his supposed monument in old St. Paul's Cathed-
ral.

1 Touchy, fretful.

2 I know not what to make of this, unless we suppose
with Steevens that it is an allusion to some affair of gal-
lantry of which the duchess had been suspected. There
is no mention of any thing of the kind in the Chronicles.

Malone conjectures that *Humphrey Hour* is merely
used as a ludicrous periphrasis for *hour*, like *Tom
Troth*, for truth, in Gabriel Harvey's Letter to Spenser.

There can hardly be any allusion to the phrase of
'dining with Duke Humphrey,' used to express those
who dined upon air, or passed their dinner hour in ad-
miring his supposed monument in old St. Paul's Cathed-
ral.

3 i. e. accomplices.

4 Unavoidable.

5 This conceit seems to have been a favourite with
Shakspeare.

6 i. e. constant use.

7 i. e. the crown, the emblem of royalty. See note on
King Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Sc. 4.

8 To demise is to grant, from demittere, Lat. But as
no example of the use of the word, except in legal instru-
ments, offers itself, I cannot help thinking we should
read *devise*, with the second folio.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee,¹

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended ;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.²

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother ;

Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl :

Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience,
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys ;

And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;

To whom I will retail³ my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's
brother

Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this al-
liance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command,
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.⁴

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last ?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, length-
ens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such
sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving
tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too
quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and
dead ;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that
is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings
break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and
my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third
usurp'd

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;

Thy garter, blemish'd, paw'd his knightly virtue ;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity, the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-
ter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wait it in their age :

The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd !

Old barren plants, to wait it with their age.

Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill us'd o'er past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent !

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !

Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours !

Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding, if with pure heart's love,

1 Tyrwhitt suggested that the sense seemed to require we should read 'but *love* thee,' ironically. Mason pro-
posed 'but *have* thee,' which Stevens admitted into
the text. 'It is by no means evident that this is spoken
ironically (says Mr. Boswell), and, if not, the old reading
affords a perfectly clear meaning. A virtuous woman
would hate the man who thought to purchase her love
by the commission of crimes.'

2 'Endur'd of her for whom you *bid* like sorrow.' *Q*
is used for *by* ; *bid* is the past tense from *bide*.
s. l. e. *recount*.'

3 She means that his crimes would render such a
marriage offensive to heaven.

4 Young has borrowed this thought :—

'But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend,
What day next weev the' eternity shall end !

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine:
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this;
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish¹ found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in the nest of spicery,² they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!³
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back;

'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some lightfoot friend post to the duke
of Norfolk:⁴

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither; Post to Salisbury;

When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what
news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with
the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead, the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,

Where, and at what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan.

Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit STANLEY.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
arms;

And every hour more competitors⁶

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death? [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,

told him that there was a male heir of the house of York
alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he
Edward earl of Warwick, the only son of the usurper's
eldest brother, George duke of Clarence; but Elizabeth,
the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and all her sisters,
had a better title than either of them. He had however
been careful to have the issue of King Edward pronounced
illegitimate; and as the duke of Clarence had been
attainted of high treason, he had some colour for his
bravado.

6 Competitors here means confederates.

¹ Foolish.

² Alluding to the phoenix.

³ Such was the real character of this queen-dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the marquis of Dorset, her son, (from the earl) of Richmond.

⁴ Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders and sudden variation of opinion.

⁵ Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquiss Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power¹ landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they² must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost :—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*³

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—

That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd⁴ up in hold ;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales,

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great fame and worth :
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; commend me to him ;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented

¹ The earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1495, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

² *News* was considered as plural by our ancient writers.

³ Sir Christopher Urswick, a priest, chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who was married to the Lord Stanley. This priest, the chronicles tell us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages between the countess of Richmond and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to King Henry VII. and refused the bishopric of Norwich. He retired to Hackney, where he died in 1527, and his tomb is, I believe, still to be seen in the church there.

⁴ Vide note on p. 96, ante.

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. [*Gives papers to SIR CHRISTOPHER.*]

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury.⁵ *An open Place. Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him ?⁶

Sher. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice ;
If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies :

This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;

This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.⁷

That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.⁸

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth. Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,⁹ SIR JAMES BLUNT,¹⁰ SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :

From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.

⁵ There is reason to think that Buckingham's execution took place at *Shrewsbury*, but this is not the place to discuss the question.

⁶ The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with Richard is explained in King Henry VIII. Act i.

⁷ The time to which the punishment of his injurious practices or the wrongs done by him was respite.

⁸ Johnson thinks this scene should be added to the fourth act, which would give it a more full and striking conclusion. In the original quarto copy, 1597, this play is not divided into acts and scenes: Malone suggests that the short scene between Stanley and Sir Christopher may have been the opening of the fifth act.

⁹ John de Vere, earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who, after a long confinement in Hammes Castle, in Picardy, escaped in 1494, and joined Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth.

¹⁰ Sir James Blunt had been captain of the Castle of Hammes, and assisted Oxford in his escape.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords,¹

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bosworth Field. *Enter KING
RICHARD, and Forces; the DUKE of NORFOLK,
EARL of SURREY, and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in
Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha!
must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-
night;²

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that—
Who hath deserved the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that ac-
count;³

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction;⁴—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND,
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other
Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S
Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit⁵ each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,—

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:

The earl of Pembroke keeps⁶ his regiment;—

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means⁷ to speak

with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,

gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

*Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate.

It's supper time, my lord:

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?—

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in rea-
diness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle

Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch?⁸—

[*To CATESBY.*]

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves⁹ be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Nor-

thumblerland?¹⁰

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut¹¹ time, from troop to troop,

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

1 Alluding to the proverb, 'Conscientiæ mille testes.'

2 Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester.

3 Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

4 i. e. tried judgment, military skill.

5 Appoint.

6 Remains with.

7 i. e. contrive, take some pains or earnest measures.

8 By a watch is most probably meant a watch-light. The nature of which will appear from the following note of Sir Frances Kinaston upon Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida, in the very curious rhiming Latin version of that poem which I possess in manuscript. 'This word [morter] doth plainly intimate Jeffery Chaucer to have been an esquire of the body in ordinary to the king, whose office it is, after he hath charged and set the watch of the guard, to carry in the morter and to set it by the king's bed-side, for he takes from the cupboard a silver bason, and therein poures a little water, and then sets a round cake of virgin wax in the midst of the bason, in the middle of which cake is a wicke of bumast, which being lighted buroes as a watch-light all night by the king's bed-side. It hath, as I conceive, the name of morter for the likeness it hath when it is

here consumed unto a morter wherin you bray splices, for the flame first hollowing the middle of the waxe cake, which is next unto it, the waxe by degrees, like the sands in a houre glasse, runs evenly from all sides to the middle to supply the wicke. This royal ceremony Chaucer wittily faines to be in Cresseid's bed-chamber, calling this kind of watch-light by the name of morter, which very few courtiers besides esquires of the body (who only are admitted after all night is served to come into the king's bedchamber,) do understand what is meant by it.' Kinaston was himself esquire of the body to King Charles I. Baret mentions 'watching lamps, or candles; lucerne vigiles;' and watching candles are mentioned in many old plays. Steevens says that he has seen them represented in some of the pictures [qu. prints?] of Albrecht Durer.

9 i. e. the staves or poles of his lances. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.

10 Richard calls him melancholy because he did not join heartily in his cause.

11 i. e. twilight. A cock-shut was a large net stretched across a glade, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks 'take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare through a wood or range of trees, they venture through.' The artificial glade made for

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*KING RICHARD retires into his Tent.*
Exit RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him, and Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney,¹ bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war,
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot,) ²
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George²
Be executed in his father's sight:
Farewell! The leisure³ and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love:
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise⁴ me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exit Lords, &c. with STANLEY.*

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:⁵
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still. [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost⁶ of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To KING RICHARD.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrong'd souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

them to pass through were called cock-roads. Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.

¹ I.e. by deputation.

² This is from Hollinshed. The young nobleman, whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Lord Strange in right of his wife by Edward IV. in 1492.

³ We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem. 'I would do this if *leisure* would permit.' where *leisure* stands for *want of leisure*.

⁴ Weigh.

⁵ Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

—thy eyes' windows fall
Like death.

⁶ The hint for this scene is furnished by Hollinshed, who copies from Polydore Virgil. 'It seemed to him being asleep, that he saw diverse ymagines like terrible devilles which pulied and haled him, not sufferyng him to take any quiet or reste. The which strange vision

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To KING RICHARD.*

By thee was punch'd⁷ full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,⁸
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome⁹ wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall¹⁰ thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To RICHMOND.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To KING RICHARD.*

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To KING RICHARD.*

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom [*To RICHMOND.*

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To KING RICHARD.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

not so sodainly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends of the morning his wonderful vysion and fearful dreame.⁷ The Legend of King Richard III. in the Mirror for Magistrates, and Drayton in the twenty-second Song of his Polyolion, have passages founded upon Shakspeare's description.

⁷ The verb to *punch*, according to its etymology, was formerly used to prick or pierce with a sharp point.

⁸ See the prophecy in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 6.

⁹ I.e. *teeming* or *superabundant* wine. Shakspeare seems to have forgot that Clarence was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be washed to death.

¹⁰ *Fall* is here a verb active, signifying to drop or let fall.

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
 [To RICHMOND.]
 Dream of success and happy victory ;
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ;
 [To KING RICHARD.]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny ;
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
 Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—
 I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid :

[To RICHMOND.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
 God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
 Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.²
 Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes ; I am :
 Then fly,—What, from myself ? Great reason :

Why ?

Lest I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?
 I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good,
 That I myself have done unto myself ?
 O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well :—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty ! guilty !
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me ;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me :—
 Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent : and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village
 cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn :
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
 dream !

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*

1 Buckingham's hope of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms ; he lost his life in consequence, and therefore may be said to have died for hope ; hope being the cause which led to that event.

2 There is in this, as in many of the poet's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued ; but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical.—*Johnson.*

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On ! victory !

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on : Yet, remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side :

The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;

One that made means³ to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair,⁴ where he is falsely set ;

One that hath ever been God's enemy :

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit⁵ it in your age.

Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords ;

For me, the ransom⁶ of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt

The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;

God, and Saint George !⁷ Richmond, and victory !

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right ; and so, indeed, it is.
 [*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
 Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,

3 Made means here signifies made such interest, used such disingenuous measures.

4 England's chair is the throne. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright coloured foil under them.

5 Requite.

6 i. e. the fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness.

7 Saint George was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.

He should have bray'd¹ the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich.

The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—Caparison my horse ;—

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst ;
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!²—What think'st thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scroll.

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon³ thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have infer'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
A sort⁴ of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain⁵ the one, disdain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's⁶ cost ?

1 Steevens's notion is a strange one, that *bray'd* here means *made it splendid or fine*. The common signification of the old verb *to bray* was not what he states it to be—to *challenge* or *set at defiance* ; but 'to *look aloft*, and *go gaily*, desiring to have the preeminence.' This is old Baret's definition, which explains the text better than Mr. Steevens has done.

2 I. e. 'this, and *superadd* to this, Saint George on our side.' The phrase, like *Saint George to borrow*, which Holinshed puts into the mouth of Richard before the battle, is a kind of invocation to the saint to act as protector ; *Saint George to borrow* meaning Saint George be our pledge or security.

3 *Dickon* is the ancient familiarization of *Richard*.

4 Company.

5 *To restrain* is to abridge, to diminish, to withhold from.

6 Thus Holinshed :—'You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feat and enterprise. And to begin with the earl of Richmond, captain of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my mother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine,' p. 756. Holinshed copied this verbatim from Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54 ; but his printer has given us by accident the word *snoother* instead of *brother* ; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

7 Fright the skies with the shivers of your launces.

8 There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a dis-

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Breagnes ; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?

Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum afar off.

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !'

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh ;⁹

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !

Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of the Field. Alarum.

Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces ; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger ;⁹

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—¹⁰

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !¹¹

[Exeunt.

position of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies ; a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

9 I. e. *daringly opposing himself*, or offering himself as an opponent to every danger.

10 Shakspeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the First Part of King Henry IV. He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was deterred if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was ; attacked his standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him ; then assailed Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

11 In the old interlude on the subject of Richard III. which Mr. Boswell printed at the end of this play, this line stands :—

'A horse ! a horse ! a fresh horse !'

Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, appears to have been the original Richard. C. shop Corbet, in his *Her Boreale*, introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle, and

'—when he would have say'd King Richard died,
'And call'd *a horse* ! a horse !—he Burbage cried.'

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ; and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all !—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us ;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose with the red :—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen ?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !

And let their heirs (God, if they will be so,)—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !

Abate¹ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce² these bloody days again !
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

THIS is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances ; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.—JOHNSON.

Malone says, he ' agrees with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play, from its first exhibition to the present hour, has been estimated greatly beyond its merits.' He attributes (but I think erroneously) its popularity to the detestation in which Richard's character was held at the time that Shakespeare wrote, and to the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, ' who was pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could be placed on the scene.' Stevens, in the following note, has stated the true grounds of the perpetual popularity of the play, which can only be attributed to one cause—the wonderful dramatic effect produced by the character of Richard.—S. W. S.

I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions ; and yet, perhaps, they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps beyond all others, variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage : the hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author.—STEEVENS.

1 i. e. diminish, or take away.

2 To reduce is to bring back ; an obsolete sense of the word, derived from its Latin original, *reduco*.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT is the opinion of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, that this play was written a short time before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March, 1602-3. The eulogium on King James, which is blended with the panegyric of Elizabeth in the last scene, was evidently a subsequent insertion, after the succession of the Scottish monarch to the throne : for Shakespeare was too well acquainted with courts to compliment, in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor ; of whom, history informs us, she was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning King James was added after the death of the queen, is still more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, by the awkward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines.

After having lain by some years, unacted, probably on account of the costliness of its exhibition, it was revived in 1613, under the title of '*All is True*,' with new decorations, and a new Prologue and Epilogue : and

* The circumstance is recorded by the continuator of Stowe ; and in a MS. Letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, it is thus mentioned : ' No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there, shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire caught, &c.'—MS. Harl. 7002.

So in a letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 5th July, 1613 :—' But the burning of the Globe, or Playhouse, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you ; which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occa-

this revival took place on the very day, being St. Peter's, on which the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The fire was occasioned, as it is said, by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance called *chambers* in the scene where King Henry is represented as arriving at Cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the theatre *. Dr. Johnson first suggested that Ben Jonson might have supplied the Prologue and Epilogue to the play upon the occasion of its revival. Dr. Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, support his opinion ; and even attribute to him some of the passages of the play.

Mr. Gifford has controverted this opinion of Jonson having been the author of the Prologue and Epilogue of this play, and thinks the play which was performed under the title of '*All is True*' was a distinct performance, and not Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth. To this it has been answered, ' That the Prologue, which has always accompanied Shakespeare's drama from its

sion were to be used in the play), the tampion or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining ; and it was a great marvel and faire grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at.'—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 469.

The event is also recorded by Sir Henry Wotton, in his letter of the 2d of July, 1613, where he says, it was at ' a new play, acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth.'—*Reliquia Wotton*, p. 425. Ed. 2d.

first publication in 1623, manifestly and repeatedly alludes to the title of the play which was represented on the 29th of June, 1613, and which we know to have been founded on the history of King Henry the Eighth, affords a strong proof of their identity, as appears by the following passages:—

‘————— Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too,’ &c.

‘————— Gentle readers know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is,’ &c.

‘To make that only true we now intend.’

And though Sir Henry Wotton mentions it as a new play, we have Stowe and Lorkin who call it ‘*The play of Henry the Eighth*.’

‘That the Prologue and Epilogue were not written by Shakspeare is, I think, clear from internal evidence,’ says Mr. Boswell; to whose opinion I have no hesitation in subscribing: but it does not follow that they were the production of Ben Jonson’s pen. That gentleman has clearly shown that there was no intention of covertly sneering at Shakspeare’s other works in this prologue; but that this play is opposed to a rude kind of farcical representation on the same subject by Samuel Rowley (see the first note on the Prologue). This play, or interlude, which was printed in 1603, is probably referred to in the following entry on the books of the Stationers’ Company:—‘Nathaniel Butter, Feb. 12, 1604,

That he get good allowance for the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the warden’s hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy.’ Stowe has observed that ‘Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story;’ but there is no evidence that it was in a dramatic form: it may have been something historical, and not by the dramatic poet of that name; as Stowe cites the authority of Robert Greene, with Robert Brun, Fabian, &c. in other places of his Chronicle.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII. (1521), and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The poet has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536. In constructing his scenes he has availed himself largely of the eloquent narrative of Wolsey’s faithful servant and biographer, George Cavendish, as copied by the Chronicles; and indeed the pathos of the Cardinal’s dying scene is almost as effective in the simple narrative of Cavendish as in the play. The fine picture which the poet has drawn of the suffering and defenceless virtue of Queen Katharine, and the just and spirited, though softened, portrait he has exhibited of the impetuous and sensual character of Henry, are above all praise. It has been justly said that ‘this play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages that are to be found in the poet’s works.’

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Gartor, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE—chiefly in London and Westminster: once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I’ll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

I, i. e. faced or trimmed. This long motley coat was the usual dress of a fool.

The Prologue and Epilogue to this play are apparently not by the hand of Shakspeare. They have been attributed to Ben Jonson: but this opinion is controverted by Mr. Gifford. The intention of the writer (says Mr. Boswell) was to contrast the historical truth and taste displayed in the present play with the performance of a contemporary dramatist, ‘When you see me you know me, or the famous Chronicle of King Henry the Eighth, &c. by Samuel Rowley,’ in which Will Summers, the jester, is a principal character. There are other incidents in this ‘merry bawdy play,’

Will be deceiv’d: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion² that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend,
Therefore, for goodness’ sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest³ hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow’d with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I’ll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

besides the perversion of historical facts, which make it more than probable that it is here alluded to.

² Opinion seems here to mean character; as in King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4:—‘Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion.’ To realize that opinion of character is our present object, not to forfeit it by introducing absurdities.

³ Happiest being here used in a Latin sense for propitious or favourable. ‘Sis bonus o fatique tuis!’ has been thought a reason for attributing this Prologue to Jonson; but we have shown that Shakspeare often uses words in a Latin sense.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the Palace. Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*¹

Buckingham.

Good morrow, and well met. How have you done, Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace: Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory,² those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:³ I was then present, saw them salute on horseback; Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement, as⁴ they grew together; Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost The view of earthly glory: Men might say, Till this time, pomp was single; but now married To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders it's:⁵ To-day, the French, All clinkant,⁶ all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they Made Britain, India: every man, that stood, Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting: now this mask Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye, Still him in praise: and, being present both, 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor Durst wag his tongue in censure.⁷ When these

suns (For so they phrase them) by their heralds chal- leng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis⁸ was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far. *Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect In honour honesty, the tract of every thing

Would by a good discourser lose some life, Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal; To the disposing of it nought rebell'd, Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinctly his full function.⁹

Buck. Who did guide, I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess *Nor.* One, certes,¹⁰ that promises no element¹¹ In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord? *Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce¹² vanities? I wonder, That such a keech¹³ can with his very bulk Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir, There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends; For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon For high feats done to the crown; neither allied To eminent assistants, but, spider-like, Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note, The force of his own merit makes his way; A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye Pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard; Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil, Upon this French going-out, took he upon him, Without the privacy o' the king, to appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the file¹⁴ Of all the gentry; for the most part such Too, whom as great a charge as little honour He meant to lay upon; and his own letter, The honourable board of council out, Must fetch him in he papers.¹⁵

Aber. I do know Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have By this so sickn'd their estates, that never They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many Have broke their backs with laying manors on them For this great journey.¹⁶ What did this vanity, But minister communication of A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think, The peace between the French and us not values The cost that did conclude it.

1 George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham.

2 Pope has borrowed this phrase in his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, ver. 22:—

'Those suns of glory please not till they set.'

3 Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde (*Jardres*) to the French; they are towns of Picardy: the valley where Henry VIII. and Francis I. met lies between them.

4 *As for as if.*

5 *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shows.

6 *i. e. glittering, shining.*

7 *i. e. in judgment,* which had the noblest appearance.

8 The old romantic legend of Bevis of Hampton. This Bevis (or Bevois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created earl of Southampton by William the Conqueror. See Camden's Britannia.

9 The course of these triumphs, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. The commission for regulating them was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place.

10 *Certes*, *i. e.* certainly, is here used as a monosyllable.

11 No initiation, no previous practice. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a catachresis, to a person.

12 Johnson remarks that *fierce* is here used, like the French *fier*, for *proud*.

13 A round lump of fat. The Prince calls Falstaff *tallow-keech* in the First Part of King Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 4. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal, being reputed the son of a butcher. We have 'Goodwife Keesch, the butcher's wife,' mentioned by Dame Quickly, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 1.

14 List.

15 *He papers*, a verb; *i. e.* his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview, and addressed his letters to them.

16 In the ancient Interlude of Nature, blk. l. no date, apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. a similar stroke is aimed at this expensive expedition.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd,¹ was
A thing inspir'd : and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd ?²

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace,³ and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.⁴

Nor. Like 't your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together : to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power : You know his nature,
That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,

That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?
Where's his examination ?

I Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

I Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buck-
ingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur⁵ is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.⁶

Nor. What are you chaf'd ?
Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me : and his eye revild
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores⁷ me with some trick : He's gone to the
king ;

I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your cooler question
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.⁸ Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself : We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.⁹

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,¹⁰) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous
Buck. To the king I'll say it ; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal¹¹ ravenous,
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it : his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests¹² the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break 't the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be : to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead : But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well : for worthy Wolsey
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason.)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For, 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him : As He privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd ;—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd :—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,¹³
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable ;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness.

7 I.e. he stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

9 Thus in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* :—

'Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself.'

9 So in *Hamlet* :—

'Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.'

10 Honest indignation, warmth of integrity.

11 *Equal for equality.* 12 I.e. incites, or tempts.

13 To buy and sell was a proverbial expression for treacherously betraying.

1 'Monday the xviii of June was such an hideous storme of winde and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes.'—*Holinshed.*

2 The French ambassador, being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd.*

3 'A fine name of a peace : this is ironically said.

4 Conducted.

5 The common rumour ran that Wolsey was the son of a butcher ; but his faithful biographer Cavendish says nothing of his father being in trade : he tells us that he was 'an honest poor man's son.'

6 That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish Under device and practice.¹

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present.² 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The
king [To ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach Lord Montacute,³ and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,⁴
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?⁵

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'ergreat cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd⁶ already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,⁷
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Council Chamber. Cornels.

Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the
Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Offi-
cers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on
the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the level⁸
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council
take their several places. The Cardinal places him-
self under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter
the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK
and SURREY: she kneels. The King riseth from
his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a
suiror.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your
suit

1 i. e. treachery or unfair stratagem. This word
has already been amply illustrated.

2 I am sorry that I am obliged to be present, and an
eye witness of your loss of liberty.

3 This was Henry Pole, grandson to George duke of
Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had
married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though re-
stored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for
another alleged treason in this reign.

4 The name of this monk of the Chartreux was
John de la Car, alias de la Court. See Holinshed, p.
863.

5 Nicholas Hopkins, another monk of the same order,
belonging to a religious house called Henton-beside-
Bristow.

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, alihough,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on⁹
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.¹⁰

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file¹¹
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, which are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay: and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes hold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave

6 i. e. measured, the duration of it determined. Man's
life is said in scripture to be but a span long.

7 The old copy reads 'this instant sun puts on.'

8 To stand in the level of a gun, is to stand in a line
with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot.

9 i. e. promoter or instigator.

10 Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden
rising of the poet 'to a height truly sublime!' where by
the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serv-
ing in the rebel army, and shaking the established
government. Gower, Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser
have also personified Danger.

11 He means to say that he is but one among many
counsellors, who proceed in the same course with him
in the business of the state. To this the queen replies,
that he frames things, or they originate with him, which
are afterwards known to the council and promulgated by
them.

To each incensed will.¹ I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.²

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake³
That virtue must go through. We must not stint⁴
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope⁵ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once⁶ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;⁷ what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission; Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*⁸

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,⁹
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.¹⁰
Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,¹¹ the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious foins, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear

¹ The meaning (says Malone) appears to be, things are now in such a situation that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance.

² The old copy reads 'There is no primer baseness.' Warburton made the alteration, which Steevens seems to think unnecessary, though he has retained it in his text.

³ Thicket of thorns.

⁴ To stint is to stop or retard.

⁵ i. e. to engage with, to encounter.

⁶ Once is not frequently used for *sometime* or *at one time* or *other*.

⁷ i. e. approved.

⁸ Holinshed says that this surveyor's name was Charles Knyvet.

(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Henry. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry¹² it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How ground'd he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose,¹³ within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultnery, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: *That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal¹⁴
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his
heirs*

(*Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous
for him

⁹ It appears from the prologue to the Romance of the Knight of the Swanee, that it was translated from the French at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

¹⁰ i. e. beyond the treasures of his own mind.

¹¹ Great gifts of nature and education not joined with good dispositions.

¹² Conduct, manage.

¹³ This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the merchant tailors' company, and is now the merchant tailors' school, in Suffolk Lane.

¹⁴ The old copy has '*commission's seal.*'

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ah!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,²—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
*Have put his knife into him.*³

K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
freedom,

And this man out of prison?

K. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of
thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the
knife,—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night!⁴
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace. Enter the*
*Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS.*⁵

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?⁶

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face;⁷ but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt⁸ reign'd among them.

Cham.

Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham.

What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there: now I would pray
our monseurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool and feather,⁹ that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches,¹⁰ and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their dis-
eases

Are grown so catching.

Cham.

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov.

Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're
going,

(For, sure, there's no converting of them:) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held¹¹ current music too.

Cham.

Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

¹ Rank weeds are weeds grown up to great height and strength. 'What, (says the king,) was he advanced to this pitch?'

² Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the Star Chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's.

³ The accuracy of Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentic manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term. 13 Hen. VIII. in the year books published by authority, edit. 1597, f. 11, 12.

⁴ Stevens takes unnecessary pains to explain this phrase. I wonder he could doubt that it was an adjuration.

⁵ Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles earl of Worcester was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1524. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

⁶ *Mysteries are arts*, and here artificial fashions.

⁷ A fit of the face seems to be a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

⁸ The *springhalt* or *stringhalt* is a disease incident to horses, which makes them limp in their paces. It is a humorous comparison of the mincing gait of the Frenchified courtiers to this convulsive motion. Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, uses it:—

'Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*.'

⁹ The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594:—'At that time (viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.) I was no common squire, no underrodden torchbearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though, (lyke a pig ready to be spitted,) all my guts had bene plucked out, a paire of side panned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant, like a round stick, &c. my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thorn backe or an elephant's eare; and in consumption of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*,' &c. Mr. Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps, as may be seen in a print of Jordan's after Voert; and which is alluded to in the *Ballad of News and No News*:—

'And feathers wagging in a fool's cap.'

¹⁰ i. e. breeches puffed or swelled out like *blisters*.

¹¹ The late edition of Mr. Boswell reads *hold*, noticing that *held* is the reading of the first folio.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so:
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;¹
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas.

We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Presence Chamber in York Place. Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,² has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are
tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]
Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended;
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble;—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.—

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam.
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within: Chambers³ discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

Wol. What warlike voice? [*Exit a Servant.*]

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed:

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as
Masks, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen
Torchbearers: ushered by the Lord Chamberlain.
They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

1 The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York Place (Cardinal Wolsey's house), now Whitehall.

2 A *bevy* is a company.

3 i. e. if I may choose my game.

4 *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great

charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder; that being the technical name for that cavity in a gun which contains the powder or combustible matter. Carendish, describing this scene as it really occurred, says that against the king's coming 'were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder.'

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which
I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O,
beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,——

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ;—Here I'll

make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal :¹

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily.²

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,

Pr'ythee, come hither : What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-

len's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' wo-

men.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-

heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,

And not to kiss you.³—A health, gentlemen,

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.⁴

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet

partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry ;—

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

¹ Cavendish, from whom Stowe and Holinshed copied their account, says that the cardinal pitched upon 'Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other,' upon which 'the king plucked down his visor and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant cheer and countenance, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much.'

² I.e. vaggishly, mischievously.

³ A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom.

⁴ According to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said 'that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.⁵

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 Gent. Whither away so fast ?

2 Gent. O,—God save you !

Even to the hall to hear what shall become

Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there ?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak, what has happen'd ?

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty ?

1 Gent. Yes, truly he is, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations,

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desir'd

To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face :

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Court,

Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he,

That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 Gent. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could

not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life : but all

Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.⁶

2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,—

to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :

But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gent. Sure, he does not,

He never was so womanish ; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gent. 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainer,

Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,

was made and prepared for him, and there new appa-

relled him with rich and princely garments. And in the

time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were

cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and

sweet perfum'd cloths.—Then the king took his seat

under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to re-

move, but set still as they did before. Then in came a

new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the

rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served

two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth

the whole night with banquetting, &c.

⁵ Thus in Antonio and Mellida :—

'*Flo.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off

quickly.

Flo. Pert Catzo, knock it, then.'

⁶ Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffec-

tual pity.

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally : whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy ;¹—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; *Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards
him ; halberds on each side : with him SIR THOMAS
LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WIL-
LIAM SANDS,² and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; Yet, heaven bear
witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those, that sought it, I could wish more chris-
tians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils³ on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce⁴ of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.⁵—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
Shall make⁶ my grave.—Commend me to his grace :
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
grace ;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bo-
hun :⁷

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;⁸
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes.—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose ;⁹ for those you make
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from y^e, never found again
But where they mean to sink y^e. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake y^e ; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,¹⁰
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive
me ! [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !
Where may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

close my life. *Entry* is elsewhere used by Shakespeare
for *malice* or *hatred*. Unless with Warburton we read
'mark my grave ;' a very plausible emendation of an
error easily made ; and which has indeed happened in
an instance in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2, where the old
copy erroneously reads :—

'To make the full fraught man and beast endued
With some suspicion.'

7 The name of the duke of Buckingham most gener-
ally known was *Stafford* ; it is said that he affected the
surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable
of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns
Shakespeare follows Holinshed.

8 I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which
blood shall one day make them groan.

9 This expression occurs again in *Othello* :—
'There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs.'

10 Thus also in King Richard II. :—
'Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.'

1 The report in the Old Year Book, referred to above,
thus describes him.—'Car il fut tres noble prince et
prudent, et *miror de tout courtoisie.*'

2 The old copy reads 'Sir Walter.' The correction
is justified by Holinshed. Sir William Sands was at this
time (May, 1521) only a knight, not being created Lord
Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakespeare probably did not
know that he was the same person whom he has al-
ready introduced with that title. The error arose by
placing the king's visit to Wolsey (at which time Sir
William was Lord Sands) and Buckingham's con-
demnation in the same year ; whereas the visit was
made some years afterwards.

3 *Evils* are *forfeits*.

4 Thus in Lord Sterling's *Darius* :—
'Scarce was the *lasting* last divorcement made
Betwixt the bodie and the soule.'

5 Johnson observes, with great truth, that these lines
are remarkably tender and pathetic.

6 Shakespeare, by this expression, probably meant to
make the duke say, No action expressive of malice shall

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith¹ to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident :
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held² not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark : But is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [Exit.

SCENE II. *An Antechamber in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.*

Cham. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served before u subject, if not before the king : which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What is the cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !

1 Great fidelity.

2 Stevens erroneously explains this passage, saying
to hold is to believe : 'it held not' here rather means 'it
did not sustain itself,' the rumour did not prove true.
So in King Richard III. Act ii. Sc. 2 :—

'Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death ?'

3 See The Winter's Tale, Act i. Sc. 2. note 8.

4 It was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring
about a marriage between Henry and the French king's
sister, the duchess of Alençon.

5 The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases,
make high or low.

6 The stage direction in the old copy is singular—
'Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the king draws the curtain,
and sits reading pensively.'—This was calculated

And with what zeal ! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel,³ has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister :⁴ Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.⁵

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed ;
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in,
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :—

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
The king hath sent me other-where : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much affected.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha ?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

for the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When
a person was to be discovered in a different apartment
from that in which the original speakers in the scene
are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was,
to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind
the curtains which were occasionally suspended across
it. These the person who was to be discovered (as
Henry in the present case), drew back just at the proper
time. Norfolk has just said 'Let's in ;' and therefore
should himself do some act in order to visit the king.
This, indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was
not attended to ; the king very civilly discovering himself.
See Malone's account of the Old Theatres, in Mr.
Boswell's edition, vol. ii.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*]

Most learned reverend air, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.¹ [*To WOLSEY.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour

Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy: go.

[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though,² for his

place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.³

Suf.

I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wis-

dom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judg-

ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid

him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd

for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all stran-

gers' loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be

acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gard-

diner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd

her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and

my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;

I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*]

1 The meaning appears to be, 'Let care be taken

that my promise be performed, that my professions of

welcome be not found empty talk.'

2 I. e. so sick as he is proud.

3 Steevens reads 'one leave at him;' but surely

without necessity. To have at any thing or person

meant to attack it, in ancient phrasology. Surrey

afterwards says:—

'have at you,

First that without the king,' &c.

The phrase is derived (like many other old popular

phrases) from gaming: 'to have at all,' was to throw

for all that was staked on the board, adventuring on the

cast an equal stake.

4 I. e. kept him out of the king's presence, employed

in foreign embassies.

5 About this time the king received into favour Doctor

Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of

great secrecy and weight, admitting him in the room

of Dr Pace, the which being continually abroad in am-

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard.

But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor

Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol.

Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol.

Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread

then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol.

How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;

And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man⁴ still; which so griev'd him,

That he ran mad, and died.⁵

Wol.

Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-

science,—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

○

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An Antechamber in the Queen's*

Apartment. Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old

Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—Here's the pang

that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her: and she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,

She never knew harm-doing:—O now, after

So many courses of the sun enthron'd,

Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which

To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than

'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avault⁶ it is a pity

Would move a monster.

Old L.

Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her.

Anne.

O, God's will! much better

She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tempra-

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce⁷

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging

As soul and body's severing.⁸

basades, and the same oftentimes not much necessary

by the Cardinales appointment, at length he took such

greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wities.'—

Holinshead.

6 To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce

against her a sentence of ejection.

7 I think with Steevens that we should read:—

'Yet if that quarrel, fortune to divorce

It from the bearer,' &c.

i. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from

the bearer. To fortune is a verb, used by Shakespeare

in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

'I'll tell you as we pass along

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.'

8 Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'The soul and body rive not more at parting

Than greatness going off.'

To pang is used as a verb active by Skelton, in his

book of Philip Sparrow, 1568, sig. R. v.:—

'What heaviness did me pange.'

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.¹

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.²

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saying your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril³ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not
be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it? But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
little;⁴

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing;⁵ I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth
to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

1 The revocation of her husband's love has reduced her to the condition of an unfriended stranger.

2 Our best possession.

3 Cheveril is kid leather, which, being of a soft yielding nature, is often alluded to in comparisons for any thing pliant or flexible.

4 Anne Bullen declining to be either a queen or a duchess, the old lady says, 'pluck off a little': let us descend a little lower, and so diminish the glare of pre-ference by bringing it nearer your own quality.

5 I e. you would venture to be distinguished by the *hault*, the ensign of royalty, used with the sceptre at coronations.—Johnson.

6 I cannot but be surprised that Malone should have made any difficulty about the reading of the text:—

the king's majesty

Commends his good opinion to you.
It is one of the most common forms of epistolary and colloquial compliment of our ancestors, whose letters frequently terminate with 'and so I commend me to you,' or begin with 'After my hartie commendacions to you,' &c. The instances cited by Stevens from Lear

Commends his good opinion to you,⁶ and Does purpose honour to you no less flowing Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title A thousand pound a year, annual support, Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing:⁷ nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,⁸
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
[Aside.

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?⁹—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fy, fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,¹⁰
no.

There was a lady once ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:¹¹—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets
sennet,¹² and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with

and Antony and Cleopatra are not exactly in point; for the word *commend*, in both those instances, signifies *commit*.

7 Not only my all is nothing: but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

8 To approve is not, as Johnson explains it, here, to strengthen by commendation, but to confirm (by the report he shall make) the good opinion the king has formed.

9 The carbuncle was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it.

10 Forty pence was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager. Money was then reckoned by pounds, marks, and nobles. Forty pence, or three and fourpence, is half a noble, and is still an established legal fee.

11 The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile.

12 This word *sennet*, about which there has been so much discussion to little purpose, is nothing more than the *senne* of the old French, or the *segno* or *segnata* of the Italians, a signal given by sound of trumpet.—*signum dare buccina.*

short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.²]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;³

And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire, Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

1 Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

2 'Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet,' &c.—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, vol. i. p. 149, ed. 1825.

3 This speech is taken from Holinshed (who copies from Cavendish) with the most trifling variations. Hall has given a different report of the queen's speech, which, he says, was made in French, and translated by him from notes taken by Campeggio's secretary.

4 That is, 'If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, or aught against your sacred person,' &c.

5 The historical fact is, that the queen staid for no reply to this speech. Cavendish says, 'And with that she rose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and so de-

With many children by you: If, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many A year before: It is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel I will implore: if not; if the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!⁵

Wol. You have here, lady, (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless, That longer you desire the court;⁶ as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,— To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen (or long have dream'd so,) certain, The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet. Or God will punish me: I do believe, before,

Induc'd by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,⁷ You shall not be my judge: for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again, I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, Refuse you for my judge;⁸ whom, yet once more, I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess, You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far further shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,

parted from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning (as she was wont always to do) upon the arm of her general receiver Master Griffiths.—*Life of Wolsey*, p. 152.

6 That you desire to protract the business of the court. 'To pray for a longer day,' i. e. a more distant one, is yet the language of the bar in criminal trials.

7 Challenge here (says Johnson) is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says 'I challenge him.'

8 These are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law: *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I protest against.—*Blackstone*.

TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE





That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if it be known to him,
That I gainsay¹ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me ; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,²
With meekness and humility ; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers : and your wards,³

Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual : That again
I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it ; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on :
I will not tarry : no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :
That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)⁴
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,⁵) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might

Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it :—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,⁶
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give
heed to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick,⁷ on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
sador ;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this bu-
siness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience,⁸ enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerations did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than

The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling⁹ in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,¹⁰
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,

6 The king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off ; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt or wish to stir that business.

7 The words of Cavendish are,—'The special cause that moved me hereunto was a scrupulosity that prick'd my conscience.'—See also *Holinshed*, p. 907.

8 Theobald thought we should read 'The bottom of his conscience.'

9 The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

10 Waste, or wear away.

1 Deny.
2 You show in appearance meekness and humility, as a token or outward sign of your place and calling ; but your heart is cramm'd with arrogance, &c.

3 The old copy reads :—
'Where powers are your retainers ; and your words, domestics to you,' &c.

4 If thy several qualities had tongues capable of speaking out thy merits, i. e. of doing them extensive justice.

5 The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this :—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed* I shall not be satisfied fully and at once ; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied.

The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd¹ o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return!² with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment. The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave work-
ing.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car-
dinals

Wait in the presence.⁴

1 Shakespeare uses the verb to *paragon* both in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Othello*:—

'If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again
My man of men.'
'—a maid

That *paragons* description, and wild fame.'

2 This is only an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

3 Cavendish, who appears to have been present at this interview of the cardinals with the queen, says—'She came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck into the chamber of presence.' A subsequent speech of the queen's is nearly conformable to what is related in Cavendish, and copied by Holinshed.

4 Presence chamber.

5 'Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks.' In allu-

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs⁵ as right-
teous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to with-
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,⁶
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima,*—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;⁷
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord car-
dinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you,)⁸
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far,)—

sion to the Latin proverb—*Cuculus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:—

'*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere*;
But a clement life and devotion,
Maketh gode men of religion.'

6 I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that malice and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.

7 This is obscurely expressed, but seems to mean, 'If your business is with me, and relates to the question of my marriage, out with it boldly.'

8 'Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin.—"Nay, good my lord (quoth she,) speak to me in English, I beseech you, though I understand Latin."—Cavendish.

9 This line stands so awkwardly, and out of its place, that Mr. Edwards's proposition to transpose it, should be adopted, thus:—

'I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you.'

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*]
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been! (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out² my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's pro-
tection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my
ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; ³ holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues:
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

¹ For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore
possessed.

² Weigh out for out-weigh. In Macbeth we have
overcome for come over.

³ If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for
I thought you good.

⁴ Served him with superstitious attention.

⁵ This is an allusion to the old jingle of *Angli* and
Angeli. Thus Nashe in his *Anatomy of Absurdity*,
1589:—'For my part I meane to suspend my sentence,
and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who
affirmeth that they carry *angels* in their *faces*, and
devils in their *devices*.'

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—(let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?⁴

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces,⁵ but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field,⁶ and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.⁷
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
forgive me,

If I have us'd⁸ myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answe. To such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

⁶ 'The lily, lady of the flow'ring field.'

Spenser, F. Q. b. ii. c. vi. st. 16.

⁷ It was one of the charges brought against Lord Es-
sex, in the year before this play was written, by his un-
grateful kinsman Sir Francis Bacon, when that noble-
man, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged by a junctio
of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council table
for several hours, that in a letter written during his re-
tirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, 'There
is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.'
⁸ Behaved.

That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Antechamber to the King's Apartment. Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, the DUKE of SUFFOLK, the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force¹ them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncondemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?² when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lord, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings³
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce : For if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My king is tangled in affection to

A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way.⁴ But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace⁵ the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

1 Force is enforce, urge.

2 'Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected ?' When did he regard the stamp of nobleness in any person, though attentive to his own dignity ?

3 I. e. his secret endeavours to counteract the divorce.

4 To coast is to hover about, to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To hedge is to creep along by the hedge, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

5 To trace is to follow.

6 This same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 1 :—

'Good morrow, cousin.

Is the day so young ?'

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young,⁶ and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.⁷

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf.

No, no ;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhanded ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all this plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom :⁸ shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has : and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?
Crom. Presently

He did unseal them ; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does what his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving ? yet I know her for

7 To memorize is to make memorable.

8 Suffolk means to say Cranmer is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion. Or perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean, He is returned in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions on divines, &c. collected by him.

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Crammer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule;¹ and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,²
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: And, wot' you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

1 That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See the story related of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, in Holinshed, p. 796 and 797.

2 Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance:—"Citius modo, modo tardus incessus."

3 Know.

4 So in Macbeth:—

"To crown my thoughts with acts."

5 Your royal benefits, showered upon me daily, have been more than all my studied purpose could do to requite, for they went beyond all that man could effect in

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you.⁴ Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours;—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it: as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you,⁵ than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.⁶

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.⁷
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.⁸

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*

the way of gratitude. My endeavours have ever come too short of my desires, though they have fil'd, i. e. equalled or kept pace with my abilities.

6 Stevens says, as Jonson is supposed to have made some alterations in this play, it may not be amiss to compare the passage before us with another on the same subject in *The New Inn*:—

"He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;
Then shower'd his bounties on me like the hours
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men."

7 Beside your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your especial benefactor.

8 This is expressed with great obscurity; but seems to mean, 'that or such a man I am, have been, and will ever be.'

9 "Ille velut pelagi rupes remota, resistit."

Jen. vii. 596.

The *chiding flood* is the resounding flood. To *chide*, to *babble*, and to *brave*, were synonymous.

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY: the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]

Wol. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me ;—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly : Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this ? *To the Pope ?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I write to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK² and SUFFOLK,
the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who
commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,³ my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot
carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them ?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,⁴
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for them, and no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate⁵ a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st⁶
feel

My sword 't the life-blood of thee, else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded⁶ by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.⁷

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of cleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king : your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,⁸ when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.⁹

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,

Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528,
holding the see in commendam. Escher was one of the
episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

4 That is, 'Till I find more than (your malicious)
will and words to do it, I dare and must deny it.'

5 i. e. equal.

6 i. e. overpowered, overmastered. The force of this
term may be best understood from a proverb given by
Coigrave, in v. Rosse, a *jade*. 'Il n'est si bon cheval
qui n'en devien droit rosse : It would anger a saint, or
crestfall the best man living, to be so used.'

7 A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring
larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages
the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his nets
over them.

8 The little bell which is rung to give notice of the
elevation of the Host, and other offices of the Romish
church, is called the *sacring* or consecration bell.

9 The amorous propensities of Cardinal Wolsey are
much dwelt upon in Roy's Satire against him, printed
in the Supplement to Mr. Park's edition of the *Harleian
Miscellany*. But it was a common topic of invective
against the clergy ; all came under the censure, and
many no doubt richly deserved it.

1 Thus in Marlowe's King Edward II :—

'Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
There is a point to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd ;*
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall ?'

2 The time of this play is from 1521, just before the
duke of Buckingham's commitment, to 1533, when
Elizabeth was born and christened. The duke of Nor-
folk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of
the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here,
or in 1523, demands the great seal from Wolsey ; for the
former died in 1525. Having thus made two persons
into one, so the poet has on the contrary made one per-
son into two. The earl of Surrey here is the same who
married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, as he him-
self tells us : but Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey, who
married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this
time the individual above mentioned, duke of Norfolk.
Cavendish, and the chroniclers who copied from him,
mention only the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being
sent to demand the great seal. The reason for adding a
third and fourth person is not very apparent.

3 *Asher* was the ancient name of *Escher*, in Surrey.
Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of

And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir:
I dare your worst objection: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego ei Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin,¹

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance

(By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere² undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine³ within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,⁴—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,⁶
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.⁷—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.⁸
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears⁹ wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open,¹⁰ as his queen,

⁶ Their ruin is 'their displeasure,' producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights.

⁷ Thomas Storer, in his *Metrical Life of Wolsey*, 1599, has a similar image:—

'If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
We fall at once, like pillars of the sunne'

⁸ So in King Henry VI. Part 2:—

'More can I bear, than you dare execute.'

⁹ The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans
'A tomb of tears (says Johnson) is very harsh.' Steevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to 'weep a tomb of tears,' over a viper.
V. Lib. iv. Epig. 59. Drummond, in his *Tears for the Death of Moeliades*, has the same conceit:—
'The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.'

There is a similar conceit in King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 3.

¹⁰ *In open* is a Latinism. 'Et castris *in aperto* positis,' Liv. l. 33; i. e. *in a place* exposed on all sides to view.

¹ 'This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privileges. See Snelling's *View of the Silver Coin of England*.'—*Douce.*

² Absolute.

³ As the pope's legate.
⁴ The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *prænonere*) is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. The old copy reads, erroneously, *castles*, instead of *cattels*, the old word for *chattels*, as it is found in Holinshed, p. 909.

⁵ Thus in Shakspeare's twenty-fifth Sonnet:—
'Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold in the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.'

Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Vol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.¹ Go, get thee from me, Cromwell:
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use² now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O, my lord,

Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Vol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;³
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty;⁴
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fail'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st at a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,⁵
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

¹ The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of the household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

² i. e. interest.

³ Ambition here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours unsuited to the state of a subject. Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition, for in the preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to rise.

⁴ Wolsey speaks here not as a statesman but as a Christian. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome than the reflection that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship.

⁵ This inventory is still to be seen among the Harleian MSS. No. 599. Some of the particulars may be seen in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 546, ed. 1631. See also Mr. Ellis's Historical Letters, vol. ii. p. 15.

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.⁶

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Vol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*]

O

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster. Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,⁷ (As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward)

In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list

Of those, that claim their offices this day.

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not: And, to be short, for not appearance, and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd; And the late marriage⁸ made of none effect:

⁶ This was actually said by the cardinal when on his death-bed, in a conversation with Sir William Kingston; the whole of which is very interesting:—'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed, but if I had serv'd my God as diligently as I have serv'd my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty.'

When Samrah, deputy governor of Bassorah, was deposed by Moawryah, the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner:—'If I had serv'd God so well as I serv'd him, he would never have condemn'd me to all eternity.' A similar sentiment also occurs in The Earle of Murton's Tragedie, by Churchyard, 1593. Antonio Perez, the disgraced favourite, made the same complaint. Mr. Douce has also pointed out a remarkable passage in Pittscottie's History of Scotland, p. 261, edit. 1783, in which there is a great resemblance to these pathetic words of the cardinal. James V. imagined that Sir James Hamilton addressed him thus in a dream:—'Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God as I was to thee, I had not died that death.'

⁷ Malone's explanation of this passage is entirely erroneous; royal minds are high minds, or as we still say, princely dispositions. 'To avault himself royally' Magnificence se efferre.—Baret.

⁸ i. e. the marriage lately considered as valid

Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then enter

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers singing.

[Music.

4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat-of-arms,¹ and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: and that should be

The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains² that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

2 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw

The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream³

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down

To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man: which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,

(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great bellied women,

That had not half a week to go, like rams⁴

In the old time of war, would shake the press,

And make them reel before them. No man

Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with mo-
dest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you

Must no more call it York Place, that is past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;

'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner; the one, of Win-
chester,

(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,)

The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:

Howev'r, yet there's no great breach; when it

comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king; and truly

A worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.⁵ Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE,
Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH and PA-
TIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death.

3 '—— ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit adibus undam.'

Virg. Georg. ii. 461.

4 i. e. battering rams.

5 This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's

1 i. e. in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

2 Strain is here used in the sense of the Latin *comprimere*; 'Virgo ex eo compressu gravida facta est.' So Chapman in his version of the Twenty-first Iliad:—
'Bright Peribæa, whom the flood, &c.
Compress'd.'

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,¹
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.²

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,³ he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!*

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,⁴ ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom:⁵ simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: 'I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill,⁶ and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other
poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poi-
sons, or precipices, without the help of romantic cir-
cumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical la-
mentation, and without any throes of tumultuous mi-
sery.—*Johnson.*

1 *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *hap-
pily, peradventure*; but it here more probably means *op-
portunity*.

2 Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark per-
haps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey 'rode
like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped al-
together in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups.'

3 *Roads, or rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*,
stages, or journeyes. From whence also was formed
out-rodes, in-rodes, &c.

4 I. e. of unbounded pride or haughtiness. Thus Hol-
inshed:—'This cardinal was of a great stomach, for
he computed himself equal with princes, and by crafty
suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure:
he forced little on simony, and was not pitifull, and
stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence
he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in
speech and meaning: he would promise much and per-
form little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the
clergie evil example.' Ed. 1587, p. 922.

5 *Suggestion* here, I think, means wicked *prompting*.
It is used in this sense in *The Tempest*. I have no doubt
that we should read *tyth'd* instead of *ty'd*, as Dr. Far-
mer proposed, and as the passage quoted from Holin-
shed warrants. The word *tythes* was not exclusively
used to signify the emoluments of the clergy.

6 *To be ill, evil, or naught of body*, was to be ad-
dicted to women: to be lewd in life and manners.

7 This passage has been absurdly pointed in all the
modern editions:—

We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly,
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and perswading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
mer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;⁸
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. —
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.⁹

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,—
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him! —
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wear-
ing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden
vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm,
in their hands. They first congee unto her, then
dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold
a spare garland over her head; at which, the two
other four make reverend court'sies; then the two*

'—This cardinal, &c.

Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.'

8 'Unwilling to outlive the good that did it.'

Good appears here to be put for *goodness*, as in the pas-
sage just above:—

'May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?

9 This speech is formed on the following passage in
Holinshed:—'This cardinal (as Edmund Campion in
his *Historie of Ireland* described him,) was a man un-
doubtedly born to honour; I think (saith he) some
prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne; exceeding wise,
faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vicious of his
bodie, loffie to his enemies, were they never so bigge,
to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonder-
ful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections,
brought a bed with flatterie; insaciable to get, and
more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two
colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrow
with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth,
for an house of studentes (considering all the appur-
tenances) incomparable throughout Christendom.—He
held and injoied at once the bishopricks of Yorke,
Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinal,
legat, and chancellor, the abbey of St. Albans, diverse
priories, sundrie fat benefices in commendam; a great
preferrer of his servants, an advancer of learning,
stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his over-
throw; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended
so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more
honour than all the pomp of his life passed.' We have
a similar thought in *Macbeth*:—

'—nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it.'

that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order ; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? Are ye all gone ?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?¹

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for : Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?

They promis'd me eternal happiness ;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,

Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?

How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,

And of an earthly cold ? Mark you her eyes ?

Grif. She is going, wench ; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow : Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame, Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.²

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;

My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord, The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace ; the next, The king's request that I would visit you ; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;

'Tis like a pardon after execution :

That gentle physic given in time, had cur'd me ;

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,

I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.³

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness The model⁴ of our chaste loves, his young daughter :⁵—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—

Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding,

(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;

I hope, she will deserve well ;) and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be⁶ a noble ;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have

them.

The last is, for my men : they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw them from me ;—

That they may have their wages duly paid then

And something over to remember me by ;

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents :—And, good my

lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,

As you wish christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me

In all humility unto his highness ;

Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good

wench,

Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,

Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

¹ Gray had probably this passage in his mind when he made his Bard exclaim on a similar occasion :—

'Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unbles'd, unpitied, here to mourn.'

² Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service ; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says that all the women about her still called her queen. *Hist. of the Reformation*, p. 162.

³ '—perceiving himself to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to feeble death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king,

commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir ; and further desired him to have consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside.' Holinshed, p. 939. This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. Lord Herbert has given a translation of it in his History of King Henry VIII.

⁴ *Model*, it has been already observed, signified, in the language of our ancestors, a *representation* or *image*. Thus in The London Prodigal, 1609 :—

'Dear copy of my husband ! O let me kiss thee !'

[*Kissing a picture.*]

⁵ Afterwards Queen Mary. ⁶ Even if he should be

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace. Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights: 't times to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero² With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too, Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend Some touch³ of your late business: Affairs, that walk

(As they say, spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder nature, than the business That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you; And durst commed a secret to your ear Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with, I pray for heartily; that it may find Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,— Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman Of mine own way; 'I know you wise, religious; And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,— 'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master O' the rolls, and the king's secretary: further, sir, Stands in the gap and trade⁴ of more preferments, With which the time will load him: The archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; And who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day, Sir, (I may tell it you), I think, I have Incens'd⁵ the lords o' the council, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is)

¹ Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

² *Primero*, prime, or primavista. A game at cards, said by some writers to be one of the oldest known in England. It is described by Duchat in his notes on Rabelais, Mr. Daines Barrington in the *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 133, and more fully by Mr. Nares in his *Glossary*, and in an Essay on the Origin of Playing Cards, 1816, to which our limits oblige us to refer the reader desirous of further information.

³ I. e. some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.

⁴ Of mine own opinion in religion.

⁵ I. e. course or way. 'Iter pro incepto et instituto, a way, trade or course.'—Cooper.

⁶ *Incens'd* or *insens'd* in this instance, and in some

A most arch heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land: with which they moved, Have broken' with the king; who hath so far Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded To-morrow morning to the council board He be convented.⁶ He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your affairs, I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the DUKE of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night; My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman I sent your message: who return'd her thanks In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha! To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.⁷

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles, Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that, which company Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness A quiet night, and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter SIR ANTONY DENNY.¹⁰

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. I have brought my lord the archbishop,

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake: I am happily¹¹ come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus? 'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

others, only means *instructed, informed*: still in use in Staffordshire. It properly signifies to *infuse into the mind, to prompt or instigate*. 'Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia: Jano incenseth the senators' minds with secret envy against,' &c.—Cooper.

⁷ That is, have broken silence; told their minds to the king.

⁸ I. e. summoned, convened.

⁹ We have almost the same sentiment before in Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'—It is a sufferance panging As soul and body's severing.'

¹⁰ The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs, &c. 1533

¹¹ I. e. luckily, opportunely. Vide note 1, p. 146.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you: which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us!

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance,² further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh³ not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small: their prac-
tices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever⁴
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween⁵ you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency

1 You being one of the council, it necessary to im-
prison you, that the witnesses against you may not be
deceived.

2 Indurance, which Shakspeare found in Fox's nar-
rative, means here imprisonment: 'one or two of the
chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared,
that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant
for his trial and his purgation—than for any malice con-
ceived against him.'

3 i. e. have no value for.

The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*]
He has strangled

His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*⁶

Gent. [Within.] Come back; What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment,
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't: and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. Lobby before the Council Chamber.
Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c.
attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure you know me?

D. Keep. — Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS*]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

4 Not ever is an uncommon expression, and here
means not always.

5 To ween is to think or imagine. Though now ob-
solete, the word was common to all our ancient writers.
Overweening, its derivative, is still retained in the mo-
dern vocabulary.

6 This, says Steevens, is I suppose the same old cat
that appears with Anne Boleyn in a former scene.

7 The humour of this passage consists in the talkative
old lady, who in her hurry said it was a boy, adding
bless her, before she corrects her mistake.

Enter, at a Window above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted² so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close.³
We shall hear more anon.—

[*Exeunt.*]

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary: Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasure.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.⁴

[*CROMWELL approaches the Council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold

'That chair stand empty: But we all are men,

In our own natures frail, and capable⁵

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-

lains

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses,

Face them not in their hands to make them gentle;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur

them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer

(Out of our easiness, and childish pity

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic: And what follows then?
Commutations, upstarts, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,⁶ can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,) my lords,
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank
you,

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful: I see your end,

'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition;

Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,

I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

But reverence to your callin' makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,

That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.⁷

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,

However faulty, yet should find respect

For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,

To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,

I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst

Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

1 The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 270, ed. 1796:—"And if it please her majesty, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a window opening therinto." Without a previous knowledge of this custom Shakespeare's scenery in the present instance would be obscure.

2 I. e. shared, possessed.

3 That is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is. See Malone's Account of the early English Stage, vol. iii. of the late edition by Mr. Boswell.

4 The old stage direction at the commencement of this scene is 'A councill table brought in with chayres

and stools and placed under the state.' Our ancestors were contented to be told that the same spot, without any change of its appearance (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain) was at once the outside and the inside of the council chamber. The modern reader will easily conceive how this scene might now be represented on the stage, who has witnessed some of the ingenious and prompt scenes of metamorphoses by that admirable comedian Matthews.

5 'Capable of our flesh,' probably means 'susceptible of the failings inherent in humanity.'

6 Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

7 I. e. without duplicity or guile. Thus in Acts, ii. 46, 'In singleness of heart.' I have before had occasion to observe that *single* and *simple* were synonymous.

8 Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome!
Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at.)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,

1 It seems to have been a custom, began probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. See Procopius de Bell. Vandal. l. i. p. 15. The traditional story of the earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's Negotiations, p. 206.

2 i. e. the commendations above mentioned are too thin and bare, the intention of them is too palpably seen through. The old copy reads, 'thin and base'; the emendation was suggested by Malone.

3 Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to these also? Who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is?

4 i. e. 'You must be godfather [to] and answer for her.' Our prelates formerly were often employed on like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495.

His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.²
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [To CRANMER,] sit down. Now let

me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.³

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.⁴

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons;⁵ you shall have

5 It was an ancient custom (which is not yet quite out of use) for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve*; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even some times contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. Thus, in Middleton's *Chaste Maid of Cheapside* :—

'2 Goss. What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?

'3 Goss. A fair high standing cup, and two great *'pos-
tle spoons*, one of them gilt.'

The following story is related of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*. MSS. Harl. 6395 :—

'Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children; and after the christening, being in deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was so melancholy? No faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolved at last. I prythee what? says he. 'Faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten* [Latin] spoons, and thou shalt translate them.' The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been a nephew of Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of

Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar.

With a true heart,

And brother-love, I do it.

Cran.

And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend forever.—

Come lords, we trifle time away; I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard. Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
slaves, leave your gaping.²

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the
larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are
but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads:
You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impos-
sible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with can-
nons,)

To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:³
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port.

You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-

1 This celebrated bear garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. The *Globe Theatre*, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall; Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour; *Paris Garden* was in a line with Bridewell; and the *Globe playhouse* faced Blackfriars, Fleet Ditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. In the preliminary remarks is a representation of it, from an old View of London, as it appeared in 1599.

2 i. e. shouting or roaring; a sense the word has now lost. Littleton, in his Dictionary, has 'To gape or bawl: vociferor.' So in Roscommon's Essay on Translation:—

'That noisy, nauseous gaping fool was he.'

3 Our ancestors, young and old, rich and poor, all concurred, as Shakspeare in another place says:—

'To do observance to a morn of May.'

Stowe says that 'In the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. music] of birds, praising God in their kind.' It is upon record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, by Ellis.

4 *Guy of Warwick*, nor *Colbrand* the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

5 The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

6 A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

brand,⁴ to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to it, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will begget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier⁶ by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake⁷ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer⁸ fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor⁹ once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs*¹⁰ when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,¹¹ delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work.¹² The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,¹³ their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,¹⁴ and there they are like to dance these three days;

7 'Fire-drake; a fire sometimes seen flying in the night like a dragon. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirm it to be a great unequal exhalation inflamed between two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part where of, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile.'—*Bullock's Expositor*, 1616. A *fire-drake* appears to have been also an artificial firework. Thus in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton:—

'—but like *fire-drakes*

Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell.'

8 Her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

'Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer.'

9 The brazier.

10 See note on the First Part of King Henry VI. Act I. Sc. 3; and As You Like It, Act v. Sc. 2

11 i. e. loose or random shooters. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

12 i. e. the fortress: it is a term in fortification.

13 By the tribulation of Tower-hill and the limbs of Limehouse it is evident that Shakspeare meant noisy rabble frequenting the theatres, supposed to come from those places. It appears from Stowe that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent. The word *limb*, in the sense of a turbulent person, is not uncommon in London even at this day. A mischievous unruly boy is called 'a limb of the devil.' That the puritans were aimed at under these appellations seems to me doubtful.

14 i. e. in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. 1.

besides the running banquet of two beadles,¹ that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,² when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marsbalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick³ you o'er the pales else. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. The Palace.⁴ Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls⁵ for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. *[Kneeling.]* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;— All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.— *[The King kisses the Child.]*

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)

Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be (But few now living can behold that goodness,) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doxbed on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd, and fear'd; Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine,⁶ what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood, [Nor] shall this peace sleep with her: But as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself: So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations:⁸ He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him;—Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 'Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most unspotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me now a man; never, before This happy child, did I get any thing: This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me, That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.— I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholden; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,

¹ A public whipping. A banquet here is used figuratively, for a *dessert*. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the *dessert*.

² It has already been observed that a *bumbard* was a large black jack of leather (Tempest, Act ii. Sc. 2,) need to carry beer to soldiers upon duty, or upon any occasion where a quantity was required. See note on King Henry IV. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4.

³ To pick is to pitch, cast, or throw.

⁴ At Greenwich, where this procession was made from the church of the Friars.—*Hall*, fo. 217.

⁵ *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

⁶ The thought is borrowed from Scripture. See *Micah*, iv. 4. *1 Kings*, c. iv. The first part of the prophecy is apparently burlesqued in the Beggar's Bush of

Beaumont and Fletcher; where Orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars;

⁷ Each man shall eat his stolen eggs and butter In his own shade, or sunshine, &c.

⁸ Some of the commentators think that this and the following seventeen lines were probably written by Ben Jonson, after the accession of King James. We have before observed Mr. Gifford is of opinion that Ben Jonson had no hand in the additions to this play.

⁹ On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperiæ Atlanticæ conditor*. The year before the revival of this play there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;*
For such a one we show'd them; If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

THE play of Henry VIII. is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part

1 A verse with as unmusical a close may be found in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. sect. ii.:—
'Rose the pleasure of fine women.'

In Ben Jonson's Alchemist there is also a line in which the word *woman* is accented on the last syllable:—
'And then your red man, and your white woman.'

of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII. deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall. From Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities.* The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing the History of the World. JOHNSON.

* It appears that the tradesmen of Chester were three days employed in the representation of twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. See Mr. Markland's Disquisition, prefixed to his very elegant and interesting selection from the Chester Mysteries, printed for private distribution; which may be consulted in the third volume of the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare, by Mr. Boswell. The Coventry Mysteries must have taken up a longer time, as they were no less than forty in number.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. Steevens informs us that Shakspeare received the greater part of the materials that were used in the construction of this play from the *Troy Book of Lydgate*. It is presumed that the learned commentator would have been nearer the fact had he substituted the *Troy Book*, or *Recueil*, translated by Carton from *Raoul Le Fevre*; which together with a translation of Homer, supplied the incidents of the Trojan war. Lydgate's work was becoming obsolete, whilst the other was at this time in the prime of its vigour. From its first publication, to the year 1619, it had passed through six editions, and continued to be popular even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Steevens is still less accurate in stating *Le Fevre's* work to be a translation from Guido of Colonna; for it is only in the latter part that he has made any use of him. Yet Guido actually had a French translation before the time of Raoul; which translation, though never printed, is remaining in MS. under the whimsical title of "*La Vie de la pitieuse Destruction de la noble et superlative Cite de Troye le grant. Translatee en Francois l'an MCCCCLXXX.*" Such part of the present play as relates to the loves of Troilus and Cressida was most probably taken from Chaucer, as no other work, accessible to Shakspeare, could have supplied him with what was necessary.† This account is by Mr. Douce, from whom also what follows on this subject is abstracted.

Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cressida*, asserts that he followed *Lollius*, and that he translated from the *Latin*; but who *Lollius* was, and when he lived, we have no certain indication, though Dryden boldly asserts that he was an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy, and wrote in Latin verse. Nothing can be more apparent than that the Filostrato of Boccaccio afforded Chaucer the fable and characters of his poem, and even numerous passages appear to be mere literal translations; but there are large additions in Chaucer's work, so that it is possible he may have followed a free Latin version, which may have had for its author *Lollius*.

Boccaccio does not give his poem as a translation, and we must therefore suppose him to have been the inventor of the fable, until we have more certain indications respecting *Lollius*. So much of it as relates to the departure of Cressida from Troy, and her subsequent amour with Diomedes, is to be found in the *Troy Book* of Guido of Colonna, composed in 1297, and, as he states, from Dares

Phrygius, and Dicty's Cretensis, neither of whom mention the name of Cressida. Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectured, and Mr. Douce confirmed the conjecture, that Guido's Dares was in reality an old Norman poet, named *Benoit de Saint More*, who wrote in the reign of our Henry the Second, and who himself made use of Dares. Guido is said to have come into England, where he found the Metrical Romance of Benoit, and translated it into Latin prose; and, following a practice too prevalent in the middle ages, he dishonestly suppressed the mention of his real original. Benoit's work exists also in a prose French version. And there is a compilation also in French prose, by Pierre de Beauvan, from the Filostrato.

Lydgate professedly followed Guido of Colonna, occasionally making use of and citing other authorities. In a short time after Raoul le Fevre compiled from various materials his *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which was translated into English and published by Caxton; but neither of these authors have given any more of the story of Troilus and Cressida than any of the other romances on the war of Troy; Lydgate contenting himself with referring to Chaucer.

Chaucer having made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, Shakspeare was induced to try their fortunes on the stage. Lydgate's *Troy Book* was printed by Pyneon in 1519. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered, 'A proper Ballad dialoguewise between Troilus and Cressida.' Again, by J. Roberts, Feb. 7, 1603: 'The Booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men.' And in Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Richard Bonian and Hen. Whalley: 'A Booke called the History of Troilus and Cressida.' This last entry is made by the booksellers, who published this play in 4to. in 1609. To this edition is prefixed a preface, showing that the play was printed before it had been acted; and that it was published, without the author's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the booksellers' hands. This preface, as bestowing just praise on Shakspeare, and showing that the original proprietors of his plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted, is prefixed to the play in the present edition. It appears from some entries in the accounts of Henslowe the player, that a drama on this subject, by Decker and Chettle, at first called *Trojelles and Cressida*, but, before its produc-

don, altered in its title to *The Tragedy of Agamemnon*, was in existence anterior to Shakspeare's play, and that it was licensed by the Master of the Revels on the 3d of June, 1599. Malone places the date of the composition of Shakspeare's play in 1602; Mr. Chalmers in 1600; and Dr. Drake in 1601. They have been led to this conclusion by the supposed ridicule of the circumstance of Cressid receiving the sleeve of Troilus and giving him her glove in the comedy of *Histriomastix*, 1610. I think that the satire was pointed at the older drama of Decker and Chettle; and should certainly give a later date to the play of Shakspeare than that which has been assigned to it. If we may credit the preface to the 4to. of 1609, this play had not then appeared on the stage, and could not therefore have been ridiculed in a piece written previous to the death of Queen Elizabeth (see note on Act iv. Sc. 4.) Malone says, 'Were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books; of which there is no proof that it relates to this play; I should have been led, both by the colour of the style, and from this preface, to class it in the year 1608.'

There is no reason for concluding with Schlegel that Shakspeare intended his drama as 'one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy.' The poet abandoned the classic and followed the gothic or romantic authorities; and this influenced the colour of his performance. The fact probably is, that he pursued the manner in which parts of the story had been before dramatised. There is an interlude on the subject of *Thersites*,* resembling the Old Mysteries in its structure, but full of the lowest buffoonery. If the drama of Decker and Chettle were now to be found, I doubt not we should see that the present play was at least founded on it, if not a mere *refaccimento*.†

The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* (says Mr. Godwin,) so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakspeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men, perhaps, had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the rays of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakspeare, on the other hand, are absolutely men deficient in nothing which can tend to individualise them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest, perhaps, the character of *Thersites* form. deserves to be selected (how cold and schoolboy a sketch in Homer,) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humour amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled.‡

* This interlude, together with another not less curious, called *Jack Juggler*, was reprinted from a unique copy by Mr. Haslewood for the Roxburgh club. I owe to the friendly kindness of that gentleman the marked distinction of possessing one of four additional copies printed for friends not members of that society. These rude dramas are not mere literary curiosities, they form a prominent feature in the history of the progress of the stage, and are otherwise valuable as illustrating the state of manners and language in the reign of Henry

'Shakspeare possessed, no man in a higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he had displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakspeare's genius are no where more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering.'

† The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakspeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves.‡

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

ETERNALL reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comical; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing comically, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleased with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted than they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dream'd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowd,) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedie in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the escape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to hee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.—*Vale*.

the Eighth. I have found colloquial phrases and words explained by them, of which it would be vain to seek illustrations elsewhere.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed that there are more hard bombastical phrases in this play than can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Would not this be an additional argument in favour of what I have here advanced, that it may be a mere alteration of the older play above mentioned?

‡ Life of Chaucer, vol. i. p. 509-12, Svo. ed.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.
 HECTOR,
 TROILUS,
 PARIS,
 DEIPHOBUS,
 HELENUS,
 AENEAS,
 ANTENOR,
 CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the
 Greeks.
 PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.
 MARGARELON, a bastard Son of Priam.
 AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.
 MENELAUS, his Brother.
 ACHILLES,
 AJAX,
 ULYSSES,

his Sons.

Trojan Commanders.

NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES,
 PATROCLUS,
 THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
 ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.
 Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to
 Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
 ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
 CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.
 CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.¹

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous,² their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike freightage:³ Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr⁴ up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard: And hither am I come,
 A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt⁵ and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now, good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace. Enter
 TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet,⁶ I'll unarm again:
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder⁷ than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for
 my part I'll not meddle nor make no further. He
 that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry
 the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in
 the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of
 the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking;
 nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may
 chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench⁸ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
 thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
 ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
 Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

⁶ This word which we have from the old French *varlet* or *vadlet*, anciently signified a groom, a *servant* of the meaner sort. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt, says, 'Diverse were releevied by their *varlets* and conveyed out of the field.' Colgrave says, 'In old time it was a more honourable title; for all young gentlemen until they came to be eighteen yeres of age were so termed.' He says, the term came into disesteem in the reign of Francis I. till when the gentle men of the king's chamber were called *valets de chambre*. In one of our old statutes, 1 Henry IV. c. 7, anno 1399, are these words:—'Et que nulle *vadlet* appelle *yoman* preigne ne use nulle liveres du roi ne de null autre seigneur sur peine de imprisonment.'

⁷ I. e. in addition to. This kind of phraseology occurs in Macbeth, Act I. Sc. ii.; see note there.

⁸ I. e. more weak or foolish. Dryden has taken this speech as it stands in his alteration of this play, except that he has changed *skill-less*, in the last line, to *artless*, which, as Johnson observes, is no improvement.

⁹ To blench is to shrink, start, or fly off. See Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

¹ This prologue is wanting in the quarto editions. Steevens thinks that it is not by Shakspeare; and that perhaps the drama itself is not entirely of his construction. It appears to have escaped Heminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio, until the volume was almost printed off; and is thrust in between the tragedies and histories without any enumeration of pages, except on one leaf. There seems to have been a previous play on the same subject by Henry Chettle and Thomas Decker. Entries appear in the accounts of Henslowe of money advanced to them in earnest of Troylles and Cressida, in April and May, 1599.

² *Orgulous*, proud, disdainful; *orgueilleux*, Fr.

³ Freight.

⁴ *Sperr* or *spar*, to close, fasten, or bar up.

⁵ I. e. the *avant*, what went before. Thus in Lear:—
 'Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.'

What is now called the *ran* of an army was formerly called the *vaunt-guard*.

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her.—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse;—O, that her hand!¹
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet down is harsh, and spirit of sense²
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; if she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.³

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father;⁴ let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarum.*]

¹ *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning. The same play on the words is in Titus Andronicus:—

'O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none!'

Steevens remarks that the beauty of a female hand seems to have had a strong impression on the poet's mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched.

² Warburton rashly altered this to '—spite of sense.'—Hammer reads: '—to th' spirit of sense.' Which is considered right and necessary by Mason. Johnson does not rightly understand the passage, and therefore erroneously explains it. It appears to me to mean 'The spirit of sense (i.e. sensation,) in touching the cygnet's down, is harsh and hard as the palm of a ploughman, compared to the sensation of softness in pressing Cressid's hand.'

³ 'She has the mends in her own hands' is a proverbial phrase common in our old writers, which probably signifies 'It is her own fault; or the remedy lies with herself.'

⁴ Calchas, according to the Old Troy Book, was 'a great learned bishop of Troy,' who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made 'his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calchas, Calchas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart never

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;

Between our Ilium,⁵ and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves, the merchant; and their sailing Pandar,⁶

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,⁸

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne.

Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is go'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may.—

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. A Street. Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex.

Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry⁹ in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,¹⁰

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep¹¹ what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods.'—*Hist. of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton, ed. 1617.* The prudent bishop immediately joined the Greeks.

⁵ *Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city; *Troy* that of the country. But Shakspeare, following the *Troy Book*, gives that name to Priam's palace, said to have been built upon a high rock.

⁶ 'This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;
Clap on more sails,' &c.

Merry Wives of Windsor

⁷ *Troilus* was pronounced by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a dissyllable. Pope has once or twice fallen into the same error.

⁸ i.e. fits, suits, is congruous. So in King Henry V.:
'It sorte well with thy fierceness.'

⁹ *Husbandry is thrift.* Thus in King Henry V.:—

'—our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry.'

¹⁰ The commentators have all taken *light* here as referring to armour. Poor Theobald, who seems to have had a suspicion that it did not, falls under the lash of Warburton for his temerity. *Light*, however, here has no reference to the *mode* in which Hector was armed, but to the *legidity* or *alacrity* with which he armed himself before sunrise. *Light* and *lightly* are often used for *nimbly, quickly, readily*, by our old writers. No expression is more common than '*light* of foot.' And Shakspeare has even used '*light* of ear.'

¹¹ 'And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting,' &c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,¹
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
of their particular additions;² he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant;
a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours
that his valour is crushed³ into folly, his folly
sauced with discretion; there is no man hath a
virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man
an attain, but he carries some stain of it; he is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the
hair;⁴ He hath the joints of every thing; but every
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all
eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting
and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do
you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too:
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that;
and there is Troilus will not come far behind him;
let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that
too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man
of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew
him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure, he
is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

¹ i. e. an extraordinary or incomparable person, like
the letter *A* by itself. The usual mode of this old ex-
pression is *A per se*. Thus in Henrysoun's Testament
of Cresseid, wrongly attributed by Steevens to Chaucer:—

'Of faire Cresseide, the floure and *a per se* of Troy
and Grece.'

² Their titles, marks of distinction or denomina-
tions. The term in this sense is originally forsenic.

'Whereby he doth receive

Particular additions from the bill

That writes them all alike.' *Macbeth*.

³ i. e. confused and mingled with folly. So in Cym-
beline:—

'Crush him together, rather than unfold
His incasure duly.'

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he
were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — Condition, I had gone barefoot to
India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a
were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time
must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would,
my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a
better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell
me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector
shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better
Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen
herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a
brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not
brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if
she praised him above, his complexion is higher
than his; he having colour enough, and the other
higher, is too flaming a praise for a good com-
plexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had
commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him
better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek,⁵ indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to
him the other day into a compassed⁶ window,—
and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs
on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon
bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he,
within three pound, lift as much as his brother
Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?⁷

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves
him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to
his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think,
his smiling becomes him better than any man in all
Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—But to prove to you
that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll
prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more
than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you
love an idle head, you would eat chickens if the
shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how

⁴ Equivalent to a phrase still in use—*Against the
grain*. The French say *a contre poil*.

⁵ See Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 1.

⁶ A compassed window is a circular bow window.
The same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's
gown in the Taming of the Shrew:—'A small compas-
sed cape.' A coved ceiling is yet in some places called a
compassed ceiling.

⁷ Lifter, a term for a thief; from the Gothic *hliftus*
Thus in Holland's Leaguer, 1638:—'Broker, or pand-
er, cheater, or lifter.' Dryden uses the verb to lift, for
to rob. Shop-lifter is still used for one who robs a shop.

she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white head, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.¹

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.*

Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband?* The forked one, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing!

And Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.²

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an'twere a nettle against May. [A Retreat sounded.]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit,³ I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.⁴

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that;

1 So in King Richard III. :—

'Your eyes drop mill stones, when fools' eyes drop tears.'

2 i. e. passed all expression. Cressida plays on the word as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptance.

3 According to Lydgate,—

'Antenor was—

Copious in words, and one that much time spent

To jest, when as he was in companie,

So drolly, that no man could it espie;

And therewith held his countenance so well,

That every man received great content

There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That's Helenus; I think he went not forth to day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferently well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

To hear him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

When he was pleasant and in merriment:

For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

Yet in his speech some jest he always had.

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor; to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:—

'Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum.'

1 To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called Noddy. The word also signifies a silly fellow. Cressid means to call Pandarus a noddy, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a fool.

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date¹ in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward² you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROIILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PANDARUS.*

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing: That she³ beloved knows nought that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is;

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:⁴

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent. Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

¹ *Dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. The same quibble occurs in *Alf's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 1.

² A metaphor from the art of defence. Falstaff, King Henry IV. Part I. says, 'Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay,' &c.

³ That *she*, means that *woman*.

⁴ 'Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.' The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, 'Men after possession become our commanders; before it they are our suppliants.'

'My heart's content,' in the next line, probably signifies my will, my desire.

⁵ Joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in *Othello*:—

'If partially *affin'd*, or leagu'd in office.'

⁶ The *throne* in which thou sittest like a descended god.

⁷ To *apply* here is used for to *bend the mind*, or attend particularly to Agamemnon's words. As in the following passage from *Barot*: 'To attende or *applied*

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, And that unbodied figure of the thought That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works; And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove, To find persistent constancy in men? The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward, The wise and fool, the artist and unread, The hard and soft, seem all *affin'd*⁸ and kin. But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away; And what hath mass, or matter, by itself Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,⁹ Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply⁷

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth, How many shallow bawble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk;

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus' horse:¹⁰ Where's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour flood, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,¹¹ Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,¹² And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key, Returns to chiding fortune.¹¹

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece, Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, In whom the tempers and the minds of all Should be shut up,—hear what *Ulysses* speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou, most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

his witte to something, and to give his minde unto it.' The example cited by Malone, from *The Nice Wanton*, is not to the purpose, the word there is used as we now use to *ply*. As in another example from *Barot*, 'With diligent endeavour to *applied* their studies.'

⁸ Pegasus was, strictly speaking, Bellerophon's horse, but Shakespeare followed the old *Troy Book*. 'Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus or the flying horse. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood that of her riches issuing of that realm he [Perseus] founded, and made a ship named Pegasus, and this ship was likened unto an horse flying,' &c. In another place we are told that this ship, which the writer always calls Perseus' flying horse, 'flew on the sea like unto a bird.' *Destruction of Troy*, &c. 1617, p. 155-164.

⁹ The gadfly that stings cattle.

¹⁰ It is said of the tiger, that in stormy and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

¹¹ i. e. *replies to noisy or clamorous fortune.*

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,¹—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect²

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule³ hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,⁴

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,⁵
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married⁶ calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods⁷ in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable⁸ shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere⁹ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe!¹⁰

1 How much the commentators have perplexed themselves and their readers about the following passage!
'—speeches,—which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air —

— knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue.'

Ulysses evidently means to say that Agamemnon's speech should be *writ in brass*; and that venerable Nestor, with his *silver hairs*, by his speech should *draw the attention* of all Greece. The phrase *hatch'd in silver*, which has been the stumbling-block, is a simile borrowed from the art of design; to *hatch* being to fill a design with a number of consecutive fine lines; and to *hatch in silver* was a design inlaid with lines of silver, a process often used for the hilts of swords, handles of daggers, and stocks of pistols. The lines of the graver on a plate of metal are still called *hatchings*. Hence *hatch'd in silver*, for *silver-haired* or *gray-haired*. Thus in Love in a Maze, 1632:—

'Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd
With silver.'

2 Expect for expectation.

3 The particular rights of supreme authority

4 i. e. this globe. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move.

5 The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind: indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about ad libitum, as the etymology of their name demonstrates

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perform an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect¹¹ of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb.¹² The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power¹³ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—

Having his ear full of his airy fame,¹⁴
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slauderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless¹⁵ deputation he puts on;

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,¹⁶
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming¹⁷
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks

'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,¹⁸
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—

6 The epithet *married*, to denote an intimate union, is employed also by Milton:—

— Lydian airs

Married to immortal verse.'

7 *Confraternities*, corporations, companies.

8 *Dividable* for divided, as *corrigible* for corrected, in Antony and Cleopatra. The termination *ble* is often thus used by Shakespeare for *ed*.

9 i. e. absolute.

10 So in Lear:—'I'll make a sop of the moonshine of you.' In a former speech a boat is said to be made a *loaf* for Neptune.

11 This uncommon word occurs again in Pericles, 1609:—

'If neglection,
Should therein make me vile.'

12 'That goes backward *step by step*, with a design in each man to aggrandize himself by slighting his immediate superior.'

13 Army, force.

14 *Verbal eulogium*. In Macbeth called *mouth honour*.

15 Supreme, sovereign.

16 And *topless* honours he bestow'd on thee.'

Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598.

16 Malone's sagacious note informs us that 'the galleries of the theatre were sometimes called the scaffoldage.' This may be very true, but what has it to do with the present passage? The *scaffoldage* here is the *floor of the stage*, the *wooden dialogue* is between the player's foot and the boards. A *scaffold* more frequently meant the *stage* itself than the gallery: Thus Baret, 'A *scaffold* or *stage* where to behold plays. Spectaculum, theatrum.'

17 i. e. overstrained, wrested beyond true semblance

18 i. e. unsuited, unfitted.

Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels;¹ as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling² on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,³
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein,⁴ in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts: rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Theristes
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁵

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on: and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam.

Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may

¹ Johnson says 'the allusion seems to be made to the parallels on a map. As like as east to west.'

² Paralytic fumbling.

³ Grace exact seems to mean decorous habits.

⁴ I. e. carries himself haughtily; *bridles up*. See *Cotgrave* in '*Scenogorger*.'

⁵ How rank soever rounded in with danger. How strongly soever encompassed by danger. So in King Henry V. —

'How dread an army hath enrounded him.'

⁶ And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. In the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:—

'But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.'

Those who are acquainted with the embellishments of ancient manuscripts and books, well know that the artists gave the costume of their own time to all ages. But in this anachronism they have been countenanced by other ancient poets as well as Shakspeare.

A stranger to those most imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?'

Agam.

How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us: or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords: and, Jove's
accord:—

Nothing so full of heart.' But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the praise'd himself bring the praise forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes
from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;

To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly⁷ as the wind;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

Æne.

Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,

A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce⁸

Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fairest of Greece,

That holds his honour higher than his ease;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,⁹

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),

And dare avow her beauty and her worth,

In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge,

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,

Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love;

⁷ Malone and Steevens see difficulties in this passage; the former proposed to read 'Jove's a god,' the latter, 'Love's a lord.' There is no point after the word accord in the quarto copy, which reads 'great Jove's accord.' Theobald's interpretation of the passage is, I think, nearly correct:—'They have galls, good arms, &c. and Jove's consent:—Nothing is so full of heart as they.' I have placed a colon at accord, by which the sense is rendered clearer.

⁸ So Jacques, in *As You Like It*:—

'I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please.'

⁹ Of this long truce there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that 'Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.' Shakspeare found in the seventh chapter of the third book of *The Destruction of Troy*, that a truce was agreed on, at the desire of the Trojans, for six months.

¹⁰ *Confession for profession*, 'made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.'

If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance.¹ Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas* :
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers :
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantage² put this wither'd brawn ;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !
Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand ;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up⁴
In rank Achilles, must or now be crop'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of ill evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :⁵

And in the publication make no strain,⁶

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,

'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nest. Yes.

¹ Stevens remarks that this is the language of romance. Such a challenge would have better suited
Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or *Æneas*.

² An armour for the arm. *Avant bras*. Milton uses
the word in *Samson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron
Age*, 1632 :—

'—peruse his armour,

The dint's still in the vantage.'

³ Be you to my present purpose what time is in respect
of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them
to maturity.

⁴ Thus in the Rape of Lucrece :—

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,

When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !'

⁵ 'The intent is as plain and palpable as substance,
and it is to be collected from small circumstances, as a
gross body is made up of many small parts.' This is the
scope of Warburton's explanation, to which I incline.
Stevens says that 'substance is estate, the value of
which is ascertained by the use of small characters, i. e.
numerals : grossness is the gross sum.'

⁶ Make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes
to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will
discover the drift of it. Thus in a subsequent scene
Ulysses says :—

'I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar !'

It is most meet ; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles ? Thought't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁷
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁸
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steal a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—

Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,

And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,

The lustre of the better shall exceed,

By showing the worse first.⁹ Do not consent,

That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;

For both our honour and our shame, in this,

Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are
they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector

Were he not proud we all should share with him ?

But he already is too insolent ;

And we were better parch in Afric sun,

Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,

Why, then we did our main opinion¹⁰ crush

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;

And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw

The sort¹¹ to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,

Give him allowance for the better man,

For that will physic the great Myrmidon,

Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,¹²

We'll dress him up in voices ; If he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion¹³ still

That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—

Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice :

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

⁷ A *scantling* is a measure, a proportion. 'When
the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling*
of the fox's.' *Montaigne's Essays*, by Florio, 1603.

⁸ i. e. small *points* compared with the volumes. In-
dexes were formerly often *prefixed* to books.

⁹ The folio reads :—

'The lustre of the better, yet to show

Shall show the better.'

But as the quarto copy of the play is generally more
correct than the folio, it has been followed. Malona
thinks that some arbitrary alterations have been made
in the text of this play by the editors of the folio.

¹⁰ *Opinion for estimation or reputation.* See King
Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. iv. The word occurs be-
fore in this scene, in the same sense :—

'Yet in the trial much opinion dwells.'

¹¹ Lot. *Sort*, Fr. *sors*, Lat. Thus Lydgate :—

'Of *sorte* also and divynation.'

¹² Shakespeare, misled by The Destruction of Troy,
appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax
Oileus, for in that book the latter is called simply Ajax,
as the more eminent of the two. 'Ajax was of a huge
stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armed,
and always was well clothed, and very richly, and was
of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke,'

¹³ See note 10.

To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other : Pride alone
Must tarre¹ the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.²SCENE I. *Another part of the Grecian Camp.*
Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? full,
all over, generally ?

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did
not the general run then ? were not that a botchy
core ?

Ajax. Dog,—
Ther. Then would come some matter from him ;
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece³ upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord !⁴

Ajax. Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven,⁵ speak !
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-
ness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner can an ora-
tion, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou
canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain⁶ o' thy jade's
tricks !

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation,—
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot,
and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make
thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou
art forth in the incursions, thou striketh as slow as
another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on
Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his great-
ness, as Cerberus at of Proserpina's beauty, ay, that
thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites !
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf !
Ther. He would pun⁷ thee into shivers with his
fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur ! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch !
Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou
hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows : an
assinico⁸ may tutor thee : Thou scurvy-valiant
ass ! thou art here put to thrash Trojans ; and thou
art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a
Barbarian slave. If thou use⁹ to beat me, I will
begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches,
thou thing of no bowels, thou !

1 I. e. urge, stimulate, or set the mastiffs on. See
King John, Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 This play is not divided into acts in any of the ori-
ginal editions.

3 Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Gre-
cian army.

4 He calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father be-
ing a Grecian and his mother a Trojan. Sir Andrew
Aguecheek says, in Twelfth Night, 'I am a great eater
of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.'

5 The folio has 'thou *whinidst* leaven,' a corruption
undoubtedly of *vineyard* or *vinniedst*, i. e. mouldy
leaven. Thou unsalted leaven, is as much as to say,
'thou foolish lump.'

6 In The Tempest, Caliban says, 'The red plague
rid you.'

7 Cobloaf is perhaps equivalent to *ill shapen lump*.
Minsheu says, a *cob-loaf* is a little loaf made with a
round head, such as cob loons which support the fire.

8 I. e. pound ; still in use provincially. It is related
of a Staffordshire servant of Miss Seward, that hearing

Ajax. You dog !

Ther. You scurvy lord !

Ajax. You cur !

[*Beating him.*]
Ther. Mars his idiot ! do, rudeness ; do, camel ;
do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax ? wherefore do you
thus ?

How now, Thersites ? what's the matter, man ?

Ther. You see him there, do you ?

Achil. Ay ; what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do ; What's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him : for
whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he
utters ! his evasions have ears thus long. I have
bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones ;
I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pro-*
*mater*¹¹ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.
This, lord Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in
his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What ?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES*
interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool !

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the
fool will not : he there ; that he ; look you there

Ajax. O thou damned cur ! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's ?

Ther. No, I warrant you : for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel ?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor
of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.¹²

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas
not voluntary ; no man is beaten voluntary ; Ajax
was here the voluntary, and you as under an im-
press.

Ther. Even so ?—a great deal of your wit tor-
lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector
shall have a great catch, if he knock out either o'
your brains ;¹³ 'a were as good crack a fusty nut
with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose
wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on

his mistress knock with her foot to call up her attendant
he said, 'Hark ! madam I *punning*.'

9 The commentators changed this word to *asinico*
and then erroneously affirm it to be Portuguese. It is
evidently from the Spanish *asinico*, a young or little ass,
a word indeed entirely similar in sound, and seems to
have been adopted into our language to signify a silly
ass, a stupid fellow. The Italians and French have
several kindred terms with the same meaning. Shak-
speare may have used the word for an ass driver, con-
founding it with *asinaccio* or *asinato* ; like the French
gros-asnier, used to denote the most gross stupidity or
folly.

10 I. e. 'if you accustom yourself, or make it a prac-
tice to beat me.'

11 See vol. i. p. 104.

12 Voluntarily. Another instance of an adjective used
adverbially.

13 The same thought occurs in Cymbeline—

'Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.'

their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to! *Achil.* I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach¹ bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery: otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks

than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithes soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,³

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten

What merit's in that reason, which denies

The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?⁴

And buckle in a waist most fathomless,

With spans and inches so diminutive

¹ Both the old copies read *brooch*, which may be right; for we find *monile* and *bullia* in the dictionaries interpreted 'a bosse, an hart; a brooch, or jewel of a round compass to hang about one's neck.' It has been observed that Thersites afterwards call's Patroclus Achilles's male harlot, and his *maesculine whore*. The term *brach* was suggested by Rowe, and which later editors have continued in the text, has been already explained, it is 'a mannerly name for all hound-bitches.'

² Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course?

³ Dime is properly *tenths* or *tythes*, but *dismes* is here used for *tens*.

⁴ i. e. that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.

⁵ i. e. consideration, regard to consequences.

⁶ 'The will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects: that first causes excellence, and then admires it. The folio reads *inclinable*, the quarto *attributive*.

As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;

You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm;

Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels;

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect⁵

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,

To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes, that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,⁶

Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will, enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I choose? There can be no evasion

To blench⁷ from this, and to stand firm by honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,⁸

Because we now are full. It was thought meet,

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service! he touch'd the ports desir'd;

And, for an old aunt,⁹ whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-

ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,

(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,

(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,

And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;

And do a deed that fortune never did,¹¹

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;

⁷ i. e. under the guidance of my will.

⁸ See p. 156, note 9.

⁹ That is, into a common voider. It is well known that sieves and half sieves are baskets, to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden: and baskets lined with tin are still employed as voiders. In the former of these senses sieve is used in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant—

'—apple-wives

That wrangle for a sieve.'

¹⁰ Dr. Farmer says, that in some counties the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called sieves. The folio copy reads by mistake 'unrespective sume.'

¹¹ Priam's sister, Hesione.

¹² Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are doing what Fortune, inconstant as she is, never did

That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,¹

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;²
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.³
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister, work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad: her brainsick raptures
Cannot distaste⁴ the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.⁵ For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince⁶ of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent?
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propagation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soul of her fair rape⁸
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,⁹—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle¹⁰ thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of¹¹ partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, nevertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend¹² to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds:
Whose present courage may beat down our foes;
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:¹³
For I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec.

I am yours,

1 The quarto thus. The folio reads 'wrinkled old,' which Ritson thinks should be 'wrinkled old.' Shakspeare has 'idle-headed old,' and 'palsied old,' in other places.

2 See p. 157, note 5. This line brings to mind one in the second book of the *Æneid* :—

'Trojaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.'

3 Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch.—*Æneid*, x. 705.

4 Corrupt, change to a worse state.

5 I. e. to make it graceful, to grace it, to set it off.

6 To convince and to convict were synonymous with our ancestors. The word was also used for to overcome, and will generally be found in Shakspeare with that signification. See *Baret's Alvearie*, C. 1244.

7 Consent is agreement, accord, approbation.

8 Rape and ravishment anciently signified only seizing or carrying away. Indeed the Rape of Helen is merely Raptus Helenæ, without any idea of personal violence.

9 Glaz'd here means commented. See King Henry V. Act i. Sc. 2.

10 We may be amused at Hector's mention of Aristotle, but 'Let it be remembered (says Steevens) as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library.' These old writers perhaps did not think an attention to chronology any part of the duty of a writer of works of fiction. Indeed one of the most fertile and distinguished writers of the present age, in his admirable historical novels, blends circumstances of various periods, and exhibits persons on the stage of action together who were not contemporaries; yet his language, manners, and costume are in admirable keeping through.

11 Incline to, as a question of honour.

13 'The hope of being registered as a saint is rather out of its place at so early a period as this of the Trojan war,' says Steevens. It is not so meant, the expression must not be taken literally; it merely means be 'inscribed among the heroes or demigods.' 'Ascribi numinibus' is rendered by old translators, 'to be canonized, or made a saint.'

You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting¹ challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Who strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation² in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'twould, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, —a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus;³ if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!⁴ for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit,⁵ thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood⁶ be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

1 Blustering.

2 Emulation is here put for *envious rivalry, factious contention*. It is generally used by Shakspeare in this sense: the reason will appear from the following definition:—'To have envie to some man, to be angry with another man which hath that which we covet to have, to envy at that which another man hath, to studie, indevour, and travaile to do as well as another: *emulation* is such kinde of envy.'

3 The wand of Mercury is wreathed with serpents. So Martial, lib. vii. epig. lxxiv.—

'Cyllenes colique decus! facunde minister Aurea cul torto virga draconis viret.'

4 In the quarto 'the Neapolitan bone-ache!'

5 To understand this joke it should be known that *counterfeit* and *stip* were synonymous:—'And therefore he went out and got him certain *stips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *stips*.'

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord: I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.⁷

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool: Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.⁸

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It sut fices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIO-
MEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous⁹ factions, and bleed to death upon! Now the dry *serpigo*¹⁰ on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent: but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent¹¹ our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think, We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composition,¹² a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.¹³

Greene's *Thieves falling out, true Men come by their Goods*.

6 Thy blood means thy passions, thy natural propensities.

7 The four next speeches are not in the quarto.

8 The grammatical allusion is still pursued, the first degree of comparison is here alluded to.

9 See Act ii. Sc. 2.

10 The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter.

11 *Rebuked, reprimanded*. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. ii. note the last. Instead of *shent* the folio reads *sent*: the quarto, *sate*.

12 The folio reads *counsel*.

13 It was one of the errors of our old Natural History, to assert that an elephant, 'being unapt to lie down, *sate* leaning against a tree, which the hunters observing, do saw it almost asunder; whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree, falls also down itself and is able to rise no more.'

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state! To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.¹

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;— We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin, If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness³ he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite⁴ in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish luns,⁵ his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report— Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance⁶ give Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say —he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.⁷

1 This stately train of attending nobles.

2 *Breath* for breathing; i. e. exercise, relaxation.

'It is the breathing time of the day with me.'

3 i. e. attend upon the brutish distant arrogance or rude haughtiness he assumes. Thus in Proverbs, xxi. 8:—'The way of man is froward and strang.'

4 To underwrite is synonymous with to subscribe, which is used by Shakespeare in several places for to yield, to submit.

5 Fitful lunacies. The quarto reads:—

'His course and time, his ebbs and flows, and if The passage and whole stream of his commencement Rode on his tide.'

6 Allowance is approbation.

7 We have this sentiment before in Act I. Sc. 3:—

'The worthiness of praise disdains his worth, If that the praise'd himself the praise bring forth.'

Malone has cited a passage from Coriolanus in both instances, which has nothing in it of similar sentiment, and which he could neither comprehend nor explain. See Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 7.

8 See Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature.

9 'The genius and the mortal instruments Are then in council; and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.'—Julius Caesar.

10 Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.⁹

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [*Aside.*]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,⁹ And batters down himself: What should I say? He is so plaguily proud, that the death tokens¹⁰ on his Cry—No recovery.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

'Tis said, he holds you well: and will be lent,

At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles; Shall the proud lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;¹¹

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlarge his fat-already pride;

And add more coals to Cancer,¹² when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder—Achilles, go to him.

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll

pash¹³ him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze¹⁴ his

pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our

quarrel.¹⁵

infected with the plague. 'Spots of a dark complexion, usually called tokens, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of death.'—Hodges on the Plague.

'Now like the fearful tokens of the plague, Are mere forerunners of their ends.'

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*.

11 *Seam* is fat. The grease, fat, or tallow of any animal; but chiefly applied to that of a hog.

12 The sign in the zodiac, into which the sun enters June 21.

'And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze.'

Thomson.

13 *Scyphus ei impactus est.*

He was pashed over the pate with a pot.

The word is used twice by Massinger in his *Virgin Martyr*; and Mr. Gifford has adduced an instance from Dryden; he justly observes, it is to be regretted that the word is now obsolete, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. To dash signifying to throw one thing with violence against another; to pash is to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces.

14 See note on the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*.

15 Not for the value of that for which we are fighting

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow! —
Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*]
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will let his humours blood.¹
Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be the
patient. [*Aside.*
Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind, —
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first; Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: —
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force² him
with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[*To AGAMEMNON.*
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
harm.
Here is a man — But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous,³ as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter⁴ thus
with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now —
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:⁵
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition⁶ yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn,⁷ a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor, —
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?⁸
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord, — come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.
Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord
Pandarus.
Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.⁹
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*
Pan. Grace! not so, friend! honour and lordship
are my titles: — What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I
am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose
request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the
request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person;
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of
beauty, love's invisible soul, —

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out that
by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with
Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a com-
plimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase,
indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair
company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly
guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair
thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. —
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,
you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it
out with a piece of your performance: — Nell, he is
full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

dividing one place from another. As in the line of the
old ballad *Edgar sings in Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 6: —

'Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.'

⁸ Shakespeare probably had a custom prevalent about
his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many
who called themselves his *sons*. Cotton dedicates his
book on Angling to his father Walton; and Ashmole, in
his Diary observes, 'April 3, Mr. William Backhouse
of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him
father thenceforward.'

⁹ The servant means to quibble. He hopes Pandarus
will become a better man than he is at present. In his
next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he
had said he wished to grow better; and hence the ser-
vant affirms that he is in the state of grace.

¹ There is a curious collection of Epigrams, Satires,
&c. printed in 1600, with this quaint title: — 'The Let-
ting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine.' A small
reimpression was made at Edinburgh in 1815, with a
preface and notes by Sir Walter Scott.

² Force him, that is *stuff* him: *furcir*, Fr. In an-
other place of this play we have, 'malice forced with wit.'

³ See the preceding scene.

⁴ To *palter* is to *shuffle*, *equivocate*.

⁵ The quarto reads: —

'Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition.'

⁶ i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. See
Act i. Sc. 2.

⁷ A *bound* is a *boundary*, and sometimes a *rivulet*,

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.¹

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—²And, my lord, he desires you, nat, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.³

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer⁴ Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument!—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! ho! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*]

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,

Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;

Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Ezunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard. Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROIUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transporance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; What will it be,

When that the watry palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,

Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness.

For the capacity of my ruder powers:

I fear it much; and I do fear besides,

That I shall lose distinction in my joys;⁵

¹ A quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song or tune. The equivocal lies between *fits*, starts, or sudden impulses, and *fits* in its musical acceptance.

² And, my lord, &c. I think with Johnson, that the speech of Pandarus should begin here; and that the former part should be added to that of Helen.

³ You must not know where he sups.³ These words in the old copies are erroneously given to Helen.

⁴ Steevens would give this speech to Helen, and read

deposer instead of *disposer*. Helen, he thinks, may address herself to Pandarus; and by her deposer, mean that Cressida had deposed her in the affections of Troilus.

Disposer appears to have been an equivalent term anciently for steward, or manager. If the speech is to be attributed to Helen, she may mean to call Cressid her hand-maid.

⁵ — ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas.⁵
Sappho's Epistle to Phaon

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd
with a sprite; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest
villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-
ta'en sparrow.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's
a baby.—Here she is now; swear the oaths now
to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are
you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you
be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come
your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you
i' the fills.²—Why do you not speak to her?—
Come, draw the curtain, and let's see your picture,
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-
light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so;
rub on, and kiss the mistress.³ How now, a kiss
in fee-farm!⁴ build there, carpenter; the air is
sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere
I part you. The falcon as the tercel,⁵ for all the
ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's
—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*⁶—
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me
thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O
my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this
pretty abrupture? What too curious dreg espies
my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have
eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never
see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without
fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.⁷

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we
vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame
tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise
imposition enough, than for us to undergo any diffi-
culty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love,
lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution
confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act
a slave to limit.

1 Hawks were tamed by keeping them from sleep;
and thus Pandarus meant that Cressida should be tamed.
See Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 I. e. the shafts. Pills or fills is the term in the
midland counties for the shafts of a cart or wagon.

3 The allusion is to bowling; what is now called the
jack was formerly termed the mistress. A bowl that
kisses the jack or mistress is in the most advantageous
situation. Rub on is a term in the game. See Cymbeline,
Act ii. Sc. 1.

4 A kiss in fee-farm is a kiss of duration, that has
bounds, a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee; that is,
for ever reserving a certain rent. The same idea is ex-
pressed much more poetically in Coriolanus, when the
jargon of law was absent from the poet's thoughts:—
"O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!"

5 The tercel is the male and the falcon the female

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more perform-
ance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability
that they never perform; vowing more than the
perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth
part of one. They that have the voice of lions,
and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise
us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our
head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfec-
tion in reversion shall have a praise in present: we
will not name desert, before his birth; and, being
born, his addition⁸ shall be humble. Few words
to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressida, as
what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his
truth;⁹ and what truth can speak truest, not truer
than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done
talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-
cate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy
of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord:
if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our
kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed,
they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can
tell you: they'll stick were they are thrown.¹⁰

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much.
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

hawk. Pandarus appears to mean that he will back the
falcon against the tercel, or match his niece against her
lover for any bet.

6 Shakspeare had here an idea in his thoughts that
he has elsewhere often expressed. Thus in a future
page:—"Go to, a bargain made; seal it."

7 From this passage a *Fear* appears to have been
a personage in other pageants, or perhaps in our an-
cient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes
in The Maid's Tragedy:—

"—and then a *Fear*
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."

8 I. e. we will give him no high or pompous titles.
9 Even malice (i. e. envy) shall not be able to im-
peach his truth, or attach him in any other way, except
by ridiculing him for his constancy.

10 We have this allusion in Measure for Measure:—
'Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.'

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.¹

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),
To feed for aye² her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted³ with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,⁴
Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration,⁵—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,⁶
As sun to-day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up⁷ the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as
false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

1 Cressida's meaning appears to be, 'Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise, and love, exceeds man's might.' The thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus:—'Amare et asperare vix Deo conceditur.'

2 Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps, which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres.

— lasting flames, that burn

To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

See Pericles, Act II. Sc. I.

2 Met with and equalled. See Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 1:

— That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

affront Ophelia.

4 Comparisons.

5 In the old copy this line stands:—

'Wants similes truth tird with iteration.'

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

6 Plantage is here put for any thing planted, which was thought to depend for its success upon the influence of the moon. 'The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants fruitfull; so as in the full moone they are in their best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterly wither and vade.'—*Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft*.

7 i. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus*.

8 Hammer altered this to 'inconstant men;' but the poet seems to have been less attentive to make Pandarus talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas actually annexed to the three names in his own time.

9 The old copies all concur in reading—

'That through the sight I bear in things to love.'

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it:
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—
Pandars; let all constant⁸ men be Troiluses, all false women Cressidas, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this gear.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.*

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove⁹
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequester'd from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into¹⁰ the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest¹¹ in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

Which Steevens thinks may be explained:—'No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen.' The present reading of the text is supported by Johnson and Malone; to which Mason makes this objection:—'That it was *Juno* and not *Jove* that persecuted the Trojans. *Jove* wished them well, and though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say that we abandon him to his friends.' Some modern editions have the line thus:—

'That through the sight I bear in things to come.'
Which is an emendation to which I must confess I incline: for, as Mason observes, 'the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said he abandon'd Troy, from the *eight* he bore of things, without explaining it by adding the words to come.'

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus.

10 *Into* for *unto*; a common form of expression in old writers. Thus in the Pastou Letters, vol. II. p. 5:—
'And they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen,' &c.

11 A *wrest* is an instrument for tuning harps, &c. by drawing up the strings. Its form may be seen in some of the illuminated service-books, where David is represented; in the Second Part of Mercurius's Harmonics; and in the Syntagma of Praetorius, vol. II. fig. xix. So in King James's Edict against Combats, &c. p. 43:—

'This small instrument the tongue, being
Kept in tune by the *wrest* of awa.'

In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.¹

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their
Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent :—

Please it you general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him ;
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him :

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between our strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught
with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the ge-
neral ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you ? how do you ?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? Know they not
Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :
Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks : who do, methinks, find
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;

I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss.

Now, great Thetis' son ?

Achil. What are you reading.

Ulyss.

A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,²
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil.

This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,³
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation⁴ turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,

It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :

Who, in his circumstance,⁵ expressly proves—

That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others :

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they are extended ; which,⁶ like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.⁷

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !

What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness !

To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already

They clasp the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,

And great Troy shrieking.⁸

Achil. I do believe it : for they passed by me,

As misers do by beggars : neither gave to me

Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

¹ Hammer and Warburton read, 'In most accepted pay.' But the construction of the passage, as it stands, appears to be, 'Her presence shall strike off, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.'

² However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched.

³ Thus in Julius Cæsar :—

'No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection ; by some other things.'

⁴ Speculation has here the same meaning as in Macbeth :—

'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.'

⁵ Detail of argument.

⁶ The old copies read *who*, like an arch, *reverberate* ; which may mean, They who applaud reverberate. The elliptic mode of expression is in the poet's manner. Rowe made the alteration.

⁷ I. e. Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

⁸ The folio reads *shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene seems to favour the reading of the quarto :—

'Hark, how Troy roars ; how Hecuba cries out ;
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth ;
And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead.'

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alow for oblivion;¹
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are de-
vour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,²
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,³
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.⁴

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.⁵

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought,⁶ and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,

1 This image is literally from Spenser:—
'And cke this wallet at your backe areare—'

* * * * *
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentance for things past and gone.'

F. Q. b. vi. c. viii. st. 24.

2 The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse,
and reads thus:—

4 And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.
3 New-fashioned toys.

4 *Gilt*, in this second line, is a substantive. See
Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 3. *Dust a little gilt* means ordi-
nary performances, which have the gloss of novelty.
Gilt o'er-dusted means splendid actions of preceding
ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

5 i. e. the descent of deities to combat on either side.
Shakespeare probably followed Chapman's Homer: in
the fifth book of the Iliad Diomed wounds Mars, who on

Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, or I ord;
And better would it fit Achilles' hand,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.⁷

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly go'd.⁸

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hec-
tor; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic
cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an
hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set
down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic re-
gard,⁹ as who should say—there were wit in this
head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies
as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not
show without knocking.¹⁰ The man's undone for
ever: for if Hector break not his neck in the combat,
he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not
me; I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies,
Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this

his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having in-
terfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction*
alluded to.

6 Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was af-
terwards killed by Paris.

7 There is in the providence of a state, as in the pro-
vidence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. It is possi-
ble that there may be some allusion to the sublime
description of the divine omnipresence in the 139th Psalm.

8 There is a secret administration of affairs, which no
history was ever able to discover.

9 The folio has '*ayric* air.'

10 So in Hamlet:—

'To keep thy name ungod'd.'

11 i. e. a sly look.

12 Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

'That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforced shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.'

man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms.¹ I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands on me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go on one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings² on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable³ creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd: And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit*.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Street. Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question⁴ of the gentle truce:

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health: But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward.—In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,⁵ No man alive can love, in such a sort, The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you:⁶ 'Twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid; Let's have your company; or if you please, Haste there before us: I constantly do think (Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain knowledge,) My brother Troilus lodges there to-night; Rouse him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality wherefore: I fear, We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you; Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece, Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit*.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,— Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike: He merits well to have her, that doth seek ner, (Not making any scruple of her soileure,) With such a hell of pain, and world of charge; And you as well to keep her, that defend her, (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,) With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more; But he as he, the heavier for a whore.⁷

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight, A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath. As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this virtue well,— We'll not commend what we intend to sell.⁸ Here lies our way. [*Exeunt*.]

⁷ The merits of each being weighed are exactly equal; in each of the scales a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.

⁸ Warburton would read:—

'We'll not commend what we intend not sell.' Not sell sounds harsh; but such elliptical expressions are not unfrequent in these plays.

¹ So in Macbeth:—'My voice is in my sword.'

² Lute-strings made of catgut. One of the musicians in Romeo and Juliet is named Simon Catling.

³ I. e. intelligent.

⁴ I. e. conversation while the truce lasts.

⁵ He swears first by the life of his father, and then by the hand of his mother.

⁶ I. e. I bring you his meaning and his orders.

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House of Pandarus. Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights²

she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. 'Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.——
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*³

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?

—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia⁴—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exit TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

1 i. e. 'the roguish or thievish crows.' Ribaldry signified roguery, naughtiness, or loose conduct of any kind, among our ancestors. It may, however, be used in the sense of obscene.

2 i. e. venefic, those who use nocturnal sorcery.

3 The hint for the following scene appears to have been suggested by Chaucer. Troilus and Cresseide, b. iii. v. 1561.

4 Capocchia, an Italian word for fool.

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn!—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then.—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exit TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. 'Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch⁵ of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown⁶ of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exit.*]

5 i. e. hasty or abrupt. So in Romeo and Juliet:—
'It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden
Too like the lightning.'

6 So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'And mock our eyes with air.'
7 Sense or feeling of relationship. So in Macbeth:—
'He wants the natural touch.'

8 i. e. the very height. So in Cymbeline:—
'My supreme crown of grief.'

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*
Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
 Comes fast upon;—Good my brother Troilus,
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
 Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*
Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste!
 And violenteth¹ in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross:
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet
 ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let
 me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying
 is,—

— O heart, O heavy heart,
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
 where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
 By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
 verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

¹ i. e. broad day. It is a familiar French idiom,—
 C'est grand matin.

² This verb is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an*
Ass :—

'Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.'

³ *Consigned* means *sealed*, from *consigno*, Lat.
 Thus in King Henry V. 'It were, my lord, a hard
 condition for a maid to *consign* to.' See Act iii. Sc. 2.

⁴ An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this
 thought :—

'My soul just now about to take her flight,
 Into the regions of eternal night,
 Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
 Be not fearful, come away!'

⁵ So in *Macbeth*.—

'That tears will drown this wind.'

⁶ The expression has before occurred in Act i. Sc. 2,
 of this play.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd³ kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Go-
 nius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.⁴—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
 wind,⁵ or my heart will be blown up by the root!
 [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!⁶

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
 heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem⁷ is
 this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,⁸

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
 this sleeve.⁹

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality;¹⁰

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature

flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit; I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt,¹¹ nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
 nant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,

That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

⁷ *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies *opinion*, *sar*
mise.

⁸ That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence
 of thy fidelity.

⁹ In *Histrionastix*, or the *Player Whipt*, a Comedy,
 1610, a circumstance of a similar kind is ridiculed, in a
 mock interlude wherein Troilus and Cressida are the
 speakers. I cannot but think that it is the elder drama
 by Decker and Chettle, that is the object of this satirical
 allusion, and not Shakspeare's play, which was proba-
 bly not written when *Histrionastix* appeared, for Queen
 Elizabeth is complimented under the character of Astrea
 in the last Act of that piece, and is spoken of as then
 living.

¹⁰ i. e. *highly accomplished*: quality, like condition,
 is applied to manners as well as dispositions.

¹¹ The *lavolta* was a dance.

Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring *Æneas*, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit!
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port,² lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way, possess³ thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my word,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her;⁴ I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, he not mov'd, Prince Troilus;
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:⁵ And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exit TROIUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.*
[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault; Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.
*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment⁶ fresh and
fair,

1 'The moral of my wit' is the meaning of it. Thus
in the Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 4.—'He has
left me behind to expound the meaning or moral of his
signs and tokens.'

2 i. e. the gate.

3 i. e. inform.

4 Troilus apparently means to say, that Diomed does
not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida,
and assuring her that she shall be well treated for
her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty,
instead of making a direct answer to that warm request
which Troilus had just made to him to 'entreat her fair.'

The subsequent words justify this interpretation:—

'I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge.'

Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias-cheek⁷

Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulys. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss ever more him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live.⁹

The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You flip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulys. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your fa-
ther. [*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.*

5 i. e. I'll answer to my will or pleasure, according to
my inclination.

6 i. e. preparation.

7 i. e. swelling out like the bias of a bowl. So in Vi-
toria Corombona, 1612:—

'Faith, his cheek

Has a most excellent bias.'

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as
represented in the old prints and maps.

8 Thus Bassanio, in The Merchant of Venice, when
he kisses Portia:—

'Fair lady, by your leave,

I come by note to give and to receive.'

9 I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as
may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse
kiss than I give

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss.

Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive¹ of her body.²
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome³ ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,⁴
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be
done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other: or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely⁵ done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this:—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing.⁶ Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:⁷
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek.
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.⁸
Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath:⁹ the combatants being kin,
Half stints¹⁰ their strife before their strokes begin.

[*ÆNEAS AND HECTOR enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

¹ Motive for part that contributes to motion. This word is employed with some singularity in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

'As it has fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband.'

² One would almost think that Shakespeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says:—
'Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce.'
i. e. 'They say nothing with their mouths, they speak in their gait, they speak with their eyes, they speak in the carriage of their bodies.' This invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, is from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. Sect. ii. Memb. 2, Subs. 3.

³ A coasting welcome is a conciliatory welcome: that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. So in Venus and Adonis:—

'Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,

And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.'

⁴ i. e. corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity makes an easy prey.

⁵ 'Securely done,' in the sense of the Latin *securus*, a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. So in the last act of the Spanish Tragedy:—

'O damned devil, how secure he is.'

⁶ Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless¹¹ in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair¹² thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love;
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the yout
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilium thus translate¹⁴ him to me.

[*Alarm.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter¹⁵ cheek, and this sinister¹⁶
Bounds in my father's; By Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish mem-
ber

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt,¹⁷ should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition¹⁸ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus¹⁹ so mirable
(On whose bright crest fame with her loud'st O yes

in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour.

⁷ Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.

⁸ Hence Thersites, in a former scene, called Ajax a mongrel.

⁹ i. e. a breathing, an exercise. See Act ii. Sc. 3, note 2, p. 163.

¹⁰ Stops.

¹¹ No booster of his own deeds.

¹² 'An impair thought' is an unworthy or injurious thought. Thus in Chapman's preface to his *Shield of Homer*, 1598:—'Nor is it more impair to an honest and absolute man,' &c.

¹³ i. e. submits, yields.

¹⁴ Thus explain his character. So in *Hamlet*:—

'There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate.'

¹⁵ Right.

¹⁶ Left.

¹⁷ It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the *unt*, the father's sister, the title of sacred. Steevens says, this may lead us to conclude that this play was not the entire composition of Shakespeare, to whom the Grecism was probably unknown.

¹⁸ See Act i. Sc. 2.

¹⁹ By Neoptolemus Shakespeare seems to have meant Achilles: finding that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, he considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentili-*

Cries, *This is he!*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;¹
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As sold I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.²

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and truth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,³
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious⁴ Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
you. [To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting:—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.⁵

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded⁶ oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee off,
Labouring for destiny,⁷ make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youths: and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus,⁸ spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;⁹
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,¹⁰
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that perfly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,¹¹
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou!¹²

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted¹³ joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

him, and thought the father was likewise Achilles
Neoptolemus. Or he was probably led into the error by
some book of the time. By a passage in Act iii. Sc. 3,
it is evident that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged
in the siege of Troy:—

'But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,' &c.

1 I. e. answer the expectance.
2 These knights, to the amount of about two hundred
thousand, (for there were no less in both armies,) Shakespeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in
The Old Troy Book. *Equus* and *armiger*, rendered
knight and *squire*, excite ideas of chivalry. Pope, in
his Homer, has been liberal in his use of the latter.

3 I. e. integrity like that of heaven.

4 It has been asserted that *imperious* and *imperial*
had formerly the same signification, but so far is this
from being the fact, that Bullokar carefully distinguishes
them:—*Imperial*, royal or chief, emperor-like: *im-
perious*, that commandeth with authority, lord-like,
stately.

5 Ritson thought that this speech belonged to Æneas,
and indeed it seems hardly probable that Menelaus
would be made to call himself 'the noble Menelaus.'

6 *Untraded* is uncommon, unusual. So in King
Richard II:—'Some way of common trade,' for some
usual course, or trodden way.

7 *Destiny* is the vicerger of fate.

8 As the equestrian fame of Perseus is here again al-
luded to, it should appear that in a former simile his
horse was meant for a real one, and not allegorically for
a ship. See Act i. Sc. 3.

9 I. e. the fullen.

10 Laomedon.

11 Thus in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

'Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy.'

Ilion, according to Shakespeare's authority, was the
name of Priam's palace, 'that was one of the richest
and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it
was of height five hundred paces, besides the height
of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high
that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they
raught up unto the heavens.'—*Destruction of Troy.*

12 Mr. Tyrwhitt thought we should read:—

'I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, though!'

13 *Quoted* is noted, observed. The hint for this scene
of altercation between Achilles and Hector is furnished
by Lydgate.

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,

To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied¹ Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajar. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ;² the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting³ wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;

There in the full convive⁴ we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines,⁵ let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressida.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 A *stith* is an anvil, a *stithy* a smith's shop, and hence the verb *stithied* is formed. See *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

2 Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. 'You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you have the inclination ; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be at odds with him, to contend with him.'

3 i. e. *petty* or *paltry* wars.

4 A *convive* is a *feast*. 'The sitting of friends together at a table, our ancestors have well called *convivium*, a banquet, because it is a living of men together.'—*Hutton*. The word is several times used in *Helyas* the Knight of the Swanee, bk. l.

5 Small drums.

6 Grammar requires us to read :—

With Greekish wine to-night I'll heat his blood,
Which, &c.

Otherwise Achilles threatens to cool the wine, instead of Hector's blood.

7 A *batch* is all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson in *His Catin*:—

'Except he were of the same meal and batch.'

Thersites has already been called a *cob-loaf*.

8 In his answer, Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent. Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.⁶—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy ?
Thou crusty batch⁷ of nature, what's the news ?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment ?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now ?⁸

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity⁹ and what need these tricks ?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy ; I profit not by thy talk : thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet,¹⁰ you rogue ! what's that ?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt ; you whoreson indistinguishable cur,¹¹ no.

Ther. No ? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve¹² silk, thou green saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou ? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies :¹³ diminutives of nature !

Patr. Out, gall !

Ther. Finch egg !

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba ;

A token from her daughter, my fair love ;¹⁴

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it :

Fall, Greeks ; fail, fame ; honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad ; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fel-

9 *Adversity* is here used for contrariety. The reply of Thersites having been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess addressing Boyet, (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue,) says, 'Avant, Perplexity !'

10 This expression is met with in *Decker's Honest Whore* :—'Tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord !' The person spoken of is Bellafonte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. Man-mistress is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in *Dryden's Don Sebastian*. See Professor Heyne's *Seventeenth Excursus* on the first book of the *Æneid*.

11 Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* :—

'Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form.'

12 See *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

13 So *Hamlet*, speaking of *Osrick* :—

'Dost know this *water-fly* ?'

14 This is a circumstance taken from the old story book of *The Destruction of Troy*.

low enough, and one that loves quails;¹ but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;² a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced³ with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,⁴ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazarus, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!⁵

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught:⁶ Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Ereunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Ereunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound;⁷ but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,⁸ there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him; they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent. Enter DIOMEDS.*

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think,—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff!⁹ she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then, And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are for sworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pry'thee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Least your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great destruction;¹⁰ come, my lord.

Tro. I pry'thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, my lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

1 By quails are meant women, and probably those of a looser description. 'Caille coiffée' is a sobriquet for a harlot. *Chaud comme un caille* is a French proverb. The quail being remarkably salacious.

2 He calls Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter, that is, the bull, on account of his horns, which are the oblique memorial of cuckolds.

3 i. e. forced or stuffed.

4 A polecat. So in Othello:—'Tis such another fitchew, marry a perfumed one.'

5 This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

6 Draught is the old word for forica. It is used in the translation of the Bible, in Holinshed, and by all old writers.

7 If a hound gives mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is called a babblers or brabblers. The proverb says, 'Brabbling curs never want sore ears.'

8 Portentious, ominous.

9 That is, her key. Clef, Fr. A mark in music at the beginning of the lines of a song, &c. which indicates the pitch, and whether it is suited for a bass, treble, or tenor voice.

10 i. e. your impetuosity exposes you to imminent peril. The folio reads distraction.

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.¹
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
 You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
 There is between my will and all offences
 A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
 and potatoe finger,² tickles these together! Fry,
 lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
 I will not be myself, nor have cognition
 Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.³
Tro. O beauty! Where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord!—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it
 well.—
 He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Who was't?
Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
 I pry'thee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whet-
 stone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
 Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
 Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
 As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
 He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
 shall not;
 I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you
 will.
 But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,⁴
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy
 horn,
 It should be challeng'd.

1 To *palter* is to *equivocate*, to shuffle. Thus in *Macbeth*—

'That *palter* with us in a double sense.'

2 *Luxuria* was the appropriate term of the old school divines for the sin of *incontinence*, which is accordingly called *luxury* by all our old English writers. The degrees of this sin and its partitions are enumerated by Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, in his *Speculum Vitæ*, MS. penes me. And Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, makes it one of the seven deadly sins. *Luxury*, or lasciviousness, is said to have a *potatoe*-finger, because that root was thought 'to strengthen the bodie, and procure bodily lust.'

3 This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. It was probably such a sleeve as was formerly worn at tournaments; one of which Spenser describes in his *View of the State of Ireland*, p. 43, ed. 1663.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past,—And ye
 it is not;
 I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
 Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a
 word,
 But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
 you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
 Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I pry'thee, come.—
 [Exit DIOMEDES.]
 Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.⁵
 Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
 [Exit CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish
 more.⁶
 Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we, then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke,
 But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;⁷
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of mad-
 ness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but
 now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!⁸
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn critics⁹—apt, without a theme,
 For depravation,—to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
 our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida;
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
 If there be rule in unity itself,¹⁰
 This was not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority!¹¹ where reason can revolt

4 i. e. the stars which she points to.

5 The *silver-shining queen* he would disdain;
 Her twinkling hand-mak'ds too, by him defil'd,
 Through Night's black bosom should not peep again.'

6 The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more
 immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate;
 for though the latter mentions them both characteristi-
 cally, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have
 furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be
 found in this tragedy.

7 She could not publish a stronger proof.

8 i. e. turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing
 against themselves.

9 For the sake of womanhood.

10 Critic has here probably the signification of cynic.

So Iago says in *Othello*:—

'I am nothing if not critical.'

10 If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct
 persons.

11 The folio reads '*By foul authority*,' &c. There is

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight!
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable²
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As Ariachne's³ broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
 loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,⁴
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith,⁵ are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?⁶

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy⁷
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,⁸
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.⁹

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
 adieu:

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!¹⁰

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!
 I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
 bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the in-
 telligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more
 for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.
 Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing
 else holds fashion: A hurning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

a madness in that disquisition, in which a man reasons
 at once for and against himself upon authority which
 he knows not to be valid. The words *loss* and *perdi-*
tion, in the subsequent lines, are used in their common
 sense; but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason.

1 'Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting.'
Hamlet.

2 I. e. the plighted faith of lovers. Troilus considers
 it inseparable, or at least that it ought never to be broken,
 though he has unfortunately found that it some-
 times is.

3 One quarto copy reads *Ariachne's*; the other
Ariachna's; the folio *Ariachne's*. It is evident Shak-
 speare intended to make *Ariachne* a word of four
 syllables. Our ancestors were not very exact either in
 writing or pronouncing proper names, even of classical
 origin. Steevens thinks it not improbable that the poet
 may have written '*Ariadne's* broken woof,' confound-
 ing the two stories in his imagination, or alluding to the
 clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus
 escaped from the Cretan labyrinth.

4 A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

5 The image is not of the most delicate kind. 'Her
 o'er-eaten faith' means her troth plighted to Troilus, of
 which she was surfeited, and, like one who has o'er-
 eaten himself, had thrown off. So in *Twelfth Night*—

'Their over-greedy love hath surfeited,' &c.

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tem-
 per'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the
 day.¹¹

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd and bloody in intent;
 Consort with me in loud and dear petition,¹²
 Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
 Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
 brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
 swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish¹³ vows;
 They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,¹⁴

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
 But vows to every purpose must not hold;

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather¹⁵ of my fate:
 Life every man holds dear; but the dear man¹⁶
 Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
 day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
 youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
 Which better fits a lion, than a man.¹⁷

5 'Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of
 what he utters?' A question suitable to the calm
 Ulysses.

7 Love.

8 'And down the shower impetuously doth fall,

Like that which men the hurricano call.' *Drayton.*

9 A cant word, formed from *concupiscence*.

10 I. e. defend thy head with armour of more than
 common security. So in *The History of Prince Arthur*,
 1634, c. civill. — 'Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine;
 therefore hee thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou
 well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest
 castle that thou hast upon thy head.' It appears that a
 kind of close helmet was called a *castle*. See *Titus*
Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1.

11 The hint for this dream of Andromache might be
 taken from Lydgate, or Chaucer's *Nonne's Prestes Tale*,
 v. 16147. 'My dreams of last night will prove ominous
 to the day: forebode ill to it, and show that it will be a
 fatal day to Troy. So in the seventh scene of this act:—

— the quarrel's most ominous to us.'

12 I. e. earnest, anxious petition.

13 Foolish.

14 I. e. to use violent thefts, because we would give
 much. In the first line of Andromache's speech she al-
 ludes to a doctrine which Shakespeare has often en-
 forced:— 'Do not you think you are acting virtuously
 by adhering to an oath, if you have sworn to do amies?'

15 To keep the weather is to keep the wind or advan-
 tage. *Être au dessus du vent* is the French proverbial
 phrase.

16 The dear man is the man of worth.

17 The traditions and stories of the darker ages

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.¹

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother; And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.²

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon³ my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;⁴ Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresees; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enwrapt, To tell thee—that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. Aye, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect;⁵ but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O, Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl, Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.⁶ Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills⁷ her dolours forth! Behold! destruction,⁸ frenzy, and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector: Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *[Exit.]*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim: Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the Gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.]

Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisic, a whoreson rascally ptisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd,⁹ I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; *[Tearing the Letter.]*

The effect doth operate another way.—Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another. I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,¹⁰—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,¹¹ and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio.

Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:

Have at thee!

4 i. e. tears that continue to course each other down the face. So in *As You Like It*:—

'The big round tears

Course'd one another down his innocent nose.'

5 i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands.

6 The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra, are copied from Lydgate.

7 So in Spenser's *Epithalamium*:—

'Hark how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music,' &c.

8 The folio reads *distraction*.

9 That is, under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who offended them.

10 Theobald proposes to read '*sneering rascals*,' which Mason thinks more suitable to the characters of Ulysses and Nestor than *sneering*.

11 To set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer,

abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. We find it recorded in Pliny's *Natural History*, c. 16, that 'the lion alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him.' Hence Spenser's *Una*, attended by a lion; and *Parceval's* lion, in *Mort de Arthur*, b. xiv. c. 6.

1 Shakespeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector; whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we learn from *Andromache's* speech in the 24th *Iliad*.

2 *Ruthful* is *rueful*, *woful*; and *ruth* is *mercy*. The words are opposed to each other.

3 Antiquity acknowledges no such sign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage, however, is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee:—Live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for fighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The same.* *Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;²

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.
[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner:
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,³
Upon the pashed⁴ corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediis: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary⁵
Appeals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁶
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care.
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*]
Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.⁷

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller,⁸ show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.* *Enter AJAX.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.⁹

Tro. Come both, you cogging¹⁰ Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee; Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

man: this beste was heery like an horse, and shoute well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.—*Destruction of Troy, by Caxton.*

A more circumstantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in Lydgate.

6 I. e. dispersed shoals. 'A scull of fishes: examen vel agmen piscium' (*Baret*,) was also in more ancient times written 'a scoole.'

7 This remark seems to be made by Nestor, in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to cooperate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the loss of a friend.

8 I. e. murderer of boys. So in *King Henry IV.* Part ii. Act ii. Scene i:—

'A man-queller and a woman-queller.'

9 That is, as we should now say, I will not be a looker-on.

10 The poet had heard of *Græcia mendax*. Diomedes had defrauded him of his mistress, and he bestows the epithet on both, *unius ob culpam*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks:—'Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista ratio coluit.' And again—'Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.'

1 This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the poet's age; as is the following one in the speech of Diomedes:—

'And am her knight by proof.'

It appears from Segar's Honour, Military and Civil, folio, 1602, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged might refuse combat. We learn from Melvil's Memoirs, p. 165, ed. 1735, 'the laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business.' These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Albumazur*, Act iv. Sc. 7.

2 This circumstance is taken from Lydgate, as is the introduction of a bastard son of Priam under the name of Margarelon. The latter is also in the Old History of the Destruction of Troy.

3 I. s. his lance, like a weaver's beam; as Goliath's spear is described.

4 Bruised, crushed

5 'A mervaylous beste that was called Sagittayre, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore a

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till then, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken, too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter One in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;²
I'll crush³ it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. *The same.* Enter ACHILLES, with
Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye!
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. *The same.* Enter MENELAUS,
and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now
my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The
bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[Exit PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards:⁵ I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.
One bear will not bite another, and wherefore
should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most
ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a
whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exit.

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.* Enter
HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath;
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

I i. e. prevail over him. So in All's Well that Ends
Well:—

'The count he woos your daughter,
Resolves to carry her.'

2 This circumstance is also taken from Lydgate's
poem; who furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the
following line:—

'I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.'

3 To crush is to break or bruise. So in the Destruction
of Troy:—'Saying these words, Hercules caught
by the head poor Lychas—and threw him against a rocke
so fiercely that he to-frushed and all to-burst his bones,
and so slew him.'

4 To execute their arms is to employ them, to put
them to use. So in Love's Labour's Lost, Rosaline says
to Biron:—

'Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute.'

5 Bastard, in ancient times, was not a disreputable
appellation,

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail⁶ and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek.⁷ [Hector falls.

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,
And, stickler⁸ like, the armies separates.
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheathes his sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail,
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exit.

SCENE X. *The same.* Enter AGAMEMNON,
AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and
others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Exit, marching.

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.* Enter
ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile⁹ at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so;

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Nibes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

6 'The vail of the sun,' is the sinking, setting, or
veiling of the sun.

7 Heywood, in his Rape of Lucrece, 1629, gives the
same account of Achilles overpowering Hector by num-
bers. In Lydgate and the old story book the same account
is given of the death of Troilus. Lydgate, following
Guido of Colonna, who in the grossest manner has vi-
olated all the characters drawn by Homer, reprehends
the Grecian poet as the original offender.

8 Sticklers were persons who attended upon combat-
ants in trials of skill, to part them when they had fought
enough, and, doubtless, to see fair play. They were
probably so called from the stick or wand which they
carried in their hands. The name is still given to the
arbitrators at wrestling matches in the west country.

9 Hamner and Warburton read:—

'—smite at Troy;'

which, it must be confessed, is more in correspondence
with the rest of Troilus's wish.

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight¹ upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you !—And thou, great-
siz'd coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go :
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker² lackey ! ignomy³ and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones !—
O, world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent
despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a' work, and how ill requited ! Why should
our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so
loathed ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ?—
Let me see :—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his stung :
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

1 Pitched, fixed.

2 Broker anciently signified a bawd of either sex.
So in King John :—

This bawd, *this broker*, this all-changing word,³ &c.

3 Ignominy.

4 Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems
and mottoes.

5 See King Henry VI. Part I. Act. i. Sc. 3.

6 See Measure for Measure, Act. i. Sc. 2.

* It should, however, be remembered that Thersites
had been long in possession of the stage in an Interlude
bearing his name.

¹ The first seven books of Chapman's Homer were
published in 1596, and again in 1598, twelve books not
long afterward, and the whole 24 books at latest in 1611.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.*

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester⁵ would hiss :
Till then I'll sweat,⁶ and seek about for eases
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

THIS play is more correctly written than most of
Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in
which either the extent of his views or elevation of his
fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with
materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has
diversified his characters with great variety, and
preserved them with great exactness. His vicious charac-
ters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and
Pandarus are detested and condemned. The comic
characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer :
they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more
of manners than nature ; but they are copiously filled
and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his
story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Cax-
ton, which was then very popular ; but the character of
Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof
that this play was written after Chapman had published
his version of Homer.* JOHNSTON.

The classical reader may be surprised that Shakspeare,
having had the means of being acquainted with the
great father of poetry through the medium of Chapman's
translation, should not have availed himself of such an
original instead of the Troy Booke ; but it should be re-
collected that it was his object as a writer for the stage
to coincide with the feelings and prejudices of his au-
dience, who, believing themselves to have drawn their
descent from Troy, would by no means have been
pleased to be told that Achilles was a braver man than
Hector. They were ready to think well of the Trojans
as their ancestors, but not very anxious about knowing
their history with much correctness ; and Shakspeare
might have applied to worse sources of information than
even Lydgate.—*Boswell.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every
collection of the time, and particularly in two books,
with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted—
The Palace of Pleasure, and the Translation of Plu-
tarch, by Sir Thomas North. The latter furnished the
poet with the following hint to work upon :—'Antonius
forsook the city and companie of his friends, saying
that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like
wrong offered him that was offered unto Timon ; and
for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto,
and whom he tooke to be his friends, he was angry with
all men, and would trust no man.'

Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a MS.
play on this subject, apparently written, or transcribed,
about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling
Shakspeare's banquet, given by Timon to his flatterers.
Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones paint-
ed like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the
room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his
faithful steward, who (like Kent in King Lear) has dis-
guised himself to continue his services to his master.
Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress,
&c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden
treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it ap-
pears to be the work of an academic) is a wretched one.
The *personæ dramatis* are as follows :—'Timon ; Lu-
ches, his faithful servant. Eutrapelus, a dissolute
young man. Gelasimus, a cittie heyre. Pseudochus,
a lying traveller Demas, an orator. Philargurus,

a covetous churlish old man. Hermogenes, a fiddler
Abyssus, a usurer. Lollio, a country clowne, Philar-
gurus' sonne. Stilpo, and Speusippus, two lying phi-
losophers. Grunio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
Obba, Timon's butler. Padia, Gelasimus' page. Two
sergeants. A sailor. Callimela, Philargurus' daughter.
Blutte, her prattling nurse.—Scene, Athens.'

To this manuscript play Shakspeare was probably
indebted for some parts of his plot. Here he found the
faithful steward, the banquet scene, and the story of
Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold, which
he had dug up in the wood ; a circumstance which it is
not likely he had from Lucian, there being then no
translation of the dialogue that relates to that subject.

Malone imagines that Shakspeare wrote his Timon
of Athens in the year 1610.

'Of all the works of Shakspeare, Timon of Athens
possesses most the character of a satire :—a laughing
satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and
a Juvenalian in the bitterness and the imprecations of
Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The
story is treated in a very simple manner, and is defi-
nitely divided into large masses :—In the first act, the joy-
ous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extrava-
gance, and the throng of every description of suitors to
him ; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment,
and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his
supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of
need ;—in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the

woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode, is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude,—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor.* As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are no less different: Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by violence. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; he is a madman in his discontent; he is every where wanting in the wisdom which enables man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure, he spurns at the wealth which seems to solicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness.

* It appears to me that Schlegel and Professor Richardson have taken a more unfavourable view of the character of Timon, than our great poet intended to convey. Timon had not only been a benefactor to his private unworthy friends, but he had rendered the state service, which ought not to have been forgotten. He himself expresses his consciousness of this when he sends one of his servants to request a thousand talents at the hands of the senators:—

‘Of whom, even to the state’s best health, I have Deserv’d this hearing.’

And Alcibiades afterwards confirms this:—

‘———— I have heard, and griev’d
How curs’d Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.’

Surely then he suffered as much mentally from the ingratitude of the state, as from that of his faithless

ness, as well as his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy: the cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he had been long following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the cynic. As in this subject the effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features, in the variety of the shades an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakspeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he had been revisited by fortune. In the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all the hostile figures of language are exhausted,—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations.†

friends. Shakspeare seems to have entered entirely into the feelings of bitterness, which such conduct was likely to awaken in a good and susceptible nature, and has expressed it with vehemence and force. The virtues of Timon too may be inferred from the absence of any thing which could imply dissoluteness or intemperance in his conduct: as Richardson observes, ‘He is convivial, but his enjoyment of the banquet is in the pleasure of his guests; Phrynia and Timandra are not in the train of Timon, but of Alcibiades. He is not so desirous of being distinguished for magnificence, as of being eminent for courteous and beneficent actions: he solicits distinction, but it is by doing good.’ Johnson has remarked that the attachment of his servants in his declining fortunes, could be produced by nothing but *real virtue* and disinterested kindness. I cannot, therefore, think that Shakspeare meant to stigmatize the generosity of Timon as that of a *fool*, or that he meant his misanthropy to convey to us any notion of ‘the vanity of wishing to be singular.’

† Schlegel.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, }
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon’s false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } *Timon’s Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }
PHILOTUS, } *Servants to Timon’s Creditors.*
TITUS, }

LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIVS, } *Servants to Timon’s Creditors.*

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore,
two of Timon’s Creditors.

CUPID and MASKERS. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves,
and Attendants.

SCENE—Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet.

Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.¹

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that’s well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches?² See,

1 It would be less abrupt and more metrical to begin the play thus:—

‘Poet. Good day, sir.

‘Pain. Good Sir, I’m glad you’re well.’

2 The Poet merely means to ask if any thing extraordinary or out of the common course of things has lately happened; and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon’s bounty to attend.

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur’d to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t’other’s a jeweller.

Mer. O, ’tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that’s most fix’d.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath’d, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.³

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let’s see’t: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate:⁴ But for that—

Poet.⁵ When we for recompense have prais’d the vile,

3 *Breath’d is exercised*, inured by constant practice, so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse is to exercise him for the course: *continue* for continued course. He passes, i. e. exceeds or goes beyond common bounds.

4 *Touch the estimate*, that is, come up to the price.

5 We must here suppose the Poet busy in reciting part of his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon.

*It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*
Mer.

'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*]

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rap, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is a gum, which oozes!¹
From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.² What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,³ sir,
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well⁴ and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing !⁵ what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.⁶

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife⁷
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

[*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*]

Pain. How this lord's follow'd !

Poet. The Senators of Athens :—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.⁸

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world⁹ doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Hails not particularly¹⁰, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax :¹¹ no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt¹² to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

1 The old copies read :—

'Our poesie is a *goune* which usea.'

2 It is not certain whether this word is *chafes* or *chases* in the folio. I think the former is the true reading. The poetaster means that the vein of a poet flows spontaneously, like the current of a river, and flies from each bound that chafes it in its course, as scorning all impediment, and requiring no excitement. In Julius Cæsar we have :—

'The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores.'

3 i. e. as soon as my book has been presented to Timon.

4 This comes off well, apparently means this is cleverly done, or this piece is well executed. The phrase is used in Measure for Measure ironically.

5 How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixture. Grace is introduced as bearing witness to propriety.

6 One might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. So in Cymbeline, Act ii. Sc. 4 :—

'— never saw I pictures

So likely to report themselves.'

7 i. e. the contest of art with nature. This was a very common mode of expressing the excellence of a painter. Shakspeare has it again more clearly expressed in his Venus and Adonia :—

'His art with nature's workmanship at strife.'

8 'Mane salutantum totis vomit edibus undam.'

9 So in Measure for Measure we have, 'This under generation ;' and in King Richard III. the lower world.

Subdues and properties¹³ to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer¹⁴

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain.

I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states :¹⁵ amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wails to her :

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain.

'Tis conceiv'd to scope.¹⁶

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,

Bowing his head against the steepy mount

To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.¹⁷

Poet.

Nay, sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of lato,

(Some better than his value,) on the moment

Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,¹⁸

Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him

Drink the free air.¹⁹

Pain.

Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late below'd, all his dependants,

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain.

'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes²⁰ have seen

The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended ; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim.

Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;

His means most short, his creditors most strait :

Your honourable letter he desires

To those have shut him up ; which failing to him,

Periods²¹ his comfort.

10 My design does not stop at any particular character.

11 An allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on tablets, covered with wax : a custom which also prevailed in England until about the close of the fourteenth century.

12 i. e. open, explain.

13 i. e. subjects and appropriates.

14 One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. The poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus ; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

15 i. e. to improve or promote their conditions.

16 i. e. extensively imagined, largely conceived.

17 i. e. in our art, in painting. Condition was used for profession, quality ; *façon de faire*.

18 *Whisperings* of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as a god. Gray has excellently expressed in his Elegy these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetic tribe :—

'To heap the shrine of luxury and pride

With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.'

19 'To drink the air,' like the *hæmost atherios* of Virgil is merely a poetic phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. 'To drink the free air,' therefore, 'through another,' is to breathe freely at his will only, so as to depend on him for the privilege of life : not even to breathe freely without his permission.

20 i. e. inferior spectators.

21 To period is perhaps a verb of Shakspeare's coinage

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me.¹ I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his ran-
som;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
²'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.³—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!³ [*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pry'thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:⁴

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

¹ Should we not read 'When he *most* needs me?'

² Johnson says this thought is better expressed by
Dr. Madden in his *Elegy* on Archbishop Boulter:—

'More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
Only to help the poor—to beg again.'

It is said that Dr. Madden gave Johnson ten guineas for
correcting this poem.

³ See note on King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2.

⁴ It appears to me that a word is omitted in this line.
Perhaps we should read:—

Therefore he will be [rewarded,] Timon;

His honesty rewards him in itself,

It must not bear my daughter.

It is true that Shakspeare often uses elliptical phrases,
and this has been thought to mean:—'You say the man
is honest; therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure
of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of
virtue; he does not need the additional blessing of a
beautiful and accomplished wife.' But 'it must not
bear my daughter,' means, 'His honesty is its own re-
ward, it must not *carry* my daughter.' A similar ex-
pression occurs in *Othello*:—

'What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can *carry* her thus.'

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!⁵

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.⁶ I like your work
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,

It would unclew⁷ me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you we
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters.⁸ believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wear'ng it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.⁹

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.¹⁰

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do: I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

⁵ 'Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I
possess but as *owed* or due to you; held for your ser-
vice, and at your disposal.' So Lady Macbeth says to
Duncan:—

'Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return *your own*.'

⁶ Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they
profess to be.

⁷ To *unclew* a man is to draw out the whole mass of
his fortunes. To *unclew* being to unwind a ball of
thread.

⁸ Are rated according to the esteem in which their
possessor is held.

⁹ See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lu-
cian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well
Shakspeare has copied it.

¹⁰ 'Stay for thy good morrow till I be gentle, which
will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's
dog, and these knaves honest,'—i. e. *never*.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords: so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,¹ which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is wortn of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.²—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and Some twenty horse, all of companionship.³

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—*[Exit some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you;—and, when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!⁴ *[They salute.]*

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

¹ Alluding to the proverb: Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.

² This line is corrupt undoubtedly, and none of the emendations or substitutions that have been proposed are satisfactory. Perhaps we should read, 'That I had (now angry) wish'd to be a lord;' or, 'That I had (so angry) will to be a lord.' Malone proposed to point the passage thus, 'That I had no angry wit. To be a lord;' and explains it, 'That I had no wit [or discretion] in my anger, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise.' These are the best helps I can afford the reader towards a solution of this enigmatical passage, and it must be confessed they are feeble.

³ i. e. Alcibiades's companions, or such as he consorts with and sets on a level with himself.

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey.⁴

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir: Ere we depart,⁵ we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exit all but APEMANTUS]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou,⁶ that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[Exit.]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed,⁷ but he repays

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.⁸

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in Timon's House. Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants.—Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means, Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.⁹

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

⁴ Man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey.

⁵ It has been before observed that to *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So in King John, Act ii Sc. 2:—'Hath willingly departed with a part.'

⁶ Ritson says we should read:—

'The more accursed thou.'

So in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'The more degenerate and base art thou.'

⁷ Meed here means desert.

⁸ i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

⁹ 'The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding.'

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you
not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.
Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl: you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.²
Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,³ Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athe-
nian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power: prythee, let my meat make thee silent.⁴

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for⁵
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.⁶

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes:⁷

Great men should drink with harness⁸ on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;¹⁰ and let the health go
round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,¹¹
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

¹ There seems to be some allusion to a common pro-
verbial saying of Shakespeare's time, 'Confess and be
hanged.' See *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

² The old copy reads 'Yond' man's very angry.'

³ Stevens and Malone dismissed *apperil* from the
text, and inserted *own peril*: but Mr. Gifford has shown
that the word occurs several times in Ben Jonson:—

'Sir, I will bail you at mine own *apperil*.'

Devil is an Ass.

⁴ 'I myself would have no power to make thee silent,
but I wish thou wouldst let my meat stop your mouth.'

⁵ For in the sense of *cause* or *because*.

⁶ 'It grieves me to see so many feed luxuriously, or
saute their meat at the expense of one man, whose very
blood (means of living) must at length be exhausted by
them; and yet he preposterously encourages them to
proceed in his destruction.'

⁷ It was the custom in old times for every guest to
bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on
a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whet-
stones was formerly to be seen in Parkinson's Museum.
It is scarcely necessary to observe that they were stran-
gers to the use of *forks*.

⁸ 'The windpipe's notes' were the indications in the
throat of its situation when in the act of drinking; it
should be remembered that our ancestors' throats were
uncovered. Perhaps, as Stevens observes, a quibble
is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

Z

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,¹²
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping:
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field
now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord,
there's no meat like them; I could wish my best
friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine ene-
mies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid
me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my
lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby
we might express some part of our zeals, we should
think ourselves for ever perfect.¹³

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much
help from you: How had you been my friends else?
why have you that charitable¹⁴ title from thousands,
did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have
told more of you to myself, than you can with mo-
desty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I
confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we
have any friends, if we should never have need of
them? they were the most needless creatures living,
should we ne'er have use for them: and would most
resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that
keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often
wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to
you. We are born to do benefits: and what better
or proper can we call our own, than the riches of
our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to
have so many, like brothers, commanding one ano-
ther's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can
be born!¹⁵ Mine eyes cannot hold out water,
methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me
much.

Apem. Much!¹⁶ [Tucket sounded]
Tim. What means that trumpet?—How now?

⁹ i. e. armour.

¹⁰ 'My lord's health in sincerity.' So in Chaucer's
Knights Tale:—

'And was all his in chere, as his in herte.'

¹¹ This speech, except the concluding couplet, is print-
ed as prose in the old copy, nor could it be exhibited as
verse without transposing the word *Timon*, which fol-
lows *look ill*, to its present place. I think with Malone
that many of the speeches in this play, which are now
exhibited in a loose and imperfect kind of metre, were
intended by Shakespeare for prose, in which form they
are exhibited in the old copy.

¹² Foolish.

¹³ i. e. arrived at the perfection of happiness.

¹⁴ 'Why are you distinguished from thousands by that
title of *endearment*, was there not a particular connec-
tion and intercourse of tenderness between you and me?'
Thus Milton:—

'Relations dear, and all the *charities*
Of father, son, and brother.'

¹⁵ 'O joy! e'en made away [i. e. destroyed, turned to
tears] ere it can be born.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumphs die.'

¹⁶ *Much!* was a common ironical expression of doubt
or suspicion.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come hut to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [*Exit CUPID.*]

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way.

They dance! they are mad women.¹ Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.² We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, Upon whose age we void it up again, With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift? I should fear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.³

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet⁴

Attends you to: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside.* Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

¹ Shakspeare probably borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 8vo. 1583, '*Dauncers* thought to be *madmen*.' And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extrem of all other vice.' And again, '*There were* (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who when they saw men daunce, ran away marvellously afraid, crying out and thinking them mad,' &c. Perhaps the thought originated from the following passage in Cicero, *Pro Murena* 6, '*Nemo enim fere salutat sobrius, nisi forte insanit.*'

² 'The glory of this life is like [or just such] madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when opposed to the frugal repast of a philosopher feeding on oil and roots.'

³ I. e. 'you have conceived the fairest of us,' or 'you think favourably of our performance, and make the best of it.'

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd⁵ then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind; That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.⁶

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket*]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O, my friends,

I have one word to say to you: Look, my good lord, I must entreat you honour me so much, As to advance⁷ this jewel; accept and wear it, Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee; I prythee, let us be provided⁸

To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside*]

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be received,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer. Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave

⁴ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

'We have a foolish trifling supper towards.'

⁵ An equivoke la here intended, in which *cross'd* means have his hand crossed with money, or have money in his possession, and to be *cross'd* or *thwarted*. So in *As You Like It*, 'Yet I should bear no *cross* if I did bear you.' Many coins being marked with a *cross* on the reverse.

⁶ 'Tis pity bounty [i. e. profusion] has not eyes behind [to see the miseries that follow it]; that man might not become wretched for his nobleness of soul.'

⁷ I. e. prefer it, raise it to honour by wearing it. The Jeweller says to Timon in the preceding scene, 'You mend the jewel by wearing it.'

⁸ Steevens, to complete the measure, proposed to read:— 'I prythee, let us be provided straight.'

Good words the other day of a bay courser

I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect:

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;

I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;

Methinks I could deal' kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,

It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endeared—

Tim. All to you.²—Lights, more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCEBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks,³ and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs⁴ be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs:

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be brib'd

too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and

then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou givest so

long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself

in paper⁵ shortly: What need these feasts, pomps,

and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell;

and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So;—thou'lt not hear me now,—thou

shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven⁶ from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

1 i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution.

2 That is, 'all good wishes to you,' or 'all happiness attend you.'

3 A *beck* is a *nod* or salutation with the head. Steevens says that '*beck* has four distinct significations,' but they will resolve themselves into *two*. *Beck*, a rivulet, or little river; and *beck*, a *motion* or *sign* with the head; *signa capitis voluntatem ostendens*. This last may be either a nod of salutation, of assent or dissent, or finally of command.

4 He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a *bow* or *act* of obedience.

5 Warburton explained this, 'be ruined by his securities entered into.' Dr. Farmer would read *proper*, i. e. I suppose, in *propria persona*. Steevens supports this reading by a quotation from Roy's Satire on Cardinal Wolsey:—

'—their order

Is to have nothing in *proper*,

But to use all thyngs in commune.'

6 By his *heaven* he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved.

7 The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, which appears to me quite plain and intelligible without a comment. 'If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, i. e. produces me several able horses.'

8 *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Kenilworth Castle, [1575] 'a porter tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn* of countinauns.' The word *one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. 'He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who smiles and invites them in.'

ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in a Senator's House. Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why the dog coins gold:

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me⁹ straight,

And able horses: No porter at his gate;¹⁰

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can sound his state in safety.¹¹ Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd¹⁰

With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—

Command me to your master—and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;

But must not break my back, to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief

Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,¹¹

Which¹² flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account

How things go from him; nor resumes no care

Of what is to continue; Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.¹³

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:

I must be round with him now he comes from hunt-

ing.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

9 Johnson altered this to '*found* his state in safety.' But the reading of the folio is evidently *sound*, which I think will bear explanation thus:—'No reason can proclaim his state in safety, or not dangerous.' So in King Henry VIII. Act v. Sc. 2:—

'Pray heaven he *sound* not my disgrace!'

10 Be not *stayed* or *stopped*:—

'Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased*?'

Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607.

11 This passage has been thus explained by Roger Wilbraham, Esq. in his Glossary of words used in Cheshire:—'Gull, a. a *naked gull*; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state.'

12 Which for *who*. The pronoun relative applied to *things* is frequently used for the pronoun relative applied to *persons*, by old writers, and does not seem to have been thought a grammatical error. It is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

13 This is elliptically expressed:—

'—Never mind

Was [*made*] to be so unwise [*in order*] to be so kind.'

Conversation, as Johnson observes, affords many examples of similar lax expression

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even,¹ Varro: What, you come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,²

My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,³

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend, I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's

wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six

weeks,

And past,——

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath,——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[Exit ALCIBIADES and Lords.]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray

you; [To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,⁴

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your importunity cease, till after dinner;

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:

See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.]

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[Exit FLAVIUS.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.⁵

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-
mantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.]

Isid. Serv. [To VAR. SERV.] There's the fool
hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on
him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues,
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All SERV. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All SERV. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do
not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All SERV. Gramercies, good fool: How does
your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such
chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at
Corinth.⁶

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain?
what do you in this wise company?—How dost
thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I
might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pry'thee, Apemantus, read me the super-
scription of these letters; I know not which is
which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that
day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this
to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and
thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt
famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I
will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve
three usurers?

All SERV. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I, as good a trick as ever hang-
man served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All SERV. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his ser-
vant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool.
When men come to borrow of your masters, they
approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter
my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly:
The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a
whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding,
thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a
lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a
philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial
one: ' He is very often like a knight; and, gene-

here lost, in which the audience were informed that the
fool and the page that follows him belonged to Phrynia,
Timandra, or some other courtesan; upon the know-
ledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing
jocularity.

6 The reputation of the ladies of Corinth for gallan-
try caused the term to be anciently used for a house of
ill repute. The scalding, to which the fool alludes, is
the curative process for a certain disease, by means of
a tub, which persons affected (according to Randle
Hoime, Storehouse of Armory, b. lii. p. 441) 'were put
into, not to boyl up to an height, but to parboyl.' In
the frontispiece to the Old Latin Comedy of Cornelia-
num Doliun this sweating tub is represented. It was
anciently the practice to scald the feathers off poultry
instead of plucking them.

7 Meaning the celebrated object of all alchemical re-
search, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talk-
ed of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost

1 Good even, or good den, was the usual salutation
from noon, the moment that good morrow became
improper. See Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Sc. 4.

2 I. e. to hunting; in our author's time it was the
custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in
Tancred and Gismunda, 1592, 'He means this evening
in the park to hunt.' Queen Elizabeth, during her stay
at Kenilworth Castle, always hunted in the afternoon.

3 I. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a man-
ner consistent with your other noble qualities.

4 The old copy reads:—
'—of debt, broken bonds.'

The emendation, which was made by Malone, is well
supported by corresponding passages in the poet. Thus
at p. 195, ante:—

'And my reliances on his fracted dates.'

5 Johnson thought that a scene or passage had been

rally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Serv.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;

That I might so have rated my expense,

As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you back;

And that unaptness made your minister,¹

Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much,² I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close; I did endure

Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have

Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,

And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,

Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time,³

The greatest of your having lacks a half

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues: the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim? and at length

How goes our reckoning?⁴

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;⁵

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,

And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me.

considerable sums in seeking of it. Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar.

¹ The construction is, 'And made that unaptness your minister.'

² He does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum.

³ 'Though you now at last listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state, that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts: you are therefore wise too late.'

⁴ 'How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and, finally, on the settlement of all accounts, in what a wretched plight will you be.'

⁵ I. e. as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

⁶ Stevens asserted that *offices* here meant apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domestics, &c.; and that *feeders* meant *servants*. Malone contended that by *offices* was intended 'all rooms or places at which refreshments were prepared or served out;' as Stevens had explained it in *Othello*; and that *feeders* did not here mean *servants*. It must be confessed that the passage in *Othello*, 'All *offices* are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this

When all our offices⁶ have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept With drunken spilt of wine; when every room Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy; I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,⁷ And set mine eyes at a flow.

Tim.

Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord! How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants, This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon! Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise, The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, These flies are cough'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.⁸

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument⁹ of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd.¹⁰

That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there, ho!—Flaminius, Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to Lord Lucius,—

To Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his

Honour to-day;—You to Sempronius;

Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,

That my occasions have found time to use them

Toward a supply of money: let the request

Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus? humph!

[Aside.]

Tim. Go you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the

senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold

(For that I knew it the most general way,)¹¹

To them to use your signet, and your name;

present hour of five until the bell has told eleven,

countenances Stevens's explanation; as does another

passage, from Shirley's *Opportunite*, cited by Mr. Bos

well:—

'Let all the *offices* of entertainment

Be free and open.'

The cellar and the buttery are probably meant.

⁷ A *wasteful cock* is possibly what we now call a *waste pipe*, a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, &c. by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness was favourable to meditation.

⁸ Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggared through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures.—Stevens.

⁹ I. e. the contents of them. The argument of a book was 'a brief sum of the whole matter contained in it.' So in *Hamlet*, the king asks concerning the play:—'Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in it?'

¹⁰ I. e. dignified, adorned, made gracious.

'And yet no day without a deed to crown it.'

King Henry VIII.

¹¹ 'The most general way,' is the most compendious to try many at a time

But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,¹ want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, intending² other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps,³ and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I prythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd,⁴ 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*]—'Prythee, [*To*
FLAVIUS.] be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee;—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, [*To FLAV.*]
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought
is bounty's foe;

Being free⁴ itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in Lucullus's House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming
down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a
gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of
a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome,
sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*]—And
how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted
gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord
and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well,

sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak,
pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
honour to supply; who, having great and instant
occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-
ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present
assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says
he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he
would not keep so good a house. Many a time
and often I have dined with him, and told him on't;
and come again to supper to him, of purpose to
have him spend less: and yet he would embrace
no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every
man has his fault, and honesty⁶ is his; I have told
him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly
prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that
knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the
time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in
thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who*
goes out.]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy
lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise;
and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest
to me, that this is no time to lend money; espe-
cially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's
three solidaires⁷ for thee; good boy, wink at me,
and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much
differ;
And we alive that liv'd?⁸ Fly, damned baseness;
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit
for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may
scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation.⁹

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!¹⁰

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,

I feel my master's passion!¹¹ This slave

Unto his honour,¹² has my lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!

And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!¹³ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. The same. A public Place. Enter

LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very

good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know¹⁴ him for no less, though we

poured down their throats. In the old Shepherd's Cal-

endar, Lazarus declares himself to have seen covetous

men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten

metal. And in the old black letter ballad of The Dead

Man's Song:—

'—Ladies full of melted gold

Were poured down their throats.'

Crassus was so punished by the Parthians.

10 So in King Lear:—

'—my daughter,

Or rather a disease,' &c.

11 i. e. suffering, grief. Othello, when Desdemona

weeps, says:—

'—O well-dissembled passion.'

12 Some modern editions have changed his honour

into this hour. I think the old reading which Stevens

explains, 'This slave (to the honour of his character)

has,' &c. not what is meant to be expressed, and should

profer the correction.

13 i. e. prolong his hour of suffering. Thus Timon,

in a future passage, says, 'Live loath'd, and long'

14 Acknowledge.

1 i. e. at an ebb.

2 Johnson, Stevens, and Malone have explained in-
tending here regarding, turning their notice, or attend-
ing to, &c.; but it certainly means pretending. See
King Richard III. Sc. 5. Shakespeare uses pretend
in many places for intend: and I have shown that he
also uses pretend for intend in several instances.

3 Fractions are broken hints, abrupt remarks. A
half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

4 Liberal, not parsimonious.

5 i. e. considerably, regardfully.

6 Honesty here means liberality. 'That nobleness
of spirit or honesty that free-born men have.'—Baret.

7 Stevens says, 'I believe this coin is from the mint
of the poet.' We are not to look for the name of a Greek
coin here; but he probably formed it from solidari, or
solidi, a small coin, which Florio makes equal to shil-
lings in value.

8 And we alive now who lived then. As much as to
say, in so short a time.

9 One of the punishments invented for the covetous
and avaricious in hell of old, was to have melted gold

are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;¹ nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him,² and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied him occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[To LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.³

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,⁴ I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!⁵—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't: the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will

¹ 'So many talents,' a common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted 'fifty talents.'

² Lucius means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus.

³ Such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted 'fifty talents.' But this was the phraseology of the poet's age. In Julius Cæsar, Lucilius says to his adversary:—'There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.'

⁴ 'If he did not want it for a good use.'

⁵ i. e. 'by purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend.'

⁶ The old copy reads:—

'Is every flatterer's sport.'

The emendation 's Theobald's. I think with Malone that this speech was never intended for verse, though printed as such in the folio

⁷ i. e. 'in respect of his fortune.' What Lucius de-

you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit.⁶ Who can call him His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse; Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet (O, see the monstrosity of man, When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!) He does deny him, in respect of his,⁷ What charitable men afford to beggars.

2 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran.

For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation,⁸ And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense: For policy sits above conscience. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius's House. Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these Owe their estates unto him.

Serv.

O my lord, They have all been touch'd,⁹ and found base metal; for

They have all denied him.

Sem.

How! have they denied him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three? humph!¹⁰ It shows but little love or judgment in him. Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, Thrive,¹¹ give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?—

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,

nies to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

⁸ The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, of which the meaning appears to be—'Had he applied to me, I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and have sent him the best half of it.' The Stranger could not mean that he 'would have treated his wealth as a present originally received from Timon,' because he expressly declares that he never tasted his bounties

⁹ Alluding to the trial of metals by the touchstone. Thus in King Richard III.:

'O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed.'

¹⁰ This speech appears to be mutilated, and therefore unmetrical; the first part of it may perhaps bear modifying thus:—

'Ventidius, and Lucius, and Lucullus,

Have denied him, and does he send to me?

Three? humph!—

It shows, &c.

'I can only point out metrical dilapidations, which I profess myself unable to repair,' says Steevens.

¹¹ Johnson proposes to read:—

'Thrice, give him over;

but says, 'perhaps the old reading is the true; which

That might have known my place: I see no sense
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear.¹ How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.²

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.³

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House. Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir

Philotus, too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course

Steevens illustrates by the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*—

Physicians thus,

*With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.*

The passage will then mean, 'His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either relinquish and forsake him, or give up his case as desperate.' It is remarked by Malone that Webster has frequently imitated Shakspeare, and that this passage may be an imitation of that in the text.

I take the sense of this passage to be, 'The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic, (i. e. crafty, or full of cunning shifts;) he thwarted himself by so doing, overreached himself: and I cannot think but in the end the villanies of man will (make the devil appear in comparison innocent) set him clear, and that they will change places; man becoming the tempter, not the tempted.'

2 Warburton thinks that this is levelled at the Puritans. 'Scmpronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked, pretending that warm affection and

is like the sun's;⁴ but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.⁵

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which you⁶ wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge,⁷ the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:

What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.⁸

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so
much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you
are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat

Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves
but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd wor-
ship mutter?

generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any
other be applied to before it.'

3 i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. Thus in
Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 2:—'You will turn
good husband now, Pompey, you will keep the house.'

4 i. e. like him in blaze and splendor.

'Soles occidere et redire possunt.—Catull.

5 Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during
which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty
provision through a depth of snow.

6 The old copy reads, 'For which I wait for money.'

7 i. e. this office or employment.

8 The commentators thought this simple passage re-
quired a comment; and the reader will be surprised to
hear that it bears several constructions. It is obvious
that the meaning is, 'it should seem by the sum your
master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than
that of my master, else surely my master's loan had
equalled his.' If there be any obscurity, it is because
the relative pronoun *his* does not quite clearly refer to
its immediate antecedent *mine*. I should not have
thought the passage needed explanation, had it not been
the subject of contention.

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it: for, take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em:¹ cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:²
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 Timon quibbles. They present their written bills; he catches at the word, and alludes to bills or battle-axes. The word is so played upon in *As You Like It*.

2 The first folio reads:—

'Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, *Ullor*za all.'

What is meant by this strange corruption it is perhaps now vain to conjecture. Malone retains this strange word; and Steevens banters him pleasantly enough upon his perinacious adherence to the text of the first folio.

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate House. The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's

Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,³
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
(An honour in him which buys out his fault;)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave⁴ his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,⁵
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;⁶ and make his wrongs

His outsiders; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnance? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?⁷ why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass more captain than the lion; the felon,⁸
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;⁹
But, in defence, by mercy,¹⁰ 'tis most just.

To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done

3 i. e. putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.

4 The folio reads:—

'And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent.'

5 You undertake a paradox too hard.

6 i. e. utter.

7 What do we, or what have we to do in the field?—

8 The old copy reads '*fellow*.' The alteration was made at Johnson's suggestion, perhaps without necessity. *Fellow* is a common term of contempt.

9 *Gust* here means rashness. We still say, 'it was done in a gust of passion.'

10 i. e. 'I call mercy herself to witness.'

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies :
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter, h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both :
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all²
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How ?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.³

3 Sen. What ?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,⁴
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me ?
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
our spirit,⁵

He shall be executed presently. [Exit Senators.]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts ;—All those, for this ?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? ha ! banishment ?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
'That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.⁶
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [Exit.]

1 i. e. a man who practises riot as if he had made it an oath or duty.

2 He charges them obliquely with being usurers.
Thus in a subsequent passage :—

banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.⁷

3 Remembrances is here used as a word of five syllables. In the singular Shakspeare uses it as a word of four syllables only :

'And lasting in her sad remembrance.'

Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 1.

4 Base for dishonoured.

5 This, says Steevens, I believe, means 'not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution.' So in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 1 :—

'The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.'

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in Timon's House. Music. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so : He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you ?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces !

1 Lord. What of you ?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you ?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears with the music awhile ; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound : we shall toil presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend ! what cheer ?

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrances.⁸
—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes !

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

2 Lord. How do you ? What's the news ?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished : Hear you of it ?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished !

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How ? how ?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.⁹

I think we might read with advantage :

—And not to quell our spirit.¹⁰

1 i. e. not to repress or humble it.

6 To lay for hearts, is to endeavour to win the affections of the people.

7 'Upon that were my thoughts feeding or most anxiously employed.'

8 i. e. 'your good memory.' Shakspeare and his contemporaries often use the comparative for the positive or superlative. Thus in King John :—

'Nay, but make haste the better foot before.'

9 i. e. near at hand, or in prospect. So in Romeo and Juliet :—

'We have a foolish trifling banquet towards.'

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike.¹ Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your lees,² O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water

Is your perfection.³ This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears, You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,⁴ Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! Of man, and beast, the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?⁵

2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.⁷ [Exeunt.

¹ 'In all places alike.' This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank.

² Warburton and Mason say we should read *foes* instead of *fees*, which is the reading of the old copy. I have ventured to substitute *lees*, a more probable word to be misprinted *fees*, the long *f* and *l* being easily mistaken for each other. Timon means to call the senators the *lees* and *dregs* of the city, *Sordes et fæx urbis*, on account of their vile propensities.

³ i. e. the highest of your excellence.

⁴ i. e. flies of a season. Thus before:—

—one cloud of winter showers,

These flies are cough'd.

⁵ Minute-jacks, are the same as *jacks* of the clock-house; automaton figures appended to clocks: but the

ACT IV

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent; Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filths^a Convert o' the instant, green virginity! Do't in your parents' eyes; bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries,² And yet confusion lie!—Plagues, incident to men. Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty!¹⁰ Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth; That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itches, baines, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!¹¹ Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,) The Athenians both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining? Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke! So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not One friend, to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs

term was used for 'time serving busy bodies, who had their oar in every man's boat, or hand in every man's dish.'

⁶ This and the next speech is spoken by the newly-arrived lords.

⁷ In the old MS. play of Timon, *painted stones* are introduced as part of this mock banquet. It seems probable that Shakespeare was acquainted with this ancient drama. Timon has thrown nothing at his guests, but warm water and dishes.

⁸ Steevens explains this 'common sewers,' which is quite ludicrous, unless he meant it metaphorically. *General filths* means *common strumpets*: filthiness, and obscenity were synonymous with our ancestors.

⁹ i. e. contrarities, whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other.

—as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and jutting his confounded base.

King Henry V.

¹⁰ Liberty here means *licentiousness* or *libertinism*. So in the Comedy of Errors:—

—And many such like liberties of sin.

¹¹ i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*, the active participle with a passive signification.

From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes!
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes.
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[Giving them money.] Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.²

[Ereunt Servants.]

O, the fierce³ wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,⁴
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *The Woods. Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb⁵

1 'So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated them, slink all away,' &c.

2 This conceit occurs again in *King Lear* :—

'Fairer Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor.'
Johnson observes, that 'Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants; nothing but real virtue can be honored by domestics; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.'

3 *Fierce* here means *vehement*.

4 *Blood* is here used for *passion, propensity, affection*. Malone asserts that 'blood is used for natural propensity or disposition throughout these plays; but he has not given a single instance, while we have many passages where it can mean nothing but *passion* or *affection*.'

5 That is, the moon's—this *sublunary* world.

6 'Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother: such is the general depravity of mankind. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.' But is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without*.

7 This is the reading of the old copy. Steevens reads '*denude*.' It has been said that there is no antecedent to which '*deny*,' can be referred. I think that it clearly refers to *great fortune* in the preceding sentence, with which I have now connected it, by placing a colon instead of a period at nature. The construction will be, 'Raise me this beggar to *great fortune*, and deny it to that lord,' &c.

8 The folio of 1623 reads :—

'It is the *pastour* lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him *leave*.'

The second folio changes *leave* to *lean*. The probable

Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividend,—touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature:⁶

Raise me this beggar, and deny't⁷ that lord;

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him lean.⁸ Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say, *This man's a flatterer*? if one be,

So are they all; for every grize⁹ of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,

But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:

Destruction fang¹¹ mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison! What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods

I am no idle votarist.¹² Roots, you clear heavens!¹³

Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,

valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?

Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;¹⁴

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:¹⁵

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd,

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the wappen'd¹⁶ widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores,

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again.¹⁷ Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature.¹⁸—*[March afar off.]*—Ha! a

drum? Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping some gold.]*

meaning of the passage as it now stands is, 'Men are courted and flattered according to their riches.' It is the possessions of a man that makes sycophants, 'enlarges his fat-already pride; if he wants wherewith to pasture his flatterers, his vanity will be starved. The poet is still thinking of the rich and poor brother he had before mentioned.

9 *This man* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual. So in *As You Like It*:

'Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbours.'

10 *Grize*, step or degree.

11 i. e. seize, gripe.

12 No insincere or inconstant supplicant: *gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*.

13 You clear heavens, is you pure heavens. So in *Lear* :—

'—the clearest gods, who make them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.'

14 Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.

15 This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.

16 It is not clear what is meant by *wappen'd* in this passage; perhaps *worn out, debilitated*. In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, (which tradition says was written in conjunction with Shakespeare,) we have *unwappened* in a contrary sense.

17 'Restores to all the freshness and sweetness of youth.' *Youth* is called by the old poets the 'April of man's life.' *Young Fenton*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 'smells April and May.'

18 i. e. lie in the earth, where nature laid thee; *thou'rt quick*, means thou hast life and motion in thee.

Enter ALCIABIADDES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well; But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee, too; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns

To thine own lips again.¹

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for

Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,

For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet.²

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

¹ This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. 'I will not,' says Timon, 'take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee.' See the fourth satire of Donne.

² See Act ii. Sc. 2. The diet was a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So in The Mative, a Collection of Epigrams:—

'She took not diet nor the sweat in season.'

³ Warburton justly observes, that this passage is 'wonderfully sublime and picturesque.' The same image occurs in King Richard II.

⁴ Devouring pestilence hangs in our air.'

⁵ Cutting.

⁶ By window-bars the poet probably means 'the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their paps,' sometimes called a *niced*, and translated Mamillare or fascia pectoralis: and described as made of fine linen: from its semitransparency arose the simile of window bars. 'This is the best explanation I have to offer. The late Mr. Boswell thought that windows were used to signify a woman's

Tim. I pry'thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou against Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have caus'd

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and

These after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer

My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-wic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air:³ Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer; Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-

paps,

That through the window-bars⁴ bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the

babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their

mercy:

Think it a bastard,⁵ whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mounce it sans remorse: Swear against objects;⁶

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou

giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse

upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:

Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd.⁷ Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable.—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths

I'll trust to your conditions:⁸ Be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six

months,

Be quite contrary:⁹ And thatch your poor thin roofs

breasts, in a passage he has cited from Weaver's *Plantagenet's Tragical Story*, but it seems to me doubtful. I can hardly think the passage warrants Johnson's explanation, 'The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.'

⁶ An allusion to the tale of *Œdipus*.

⁷ I.e. against objects of charity and compassion. So

in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says:—

'For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects.'

⁸ That is, 'enough to make whores leave whoring,

and a bawd leave making whores.'

⁹ Conditions for dispositions.

¹⁰ The meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it.—'Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself and imprecates upon them that for the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations.'

With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,¹
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore
still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. & Timon. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,²
Nor sound his quillets³ shrilly : hoarse the flamen,⁴
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal :⁵ make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave⁶ you all !

Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More where, more mischief first ; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum, towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike. [Drum beats. *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou,

[Digging.]
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,⁸
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,⁷
With all the abhorred births below crisp'd⁹ heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,⁹

1 The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us 'were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris,' seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off.

2 *Quillets* are subtleties, nice and frivolous distinctions. See *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1.

3 The old copy reads '*hoar* the flamen,' which Steevens suggests may mean, give him the *hoary* leprosy. I have not scrupled to insert Upton's reading of *hoarse* into the text, because I think the whole construction of the speech shows that is the word the poet wrote. To afflict him with leprosy would not prevent his scolding, to deprive him of his voice by hoarseness might.

4 To 'foresee his particular' is 'to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good.'

5 To *graze* is to *bury*. The word is now obsolete, but was familiar to our old writers. Thus Chapman in his version of the fifteenth Iliad :—
'—the throates of dogs shall *grave*
His manless limba.'

6 This image (as Warburton ingeniously supposes) would almost make one imagine that Shakspeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimamma.

7 The serpent which we, from the smallness of the eye, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins *cæcilia*. So in *Macbeth* :—
'Adder's fork and *blind-worm's* sting.'

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above!¹⁰
Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks !
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected ;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this
place ?

This slavlike habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
Hug their diseases'd perfumes,¹¹ and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper ;¹²
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,¹³
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent : Thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves and all approachers : 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool : What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle,¹⁴ page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoussed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,¹⁵—bid them flatter thee ;
O ! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee : Depart.

8 Perhaps Shakspeare meant *curled* (which was synonymous with *crisp*) from the appearance of the clouds in the Tempest, Ariel talks of sitting 'on the *curPd* clouds.' Chaucer, in his House of Fame, says :—
'Her heare that was *oundie* and *crisp*.'

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*. Again, in the Philosopher's Satires, by Robert Anton—
'Her face as beauteous as the *crisp'd* mora.'

9 So in *King Lear* :—
'Dry up in her the organs of increase.'

10 Thus Milton, b. iii. l. 564 :—
'Through the pure *marble* air.'

Again in *Othello* :—
'Now by your *marble* heaven.'

11 i. e. their diseased perfumed mistresses. Thus in *Othello* :—
'Such another fitchew ; marry, a *perfum'd* one.'

12 'Cunning of a carper' is the fastidiousness of a critic. Shame not these words, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Carping* *momuses* was a general term for ill-natured critics. Beatrice's sarcastic railery is thus designated by Ursula in *Much Ado* About Nothing :—
'Why sure such *carping* is not commendable.'

13 'To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.' *Hamlet*.

14 *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. Tuberville, in his Book of Falconry, 1575, says that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie* or nest in the same place.

15 'And with presented nakedness outface
The winds.' *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem.

Tim.

Why?

Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a catiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:¹

The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath,² that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,³ pro-

ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it⁴

Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect,⁵ but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;⁶

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows;⁷—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden:

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou

hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject: who, in spite, put stuff

To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.⁸

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of

thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,

where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my

mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,

but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast

in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for

too much curiosity;⁹ in thy rags thou knowest

none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a

medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou

should'st have loved thyself better now. What man

didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after

his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,

didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means

to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou

nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the

things themselves. What would'st thou do with

the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

1 To have wishes *crowned* is to have them *completed*, to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content.

2 By his *breath* means by his *voice*, i. e. *suffrage*.

3 i. e. from infancy, from the first *swathe-band* with which a new-born infant is enveloped. 'There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.' Johnson. *O si sic omnia*. In the conception and expression of this note (says Mr. Pye) we trace the mind and the pen of the author; a collection of such notes by Johnson would have been indeed a commentary worthy the critic and the poet. Johnson has adduced a passage somewhat resembling this from a letter written by the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, just before his execution. 'I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise.' The rest of this admirable letter is, as Johnson justly observes, 'too serious and so solemn to be inserted here without irrelevance.' It was very likely to make a deep impression upon Shakespeare's mind. But indeed no one can read it without emotion. Jolusien copied his extract from Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, and has erroneously printed *deceiters for divines*.

4 The old copy reads 'The passive *drugges* of it,' *Drug* or *druggie*, is only a variation of the orthography of *drudge*, as appears by Baret's *Alvearie*.

5 The cold admonitions of cautious prudence. *Respect* is *regardful consideration*:—

Reason and respect

Makes livers pale, and lusthood deject.

Troilus and Cressida.

6 i. e. more than I could frame employment for.

7 'O summer friendship,

Whose flatter'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our

Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

In the autumn of adversity.'

Massinger's Maid of Honour.

8 Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble

Johnson.

9 *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness, *finical niceness* Baret explains it *picked diligence*, *Accuratus corporis cultus*. 'A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affectation* or *curiosity*,' (i. e. *affectation* or *overniceness*.)—It sometimes means scrupulous anxiety, precision.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion,² and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion,³ and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap⁴ of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

1 Alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy. See Gesner's History of Animals, and Julius Caesar, Act ii. Sc. 1.

2 This seems to imply that the lion 'bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.'

3 Both Steevens and Malone are wrong in their explanation of *remotion* here; which is neither 'removing from place to place,' nor 'remoteness;' but '*removing away, removing afar off.* Remedio.'

4 I. e. the top, the principal.

5 See Act iii. Sc. 4.

6 Warburton remarks that the imagery here is exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

7 Touch for touchstone:—

'O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be'st current gold.'

8 The old copy reads, 'Enter the *Banditti*.'

9 The old copy reads:—

'Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat*.'

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire: thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap!¹⁶ thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch⁷ of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim.

Throng'd to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pry thee.

Apem.

Live and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Thieves.*⁸

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall'st get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.

Why should you want? Behold the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear maat, the briars scarlet hips:

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes.

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited¹⁰ professions. Rascal thieves,

Theobald proposed 'you want much of *meat*,' i. e. much of what you *ought to be*, much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. Steevens says, perhaps we should read:—

'Your greatest want is, you want much of *me*.'

Your greatest want is that you expect supplies from me, of whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer would point the passage differently, thus:

'Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat

Why should you want?' &c.

10 *Limited* professions are *allowed* professions. Thus in Macbeth:—

'I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my *limited* service.' I will request the reader to correct my explanation of *limited* in Macbeth, where I have unintentionally allowed the old glossarial explanation to stand, which interprets it *appointed*.

Here's gold : Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;
Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears :¹ the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture² stol'n
From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves : away ;
Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut throats ;
All that you meet are thieves : To Athens, go,
Break open shops ; for nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this
I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !
Amen.

[TIMON retires to his Cave.]

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens : There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.³

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods !

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and failing ? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !
What an alteration of honour⁴ has
Desperate want made !
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
How rarely⁵ does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd⁶ to love his enemies :
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do !
He has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Shall serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not : I ne'er had honest man
About me, I ; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

1 The moon is called the *moist* star in Hamlet, and the poet in the last scene of The Tempest has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the tides. The watery beams of the moon are spoken of in Romeo and Juliet. The sea is therefore said to resolve her into salt tears, and in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern. There is an allusion to the lachrymose nature of the planet in the following apposite passage in King Richard III :—

'That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,

May bring forth plentiful tears to drown the world.'

2 I. e. compost, manure.

3 'There is no hour in a man's life so wretched but he always has it in his power to become true, i. e. honest.'

4 An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.

5 How rarely, i. e. how admirably. So in Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii. Sc. 1. 'how rarely featur'd.'

6 i. e. desired. Friends and enemies here mean those who profess friendship and profess enmity. The proverb 'Defend me from my friends, and from my

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,⁷
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping ;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable ? It almost turns
My dangerous nature mild.⁸ Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one :
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not⁹ a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal

gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,

Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men ;¹⁰
Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing : Be men like blasted

woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not ; fly whilst thou'rt bless'd and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

enemies I will defend myself,' is a sufficient comment on this passage.

7 To give is to yield, to give way to tears

8 The old copy reads :—

'It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild.'

The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's dangerous nature is his savage wildness, a species of frenzy induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. It would be idle to talk of turning a 'dangerous nature wild' : the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him ; and he does indeed show himself more mild and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.

9 I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that *If not* has slipped in here by an error of the compositor, caught from the *Is not* of the preceding line. Both sense and metre would be better without it.

10 I. e. away from human habitation.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.—Enter Poet and Painter;¹ TIMON behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying² is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating³ of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,⁴
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worship'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!

1 The poet and painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. 'But (as Malone observes) Shakspeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if he and the audience knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.'

2 The doing of that we have said we would do. Thus in Hamlet:—

'As be in his peculiar act and force
May give his saying deed.'

3 Personating for representing simply. The subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Aye, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold:

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit⁵

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.⁶

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,

4 'Black-corner'd night.' Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd*, and *black-cover'd*. It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd*. We have 'the blanket of the dark,' in Macbeth, 'Night's black mantle,' in the Third Part of King Henry VI. and the First Part of the same drama:—

'—night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle overvell'd the earth.'

I cannot think with Steevens that 'Night as obscure as a dark corner,' is meant.

5 It should be remembered that a portrait was called a counterfeit.

6 i. e. —complete, a finished villain.

7 i. e. jakes

Yet an arch villain keeps him company.¹

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!²

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and
griefs

That fram'd him thus; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak
and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,³
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which⁴ now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it's own fall,⁵ restraining aid to Timon;

1 The plain and simple meaning of this is, 'where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you *arch villains*,' therefore a villain goes with you every where. Thus in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578, 'Go, and a knave with thee.'

2 The word *done* is omitted by accident in the old copy. This line is addressed to the painter, the next to the poet.

3 With one united voice of affection. So in *Sternhold's* version of the hundredth Psalm.—

'With one consent let all the earth.'

4 Which should be *and*. It is now vain to inquire whether the mistake be attributable to the poet, or to a careless transcriber or printer, but in such a glaring error as this, it is but charitable to suppose of the last.

5 The Athenians have a sense of the danger of their own fall by the arms of Alcibiades, by their withholding aid that should have been given to Timon.

6 *Render* is *confession*. So in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 4.—

'—may drive us to a *render*
Where we have liv'd.'

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,⁶
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,

And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.⁷

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;

Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair

Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;

Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,

And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,

While you have throats to answer; for myself,

There's not a whistle⁸ in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love, before

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,⁹

As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,

It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness

Of health,¹¹ and living, now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not

One that rejoices in the common wreck,

As common bruit¹² doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they

pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And let them, that to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,

Their pangs of love,¹³ with other incident throes

7 *Allowed* here signifies *confirmed*. 'To approve or confirm. Ratum habere aliquid.' *Baret*. This word is generally used by our old writers in the sense of *approved*, and I am doubtful whether it has been rightly explained in other places in these dramas by *licensed*.

An *allowed* fool, I think, means an *approved* fool, a *confirmed* fool.

8 This image may have been caught from Psalm lxxx. 13.

9 A *whistle* is a clasp knife. The word is still provincially in use.

10 'The prosperous gods' undoubtedly here mean the *propitious* or *favourable* gods, *Dii secundi*. Thus in *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 3.

'To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear.'

In which passage the quarto of 1622 reads 'a gracious ear.'

11 He means 'the disease of life begins to promise me a period.'

12 Report, rumour.

13 Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet*.

That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth²
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear³ peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens. Enter Two
Senators and a Messenger.*

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his
files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend:
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship in the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare.

[Exeunt.]

1 This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's Life of Antony, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market-place. See also The Palace of Pleasure, vol. 1. Nov. 23.

2 The first folio reads *who*. It was altered to *which* in the second folio. Malone reads *whom*, saying it refers to *Timon*, and not to his grave; as appears from The Palace of Pleasure:—'By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the seashore, that the waves and surges might beate and vex his dead carcas.'

3 Embossed froth is *foaming, puffed or blown up* froth. Among our ancestors 'a boss or a bubble of water when it raineth, or the pot seetheth,' were used indifferently.

3 So in Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1:—

'Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thy enemies.'

4 This passage Stevens, with great reason, considers corrupt, the awkward repetition of the verb *made*, and the obscurity of the whole, countenance his opinion. Might we not read:—

'Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends.'

SCENE IV. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone seen. Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this;⁵ there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens. Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,⁶ and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,⁷
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, No more: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.⁸

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;⁹
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;¹⁰
Shame, that they wanted cunning,¹¹ in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,

5 The old copy has 'Some beast read this.' The emendation is Warburton's. It is evident that the soldier, when he first sees Timon's everlasting dwelling, does not know it to be a tomb. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives no answer. It is evident that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has not seen the inscription. 'What can this be?' (says the soldier.) Timon is certainly dead: Some beast must have rear'd this; a man could not live in it. Yes, he is dead sure enough, and *this must be his tomb*; What is this writing upon it?

6 Travers'd arms are arms crossed. The image occurs in The Tempest:—

'His arms in this sad knot.'

7 Flush is *mature*, ripe, or come to full perfection.

8 Their refers to *griefs*. 'To give thy rages balm,' must be considered as parenthetical.

9 I. e. by promising him a competent subsistence.

10 'The motives that you first went out,' I. e. those who made the motion for your exile. This word is used in the same manner in Troilus and Cressida:—

'—her wanton spleen look out

At every joint and motive of her body.'

11 *Cunning* is used in its old sense of *skill* or *wisdom*, extremity of shame that they wanted *wisdom* in procuring your banishment hath broke their hearts. Theobald had nearly thus interpreted the passage; and Johnson thought he could improve it by reading—

'Shame that they wanted, coming in excess
Hath broke their hearts.'
Johnson perhaps was not aware of the old meaning of *cunning*.

Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended :
For those that were, it is not square,¹ to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle,² and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove ;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone³ your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.⁴

Boh. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

1 i. e. not regular, not equitable.

2 — Jovis incunabula Crete. *Orid Metam.* viii. 99.

3 i. e. *Unattacked gates.*

4 i. e. to reconcile them to it. The general sense of this word in Shakespeare. Thus in *Cymbeline* :—'I was glad I did atone my countryman and you.'

5. All attempts to extract a meaning from this passage as it stands, must be vain. 'We should certainly read :—

'But shall be remitted to your public laws

At heaviest answer.'

It is evident that the context requires a word of this import : remanded might serve. The comma at remedied is not in the old copy. Remedied to, as Steevens ob-

The Senators descend, and open the gates. Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead :
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And on his gravestone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of
wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked
catiffs left !

Here lie I, Timon : who alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait.⁶

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'st in us our human griefs,
Scorn'st our brains' flow,⁷ and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint⁸ war ;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.⁹

Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

THE play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits ; and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify or explain with due diligence ; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

serves, is nonsense. Johnson's explanation will then serve, 'Not a soldier shall quit his station, or commit any violence, but he shall answer it regularly to the law.'

6 This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs in North's Plutarch. The first couplet is there said to have been composed by Timon himself ; the second by the poet Callimachus. The epithet *catiffs* was probably suggested by another epitaph, to be found in Kendall's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577, and in the Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. Nov. 23.

7 So in Drayton's Miracles of Moses :—

'But he from rocks that fountains can command,

Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain.'

8 Stop.

9 Physician.

CORIOLANUS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN this play the narration of Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, is very exactly followed ; and it has been observed that the poet shows consummate skill in knowing how to seize the true poetical point of view of the historical circumstances, without changing them in the least degree. His noble Roman is indeed worthy of the name, and his mob such as a Roman mob doubtless were ; such as every great city has possessed from the time of the polished Athenians to that of modern Paris, where such scenes have been exhibited by a people collectively considered the politest on earth, as shows that 'the many-headed multitude' have the same turbulent spirit, when there is an exciting cause, in all ages.

Shakespeare has extracted amusement from this popular humour, and with the aid of the pleasant satirical vein of Menenius has relieved the serious part of the play with some mirthful scenes, in which it is certain the people's folly is not spared.

The character of Coriolanus, as drawn by Plutarch, was happily suited to the drama, and in the hands of

Shakespeare could not fail of exciting the highest interest and sympathy in the spectator. He is made of that stern unbending stuff which usually enters into the composition of a hero : accustomed to conquest and triumph, his inflexible spirit could not stoop to solicit by flattering condescension what it felt that its worthy services ought to command :

— he was

A noble servant to them ; but he could not

Carry his honours even :—

— commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war.¹

He hated flattery ; and his sovereign contempt for the people arose from having witnessed their pussillanimity ; though he loved 'the bubble reputation,' and would have grappled with fate for honour, he hated the breath of vulgar applause as 'the reek o' the rotten fens.'

He knew that his actions must command the good opinion of men ; but his modesty shrunk from their

open declaration of it: he could not bear to hear 'his nothings monstered.'

'— Pray you, no more; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.'

But yet his pride was his greatest characteristic:

'Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man.'

This it was that made him seek distinction from the ordinary herd of popular heroes; his honour must be won by difficult and daring enterprise, and worn in silence. It was this pride which was his overthrow; and from which the moral of the piece is to be drawn. He had thrown himself with the noble and confiding magnanimity of a hero into the hands of an enemy, knowing that the truly brave are ever generous; but two suns could not shine in one hemisphere; Tullus Aufidius found he was darkened by his light, and he exclaims:—

'— He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person than I thought he would
When I did first embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changing.'

The closeness with which Shakspeare has followed his original, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, will be observed upon comparison of the following passage, with the parallel scene in the play, describing Coriolanus's flight to Antium, and his reception by Aufidius. 'It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went immediately to Tullus Aufidius' house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favour'dly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto himself, 'If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity discover myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Co-

riolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that have thus banished me, which now I do begin, by putting my person in the hands of their enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volces; promising thee that I will fight with better good-will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help or please thee.'—Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said to him, 'Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us, thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all Volces' hands.' So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days after they fell to consultation together in what sort they should begin their wars.'

In the scene of the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother, when they come to supplicate him to spare Rome, Shakspeare has adhered very closely to his original. He felt that it was sufficient to give it merely a dramatic form. The speech of Volumnia, as we have observed in a note, is almost in the very words of the old translator of Plutarch.

The time comprehended in the play is about four years; commencing with the accession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266.

Malone conjectures it to have been written in the year 1610.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volcians.*
COMINIUS,
MENEVIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*
SCINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS,
YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volcians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman, *attending Virgilia*

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE—partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become

1 Good, in a commercial sense. As in Eastward Hoe:—

'— known good men, well monied.'

Again in the Merchant of Venice:—

'Antonio's a good man'

rakes:¹ for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment:² For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for

usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace⁴ with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest; where⁵ the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,⁶ As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most fitly⁷ As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What?

Men. The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart,⁸ the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they——

1 *Cit.* What then?—What then?—

Men. 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body,——

1 *Cit.* Well, what then?

The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men.

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men.

Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd. True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he, That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon: and fit it is; Because I am the store-house, and the shop Of the whole body: But if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;⁹

ful version of the text. "Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest." There is nothing of this in Shakespeare; and indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his long note as a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of the press, at the cost of taste and sense.¹—*Gifford's Massinger*, vol. i. p. 204, ed. 1813.

4 *Disgraces are hardships, injuries.*

5 *Where for sohears.*

6 'And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly and said,' &c.—*North's Plutarch*.

7 *i. e. exactly.*

8 The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of the understanding. See the next note. There has been strange confusion in the appropriation of some parts of this dialogue in all editions, even to the last by Mr. Boswell. Not to encumber the page, I must request the reader to compare this with the former editions, and have no doubt he will approve the transposition of names which has been here made.

9 Shakespeare uses *seat* for *throne*. 'I send it (says

1 It should be remembered that 'as lean as a rake' is an old proverbial expression. There is, as Warburton observes, a miserable joke intended:—'Let us now revenge this with forks, before we become rakes;' a *pike*, or *pike-fork*, being the ancient term for a *pitchfork*. The origin of the proverb is doubtless 'as lean as a rake or racc;' (pronounced *rake*;) and signifying a greynound.

2 Thus in *Othello*:—

'I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop.'

3 'The old copies have "scale't a little more;" for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so indeed it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens too prefers *scale*, which he proves from a variety of authorities to mean 'scatter, disperse, spread:' to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an unfaith-

*And through the cranks¹ and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark
me,—*

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each ;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't ?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal of the common ; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly ?—

Cit. I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,²
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.³ Hail, noble Marcius.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.⁴ He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.⁵ Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye !
Trust ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another ?—What's their seeking ?

the belly) through the blood, even to the royal residence, the heart, in which the kingly-crowned understanding sits enthroned.³ The poet, besides the relations in Plutarch, had seen a similar fable in Camden's Remaines ; Camden copied it from John of Salisbury, De Nugis Curialium, b. vi. c. 24. Mr. Douce, in a very curious note, has shown the high antiquity of this apologue, 'which is to be found in several ancient collections of Æsopian Fables : there may be, therefore, as much reason for supposing it the invention of Æsop, as there is for making him the parent of many others.

1 *Cranks* are windings ; the meandering ducts of the human body.

2 *Rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, 'thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself.' 'Worst in blood' has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*. The modern editions have erroneously a comma at blood, which obscures the sense.

Men. For corn at their own rates ; whereof,
they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say ?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol ; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines : side factions, and
give out
Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
And feeling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
enough ?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,⁶
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry⁷
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick⁸ my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded ;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved : Hang 'em !
They said, they were an hungry ; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs ;

That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must
eat ;

That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only :—With these shreds
They vented their complainings ; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,⁹
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.¹⁰

Men. What is granted them ?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.—Sdeath !
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.¹¹

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means
to vent¹²

Our musty superfluity ;—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Sen-
ators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VE-
LUTUS.*

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us ;

The Volces are in arms.

3 *Bale* is evil or mischief, harm or injury. The word is pure Saxon, and was becoming obsolete in Shakspeare's time.

4 *Coriolanus* does not use these two sentences consequently ; but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.

5 'Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.'

6 i. e. pity, compassion.

7 *Quarry* or *querre* signified slaughtered game of any kind, which was so denominated from being deposited in a square enclosed space in royal hunting.

8 *Pick, peck, or picke*, i. e. *pitch* ; still in provincial use. The fact is, that, in ancient language, to *pick* was used for to cast, throw, or hurl ; to *pitch* was to set or fix any thing in a particular spot.

9 *Generosity*, in the sense of its Latin original, for nobleness, high birth. Thus in Measure for Measure :—
'The generous and gravest citizens.'

10 *Emulation* is factious contention.

11 For insurgents to debate upon

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

I Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.¹—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius:
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

I Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I
know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.²

Com. Noble Lartius!³
I Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

Mar. [To the Citizens.]
Nay, let them follow:
The Voices have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts⁴ well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, *Com.* *Mar.* *Tit.* and
Men. Citizens *steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird⁵
the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.⁶

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first: for what miseries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

1 I.e. immovable in my resolution. So in Julius
Cæsar:—

'But I am constant as the northern star.'

2 You being right worthy of precedence.

3 The old copy has *Marcius*.

4 That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair bloss-
oms of valour. So in King Henry VIII.:

—To-day he puts forth

'The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,' &c.
5 A *gird* is a cut, a sarcasm, or stroke of satire. See
King Henry IV. Part II. Act I. Sc. 2.

6 'The present wars' Shakespeare uses to express the
pride of Coriolanus, grounded on his military prowess;
which kind of pride, Brutus says, *devours* him. In
Trollius and Cressida, Act II. Sc. 3. we have:—

—He that's proud *eats up* himself.

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sen-
tence is, 'He is grown too proud of being so valiant to
be endured.' It is still a common expression to say,
'eat up with pride.'

7 *Demerits* and *merits* had anciently the same mean-
ing.

— and my *demerits*
May speak, &c.

Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 200, ed. 1825;

Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits' rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made: and in what fashion,
More than in singularity,⁸ he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate House. Enter
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

I Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,⁹
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*]

*They have prest¹⁰ a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

I Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in¹¹ many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your hands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove!¹²
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.

Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

—'I have not promoted and preferred you to condign
preferments according to your *demerits*.'

8 Perhaps the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on
Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what
fashion beside that in which his own singularity of dis-
position invests him, he goes into the field. So in
Twelfth Night:—

—Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

9 The old copy reads:—

'What have been ever thought on in this state.'

We must either suppose this an ellipsis for 'What
things have,' &c. or read with Steevens, *hath*, as in
the text.

10 I.e. ready; from the old French *prest*. Thus in
the Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. 1:—

—say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am *prest* unto it.

11 To take in was formerly used as we now use to
take for to subdue, to conquer. Thus in Antony and
Cleopatra:—

—cut the Ionian seas;

And take in Toryne.

12 'If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to
remove them.'

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.*

Farewell.

2 *Sen.*

All. Farewell.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House. Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freclier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;¹ when, for a day of kings' entreaties, her mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.² I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire³ myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum; See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him: Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear, Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes; Like to a harvest-man, that thins⁴ his task'd to mow Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gilt⁵ his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee, And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,⁵ in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

1 Attracted the attention of every one toward him.

2 The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

3 This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) occurs in *The Tempest*:—

'I will thence

Retire me to my Milan.'

4 Gilt means a superficial display of gold. The word is now obsolete.

'Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched.'

King Henry V.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he marmocked⁶ it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack,⁷ madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would-be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli. Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

5 I.e. a handsome spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted muslin*.

6 To *marmock* is to tear or cut in pieces.

7 A *crack* signifies a sprightly forward boy: it is often used by Jonson and his contemporaries:—

'If we could get a witty boy, now, Eugene, That were an excellent crack, I could instruct him To the true height.' *Devil is an Ass.*

'A notable dissembling lad, a crack.'

Four Prentices of London, 1615.

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,²
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Other Alarums.]
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Voices enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Voices, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.
Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of³—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and aged fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Voices and Romans re-enter,
and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire into
Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good
seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

- 1 i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle.
- 2 The poet means—No, nor a man that fears you more than he; but he often entangles himself in the use of less and more.
- 3 'You herd of—cowards!' Marcius would probably have said, but his rage prevents him.
- 4 The old copy reads:—

'Who sensibly outdares'—
Sensible is here having sensation. So before:—'I would your cambrick were as sensible as your finger.' Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his senseless sword; for after it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible,⁴ outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-
cius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel.⁵ Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,⁶ not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.⁷

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.⁸

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street. Enter
certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a
Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours⁹

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords? Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less

Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!

[Exit MARCIUS.]

- 5 We have a similar thought in Othello:—
'If heaven had made me such another woman,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have ta'en it from her.'
- 6 The old copy has erroneously 'Calves wish': the error would easily arise: Shakespeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, 'Calves wish,' omitting to cross the t, and forming the o inaccurately. Cato was not born till the year of Rome 519, that is, 255 years after the death of Coriolanus; but the poet was led into the anachronism by following Plutarch.
- 7 '—some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.' *Macbeth.*
- 8 'Make remain, is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain.'
- 9 i. e. their time. Johnson adopted Pope's reading—*hOURS*; for which there was no necessity.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encour-
aging,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st at truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound¹ an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O Gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.²

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying,³ threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)

¹ So in King Henry VI. Part i. Act i. Sc. 3.—

² He did confound the best part of an hour, &c.
Confound is here used not in its common acceptation,
but in the sense of to *expend*: *conterere tempus*.

³ I. e. *towards bed or rest*, or the time of resting.
Compounds were formerly made at pleasure, by sub-
joining *ward* to the thing towards which the action
tended.

⁴ I. e. remitting his ransom.

⁵ I. e. in the *front* are the soldiers of Antium. Shak-
speare uses *Antiates* as a trieyllable, as if it had been
written *Antiatas*.

⁶ I. e. 'do not let slip the present time.'

⁷ The old copy reads *Lessen*. The reading of the
text was introduced by Stevens. His *person* means his
personal danger. We have nearly the same senti-
ment in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease.'

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com.

Marcius,

We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com.

As I guess, Marcius,

Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,⁴
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar.

I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present;⁵ but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com.

Though I could wish

You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar.

Those are they

That most are willing;—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;⁶
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus [*waving his hand*,] to express his dispo-
sition,

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volces? None of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius.

A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.⁷

Com.

March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LAR-
TIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going
with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and
Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party
of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports⁸ be guarded: keep your
duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch

Those centuries⁹ to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding: If we lose the field,

We cannot keep the town.

Lieu.

Fear not our care, sir.

⁷ From the obscurity of this passage there is good reason
to suspect its correctness. Perhaps we might read
some instead of *four*, words easily confounded in old
MSS.; and then the last line may be interrogative, thus:

'Please you to march,

And some shall quickly draw out my command:—

Which men are best inclin'd?

The passage as it stands in the old copy has been thus
explained:—'Coriolanus means to say, that he would
appoint four persons to select for his particular, or party,
those who are best inclined; and, in order to save time,
he proposes to have this choice made while the army is
marching forward.' The old translation of Plutarch
also says:—'Wherefore, with those that willingly of-
fered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city.'

⁸ Gates.

⁹ Companies of a hundred men

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy:¹ Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!²

Auf. If I fly, Marcus,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip³ of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Voices come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.⁴

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'dst not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'll the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd,⁵ hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—
Yet canst thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:⁶
Hastst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:⁷
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.⁸

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know

1 The construction here appears to be, 'Not Afric owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame.' The verb to *envy*, in ancient language, signified to *hate*.

2 Thus in *Macbeth*:—

'And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough!'

3 I. e. the *whip* that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. *Stevens* suggests that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, &c.

4 'You have to my shame sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.'

5 I. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To *quake* is used as a verb active by T. Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613:—

We'll *quake* them at the bar,
Where all souls wait for sentence.'

6 This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, 'This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.'

7 *Country* is used here and in other place as a trisyllable.

The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,⁹
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcus!*
Marcus! cast up their caps and lances;
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I'll the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars!¹⁰ No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile¹¹ wretch,—which, without
note,

Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolic;
As if I lov'd my little should be dicted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcus
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

All. Caius Marcus Coriolanus

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—

8 That is, 'has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished.' So in *Macbeth*:—

'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed goe with it.'

9 That is, *not be remember'd*.

10 The old copy reads:—

'—When steel grows
Soft as silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars!'

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that we should read a *coverture*. The personal pronoun *him* is not unfrequently used by old writers instead of *it*, the neuter. The sense of the passage will then be complete and apt:—
'When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.' Notwithstanding *Malone's* ingenious argument, it is impossible to extract sense from the word *overture*, which anciently, as now, meant 'a motion, or offer made, an opening, or entrance.'

11 Weak, feeble.

I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,¹
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate²
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcus, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :
The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time
It should be look'd to : come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volces. A Flourish.*
*Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with
two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

I Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volce,³ be that I am.—Condition !—
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcus,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me :
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where⁴
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch⁵ at him some way ;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
poison'd,⁶

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements⁷ all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcus ; where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,⁸ even there,

1 'To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power'—

appears to mean, 'he will endeavour to support the
honourable distinction conferred upon him to the fair
extent of his power.'

2 i. e. the *chief men* of Corioli, with whom we may
enter into articles. Bullokar has the word 'articulate',
to set down articles, or conditions of agreement. We
still retain the word *capitulate*, which anciently had
nearly the same meaning, viz. 'To article or agree
upon articles.'

3 The *Volsci* are called *Volces* throughout the old
translation of Plutarch, which Shakespeare followed.

4 Where for *whereas*, as in other places before noticed.

5 To *potch* is to thrust at with a sharp pointed instru-
ment. Thus in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 31 :—
'They use to *potche* them [i. e. fish] with an instrument
somewhat like a salmon spear.' It is from the Fr.
pocher.

6 Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read :—

'My valour poison'd, &c.

And the context seems to require this emendation. 'To
mischief him my valour should deviate from its native
generosity.'

Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city ;
Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

I Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended⁹ at the cypress grove :

I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,)¹⁰ bring me word thither
How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

I Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Public Place. Enter.*
MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to-night.

Brut. Good or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcus.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?¹¹

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcus.

Brut. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I
shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor in,¹² that
you two have not in abundance ?

Brut. He's poor in no one fault but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange, now : Do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean of
us o' the right hand file ? Do you ?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you
not be angry ?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little
thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of
patience : give your disposition the reins, and be
angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take
it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame
Marcus for being proud !

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone : or
your helps are many ; or else your actions would
grow wondrous single : your abilities are too in-
fant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride :
O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes
of your necks,¹³ and make but an interior survey of
your good selves ! O, that you could !

Brut. What then, sir ?

7 *Embarquements*, as appears from Cotgrave and
Sherwood, nasant not only an *embarkation*, but an
embargoing ; which is evidently the sense of the word
in this passage.

8 i. e. in my own house, with my brother posted to
protect him.

9 *Attended* is waited for. So in Twelfth Night :—

'Thy interceptor attends thee at the orchard end.'

10 Malone observes that Shakespeare often introduces
these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air
of truth to his pieces. The poet attended not to the
anachronism of mills near Antium. Lydgate has placed
corn-mills near to Troy.

11 When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark
on the people's hate to Coriolanus, had observed that
'even beasts know their friends,' Menenius asks,
'whom does the wolf love ?' implying that there are
beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts
are the people.

12 It has been already observed that pleonasm of this
kind were by no means unfrequent in Shakespeare's
age.

13 With allusion to the fable, which says, that every
man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts
his neighbour's faults ; and another behind him, in
which he stows his own.

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying¹ Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.² What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to hear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie dead, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,³ follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson⁴ conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs:⁵ you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.⁶—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;⁷ and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.⁸ When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worship; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Bru. and Sic. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

1 Lovelace, in his *Verses to Althea, from Prison*, has borrowed this expression:—

'When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,' &c.

2 Rather a late larder down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—'In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.' Again in *King Henry IV. Part ii.*:—

'—Thou art a summer bird.
Which even in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting up of day.'

3 So in *King Lear*:—

'Strives in this little world of men.'

Microcosm is the title of a poem by John Davies of Hereford.

4 *Bisson* is *blind*. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

'Ran barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With *bisson* rheum.'

5 That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you.

6 It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

7 That is, declare war against patience. Johnson

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.
How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:⁹—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen¹⁰ is but empiric¹¹ cutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.¹²

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed¹² of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true?

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. P the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

justly observes, that 'there is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.'

8 So in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—'Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.'

9 Shakespeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may well enough be supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter.—*Johnson.*

10 In this mention of Galen there is an anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished about 492 years before the birth of our Lord, Galen about 160 years after it. The word *empiric¹¹ cutique* (in the old copy) is evidently formed by the poet from *empirick*, a quack.

11 Volumnia answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words.—'The wounds become him.' Menenius had asked, 'Brings a victory in his pocket?' He brings it, says Volumnia, on his brows; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So afterwards:—

'He provid best man o' the field, and for his meed
Was *brow-bound* with the oak.'

12 Possessed is fully informed.

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

Merchant of Venice

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.¹

Vol. He had before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.²

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[Flourish.]
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—
Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. *[Kneels.]*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier up
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife,—

Cor. My gracious silence,³ hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy; Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not

1 The old man is minutely particular: 'Seven wounds? let me see: one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are nine that I know.'

2 Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall.

3 By 'gracious silence' it is probable the poet meant, 'thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest.' Thus in *Love's Cure*, or *The Marital Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'A lady's tears are silent orators,
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honey-tongued rhetorician.'

4 By these words it should seem that Coriolanus means to say, 'Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly.' So in Julius Caesar:—'For always I am Cæsar.'

5 'Change of honours' is *variety* of honours, as *change* of raiment is *variety* of raiment. Theobald would read *charge*.

6 A *rapture* anciently was synonymous with a *fit* or *trance*. Thus Torriano:—'Rauo, s. a *rapture* or *trance* of the mind, or a distraction of the spirits.' This is confirmed by Steevens's quotation from the *Hospital for London Follies*, 1602, where gossip Luce says, 'Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you do not take heed.'

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.⁴

Her. Give way, there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[To his Wife and Mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.⁵

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.
[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture⁶ lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin⁷ pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy⁸ neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld⁹ shown flames
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station;¹⁰ our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask,¹¹ in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.¹²

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours

From where he should begin, and end;¹³ but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;

Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.¹⁴

7 A *malkin* or *maulkin* was a kind of mop made of rags, used for sweeping ovens, &c.; a figure made of clouts to scare birds was also so called: hence it came to signify a dirty wench. The *scullion* very naturally takes her name from this utensil, her French title *escullion* being only another name for a *malkin*.

Lockram was a kind of coarse linen.

8 *Reechy* is *fumant* with sweat or grease.

9 *Seld* is *seldom*, often so used by old writers.

10 'A vulgar station' is a common standing-place among the vulgar.

11 So in *Tarquin and Lucrece*—

'The silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.'

12 That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be. So in *Shakespeare's 26th Sonnet*:—

'Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect.'

13 The meaning, though obscurely expressed, is, 'He cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin, to where he should end.' We have the same phraseology in *Cymbeline*:—

the gap

'That we shall make in time, from our hence going
And our return, to excuse.'

14 'Proud to do't,' is the same as 'proud of doing it.'

Br. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless¹ vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Br. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather

Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Br. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills;²
A sure destruction.

Br. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest³ the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that, to his power, he
would⁴

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their pro-
vand⁵

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach⁶ the people, (which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Br. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind:
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,⁷
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps and shouts;
I never saw the like.

Br. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.⁸

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol. Enter two
Officers, to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How
many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men

1 i. e. threadbare.

2 i. e. 'as our advantage requires.' *Wills* is here a
verb.

3 i. e. prompt.

4 'That to the utmost of his power he would,' &c.

5 'Than camels in their war: who have their pro-
vand.' We should probably read *the war.* *Provand*
is *probander*.

6 Theobald reads, 'Shall reach the people,' &c.
Teach the people, may however mean, 'instruct the
people in favour of our purposes.'

7 Shakespeare here attributes some of the customs of
his own times to a people who were wholly unacquainted
with them. This was exactly what occurred at tilings
and tournaments when a combatant had distinguished
himself.

8 That is, 'let us observe what passes, but keep our
hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.'

9 i. e. 'he would have waded indifferently,' &c.

10 Their adversary or opponent.

that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them;
and there be many that they have loved, they know
not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not
why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore,
for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or
hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in
their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness,
lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their
love, or no, he waded indifferently⁹ 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their
hate with greater devotion than they can render it
him: and leaves nothing undone, that may fully
discover him their opposite.¹⁰ Now, to seem to
affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country:
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as
those,¹¹ who, having been supple and courteous to
the people, bonnetted,¹² without any further deed to
have them at all into their estimation and report:
but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and
his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to
be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of
ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice,
that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and
rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMI-
NIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS,
many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.
The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take
theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire

The present consul, and last general
In our well found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.¹³ Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears: and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,¹⁴
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance

The theme of our assembly.¹⁵

Br. Which the rather

We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember

A kinder value of the people, than

He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off,¹⁶

11 As the ascent of those.

12 Bonnetted is here a verb, as *bonnetter*, Fr. to pull
off the cap.

13 'Rather say that our means are too defective to afford
an adequate reward, than our inclinations defective to
extend it toward him.'

14 i. e. your kind interposition with the common
people.

15 Shakespeare was probably not aware that until the
promulgation of the *Lex Atinia*, which is supposed to
have been in the time of Quintus Metellus Macedoni-
cus, the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the
senate, but had seats placed for them near the door, on
the outside of the house. But in our ancient theatres
the imagination of the spectators was frequently called
upon to lend its aid to illusions much more improbable
than that of supposing they saw the inside and outside
of the same building at once.

16 i. e. 'that is nothing to the purpose.'

I would you rather had been silent : Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,
When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.]
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Co-
minius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,¹ he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drov
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee :² in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,³
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,⁴
He lurch'd⁵ all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as waves⁶ before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd⁷ with dying cries : alone he enter'd
The mortal gate⁸ o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet : now all's his :
When by-and-by the din of war⁹ gan pierce
His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,⁹
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !
1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the ho-
nours

Which we devise him.¹⁰

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world ; he covets less
Than misery¹¹ itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.¹²

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat there,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage :
please you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't :
Pray you, go fit you to the custom : and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.¹

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and
thus ;—

1 When Tarquin, who had been expelled, raised a party to recover Rome.

2 This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to fall on his knee : 'ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.'

3 It has been before mentioned that the parts of women were, in Shakespeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. This is a palpable anachronism ; there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays until about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

4 Plutarch says, 'seventeen years of service in the wars, and many and sundry battles' : but from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death was only a period of eight years.

5 To lurch is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. It originally signified to devour greedily, from *lurco*, Lat. ; then to purloin, subtract, or withdraw any thing from another. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* :—'You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland.' Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, has 'A lurch, duplex palma facilis victoria.'

6 Thus the second folio. The first folio 'as weeds,'

&c. which Malone pertinaciously adheres to. I think with Stevens, that a vessel *stemming the waves* is an image much more suitable to the prowess of Coriolanus, than that which Malone would substitute.

7 The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as music and a dancer accompany each other.

8 The gate which was made the scene of death.

9 Wearied.

10 No honour will be too great for him ; he will show a mind equal to any elevation.

11 Misery for avarice, because a miser signifies avaricious.

12 Coriolanus (as Warburton observes) was banished A. U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, A. U. C. 393, the senate chose both consuls ; and then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. Shakespeare follows Plutarch, who expressly says in the *Life of Coriolanus*, that 'it was the custom of Rome at that time, that such as dy'd sue for any office, should for certain days before be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coats underneath, to pray the people to remember them at the day of election.'—North's Translation, p. 244.

13 'Your form' is the form which custom prescribes to you.

Show them the unaking scars which I should hide, As if I had receiv'd them for the hire Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.— We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, Our purpose to them;¹ and to our noble consul Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour! [*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them Of our proceedings here: on the market-place, I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum. Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once,² if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do it: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once⁴ we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent⁵ of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.⁶

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own

¹ 'We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, to declare our purpose to them,' namely, the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.

² I.e. once for all.

³ Power in the first instance here means *natural power or force*, and then *moral power*, or *right*. Davis has used the word with the same variety of meaning:—

'Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise, That gave thee power to do'

⁴ Once signifies here *one time*, and not as *soon as ever*, which Malone takes to be its meaning. Rowe inserted *when* after *once*, which is indeed elliptically understood.

⁵ Consent is *accord, agreement*. To suppose that their agreement to go all one way should end in their

tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*]

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?— I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds!—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.⁷

Men. You'll mar all; I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner.⁸ [*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir;

'Twas never my desire yet,

To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly

Cor. Kindly? Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma.

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a

flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the many-headed multitude.

⁶ The force of this colloquial phrase appears to be 'You may divert yourself as you please at my expense.' It occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'*Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.'

⁷ 'I wish they would forget me, as they do the virtuous precepts which our divines preach to them.' This is another amusing instance of anachronism.

⁸ So in *Hamlet*:—'If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer.'

dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal¹ your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvis² gown³ should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick,⁴ that do appear,
Their needlessness vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go,
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have⁴
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul: Tho' gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, Amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice; Remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:⁵
The people do admit you; and are summon'd⁶
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

1 I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge.
The *scat* is that which ratifies or completes a writing.

2 Thus the second folio. The first folio reads 'wolvis tongue,' apparently an error of the press for *toge*; the same mistake having occurred in *Othello*, where 'tongued consuls' is printed for 'toged consuls.' By a *scotish* gown Coriolanus means a *deceitful* one; in allusion to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing: not that he means to call himself the wolf, but merely to say, Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility that is not in my nature? Or, as Shakespeare expresses it in *All's Well that Ends Well*: 'To wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.' Brutus afterwards says:—

'—With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds.'

3 The poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England to ancient Rome. *Hob* and *Dick* were names of frequent occurrence among the common people in Shakespeare's time, and generally used to signify a peasant or poor person.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Br. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Br. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Br. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: aged custom,¹

But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this
mockery?

Sis. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?²
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Br. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear,
P' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and away o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices,³ and
Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,

4 Dr. Farmer says, perhaps we should read:—

'—battles thrice six
'Pre seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things,' &c.

Coriolanus seeming now in earnest to petition for the
consulate.

5 The Romans (as Warburton observes) had but
lately changed the regal for the consular government:
for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after
the expulsion of the kings. Plutarch, as we have before
seen, led the poet into the error concerning this ages
custom.

6 'Were you ignorant to see't?' is 'did you want
knowledge to discern it?'

7 '—arriving

A place of potency.'
Sol'n the Thir'd Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 3:—

'—those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast.'

8 I. e. 'Would retain a grateful remembrance of
you,' &c.

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unselected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,¹
When he did need your loves ; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?²

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,⁴
Which most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections : and that, your minds
Preoccupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,⁵
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend

1 That is, in pure contempt, open and unrestrained.
2 'Your voices, to obtain which so many have
hitherto solicited.'

3 Object his pride, and enforce the objection. So
afterwards :—

'Enforce him with his envy to the people.'

4 I. e. carriage. So in *Othello* :—

'And portance in my travels' history.'

5 Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in Plutarch, from whence this passage is taken :—'The house of the Marcians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice.' Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not

To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling⁶ his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol :
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people,
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street. Cornets. Enter*
CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS
LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first ;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul,⁸ so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safeguard⁹ he came to me ; and did
curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword :
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had cause to seek him there
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home

[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
them ;

For they do prank¹⁰ them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on : no further.

the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Cains Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakspeare has conjoined the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.

6 That is, weighing his past and present behaviour.

7 I. e. our incitation. So in *King Lear* :—

'— you protect this course,

'And put it on by your allowance.'

8 Shakspeare has here again given the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of lord was given to many officers of state who were not peers, as lords of the council, lord ambassador, lord general.

9 That is, with a convoy. a guard appointed to
tect him.

10 So in Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2 :—

'Drest in a little brief authority.'

Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
 Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
 Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
 And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
 You, being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
 Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
 To curb the will of the nobility:—
 Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
 Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
 The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
 When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
 Scandal'd the supplicants for the people; call'd them
 Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
 Each way to better yours.¹
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon
 clouds,
 Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
 Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
 For which the people stir: If you will pass
 To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
 Or never be so noble as a consul,
 Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This
 palt'ring²
 Becomes not Rome: Nor has Coriolanus
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely³
 I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
 This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will,—My nobler friends,
 I crave their pardons:—
 For the mutable, rank-scented many,⁴ let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle⁵ of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
 scatter'd,
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.
1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
 As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazeis,⁶
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
 We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
 Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows?⁷ mark you
 His absolute shall?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!
 O good,⁸ but most unwise patricians, why,
 You grave, but reckless⁹ senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory shall, being but
 The horn and noise¹⁰ o' the monsters, wants not
 spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance:¹¹ if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs.¹² They choose their magis-
 trate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
 His popular shall, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.¹³
Com. Well—on to the market place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more abso-
 lute power,)
 I say they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthy than their voices. They know, the
 corn
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the
 war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

1 i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, 'Why then should I be consul?'

2 *Palt'ring* is *shuffling*.

3 i. e. treacherously. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.

4 i. e. the populace.

5 *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with and chokes the corn. The thought is from North's Plutarch:—'Moreover, he said, that they nourish'd against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people,' &c.

6 *Meazel*, or *mesell*, is the old term for a *leper*, from the *Fr. meselle*.

7 So in *Loves Labours Lost*:—'That base *minnow* of thy mirth.'

8 The old copy has 'O God, but,' &c. The emendation was made by Theobald.

9 Careless.

10 'The horn and noise,' alluding to his having called him *Triton* of the minnows before.

11 'If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him *tail* or bow down before him.'

12 'The plebeians are no less than senators, when the voices of the senate and the people being blended, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate.'

13 'The mischief and absurdity of what is called *imperium in imperio* is here finely expressed,' says Warburton.

That would not thread¹ the gates: this kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war, Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation Which they have often made against the senate, All cause unborn, could never be the native² Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? How shall this bosom multiplied³ digest The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express What's like to be their words:—*We did request it; We are the greater poll, and in true fear They gave us our demands*:—Thus we debase The nature of our seats, and make the rabble Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Cor. Enough, with over measure.

Br. No, take more: What may be sworn by, both divine and human, Seal what I end withal!⁴—This double worship,—Where one part does disdain with cause, the other Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of general ignorance,—it must omit Real necessities, and give way the while To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet; That love the fundamental part of state, More than you doubt⁵ the change of't; that prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish To jump⁶ a body with a dangerous physic That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state Of that integrity which should become it;⁷ Not having the power to do the good it would, For the ill which doth control it.

Br. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails To the greater bench: In a rebellion, When what's not meet, but what must be was law, Then were they chosen: in a better hour, Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,⁸ And throw their power i' the dust.

Br. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Br. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator, A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee, And follow to thine answer.

1 To thread the gates is to pass through them. So in King Lear:—'Threading dark-eyed night.'

2 Native, if it be not a corruption of the text, must be put for native cause, the producer or bringer forth. Mason's proposed emendation of *native* would be very plausible, were it not that the poet seems to have intended a kind of antithesis between *cause unborn* and *native cause*.

3 'This bosom multiplied,' is this multitudinous bosom, the bosom of that many-headed monster the people.

4 'No, let me add this further, and may every thing divine and human that can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.'

5 To doubt is to fear.

6 To jump a body is apparently 'to risk or hazard a body.' So in Holland's Pliny, b. xxv. ch. v. p. 219:—

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com.

Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.⁹

Sic.

Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic.

Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Br.

Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit.

Down with him, down with him!

[Several speak.]

2 *Sen.*

Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit.

Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath; Confusions's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic.

Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit.

Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men.

Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.*

To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic.

What is the city, but the people?

Cit.

True,

The people are the city.

Br. By the consent of all, we were establish'd The people's magistrates.

Cit.

You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor.

That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic.

This deserves death.

Br. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

Sic.

Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Br.

Ædiles, seize him.

Cit.

Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men.

Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi.

Peace, peace.

Men.

Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

Br.

Sir, those cold ways

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

'If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministering hellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a jumpe or great hazard.'

7 'Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become it.'

8 Judgment is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency.

9 'Let it be said by you that what is meet to be done, must be meet, i. e. shall be done and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.'

9 '—here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

Out of his rags.'

King John.

Cor. No; I'll die here

[Drawing his Sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
draw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People, are all beat in.]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The gods forbid!
I prythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us,
Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, (as they are
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.'

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag² return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth;

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.]
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICIPIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

1 'One time will owe another.' I think Menenius means to say, 'Another time will offer when you may be quits with them.' There is a common proverbial phrase, 'One good turn deserves another.'

2 The lowest of the populace, tag, rag, and bobtail.

3 We should probably read:—
'He shall, be sure on't.'

4 This signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority: 'Item que nul soit si hardy de crier *harok*, sur peine d'avoir la test coupe.'—*Ordonances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. Art. 10. Again, in the Statutes and Ordynances of Warre, printed by Tynson, 1513:—'That no man be so hardy to cry *harok*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynnar,

Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 Cit. He shall well know,

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands

Cit. He shall, sure on't.³

[Several speak together]

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc,⁴ where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;

The which shall turn you to no further harm,⁵

Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then,

For we are peremptory, to despatch

This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,

Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,

Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,

He dies to-night.

Men. Now, the good gods forbid,

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

Towards her deserved⁶ children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam

Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,

(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country;

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,

Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,

A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.⁷

Bru. Merely⁸ awry: when he did love his coun-
try,

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,

Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,

Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-
cess;

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,

And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

to dye therfore, and the remenant to be emprysoned
and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges will.

5 'The which shall turn you to no further harm.' This singular expression, occurs again in The Tem
pest:—
—my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.

6 Deserved for deserving; as delighted for delight-
ing in Othello, and other similar changes of termina-
tion in words of like ending.

7 Kam is crooked. 'Clean contrarie, quite kamme,
a contrepoil,' says Cotgrave: and the same worthy lex-
icographer explains 'a revers, cross, cleune kamme'

8 I. e. absolutely.

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bouted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*]

He must come,
Or what is worse will follow.

I Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present
me
eath on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;¹
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,² my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance³ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*]
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings⁴ of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

1 Breaking a criminal on the wheel was a punishment unknown to the Romans; and, except in the single instance of Metius Suffetius, according to Livy, dismemberment by being torn to death by wild horses never took place in Rome. Shakespeare attributes to them the cruel punishments of a later age.

2 I muse, that is, I wonder.

3 Ordinance is here used for rank.

4 The old copy reads 'things of your disposition.' The emendation is Theobald's.

5 Old copy, 'stoop to the heart.' Theobald made the correction. *Herd* being anciently *heard*, the error easily crept in. Coriolanus thus describes the people in another passage:—

'You shames of Rome, you herd of ———'

6 'Except in cases of extreme necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion.'

7 'Why urge you this?' So in King Henry VIII.:—
'If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy.'

8 The word *to*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied in the second. Malone contends for the

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough:
Something too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,⁵ but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,

What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them!—I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together:⁶ Grant that, and tell
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem

The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force⁷ you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,⁸
But with such words that are but rote⁹ in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.¹⁰
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in¹¹ a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts¹²
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want¹³ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,
Not¹⁴ what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

old reading, and Steevens says that we should perhaps
read:—

'Nor by the matter which your heart prompts in you'
Without some additional syllable the line, as it stands
in the first folio, is defective.

9 The old copy reads *rotated*. Mr. Boswell says, per-
haps it should be *rooted*: we have no example of *roted*
for *got by rote*, but it is much in Shakspeare's manner
of forming expressions.

10 I. e. of no approbation. Allowance has no connec-
tion with the subsequent words, 'to your bosom's truth.'
The construction is 'though but bastards to your bo-
som's truth, not the lawful issue of your heart.' The
words 'and syllables of no allowance,' are put in oppo-
sition with bastards, and are as it were parenthetical.

11 See Act i. Sc. 2.

12 Common clowns.

13 I. e. the want of their loves.

14 Not seems here to signify not only.

And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them.)

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,¹ Now humble, as the ripest mulberry, That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them, Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils, Hast not the soft way;² which, thou dost confess, Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim, In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours: For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now, Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, Than flatter him in a bower.³ Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:— Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd⁴ sconce? Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't: Yet were there but this single plot⁵ to lose, This mould of Marcus, they to dust should grind it, And throw it against the wind—To the market-place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which⁶ never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said, My praises made thee first a soldier, so, To have my praise for this, perform a part Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't: Away, my disposition, and possess me Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd, Which quired⁷ with my drum, into a pipe Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves Tent⁸ in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,

1 It is probably from want of a more complete acquaintance with the rules of grammar which guided our ancestors, that the use they made of the pronouns appears to us anomalous. *Which* here, as Malone observes, is to be understood as if the poet had written 'It often,' &c. Steevens pertinaciously insists upon attributing these seeming anomalies of ancient grammar to the incorrectness of ancient printers, whose press-work, he supposes, seldom received any correction; but those who are familiar with the manuscripts of Shakspeare's age will at once acquit the learned and useful body of typographers.

2 Thus in Othello, folio ed. 1623:—

'— Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles.'

3 *Bower* was the ancient term for a *chamber*. Spenser, speaking of the Temple, Prothalamion, st. 8, says:—

'Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers.'

4 *Unbarb'd* is *unarmed*, *uncovered*, *uncovered*. Colgrave says that a *barbute* was a ridinghood, or a morion or close hood, and that it also signified the *beaver* of a helmet. It was probably used for any kind of covering that concealed the head and face. Thus in

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't: Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth, And, by my body's action, teach my mind A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear Thy dangerous stoutness;⁹ for I mock at death With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list. Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me; But owe¹⁰ thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place; Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves, Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going: Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul; Or never trust to what my tongue can do I'll the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd With accusations, as I hear, more strong Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go, Let them accuse me by invention, I Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it, then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* *The Forum.* *Enter* SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: If he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy¹¹ to the people; And that the spoil, got on the Antiates, Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue Of all the voices that we have procur'd, Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither: And when they hear me say, it shall be so *P the right and strength of the commons*, be it either For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them, If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*; Insisting on the old prerogative And power, i' the truth of the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Chaucer, Troilus and Cressida, II. v. 110, Pandarus says to Cressida:—

'Do way your *barbe* and show your face *bare*.' Where Speght explains *barbe* a mask or visard; Mr. Hawklus, a veil or covering; and Mr. Tyrwhitt, a hood or muffler. It should be remembered that a *barbed* steed was an accoutred steed, or one covered with trappings.

5 *Plot* is piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcass.

6 Some of the modern editors substituted *as for which* here. Malone has shown that this was Shakspeare's usual phraseology. And Horne Tooke tells us why *as* and *which* were convertible words. See note on Julius Caesar, Act I. Sc. 2.

7 i. e. 'which played in concert with my drum. So in The Merchant of Venice:—

'Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.'

8 *To tent* is to dwell, to take up residence.

9 The meaning appears to be, 'Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.'

10 i. e. own.

11 Enforce his envy, i. e. object his hatred.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.—
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth¹
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.²

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.³—The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace I say.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which show

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy⁴ you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to

take

From Rome all season'd⁵ office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which, you are a traitor to the people.

¹ I.e. his full part or share, as we should now say
his pennyworth of contradiction. So in *Romeo and*
Juliet—

'—You take your pennyworth [of sleep] now.'

² 'The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our co-
adjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his
destruction.'

³ 'Will bear being called a knave as often as would
fall out a volume.'

⁴ 'Do not take his rougher accents for malicious
sounds, but rather for such as become a soldier, than
spite or malign you.' See the first note on this scene,
Act I. Sc. viii.

⁵ I.e. wisely tempered office, established by time.

⁶ Grasp'd. So in *Macbeth*—

'Come let me clutch thee'

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd⁶ as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,——

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envied⁷ against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as⁸ now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not⁹ in the presence

Of dread justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city;

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,

I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common

friends;——

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from¹⁰ Rome,

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

My dear wife's estimate,¹¹ her womb's increase,

And treasure of my loins; then if I would

Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what!

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is ba-

nish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country.

It shall be so.

⁷ Showed hatred.

⁸ As may here be a misprint for *has*, or *and*; or it
may signify *as well as*; such elliptical modes of expres-
sion are not uncommon in *Shakspeare*. We have *as*
apparently for *as soon as* in *All's Well that Ends Well*.

⁹ Not is here again used for *not only*. It is thus used
in the *New Testament*, *1 Thess. iv. 8*—

'He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man, but
God.'

¹⁰ I.e. received in her service, or on her account
Theobald substituted *for*, and supported his emendation
by these passages:—

'To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome.'

Again:—

'Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome'

¹¹ 'I love my country beyond the rate at which I value
my dear wife,' &c.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry¹ of curs! whose breath I hate

As reek o'the rotten fens,² whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;³
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts:
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making but reservation of yourselves,⁴
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated⁵ captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-
NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates:
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—
the best⁶

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity⁷ was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning:⁸ you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,
And occupations perish!

¹ Cry here signifies a pack. So in a subsequent scene:

'— You have made good work,
You and your cry.'

A cry of hounds was the old term for a pack.

² So in the Tempest:—

'Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotted ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere, perfum'd by a fen.'

³ 'When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sino-
penetes had banished him Pontus; yea, said he, I
them.' We have the same thought in King Richard
II.:

'Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king.'

⁴ Thus in the old copy. Malone, following Opell's
mending, changed this line to—

'Making not reservation of yourselves.' &c.

and attempted to defend his reading by a wordy argu-
ment, which shows that he did not understand the pas-
sage. Dr. Johnson's explanation of the text is as correct
as his subsequent remark upon it is judicious. Coriolanus
'precat upon the base plebeians that they may still
retain the power of banishing their defenders, till their
undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences,
leave none in the city but themselves; so that for want
of those capable of conducting their defence, they may
fall an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them

Cor.

What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond⁹ to wait inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous¹⁰ baits and practice.

Vol.

My first¹¹ son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure¹² to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well;—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,¹³ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men.

That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor.

Give me thy hand:—

Com.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICIPIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

without a struggle. If we were to read as Malone
would have us—

'Making not reservation of yourselves,'

it would imply that the people banished themselves, af-
ter having banished their defenders.

⁵ Abated, is overthrown, depressed. To abate cas-
tles and houses, &c. is to overthrow them. See Blount's
Glossography, in voce. To abate the courage of a mar
was to depress or diminish it.

⁶ Horace, speaking of the Roman mob, says:—

'Bellua multorum est capitum.'

⁷ This is the reading of the second folio; the first
folio reads, *extremities was*, &c.

⁸ 'When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be
wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a noble wis-
dom.' *Cunning* is often used in this sense by Shak-
speare. Johnson reprehends Warburton for misinter-
preting the poet's words, and has himself mistaken the
meaning of this.

⁹ Foolish.

¹⁰ Cautelous here means insidious.

¹¹ I. e. noblest.

¹² Exposure; for which it is probably a typographical
error, as we have no other instance of the word *expos-
ture*.

¹³ I. e. of true metal. The metaphor from the touch-
stone for trying metals, is common in Shakspeare

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague
o' the gods
Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone !

Vir. You shall stay too : [*To Sic.*] I would, I
had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool ; is that a shame ?—Note but this
fool.—

Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship ?
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
words ;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what :—yet
go :—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began ; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had ! 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this :

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome : so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeling.—Come, let's go
Leave this faint pulsing, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Highway between Rome and An-
tium. Enter a Roman and a Volce meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me :
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir : truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as
you are, against them : know you me yet ?

Vol. Nicanor ? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you ;
but your favour is well appay'd³ by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the
Volcian state, to find you out there : You have well
saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-
tion : the people against the senators, patricians,
and nobles.

Vol. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state
thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike prepara-
tion, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe apness, to take
all power from the people, and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell
you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking
out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished ?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence.
Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have
heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's
wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your
noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these
wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in
no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
thus accidentally to encounter you : You have ended
my business, and I will merrily accompany you
home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper, tell you
most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the
good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready,
say you ?

Vol. A most royal one : the centurions, and their
charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertain-
ment,⁴ and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and
am the man, I think, that shall set them in present
action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of
your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir ; I have the
most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

mon in our elder language than *well appaid*, i. e. *satis-
fied, contented*. The Volcian means to say, 'Your
countenance is altered, but your voice perfectly *satis-
fies* me.'

'They by thy help : but sin ne'er gives a fee,
He grads comes ; and thou art *well appay'd*,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.'

Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece

'Glad in his heart, and inly *well appay'd*,
That to his court so great a lord was brought.'

Fairfax Tasso, ix. 5.

4 i. e. taken into pay.

1 *Mankind is fierce, ferocious.* That it had this
sensa is evident, because we sometimes find it applied
to a stubborn or ferocious animal. Volumnia chooses
to understand it as meaning a *human* creature.

2 i. e. mean cunning.

3 The old copy reads, 'Your favour is well *appeared*
by your tongue.' For the emendation in the text I am
answerable. Warburton proposed *appealed* ; Johnson,
appeared ; Steevens, *approved* ; and Malone thought
the old reading might be right. No phrase is more com-

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you sir, farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose beds, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House. Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I tunk our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotsus! my master calls for him.
Cotsus! *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well:
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the
door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.²

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such
companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I
cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my
master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station; here's no place for you; pray you,
avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!

And batten³ on cold bits. *[Pushes him away.]*

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. *[Exit.]*

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I⁴ the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I⁴ the city of kites and crows?—What
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to med-
dle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
hence! *[Beats him away.]*

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a
dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy
name?

Cor. If, Tullus, *[Unmuffling.]*

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name
[Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou
me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are required.

But with that surname; a good memory,⁴
And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be

Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i⁵ the world

I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,

Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak⁶ in thee, that will revenge

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame⁶ seen through thy country, speed thee

straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,

³ Feed.

⁴ Memory for memorial.

⁵ Wreak is an old term for revenge. So in Titus
Andronicus:

'Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude.'

⁶ i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory

¹ This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet makes him enter into with Aufidius, and a no less artful apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.—*Warburton.*

² i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword;¹ and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I love the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride thy threshold.² Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out³
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream'd of encounters 'twixt myself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-
cius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat.⁴ O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods.

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But, come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most
welcome! [*Exeunt Cor. and Auf.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

1 *To clip* is to embrace. He calls Coriolanus the
anvil of his sword, because he had formerly laid as
heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.
Thus in Hamlet:

'And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

On Mars's armour —

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.'

2 Shakespeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on
her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from
bestriding his threshold; and that, lest she should even
touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus Lucan, lib.
ii. 359:—

'Tralata vetuit contingere limine planta.'

Stevens.

3 I. e. fully, completely

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave
me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so: looking as it were,——
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to
be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell bow to
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals.

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations;
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack
our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but
he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so
himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say
the truth on't: before Coriol, he scotched him and
notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as
if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end
o' the table: no question asked him by any of the
senators, but they stand bald before him: Our ge-
neral himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
himself with his hand,⁵ and turns up the white o' the
eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news
is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one
half of what he was yesterday; for the other has
half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table.
He'll go, he says, and sowle⁶ the porter of Rome
gates by the ears: He will mow down all before
him, and leave his passage polled.⁷

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I
can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir,
he has as many friends as enemies: which friends,
sir, (as it were,) durst not, (look you, sir,) show
themselves, (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's
in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up
again, and the man in blood,⁸ they will out of their
burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with
him.

4 I think with Steevens that we should read, o'er
bear instead of o'er-beat. Thus in Othello:—

'Is of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature.'

5 'Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it
with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the
hand of his mistress.'

6 To sowle is to pull by the ears. It is still provin-
cially in use for pulling, dragging, or lugging.

7 I. e. bared, cleared. To poll is to crop close, to
shear; and has all the figurative meanings of *tondeo* in
Latin. To pill and poll was to plunder and strip.

8 See Act i. Sc. 1.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing,¹ but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.² Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled,³ deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, out peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. A public Place. Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late,—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Coriolanus Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both *Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

1 We should probably read, 'This peace is good for nothing but,' &c.

2 I. e. full of rumour, full of materials for discourse.

3 Muffled is softened, as wine when it is burnt and sweetened.

4 I. e. he aimed at absolute power, he wanted to sway the state alone, without the participation of the tribunes.

5 We should surely read, 'I have found it so;' without this word the construction of the sentence is imperfect.

6 I. e. stood up in its defence. 'Had the expression

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.⁴

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.⁵

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports,—the Volces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world: Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood⁶ for Rome And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be, The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be! We have record, that very well it can; And three examples of the like have been Within my age. But reason⁷ with the fellow, Before you punish him, where he heard this; Lest you should chance to whip your information, And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going All to the senate-house: some news is come, That turns⁸ their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;— Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising! Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, The slave's report is seconded; and more, More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths, (How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome; And vows revenge as spacious, as between The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely; He and Aufidius can no more atone,⁹ Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate: A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, Associated with Aufidius, rages Upon our territories; and have already, O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

In the text (says Steevens) been met with in a learned author, it might have passed for a Latinism:—

'Summis stantem pro turribus Idam.'

Æneid, ix. 575.

7 To reason with is to talk with.

8 Changes.

9 I. e. atone, accord, agree. Atone and atonement are many times used by Shakespeare in this sense.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
 Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
 Into an augre's bore.¹

Men. Pray now, your news?—
 You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
 news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——

Com. If! He is their god; he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better: and they follow him,
 Against us brats, with no less confidence,
 Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
 Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
 You, and your apron men;² you that stood so much
 Upon the voice of occupation, and
 The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
 Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
 Did shake down mellow fruit:³ You have made fair
 work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
 Before you find it other. All the regions
 Do smilingly revolt,⁴ and, who resist,
 Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
 And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
 him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
 The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
 Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
 Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
 Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him⁵
 even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
 And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
 If he were putting to my house the brand
 That should consume it, I have not the face
 To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair
 hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
 A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
 So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
 like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
 Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear
 They'll roar him in again.⁶ Tullus Aufidius,
 The second name of men, obeys his points
 As if he were his officer:—Desperation
 Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
 That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
 And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
 That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
 Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
 Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip: as many cockcombs,
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,

¹ So in Macbeth:—

—— our fate hid in an *augre-hole*."

² i.e. *mechanics*. See Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2.
 Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*. In a future passage he
 calls them *crafts*. To smell of *garlic* was a brand of
 vulgarity; as to smell of leeks was no less so among
 the Roman people:—

—— quis tecum scitille porrum
 Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?"

³ A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

⁴ Revolt with pleasure.

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
 If he could burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Cit. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
 When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.
3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
 very many of us; That we did, we did for the best:
 and though we willingly consented to his banish-
 ment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
 Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
 Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd,
 These are a side, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
 let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when
 we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my
 wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Camp; at a small distance from
 Rome. Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
 Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
 Their talk at table, and their thanks at end,
 And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
 Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
 Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
 Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
 Even to my person, than I thought he would,
 When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
 In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
 What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
 (I mean for your particular,) you had not
 Join'd in commission with him; but either
 Had borne the action of yourself, or else
 To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
 Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
 And the nobility of Rome are his:
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:
 The tribunes are no soldiers: and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey⁶ to the fish who takes it

⁵ 'They charg'd, and therein show'd,' has here the
 force of 'they would charge, and therein show.'

⁶ 'As they hooted' at his departure, they will roar at
 his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come
 back with lamentations.'

⁷ Pack, alluding to a pack of hounds.

⁸ The following account of the *osprey* shows the just
 ness and beauty of this simile:—

'I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,
 That as she lieth over fish in pools,

By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man: whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion,¹ but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,²
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.³ So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
To extol what it hath done.⁴
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,⁵ strengths by strengths do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd⁶
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name⁷ the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd⁸ for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!⁹

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,

The fish shall turn their glittering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.¹⁰

Drayton mentions the same fascinating power of the
osprey in *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. The bird is described
in Pennant's *British Zoology*.

1 *Aufidius* assigns three probable reasons for the mis-
carriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an
uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regu-
late the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn
uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper
transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair* of
civil authority; but acted with the same despotism in
peace as in war.—*Johnson*.

2 Not all in their full extent. So in the *Winter's*
Tale :—

'Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.'

3 But such is his merit as ought to choke the utter-
ance of his faults.

4 ——— So our *virtue*

Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*
To extol what it hath done.

Thus the old copy. Well *Stevens* might exclaim that
the passage and the comments upon it were equally in-
telligible. The whole speech is very incorrectly printed
in the folio. Thus we have '*twas for 'twas; defect for*
defect; virtue for virtues; and, evidently, *chair* for
hair. What is the meaning of—

'Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*?'

It was a bare⁹ petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Could he say less?

Very well:

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards *Marcus*.

Men. Well, and say that *Marcus*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:¹⁰
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding,¹¹ we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*]

A hair has some propriety, as used for a thing almost
invisible. As in *The Tempest* :—

'—— not a hair perish'd.'

I take the meaning of the passage to be, 'So our vir-
tues lie at the mercy of the time's interpretation, and
power, which esteems itself while living so highly,
hath not when defunct the least particle of praise al-
lotted to it.'

5 '*Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do*
fail.'

Malone reads *founder*, with a worthy but unsatisfactory
argument in favour of his reading. I could wish to
read, '*Rights by rights foiled*,' &c. an easy and obvious
emendation. *Stevens* has given the following explana-
tion of the passage :— 'What is already right, and is
received as such, becomes less clear when supported
by supernumerary proof.'

6 i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, cold-
ness.

7 Harassed by exactions.

8 Memorial.

9 Bare may mean palpable, evident; but I think we
should read *base*.

10 'This observation is not only from nature, and
finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one
who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he
loved convivial doings.'—*Warburton*.

11 The poet had the discipline of modern Rome in his
thoughts; by the discipline of whose church priests are
forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass,
which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-
day.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold;¹ his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:²
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;³
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp
before Rome. The Guard at their Stations. Enter
to them, MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by
your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,⁴
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover:⁵ I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd⁶ my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle⁷ ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:⁸ Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as
virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go
back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary⁹ on the part of your
general.

1 So in North's Plutarch:—'He was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty.' The idea expressed by Cominius occurs in the eighth Iliad. Pope was perhaps indebted to Shakspeare in the translation of the passage:—

'The eternal Thunderer sat throned in gold.'

2 None of the explanations or proposed emendations of this passage satisfies me. Perhaps we might read, 'to yield to no conditions.' The sense of the passage would then be, 'What he would do he sent in writing after me; the things he would not do, he bound himself with an oath to yield to no conditions that might be proposed.' It afterwards appears what these were:—

'The things I have forsworn to grant may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics.'

3 To satisfy modern notions of construction, this line must be read as if written:—

'Unless in his noble mother and his wife.'

4 Lots to blanks is chances to nothing. Equivalent

to another phrase in King Richard III.:—

'All the world to nothing.'

5 i. e. friend.

6 Verified must here be used for displayed or testified,

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy¹⁰ groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant¹¹ as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack¹² guardant can not office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts.¹³ That we have been familiar;
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.

if it be not a corruption of the text for notified, or some other word. Mr. Edwards proposed to read *varnished*; which, as it was anciently written *varnished*, might easily be mistaken for *verified*. Shakspeare, however, seems to have made Dogberry use *verified* for *testified*; but as he is never orthodox in his meaning, it may be no evidence:—'They have *verified* unjust things.' Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

7 Subtle here means smooth, level. 'Tityus's breast is counted the subtlest bowling ground in all Tartary.' Ben Jonson's *Clorinda*, vol. viii. p. 105.

8 i. e. have almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current.

9 Factionary is adherent, partisan. See Shakspeare in v. *Faction*. Thus in King Henry VI. Part ii.:—

'Her faction will be full as strong as ours.'

10 i. e. slight, inconsiderable. So in King Henry VI

Part ii. Act v. Sc. 2:—

'—these faults are easy, quickly answer'd.'

11 Dotard.

12 Equivalent to *Jack in office*, one who is proud of his petty consequence.

13 Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are joined;

Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—
Auf You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt COR. and AUF.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You
know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back?

2 G. What cause do you think, I have to swoon?
Men. I neither care for the world, nor your gen-
eral: for such things as you, I can scarce think
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will
to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let
your general do his worst. For you, be that you
are, long; and your misery increase with your age!
I say to you, as I was said to, away. [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Tent of Coriolanus. Enter
CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-mor-
row

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcan lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded to: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and At-
tendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

1 i. e. cause, or because.

2 i. e. by his own hands.

3 How plainly is how openly, how remotely from ar-
tifice or concealment.

4 'Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of
her husband's words. He says, "These eyes are not
the same," meaning that he saw things with other eyes,
or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes,
to turn his attention on their present appearance.'—
Johnson.

5 'As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part.'

Shakespeare's Twenty-third Sonnet.

6 Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently
the avenger of connubial perfidy.

7 The hungry beach is the sterile beach; hungry
soil, and hungry gravel, are common phrases. If it be
necessary to seek a more recondite meaning, the shore
hungry, or eager for shipwrecks, littus atavum, will
serve.

8 Though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was ori-
ginally proposed by Valeria, Plutarch has allotted her
no address when she appears with his wife and mother
on this occasion. The poet has followed him. Some
lady of the name of Valeria was one of the great ex-

The grand child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth, or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man was author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, Forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, to the earth;
[Kneels.

Of the deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

The shame invulnerable, and stick to the war
Like a great sear-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

amples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle
age. The following beautiful lines, from Shirley's
Gentleman of Venice, in praise of a lady's chastity, de-
serve to be cited:—

—thou art chaste

As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.

9 This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was
the tutelary god of Rome.

10 A flaw is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind.
Carew thus describes it, in his Survey of Cornwall:—

'One kind of these storms they call a flaw, or flough,
which is a mighty gale of wind passing suddenly to the
shore, and working strong effects upon whatsoever it
encounters in its way.' The word is not obsolete, as
stated in Todd's Johnson: it will be found in the inter-
esting Journal of Captain Hall, 1824, vol. i. p. 4, and
in Captain Lyon's Narrative of his attempt to reach
Repulse Bay, 1824. There is a corresponding thought
in Shakespeare's hundred and sixteenth sonnet:—

'O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace : Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ; The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not To allay my rages and revenges, with Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more ! You have said, you will not grant us any thing ; For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ; That, if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see The son, the husband, and the father, tearing His country's bowels out. And to poor we, Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy : For how can we, Alas ! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory, Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win ; for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led With manacles through our streets, or else Triumphant tread on thy country's ruin ;

And bear the palm, for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune, till These wars determine :² if I cannot persuade thee Rather to show a noble grace to both parts, Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy country, than to tread (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb, That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine, That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ; I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be, Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. If it were so, that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us, As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces May say, *This mercy we have shew'd ;* the Romans, *This we receiv'd ;* and each in either side Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*

¹ This speech is very closely taken from North's Plutarch, the poet has done little more than throw the very words into blank verse.

² I. e. conclude, end. So in King Henry IV. Part ii. :—
'Tell thy friend sickness have determin'd me.'

³ 'Keeps me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose.'

⁴ I. e. does argue for us and our petition.

For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son, The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain ; That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name, Whose reputation will be dogg'd with curses ; Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble, But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ; Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains To the ensuing age, abhor'd.* Speak to me, son : Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, To imitate the graces of the gods ; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ? Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you : He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy : Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate Like one i' the stocks.³ Thou hast never in thy life Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy : When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood, Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home, Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust, And spurn me back : But, if it be not so, Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee, That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away : Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees. To his surname Coriolanus' longs more pride Than pity to our prayers. Down ; an end : This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us : This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship, Does reason our petition⁴ with more strength Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go : This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ; His wife is in Corioli, and his child Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch ; I am hush'd until our city be afire, And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[Holding VOLUMINA by the Hands, silent.]

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope, The gods look down, and this unnatural scene They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O ! You have won a happy victory to Rome : But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd, If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you Stand to me in this cause.—O, mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune.⁵

[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.]

Cor. Ay, by and by ; [To VOLUMINA, VIRGILIA, &c.] But we will drink together ;⁶ and you shall bear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have countersail'd. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

⁵ 'I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power.'

⁶ Farmer has suggested that we should perhaps read *think*. Shakspeare has however introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation in King Henry IV. Part ii. :—
'Let's drink together friendly, and embrace.'

The text therefore may be allowed to stand, though at the expense of female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been sufficiently consulted.

To have a temple built you :¹ all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. *A public Place. Enter*
MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol : yond'
corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are
sentenced, and stay² upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a
butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcius is grown from man to dragon ; he has
wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a
corset with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum
is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made³
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished
with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but
eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him : There is no
more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male
tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is
'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be
good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respect-
ed not them : and, he returning to break our necks,
they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house ;

The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mess. Good news, good news :—The ladies have
prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone :
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire :

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,⁴
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you ;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums*
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volturnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and Music.*

¹ Plutarch informs us that a temple dedicated to the
Fortune of the Ladies was built on this occasion by
order of the senate.

² I. e. stay but for it. So in Macbeth :—

'Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.'

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings ;
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy, [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-
cians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before
them ;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeat¹ him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies !

Welcome ! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antium. *A public Place. Enter TUL-*
LUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,²
The city ports³ by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants*

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius'
Faction.

Most welcome !

1 Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth : Who being so height-
en'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of—

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires : nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In my own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and

3 That is, as one made to resemble Alexander.

4 'As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste.'
Rape of Lucrece

5 Recall.

6 I. e. he whom I accuse :—

'I am appointed him to murder you'

The Winter's Tale

7 Ports are gates. See Act I. Sc. 7.

He waged me with his countenance,¹ as if I had been mercenary.

I Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf. There was it; —
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.²
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great
Shouts of the People.*]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear,

With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli? —

¹ The verb to wage was formerly in general use for to spend, to reward. The meaning is, 'the countenance he gave me was a kind of wages.'

For his defence great store of men I wag'd.

Mirror for Magistrates.

'— I receive thee gladly to my house,
And wage thy stay.'

Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon.

² 'This is the point on which I will attack him with all my energy.'

³ 'Rewarding us with our own expenses, making the cost of the war its recompense.'

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory:
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor.

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears, —

Cor.

Auf. No more.⁴

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O, slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave,) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord.

Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:

Alone I did it. — Boy!

Auf.

Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]
Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son; — my
daughter; — He killed my cousin Marcus; — He killed
my father. —

2 Lord. Peace, ho; — no outrage; — peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth.⁵ His last offence to us
Shall have judicious⁶ hearing. — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor.

O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf.

Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.*]

Lords.

Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord.

O, Tullus! —

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be
quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know, (as in this
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord.

Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded

⁴ This must be considered as continuing the former speech of Aufidius; he means to tell Coriolanus that he was 'no more than a boy of tears.'

⁵ 'His fame overspreads the world.'

⁶ 'Perhaps judicious, in the present instance, means judicial; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of justice.' — *Steevens.* Steevens is right, it appears from Bullokar's *Expositor* that the words were convertible: the same meaning is assigned to both, viz. 'belonging to judgment.'

As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.¹

2 *Lord* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers: I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

1 This allusion is to a custom which was most probably unknown to the ancients, but which was observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased.

2 Memorial. See Act iv. Sc. 5.

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.²—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS
A dead March sounded.*]

THE tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last.—JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT appears from the Appendix to Peck's Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, &c. p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject has been written: 'Epilogus Cæsari interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodit ea res acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus, et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1592.' Meres, in his Wits' Commonwealth, 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time.

From what Polonius says in Hamlet, it seems probable that there was also an English play on the story before Shakspeare commenced writer for the stage. Stephen Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play entitled The History of Cæsar and Pompey.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy of the story of Julius Cæsar; the death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece, which appeared in 1607, when the writer was little acquainted with English writers; it abounds with Scotticisms, which the author corrected in the edition he gave of his works in 1637. There are parallel passages in the two plays, which may have arisen from the two authors drawing from the same source; but there is reason to think the coincidences more than accidental, and that Shakspeare was acquainted with the drama of Lord Sterline. It has been shown in a note on The Tempest, that the celebrated passage ('The cloud-capt towers,' &c.) had its prototype in Darius, another play of the same author.

It should be remembered that Shakspeare has many plays founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others; whereas no proof has hitherto been produced that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. If the conjecture that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Sterline be just, his drama must have been produced subsequent to 1607, or at latest in that year; which is the date ascribed to it, upon these grounds, by Malone.

Upton has remarked that the real duration of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows:—About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantic festival sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27th, A. U. C. 710, the triumphs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.

Gildon long ago remarked that Brutus was the true hero of this tragedy, and not Cæsar; Schlegel makes the same observation: the poet has portrayed the character of Brutus with peculiar care, and developed all the amiable traits, the feeling, and patriotic heroism of it with supereminent skill. He has been less happy in personifying Cæsar, to whom he has given several ostentatious speeches, unsuited to his character, if we may judge from the impression made upon us by his own commentaries. The character of Cassius is also touched with great nicety and discrimination, and is admirably contrasted to that of Brutus: his superiority (in independent volition, and his discernment in judging of human affairs, are pointed out; while the purity of

mind and conscientious love of justice in Brutus, unfit him to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted: these amiable failings give, in fact, an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. The play abounds in well wrought and affecting scenes; it is scarcely necessary to mention the celebrated dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the design of the conspiracy is opened to Brutus. The quarrel between them, rendered doubly touching by the close, when Cassius learns the death of Portia: and which one is surprised to think that any critic susceptible of feeling should pronounce '*cold and uninteresting*.' The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, in which is that heart-thrilling burst of tenderness, which Portia's heroic behaviour awakens:—

'You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.'

The speeches of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, and the artful eloquence with which he captivates the multitude, are justly classed among the happiest effusions of poetic declamation.

There are also those touches of nature interspersed, which we should seek in vain in the works of any other poet. In the otherwise beautiful scene with Lucius, an incident of this kind is introduced, which, though wholly immaterial to the plot or conduct of the scene, is perfectly congenial to the character of the agent, and beautifully illustrative of it. The sedate and philosophic Brutus, discomposed a little by the stupendous cares upon his mind, forgets where he had left his book of recreation:—

'Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.'

Another passage of the same kind, and of eminent beauty, is to be found in the scene where the conspirators assemble at the house of Brutus at midnight. Brutus, welcoming them all, says:—

'What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]
Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceived:

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises:
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

It is not only heroic manners and incidents which the all-powerful pen of Shakspeare has expressed with great historic truth in this play, he has entered with no less penetration into the manners of the factious plebeians, and has exhibited here, as well as in Coriolanus, the manners of a Roman mob. How could Johnson say, that 'his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius!'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs after the death of*
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }
 CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*
 MARCUS BRUTUS, }
 CASSIUS, } *Conspirators against Julius*
 CASCA, } *Cæsar.*
 TREBONIUS, }
 LIGARIUS, }
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }
 METELLUS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }
 FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
 A Soothsayer.
 CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and*
 VOLUMINIUS, *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
 DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*
 PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*
 CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
 PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*
 Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.
 SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome ;*
afterwards at Sardis ; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

Flavius.

HENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home ;
 Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
 Upon a labouring day, without the sign
 Of your profession ? Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
 What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—
 You, sir ; what trade are you ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
 am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me
 directly.

Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with
 a safe conscience : which is indeed, sir, a mender
 of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave ; thou naughty
 knave, what trade ?

Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with
 me ; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that ? Mend me,
 thou saucy fellow ?

Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the
 awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor
 women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir,
 a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great
 danger I recover them. As proper men as ever
 trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon my handy
 work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?
 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get
 myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make
 holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings
 he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
 things !

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

1 The Tyber being always personified as a god, the
 feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper.
 Milton says that—
 '— the river of bliss

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber streams.'
 But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding
 power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton de-
 scribes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as
 females ; Spenser more classically represents them as
 males.

2 Condition, rank.

3 Whether.

4 Honorary ornaments ; tokens of respect.

5 We gather from a passage in the next scene what
 these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that
 Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's
 images, are put to silence.

2 G

To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome ;
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,¹
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone ;
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
 fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;²
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, whe'r³ their basest metal be not mov'd ;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.⁴

Mar. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.⁵ I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place. Enter*
in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR, ANTONY,
for the Course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,
CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great
Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca.

Peace, ho ! *Cæsar speaks.*

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,⁷

When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

6 This person was not *Decius* but *Decimus* Brutus.
 The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the
 characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus*
 was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends,
 while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share
 of his favours and honours as the other had constantly
 accepted. Lord Sterling has made the same mistake in
 his tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*. The error has its source
 in North's translation of Plutarch, or in Holland's *Sue-*
tonius, 1606.

7 The old copy reads '*Antonius's way*.' in other
 places we have *Octavio, Flavio*. The players were
 more accustomed to Italian than Latin terminations,
 on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and
 the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer: let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet.* *Exeunt all but BRU. and CÆS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion,³
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes:

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugh, or did use
To stale⁴ with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour:
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
We both have fed as well: and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap with me into this angry flood?*⁵

And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive⁶ the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber

3 Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of *allurement* to *stale*, in this place. 'To stale with ordinary oaths my love,' is 'to prostitute my love, or make it common with ordinary oaths,' &c. The use of the verb *to stale* here, may be adduced as a proof that in a disputed passage of Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1, we should read *stale* instead of *scale*: see note there.

4 Shakspeare probably remembered what Suetonius relates of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his Commentaries in his hand. Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. And in another passage, 'Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles.' Ibid. p. 24.

5 'But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.' The verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymology, was formerly used for *to approach*, or *come near*. Milton several times uses it thus without the preposition. Thus in *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. —

— ere he arrive
The happy isle.

on the same originals. The correction was made by Pope.

The allusion is to a custom at the *Lupercalia*, 'the which (says Plutarch) in older time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast Lyceiana in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. And many noblemen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe they shall have good deliverie: and also being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne this holy course*.'—*North's translation.*

1 See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4.

2 I. e. the nature of the feelings which you are now suffering. Thus in Timon of Athens:—

'I feel my master's passion.'

Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius :
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper² should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus : and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs,³ and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;⁴
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*]
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus⁵ once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim ;⁶
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear : and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under these hard conditions as⁷ this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd⁸ in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous :⁹
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him
not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :¹⁰
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA
stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you
speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-
day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him ;¹¹
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of
his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

1 This is oddly expressed, but a quibble, alluding to
a coward flying from his colours, was intended.

2 Temperament, constitution.

3 'But I the meanest man of many more,
Yet much disdainning unto him to lout,
Or creep between his legs.'

Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. iv. c. x. st. 19.

4 A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of
Lucrece* :—

'What diapason's more in Tarquin's name
Than in a subject's ? Or what's Tullia
More in the sound than should become the name
Of a poor maid ?'

5 'Lucius Junius Brutus (says Dion Cassius) would
as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a
dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king.'

6 i. e. guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—
'But fearing lest my jealous aim might err.'

7 *Ruminant* on this, consider it at leisure.

8 *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means
the same as *that*, *which*, or *it* : accordingly we find it
often so employed by old writers ; and particularly in
our excellent version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon
also, in his *Apophthegmes*, No. 210 :—'One of the Ro-
mans said to his friend ; what think you of such a one,
as was taken with the manner in adultery ?' Like other

vestiges of old phraseology it still lingers among the
common people :—'I cannot say *as* I did,' &c. for *that*
I did. I will add an example from Langland, who
flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century :—
'The godes of the ground aren like to the grete wawes
As [which] wyndes and wederes walwen aboute.'

Piers Ploughman, ed. 1813, p. 168.

9 'When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of
Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mis-
chief towards him, he answered, As for those fat men
and smooth-combed heads (quoth he,) I never reckon of
them ; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people,
I fear them most ; meaning Brutus and Cassius.'

North's Plutarch, 1579.

And in another place :—'Cæsar had Cassius in great
jealousy, and suspected him much ; whereupon he said
on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think
you ? I like not his pale looks.'

10 Shakespeare considered this as an infallible mark of
an austere disposition. The reader will remember the
passage in *The Merchant of Venice* so often quoted :—
'The man who hath no music in himself,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

11 Thus in the old translation of *Plutarch* :—'— he
came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed
about with laurel.'

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,¹ if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four venches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for

pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you to-morrow.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. *[Exit Casca.]*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution. Of any bold or noble enterprize,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you: or, if you will,

Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd:² Therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard;³ but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me.⁴ I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street. Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?⁵

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth⁶

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven;

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave⁷ (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides (I have not since put up my sword,)

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd⁸ upon me, and went surly by,

humour signifies to turn and wind by inflaming his passions.

⁶ Did you attend Cæsar home? So in Measure for Measure:—

⁷ That we may bring you something on the way.

⁸ The whole weight or momentum of this globe.

⁹ A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hands, inasmuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt.—*North's Plutarch.*

⁹ The old copies erroneously read:—

'Who glaz'd upon me.'

¹ i. e. no honest man.

² Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat.' So in Coriolanus:—

'—You have made good work,

You and your apron-men; you that stood so much

Upon the voice of occupation, and

The breath of garlic-eaters.'

Men of occupation; Opifices et tabernarii.—*Baret.*

³ The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its disposition, or what it is disposed to.

⁴ Has an unfavourable opinion of me.' The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act III.

⁵ I think Warburton's explanation of this passage the true one:—'If I were Brutus, (said he,) and Brutus Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.' To,

Malone determined obstinately to oppose himself to Steevens's judicious reading of *glar'd*, and reads, with less propriety and probability, *glaz'd*. Steevens has,

Without annoying me! And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean! from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night:
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:²
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;³
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious⁴ grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is is not,
Cassius?

clearly shown from the poet's own works that his emendation is the true one.

1 Altogether, entirely.

2 What is now, in modern language, called a *thunder-bolt*.

3 i. e. why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature; why old men, fools, and children calculate; i. e. foretell or prophesy. At the suggestion of Sir William Blackstone this last line has been erroneously pointed in all the late editions:—

'Why old men fools, and children calculate.'
He observed that 'there was no prodigy in old men's calculating; but who were so likely to listen to prophecies as children, fools, and the superstitious old?'

4 Portentous.

5 i. e. sinews, muscular strength. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Cas. Let it be wno it is: for Romans now
Have thewes⁵ and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.⁶

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: 'But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.'

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no flattering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious⁸ for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
In favour's⁹ like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca: one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

6 Thus in *Cymbeline*, Act v. Posthumus, speaking
of his chains:—

—take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.'

7 'I know I shall be called to account, and must
answer for having uttered seditious words.' So in *Much
Ado about Nothing*:—'Sweet prince, let me go no fur-
ther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this
count kill me.'

8 'Hold my hand' is the same as 'Here's my hand.'
'Be factious for redress,' means, be contentious, enter-
prising for redress.

9 The old copy reads, 'Is favours.' Favour here is
put for appearance, look, countenance; to favour is to
resemble.

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this in at his window: set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day, See Brutus at his house: three parts of him Is ours already; and the man entire, Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts: And that, which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alchymy, Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth, and our great need of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go, For it is after midnight; and, ere day, We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard.¹ Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho! I cannot, by the progress of the stars, Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!— I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.— When Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here. *Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general. He would be crown'd:— How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder; And that craves wary walking. Crown him?— That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with. The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse² from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,³

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face: But when he once attains the utmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend:⁴ So Cæsar may; Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these, and these extremities: And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,⁵ grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure, It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the idea of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word. *Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air, Give so much light, that I may read by them. [*Opens the Letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—— Such instigations have been often dropp'd Where I have took them up. *Shall Rome, &c.—* Thus must I piece it out; Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. *Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.⁷

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream: The genius, and the mortal instruments, Are then in council; and the state of man,⁸ Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.⁹

one of his earliest comments on Shakspeare, addressed to Concanen, when, in league with Theobald and others, he made war against Pope. The following note, by the Rev. Mr. Blakeway, is quite of another character, and takes with it my entire concurrence and approbation:—

'The genius, and the mortal instruments,' &c. *Mortal* is assuredly *deadly*; as it is in Macbeth:—

—Come, you spirits,

That tend on mortal thoughts,

By *instruments*, I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments: and Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1, speaks of the

—cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins. So intending to point, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime; he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings, produced by the firmness of the soul contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the

¹ Orchard and garden appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Capulet's garden is twice called orchard.

² Shakspeare usually uses *remorse* for pity, tenderness of heart.

³ I. e. a matter proved by common experience.

⁴ 'The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,

Cuts off those means by which himself got up:

And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,

Doth curb that looseness he did find before:

Doubting the occasion like might serve again,

His own example makes him fear the more.'

Daniel's Civil Wars, 1603.

⁵ 'As his kind,' like the rest of his species. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—'You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his kind.'

⁶ The old copy erroneously reads, 'the first of March.' The correction was made by Theobald; as was the following.

⁷ Here again the old copy reads, *fifteen*. This was only the dawn of the fifteenth when the boy makes his report.

⁸ The old copy reads:—

'Are then in council, and the state of a man,' &c.

⁹ There is a long and fanciful, but erroneous note by Warburton on this passage, which is curious, as being

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears.

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.¹

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O, conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance² on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises:
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face³ of men,

mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, 'crushed by one overwhelming image,' is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. Tibalt has something like it in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

'Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.'

¹ See Act i. Sc. 3.

² 'If thou walk in thy true form.'

³ Johnson thus explains this passage: in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakspeare has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. 'The face of men' is the 'countenance, the regard, the esteem of the public'; in other terms, *honour and reputation*: or the face of men may mean 'the dejected look of the people.' Thus Cicero in *Catilinam*:—'Nihil horum orationis movetur.'

Gray may perhaps support Johnson's explanation:

'And read their history in a nation's eyes.'
Mason thought we should read, 'the faith of men' to which, he says, the context evidently gives support:—
what other bond,

'Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter,' &c.

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.⁴ But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?⁵ and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,⁶
Old feeble carriages, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,⁷
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break⁸ with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas.

Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Dec. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy⁹ afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

The speech is formed on the following passage in North's Plutarch:—'The conspirators having never taken oath together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves,' &c.

⁴ Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment.

The poet speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:—

'By decimation and a tithed death

Take thou thy fate.'

⁵ To palter is to shuffle, to equivocate; to go from engagements once made.

⁶ Though *cautelous* is often used for wary, circumspect, by old writers, the context plainly shows that Shakspeare uses it here for *artful, insidious*; opposed to honesty. It is used in *Coriolanus*, Act iv Sc 1, in the same sense.

⁷ i. e. character. Thus in *King Henry IV. Part i*, Act v. Sc. 4:—

'Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion.'

⁸ Let us not break the matter to him.

⁹ Envy here, as almost always by Shakspeare, is used for malice.

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :¹
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Sir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him :
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought,² and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Where³ Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :

For he is superstitious grown of late ;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :⁴

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,⁵

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;

I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :⁶

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave

you, Brutus ;——

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember

1 ' Gradive, dedisti,
Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello
Ledere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Didi
Fusus erat.' *Statius, Theb.* vii. 1. 696.

The following passage of the old translation of Plutarch was probably in the poet's thoughts :—' Cæsar turned himself no-where but he was stricken at by some, and still naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters.'

2 To take thought, is to grieve, to be troubled in mind. See note on Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5 ; and Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2. ' My bodie surely is well, or in good case ; but I take thought, or my minde is full of fancies and trouble.'—*Baret.*

3 Whether.

4 ' Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.'

Main opinion is fixed opinion, general estimation.

Thus in Troilus and Cressida :—

' Why then should we our main opinion crush,

In taint of our best man ?'

Fantasy was used for imagination or conceit in Shakespeare's time ; but the following passage from Lavater on Ghosts and Spirits, 1772, may elucidate its meaning in the present instance :—' Suidas maketh a difference between phantasma and phantasia, saying that phantasma is an imagination or appearance of a sight or thing which is not, as are those sights which

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Eseunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ?—It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures,⁸ nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently,

Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing, and sighing, with your arms across

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You start'd upon me with ungently looks :

I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;

But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;

And, could it work so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,⁹

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed,

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night ?

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air

To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;

You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,

I charm you,¹⁰ by my once commended beauty,

men in their sleeps do thinke they see ; but that phantasia is the seeing of that only which is in-vary deede.' Ceremonies signify omens or signs deduced from sacrifices or other ceremonial rites. Thus in a subsequent passage :—

' Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,

Yet now they fright me.'

5 Unicorns are said to have been taken by one, who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. This is alluded to by Spenser, *F. Q. b. ii. c. 5* ; and by Chapman, in his *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed. See Pliny's Natural History, b. viii.

6 i. e. by his house ; make that your way home.

7 ' Let not our faces put on that, is, wear or show, our designs.'

8 Shapes created by imagination.

9 Condition is temper, disposition, demeanour.

10 ' I charm you.' This is the reading of the old copy, which Pope and Hanmer changed to ' I charge you,' without necessity. To charm is to invoke or en-

By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.¹

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.²

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery³ of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would, you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.⁴

treat by words or other fascinating means. Thus in
Cymbeline:—

'tis your graces

That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.⁵

1 The general idea of this part of Portia's speech is
taken from the old translation of Plutarch. Lord Ster-
line, in his *Julius Cæsar*, 1607, uses similar language:—

'I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be

A partner only of thy board and bed:

Each servile where in those might equal me,

That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.

No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind i' abide

Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill,

With chains of mutual love together tied,

As those that have two breasts, one heart, two

souls, one will.⁶

2 These glowing words have been adopted by Gray
in his celebrated Ode:—

'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.'

3 *Charactery* is defined 'writing by characters or
strange marks.' Brutus therefore means that he will
divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked
on his countenance.' In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,
Act v. Sc. 1, it is said, 'Fairies use flowers for their
charactery.'

4 This is from Plutarch's Life of Brutus, as translated
by North:—'Brutus went to see him being sick in his
bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time
art thou sick?' Ligarius, rising up in his bed and taking

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist,⁷ hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going

To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's
Palace. Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR,
in his Night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threat-
en'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,⁸

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yaw'n'd, and yielded up their dead:⁹

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,

In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,¹⁰

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

The noise of battle hurl'd¹¹ in the air,

him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, if thou
hast any great enterprise in hande worthe of thy selfe,
I am whole.' Lord Sterling has also introduced this
passage into his *Julius Cæsar*. Shakespeare has given
to Romans the manners of his own time. It was a com-
mon practice in England for those who were sick to
wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among
the common people in many places. 'If (says Fuller)
this county [Cheshire] hath bred no writers in that
faculty [physic], the wonder is the less, if it be true
what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a
posset and tie a kerchief on his head, and if that will
not mend him, then God be merciful to him.'—*Worthies*,
Cheshire, p. 180.

5 Here and in all other places Shakespeare uses *exor-
cist* for one who raises spirits, not one who lays them.
But it has been erroneously said that he is singular in
this use of the word.

6 Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens. The
adjective is used in the same sense in *The Devil's Char-
ter*, 1607:—

'The devil hath provided in his covenant

I should not cross myself at any time,

I never was so ceremonious.'

7 Shakespeare has adverted to this again in *Hamlet*:—

'A little ere the mighty Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome.'

8 *Visæ per cælum co. currere accies, rudiantia arma,*

et subito nubium igne collucere.—*Tacitus, Hist. b. v.*

9 To *hurtle* is to *clash*, or move with violence and
noise.

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan :
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O, Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.¹

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths ;²

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :³
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were⁴ two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.⁵

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

1 This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods, his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented ; one of them is engraved in Mr. Douce's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 82 ; from whence this note is taken. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in his *Defensive against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1583, says, 'Next to the shadows and pretences of experience (which have been met with all at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part) after *blazing stars* ; as if they were the summonses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarke of experience is, by making plaine that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets ever (i. e. always) when princes dye.' In this work is a curious anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, 'then lying at Richmond, being dissuaded from looking on a comet ; with a courage equal to the greatness of her state she caused the window to be sette open, and said, *jacta est alea*—the dice are thrown.'

2 'When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, he would never consent to it ; but said, it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death.'—*North's Plutarch*.

Lord Essex in a letter to Lord Rutland, observes, 'That as he which dieth nobly doth live for ever, so he that doth live in fear doth die continually.'—And Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :—

'Fear is my vassel ; when I frown he flies :

A hundred times in life a coward dies.'

3 Johnson remarks, 'That the ancients did not place courage in the heart.' Mr. Douce observes, that he had

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell gray-breads the truth ;
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know ;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,⁶
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents.
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood : and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.⁷
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now : The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?
Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.⁸

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia ?

forgotten his classics strangely, as he has shown by several extracts from Virgil and Ovid.

4 The old copy reads, 'We heare,' &c. The emendation was made by Theobald. Upon proposed to read, 'We are,' &c.

5 Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan* :—

'—— Plus me Calphurnia luctus,
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristitia vatum
Responsa, infatuæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, que non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent ? que lux jucunda maneret ?
Aut que libertas ? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luctus frui, nec mortem arceret libet)
Cogar, & huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.'

6 'The old copy reads *statue* ; but it has been shown by Mr. Reed beyond controversy that *statua* was pronounced as a trisyllable by our ancestors, and hence generally written *statua*. Thus in Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ed. 1633, p. 38 :—'It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years.' Again :—'without which the history of the world seems to be as the *statua* of Polyphemus, with his eye out.'

7 At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.

8 'And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.'

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street near the Capitol.*
Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these
men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st
not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to
conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy
lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.¹

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.² [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus. Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

Por. I pry'thee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?³

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

¹ Emulation is here used in its old sense, of envious, or factious rivalry. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

² 'The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.'

³ Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident:—
'—— Dull unmindful villain!
Why stayest thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pry'thee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*⁴

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O, Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,⁵
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord:
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting. A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cat. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

⁴ Mr. Tyrwhitt says, 'The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient.'

⁵ These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: I press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your² hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance,³ and first decree,
Into the law of children.⁴ Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decrees is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.⁵

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

1 i. e. he is ready.

2 According to the rules of modern grammar Shakespeare should have written *his* hand; but other instances of similar false concord are to be found in his compositions. Steevens is angry with Malone for laying them to the charge of the poet, and would transfer them to the player-editors or their printer. Ritson thinks the words 'Are we all ready?' should be given to Cinna, and not to Cæsar.

3 Pre-ordinance for ordinance already established.

4 The old copy erroneously reads 'the lane of children.' *Lance*, as anciently written, was easily confounded with *lane*.

5 Ben Jonson has shown the ridicule of this passage in the Induction to *The Staple of News*; and notices it in his *Discoveries* as one of the lapses of Shakespeare's pen; but certainly without that malevolence which has been ascribed to him: and be it observed, that is almost the only passage in his works which can *justly* be construed into an attack on Shakespeare. He has been accused of quoting the passage unfaithfully; but Mr. Tyrwhitt surmised, and Mr. Gifford is decidedly of opinion, that the passage originally stood as cited by Jonson; thus:—

'Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cas. Cæsar, did never wrong, but with just cause.' Mr. Tyrwhitt has endeavoured to defend the passage by observing, that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; and that Cæsar is meant to say, that he doth not inflict any evil or punishment but with just cause. 'The fact seems to be (says Mr. Gifford,) that this verse, which closely borders on absurdity, without being absolutely absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of composition; and being one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving (as in the passage of Ben Jonson's Induction) the perverse, and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day.'

6 i. e. intelligent, capable of apprehending.

7 i. e. 'still holds his place unshaken by eulogy or solicitation,' of which the object is to *move* the person addressed.

Cas. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cas. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion;⁷ and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O, Cæsar,—

Cas. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA STABS CÆSAR IN THE NECK. CÆSAR
catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed
by several other Conspirators, and at last
by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cas. Et tu, Brute?⁸—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in
confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

8 Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back 'he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne, at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second, full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar, catching Cassius by the arme, thrust it through with his stile or writing punches; and with that, being about to leap forward, he was met with another wound and stayed.' Being then assailed on all sides, 'with three and twenty he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan (without any word uttered), and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that, as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, and *thou my sonne*.' Holland's Translation, 1607. Plutarch says that, on receiving his first wound from Casca, 'he caught hold of Casca's sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor Casca, what dost thou?*' and Casca, in Greek, to his brother, *Brother, help me*. The conspirators, having then compassed him on every side, 'hacked and mangled him,' &c.; 'and then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his bodie; but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, in his hand, then he pulled his gowne over his head, and made no more resistance.' Neither of these writers, therefore, furnished Shakespeare with this exclamation. It occurs in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1600; on which he formed the Third Part of King Henry VI.—
'*Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*'
And is translated in Cæsar's Legend, Mirror for Magistrates, 1587:—

'*And Brutus thou my sonne*, quoth I, whom erst
I loved best.'

The words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on the Death of Cæsar.

9 We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakespeare knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd, Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, Rushing on us, do to your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd: Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:— That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the market-place; And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along, No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

1 Johnson explains this:—'Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety.' This explanation will derive more support than has yet been given to it, from the following speech of Oliver, in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando:—'Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness.'

2 'To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, struck in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard.' This explanation by Steevens is, it must be confessed, very ingenious; and yet I think we should read, as he himself suggested:—
'Our arms no strength of malice?'

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:¹

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour! nor no instrument

Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O, Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;

Add pity to the general wrong of Rome,

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity),

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-

tony:

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.²

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,

In the disposing of new dignities.³

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd

The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,

Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:—

Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebo-

nus.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave

hart:

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.⁴

which would render the passage clear without a commentary.

3 Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakspeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

4 *Lethe* is used by many old writers for *death*.

'The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd

Is now extinct in *lethe*.'

Heywood's Iron Age, Part ii. 1632.

It appears to have been used as a word of one syllable

in this sense; and is derived from *lethum*, Lat. Our

ancient language was also enriched with the derivatives

lethal, *lethality*, *lethiferous*. &c

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends! am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.¹
Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

¹ This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, that the omission of the anomalous *s* would give some un-
commonness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expres-
sion.

² That is, in the *course* of time

³ By *men*, Antony means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which he sup-
posed that event would give rise to. The generality of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, 'the parts of Italy,' and 'in these confines.'

⁴ 'Cry *Havoc*, and let *slip* the dogs of war.' *Havoc* was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given: as appears from 'the Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyne of Werre,' included in the *Black Book of the Admiralty*.

To let *slip* a dog was the technical phrase in hunting the hart, for releasing the hounds from the leash or *slip* of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased.

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue!—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;²
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*,⁴ and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar, did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O, Cæsar!— [Seeing the Body.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome⁵ of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum. Enter*
BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens,*
BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers!⁶ hear me for my

Steele, in the *Tautler*, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *dogs of war, fire, sword, and famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act i. of *King Henry V.*

_____ at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should *famine, sword, and fire,*
Crouch for employment.

⁵ This jingling quibble upon *Rome* and *room* has occurred before in Act i. Sc. 2:—

'Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *room* enough.'
It is deserving of notice on no other account than as it shows the pronunciation of *Rome* in Shakespeare's time, So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1633:—

_____ You shall have my *room*,
My *Rome* indeed; for what I seem to be,
Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.'

⁶ Warburton thinks this speech very fine in its kind, though unlike the laconic style of ancient oratory attributed to Brutus. Steevens observes that 'this artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators of Shakespeare's time, whether in the pulpit or

cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[Several speaking at once.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover¹ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all; all honourable men,)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor² to do him reverence.

O, masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear his testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins³ in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

tors. It would not have been again noticed, but for Mr. Reed's whimsical notion that it was not authenticated by examples, and that Shakespeare found it in North's Plutarch alone. Malone has adduced a host of examples, but any old Latin Dictionary, under the word *amicus*, would serve to confute Mr. Reed.

2 'The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.'

3 Handkerchiefs

at the bar. It may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity.⁴ It is worthy of remark, that Voltaire, who has stolen and transplanted into his tragedy of Brutus the fine speech of Antony to the people, and has unblushingly received the highest compliments upon it from the King of Prussia, Count Algarotti, and others, affects to extol this address of Brutus, while he is most disingenuously silent on the subject of that of Antony, which he chose to purloin.

1 *Lover and friend* were synonymous with our ances-

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony; You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile? I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men, Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

2 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:¹

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,²

Which all the while ran blood,³ great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint⁴ of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd,⁵ as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O, piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O, noble Cæsar!

¹ i. e. his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust.

² See Act ii. Sc. 2. Beaumont in his Masque writes this word *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. Even is generally used as a dissyllable by Shakespeare.

³ The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue; the words are from North's Plutarch:—'Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain.'

⁴ Dint anciently written dent; 'a stroke, and the impression which it makes on any thing.'

⁵ Marr'd is defaced, destroyed. Is is often, for the sake of the jingle, opposed to make.

⁶ Grievances.

⁷ The first folio reads, 'For I have neither wit.' The second folio corrects it to *wit*, which Johnson supposed might mean 'a peined and premeditated oration.'—Malone perversely adheres to the erroneous reading.

3 Cit. O, woful day!

4 Cit. O, traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O, most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge: about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace there;—Hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs⁶ they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blut man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit,⁷ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb

mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An

tony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.⁸

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new planted orchards,

On this side Tyber;⁹ he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never:—Come, come, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire¹⁰ the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

The context, I think, fully calls for the emendation, which Steevens has well defended.

⁸ A *drachma* was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, i. e. 7d.

⁹ 'This scene (says Theobald) lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:—'

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is. prope Cæsaris hortos, says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide in a line with Mount Janiculum.' He would therefore read, 'on that side Tyber.' But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakespeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch, 'He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.'

¹⁰ Fire again as a dissyllable

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street. Enter CINNA,*
the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
and things unluckily charge my fantasy :¹
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and
briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a
bachelor.

3 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry :—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed ; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho !
firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius' ; burn all.—
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's ; some
to Ligarius' : away ; go. [*Exeunt.*]

1 i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-
omened weight. ' I learn (says Steevens) from an old
Treatise on Fortune-Telling, &c. that to dream of being
at banquets betokeneth misfortune, &c.' The subject of
this scene is taken from Plutarch.

2 The place of this scene is not marked in the old
copy. It appears from Plutarch and Appian, that these
triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island
near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. That Shak-
speare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome may be
inferred from what almost immediately follows :—

' *Lep.* What, shall I find you here ?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.'

Malone placed the scene in Antony's house.

3 Upton has shown that the poet made a mistake as
to this character mentioned by Lepidus ; Lucius, not
Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the
mother's side to Mark Antony.

4 i. e. condemn him.

' Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life.'

Promos and Cæcandra, 1578.

5 So in Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1 :—

' — like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
Till death unloads thee.'

2 I

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Antony's
House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS,
seated at a Table.

Ant. These many then shall die ; their names
are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die ; Consent you,
Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony

Lep. Upon condition Publius² shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn³
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Oct.

The Capitol. Or here, or at

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Oct.

So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold.⁵

To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way ;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,

And graze in commons.

Oct.

You may do your will ;

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,

I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations ;

Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,

Begin his fashion.⁶ Do not talk of him,

But as a property.⁷ And now, Octavius,

Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers : we must straight make head

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd

out,⁸

And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,

And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies ;

And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,

Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

6 Shakspeare had already woven this circumstance

into the character of Justice Shallow :—' He came ever

in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes

that he heard the carmen whistle.'

7 i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be

treated as we please. Malvolio complains in Twelfth

Night :—

' They have *property'd* me, kept me in darkness'

8 The old copy gives this line imperfectly :—

' Our best friends made, our means stretch'd.'

Malone supplied it thus :—

' Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the

utmost.'

The reading of the text is that of the second folio edition,

which is sufficiently perspicuous.

9 An allusion to bear baiting. Thus in Macbeth, Act

v. Sc. 7 :—

' They have chain'd me to a *stake* I cannot fly,

But bear-like, I must fight the course.'

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS, meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

[*PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.*]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus, In his own charge, or by ill officers,¹ Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt;

But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius: How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough; But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith: But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle: But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:— March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content, Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:— Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing but love from us, Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away; Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man Come to our tent, till we have done our conference. Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

1 It having been thought that alteration was requisite in this line, it may be as well to observe Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer, Lucius Pella, with corruption; and he says to Lucilius, when he hears how he had been received by Cassius:—

'Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling.'

This is the *change* which Brutus complains of.

2 *Nice* here means *silly, simple*.

3 This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

4 The old copy reads, 'Brutus, *bait* not me.' Theo-

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus. LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella, For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherein, my letters, praying on his side, Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet That every nice² offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; To sell and mart your offices for gold, To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes;

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay⁴ not me,

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in;⁵ I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, able than yourself

To make conditions.⁶

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.⁷

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

bald made the alteration, which has been adopted by all subsequent editors except Malone. The fact is, that *bay* and *bait* are both frequently used by Shakespeare in the same sense, and as the repetition of the word used by Brutus seems to add spirit to the reply, I have continued it in the text.

5 i. e. to limit my authority by your direction or censures.

6 To know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

7 This passage (says Steevens) may be easily reduced to metre if we read:—

Cas. Brutus, I am.

Bru. Cassius I say you are not.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempt-
ed him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.¹

Cas. You love me not.

Bru.

I do not like your faults.

Cas. A flatterer's eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do ap-
pear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

1 The meaning is this:—I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me.²

2 Shakespeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher.

3 This passage is a translation from the first book of Homer's Iliad, which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch:—

'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three.'

4 I.e. these silly poets. A *fig* signified a ballad or

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O, Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.²

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.³

Cas. Ha, ha: how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?⁴
Companion,⁵ hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you
Immediately to us.

[Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?

O, insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.⁶

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

ditty, as well as a dance. See note on Hamlet, Act ii.
Sc. 2.

5 Companion is used as a term of contempt in many
of the old plays; as we say at present fellow! Doll
Tearsheet says to Pistol:—

—I scorn you, scurvy companion, &c.

6 This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is
also mentioned by Valerius Maximus, iv. 6. Portia is
however reported by Pliny to have died at Rome of a
lingering illness while Brutus was abroad.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;

Mine speak of seventy senators, that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,¹

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art² as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;

For they have grudg'd us contribution :

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd :

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :

The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.³

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity ;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night ;

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-

well, good Messala ;—

Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O, my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :

Never come such division 'tween our souls !

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily :

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-

watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch

your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-

getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

I know, young bloods look for a time to rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O, murder'ous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace⁴ upon my boy,

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607 :—

'There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes,

So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it cries click in the raiser's spirit.'

⁴ A mace is the ancient term for a *ceptre* :—

—proud Tarquinius

Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly mace.'

Marius and Scylla, 1694

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie*

Queene, b. i. c. iv. st. 44 :—

'When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*

Arrested all that courtly company.'

¹ I. e. at some time or other. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

'I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring.'

² In art, that is, in theory.

³ Beaumont and Fletcher have more than once imitated this passage, but with very little success :—

'There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it,' &c.
Custom of the Country.

'—Consider then, and quickly :

And like a wise man take the current with you,

Which once turn'd head will sink you.'

Bloody Brother.

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night! I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[He sits down.]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here? I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes, That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare? Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[Ghost vanishes.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest: Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.— Boy! Lucius!—Varró! Claudius! Sirs, awake!— Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.

Lucius awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'd'st out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. *Clau.* Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Var. *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions; It proves not so: their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn² us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery,³ thinking, by this face, To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show, Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the general would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown;⁴ But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless, too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself: This tongue had not offended so to-day, If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again:— Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds⁵

1 Shakespeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but 'a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.' This apparition could not be at once the shade of Cæsar and the evil genius of Brutus. See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, lib. i. c. vii. Shakespeare had read the account of this vision in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as well as in that of Brutus; it is there called the ghost, and it is said that 'the light of the lampe waxed very dimme.' It is more than probable that the poet would consult the Life of Cæsar, as well as that of Brutus, in search of materials for his play.

2 To warn is to summon. So in King John:—

'Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls.'

And in King Richard III.:—

'And sent to warn them to his royal presence.'

3 'Fearful bravery.' Though fearful is often used

by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in an active sense, for producing fear, or terrible, it may in this instance bear its usual acception of timorous, or, as it was sometimes expressed, false-hearted. Thus in a passage, cited by Stevens, from Sidney's Arcadia, lib. ii.:—'Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a fearful boldness, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe.'

4 'The posture of your blows are yet unknown.'

It should be 'is yet unknown'; but the error was probably the poet's: more correct writers than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although it be the nominative case by which it is governed. Stevens attributes the error to the transcriber or printer, and would have it corrected; but Malone has adduced several examples of similar inaccuracy in Shakespeare's writings.

5 The old copy reads, two-and-thirty wounds. Theobald corrected the error, which Beaumont and Fletcher have also fallen into in their Noble Gentleman

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl! we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,²

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former³ ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey;⁴ their shadows seem

A canopy most faithful, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?⁵

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent⁶
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work, the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills^a

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud Alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look; the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back:

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

Who having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again: that I may rest assur'd,

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

¹ *Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger was said to hurl down his gage when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary.

² And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot.

King Richard II.

Milton perhaps had this passage in mind, *Paradise Lost*, b. i. v. 669:—

'Hurting defiance toward the vault of Heaven.'

³ Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.

⁴ I. e. *fore* ensign; it probably means the *chief* ensign. Baret has 'the former teeth [I. e. fore teeth,] dentes primores.'

⁵ So in King John:—

'As doth a raven on a sick-fallen prey.'

⁶ I. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself.—What are you determined of?

⁷ 'To prevent,' is here used for to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the natural period. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction

between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the *present* opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch is mentioned only as one he *formerly* entertained, and that, being now in the midst of danger, he was of a contrary mind.

⁸ This, though censured as ungrammatical, was the phraseology of the poet's day, as might be shown by numerous examples. But Dryden and Pope have used it, and Johnson has sanctioned it in his Dictionary:—'Begin, *v. n.* I began, or *begun*.' The fact is, that the past tense was, in our old language, written *begon* or *begonne*.

⁹ This and much of the subsequent scene is from the old translation of Plutarch:—'In the mean time Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little *billes* to the colonels and captains of private bandes, in which he wrote the order of the battle.'

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.¹

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;²
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,³
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah,⁴ what news?

Pin. [Above.] O, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—Oh, he 'lights
too:—he's ta'en;—

And hark! [*Shout*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [oath!
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O, setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone; [done!
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed,—

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O, error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus; Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

1 The same expression occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'That which was a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dissolves.'

2 Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a
hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

3 So in Lear Lear, the Bastard, dying, says:—
'The wheel is come full circle.'

4 Sirrah, as appears from many of the old plays, was
the usual address in speaking to servants and children.
See note on Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Cains Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato.

He is slain.

Bru. O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.⁵ [*Low Alarums.*]

Cato.

Brave Titinius!

Look, wher' he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!⁶

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field. Alarum.*

Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the Enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

Luc. O, young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering Money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the ge-

neral:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

5 '—populumque potentem
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.'

Lucan, lib. i.

6 'So when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he
had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last
of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should
ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man as he, he
caused his body to be buried.—North's *Plutarch.*

'Objectum est Historic (Cremutio Cordo. Tacit Ann,
lib. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romano-
rum dixisset.—Suet. *Tiber* lib. iii. c. 61.

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.* Enter
BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.¹

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]
Cl. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [*Whispers him.*]

Dar. I do such a deed ?

Cl. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit :
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts,² whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]
Cl. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you,
Volumnius.—

1 A passage from Plutarch will illustrate this scene :—'Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battell, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies, (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a *torch-light* in the aire, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torch-light* was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not againe, he sayd : If Statilius be alive, he will come againe. But his evil fortune was suche that, as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies' hauds, and was slaine. Now the night being farre spent, Brutus, as he sate, bowed towarde Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare ; the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and sayd somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others : and amongst the rest one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising up, We must flie in leede, sayd he ; but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words unto them with a chearful countenance :—I rejoyceth my hart that no one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complayne of

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly.*]
Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first : Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be
still :

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master ?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them.³

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer⁴ me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man* !⁵

my fortune, but only for my countries sake : for as for me, I thinke myselfe happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have beene naughty and unjust men, have slaine good men to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having sayd so, he prayd every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside, &c.

2 *Hilts* is frequently used where only one weapon is spoken of. Cassius says to Findarus, in a former scene, 'Here, take thou the *hilts*.' And, King Richard III. :—'Take him over the costard with the *hilts* of thy sword.' So in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1597 :—

'—A naked sword he had,
That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued.'

3 I. e. receive them into my service.

4 To *prefer* seems to have been the general term for recommending a servant. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. Sc. 2 :

'Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath *preferr'd* thee.'

Its usual sense was 'to advance, or set before others.'

5 Drayton, in his *Barons' Wars*, has a similar passage, thus given by Steevens :—

'He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

OF this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated ; but I have never

*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,
That none to one could sov'reignty impute ;
As all did govern, so all did obey :
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd when nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.'*

He afterwards revised the poem, which was, I believe, first published, under the title of the Barons' Wars, in 1603 ; and the stanza is thus exhibited in that edition :—

*'Such one he was (of him we boldly say),
In whose rich soule all sovraigne powers did sute ;
In whom in pace the elements all lay
So mix'd, as none could sovraigntie impute ;*

been strongly agitated in perusing it ; and I think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act.

*As all did govern, yet did all obey ;
His lively temper was so absolute,
That seem'd, when heaven his modell first began,
In him it shew'd perfection in a man.'*

The poem originally appeared under the title of 'Mortimeriados,' in 1506 ; but Malone says, there is no trace of the stanza in the poem in that form. He is wrong in asserting that the Barons' Wars were first published in 1608, as the following title-page of my copy will show :—'The Barons' Wars, in the reign of Edward the Second, with England's Heroicall Epistles, by Michaell Drayton. At London, printed by J. R. for N. Ling, 1603.' So that, if Malone be right in placing the date of composition of Julius Cæsar in 1607, Shakspeare imitated Drayton.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

AFTER a perusal of this play, the reader will, I doubt not, be surprised when he sees what Johnson has asserted :—That 'its power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene ;—and that 'no character is very strongly discriminated.' If our great poet has one supereminent dramatic quality in perfection, it is that of being able 'to go out of himself at pleasure to inform and animate other existences.' It is true, that in the number of characters many persons of historical importance are merely introduced as passing shadows in the scene ; but 'the principal personages are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination.' The character of Cleopatra is indeed a masterpiece : though Johnson pronounces that she is 'only distinguished by feminine arts, some of which are too low.' It is true that her seductive arts are in no respect veiled over ; but she is still the gorgeous Eastern Queen, remarkable for the fascination of her manner, if not for the beauty of her person ; and though she is vain, ostentatious, fickle, and luxurious, there is that heroic regal dignity about her, which makes us, like Antony, forget her defects :
'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
Th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.'

The mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, yet it excites our sympathy :—they seem formed for each other. Cleopatra is no less remarkable for her seductive charms, than Antony for the splendour of his martial achievements. Her death, too, redeems one part of her character, and obliterates all faults.

Warburton has observed that Antony was Shakspeare's hero ; and the defects of his character, so lavish and luxurious spirit, seem almost virtues when opposed to the heartless and narrow-minded littleness of Octavius Cæsar. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered the latter down ready cut and dried for a hero ; and Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address from the dilemma. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, proud, and revengeful.

Schlegel attributes this to the penetration of Shakspeare, who was not to be led astray by the false glitter of historic fame, but saw through the disguise thrown around him by his successful fortunes, and distinguished in Augustus a man of little mind.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1608. No previous edition to that of the folio of 1623 has been hitherto discovered ; but there is an entry of 'A Booke called Antony and Cleopatra,' to Edward Blount, in 1608, on the Stationers' books.

Shakspeare followed Plutarch, and appears to have been anxious to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. Plutarch mentions *Lamprius* his grandfather, as authority for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. In the stage-direction of Scene 2, Act 1. in the old copy, *Lamprius*, *Ramnus*, and *Lucillus* are made to enter with the rest ; but they have no part in the dialogue, nor do their names appear in the list of Dramatis Personæ.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARRUS,
VENTIDIUS, } *Friends of Antony.*
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERGETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,

MECENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS, } *Friends of Cæsar.*
THYREUS,
GALLUS,

MENAS,
MENEGRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS,
TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony*
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,
Attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer. A Clown.
CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, and IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace. Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges¹ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple² pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.³

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.⁴

Enter an Attendant.

Ant. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.⁵

Cleo. Nay, hear them,⁶ Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this:*
Take in' that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

1 i. e. *renounces*. The metre would be improved by reading *reneges*, or *reneies*, a word used by Chaucer and other of our elder writers: but we have in King Lear, *reneege*, affirm, &c. Stanyhurst, in his version of the second book of the Æneid, has the word:—

'To live now longer, Troy burst, he flatly *reneageth*.'

2 *Triple* is here used for *third*, or *one of three*; one of the *Triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. To sustain the pillars of the earth is a scriptural phrase. *Triple* is used for *third* in All's Well that Ends Well:

'Which, as the dearest issue of his practice;
He bade me store up as a *triple eye*.'

3 So in Romeo and Juliet:—

'They are but beggars that can count their worth.'
And in Much Ado about Nothing:

'I were but little happy, if I could say how much.'

⁴ *Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*

Martial, vi. 36.

4 'Then must you set the *boundary* at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.'

5 'Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.'

6 i. e. the *news*; which was considered plural in Shakespeare's time. See King Richard III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

7 *Take in*, it has before been observed, signifies *subdue, conquer*.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?

—Both?

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-

gers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd⁷ empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dunghy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

Embracing.

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weed,⁸
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But¹¹ stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love,¹² and her soft hours,
Let's not confound¹³ the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes,¹⁴ to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose¹⁵ every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note

8 *Process* here means *summons*. 'Lawyers call that the process by which a man is called into the court, and no more. To serve with process is to *cite*, to *summon*.'—*Minshew*.

9 The *rang'd* empire is the *well* arranged, *well* ordered empire. Shakespeare uses the expression again in *Coriolanus*:—

'—bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

In heaps and piles of ruins.'

10 *To weep* is to *know*.

11 I think that Johnson has entirely mistaken the meaning of this passage, and believe Mason's explanation nearly correct. Cleopatra means to say that 'Antony will act like himself,' (i. e. nobly,) without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, 'But stirr'd by Cleopatra,' i. e. 'Add, if moved to it by Cleopatra.' This is a compliment to her. Johnson was wrong in supposing *but* to be used here in its exceptive sense.

12 That is, 'for the sake of the Queen of Love.'

13 *To confound* the time, is to *consume* it, to *lose* it.

14 'Quicquid enim dicit, seu facit, omne decet.'

Marellus, lib. II.

See Shakespeare's 150th Sonnet.

15 The folio reads, *who*, every, &c.: corrected by Rowe.

The qualities of people.¹ Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEO. *with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,² who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room. Enter*
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
charge his horns with garlands!³

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall part when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.⁴

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:⁵ find me
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion
me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names:⁶ Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile⁷ every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool; I forgive thee for a witch.⁸

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are lively
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if no-
thing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth
say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication,⁹ I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!—
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I be-
seech thee! And let her die, too, and give him a
worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst
of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a
cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though
thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis,
I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of
the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a
handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sor-
row to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore,
dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accord-
ingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make
me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores,
but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord
approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,*
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and At-
tendants.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

at such power and dominion that the proudest
and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his
yoke. It should be remembered that Herod of Jewry
was a favourite character in the mysteries of the old
stage, and that he was always represented a fierce,
haughty, blustering tyrant.

⁶ That is, prove bastards. Thus in the Rape of Lu-
crece:—

'Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.'

And Launce, in the third act of *The Two Gentlemen of*
Verona:—'That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues,
that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have*
no names.' A fairer fortune means a more serene or
more prosperous fortune.

⁷ The old copy reads, *foretel*. Warburton has the
merit of the emendation.

⁸ This has allusion to the common proverbial saying,
'You'll never be burnt for a witch,' spoken to a silly
person, who is indeed no conjuror.

⁹ This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*:—

'—This hand is moist, my lady:—

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.'

¹ 'Sometimes also when he would goe up and down
the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would
peere into poor mens windows and their shops, and
cold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra
would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up
and down the streets with him.'

Life of Antonius in North's Plutarch.

² 'That he proves the common liar, *Fame*, in his
case to be a true reporter.' Shakspeare usually uses
approve for *prove*, and *approve* for *proof*.

³ The old copy reads, 'change his horns,' &c. A
similar error of *change* for *charge* is also found in *Co-*
riolanus.

⁴ The liver being considered the seat of love, *Char-*
man says she would rather heat her liver with drink-
ing than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed
to make a pimply face.

⁵ This (says Johnson) is one of Shakspeare's natu-
ral touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to
the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of
life. *Charman* wishes for a son too who may arrive

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave¹ them.

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis
thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff² news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended³ Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase: and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds⁴ lie still: and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicily how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicily.—Is there such a
one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicily:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone: Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself:⁵ she's good, being gone;
The hand could⁶ pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women

1 *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible.

2 'Stiff news' is 'hard news.' As in Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*:

'Fearing some hard news from the warlike band.'

3 'Extended Asia from Euphrates.'

To *extend* is a law term for to *seize*. Thus in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:—

'Ay, though on all the world we make extent,
From the south pole unto the northern bear.'

4 The old copy reads, 'quick winds'; an error which has occurred elsewhere. Warburton made the correction. 'Our quick minds' means our *lively apprehensive* minds; which, when they lie idle, bring forth virtues instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; to tell us of our faults is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, and is the way to kill these weeds.

5 'The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.'

6 *Could* is here used with an optative meaning.—*Could would and should* are often used by our old wri-

ters: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would, I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work: which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new.⁸ If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends upon your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience⁹ to the queen, And get her love¹⁰ to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people, (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son: who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's¹¹ hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.¹²

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

ters, in what appears to us an indiscriminate manner, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than chance.

7 i. e. for less reason, upon a weaker motive.

8 'As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.'

9 Expedition.

10 I think with Mason that we should read *leave* instead of *love*.

11 This alludes to the ancient vulgar error, that a horse hair dropped into corrupted water would become animated. Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions, showed that these animated horse-hairs were real insects, and displayed the fallacy of the popular opinion. It was asserted that these insects moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.

12 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence.'

SCENE III. *Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you;¹—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.²

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

'Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent;³ none our parts so poor,
But was a race⁴ of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen;

The strong necessity of time commands

1 'You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.' So in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—

'We met by chance; you did not find me here.'

2 Thus in *Twelfth Night*:—

'There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.'

3 'Our brows' bent,' is the bending or inclination of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in *King John*:—

'Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?'

4 i. e. of heavenly mould.

'Divine stirpis alumnus.'

5 The poet here means, 'in pledge,' the use of a thing is the possession of it. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

'I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use.'

6 Gate.

Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use⁷ with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port⁸ of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to

strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe⁹ my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?⁹

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garbols she awak'd;⁹ at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love:
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?¹⁰ I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pry thee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt:¹¹ Good, now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pry thee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman¹² does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it:
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion¹³ is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.¹⁴

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not

7 i. e. render my going not dangerous.

8 Cleopatra apparently means to say, 'Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it.'

9 The commotion she occasioned.

10 Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

11 To me, the queen of Egypt.

12 Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

13 Oblivion is used for *oblivious memory*, a memory apt to be deceitful.

14 An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject*. 'But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself.'

Eye well to you:¹ Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.²
Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.* Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor:³ From Alexandria
This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : you shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ;⁴ hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd ;⁵ what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let us grant it is
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.⁶ If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him⁷ for't : but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done : and every
hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;

1 'That which would seem to become me most, is
hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight.'
There is perhaps an allusion to what Antony said in the
first scene :—

— wrangling queen,
Whom every thing becomes.'

2 This conceit may have been suggested by the fol-
lowing passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i. :—

'She went, they staid ; or rightly for to say,
She staid with them, they went in thought with her.'
Thus also in the *Mercator* of Plautus :— 'Si domi sum,
foris est amicus ; sin foris sum, amicus domi est.'

3 The old copy reads, 'One great competitor.' Dr.
Johnson proposed the emendation. So Menas says :—
'These three world-sharers, these competitors
Are in thy vessel.'

4 'As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright
and prominent from the darkness of the night, so the
faults of Antony seem enlarged and aggravated by his
goodness, which gives relief to his faults, and makes
them show out more prominent and conspicuous.'

5 i. e. procured by his own fault.

6 'His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.'
7 i. e. 'visit him fort.' 'If Antony followed his de-
baucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him
to be punished (says Cæsar) by their natural conse-

And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar :⁸ to the ports
The discontents⁹ repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.¹⁰ This common
body,

Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacheking the varying tide,¹¹
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear¹² and
wound

With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads
They make in Italy : the borders maritime
Lack blood¹³ to think on't, and flush¹⁴ youth revolt :
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals.¹⁵ When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer ; Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle¹⁶
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : And all this,
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome : 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time,

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,

It is my business too, Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord ; What you shall know
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond.¹⁷ [Exeunt.]

quences, by surfeits and dry bones ; but to consume
each time,' &c.

8 'Those whom not love but fear made adherents to
Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey.'

9 That is, the *matecontents*. So in King Henry VI.
Part i. Act v. Sc. 1 :—

— that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents.'

10 The old copy reads, 'Comes fear'd by being lack'd.'
Warburton made the correction, which was necessary
to the sense. Coriolanus says :—

'I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd.'
We should perhaps read in the preceding line :—
— ne'er lov'd till not worth love.'

11 The folio reads, 'lashing the varying tide.' The
emendation, which is well supported by Steevens, was
made by Theobald. Perhaps another *Messenger* should
be noted as entering here with fresh news.

12 Plough.

13 i. e. turn pale.

14 *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood, youth
whose blood is at the flow.

15 *Wassals*, or *wassails*, is here put for intemperance
in general.

16 All these circumstances of Antony's distress are
literally taken from Plutarch.

17 That is, to be my bounden duty.

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.¹

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O, Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burget² of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me: Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison:³—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,⁴

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With its tinct gilded thee.⁵

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,

This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,

Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends*

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot

To mend the pretty present, I will piece

1 A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Thus in Addington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius:—'I gave him no poison but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead.' See Pliny's *Natural History* by Holland, 1601; and Plutarch's *Morals*, 1602, p. 19.

2 A *burget* is a helmet, a head-piece.

3 Hence perhaps Pope's *Eloisa*:—

'Still drink delicious poison from thine eye.'

4 'Broad-fronted,' in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.

5 Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. Thus Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:—

'O then, thou great *elixir* of all treasures.'

And on this passage he has the following note:—'The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*.'

6 The old copy reads 'an *arm-gaunt* seed,' upon which conjecture has been vainly employed. Steevens adopted Monck Mason's suggestion of 'a *termagant* seed,' with high commendation. A striking objection to that reading, which escaped Mr. Steevens in adopt-

Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east, Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded, And soberly did mount an arrogant⁶ steed, Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke Was beastly dumb⁷ by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes

Of the hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;

He was not sad; for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his: he was not merry;

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his joy: but between both;

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes;

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?⁸

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—

Welcome, my good Alexas,—Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days:

When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,

To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:

Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day

A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECEPATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays

The thing we sue for.⁹

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

ing it, is that an could never stand before termagant. The epithet now admitted into the text is the happy suggestion of Mr. Boaden, and is to be preferred both on account of its more striking propriety, and because it admits of the original article an retaining its place before it. That it is an epithet fitly applied to the steed of Antony, may be shown by high poetical authority. In the *Auraco Domado* of Lope de Vega, the reader will find the following passage:—

'Y el cavallo arrogante, in que subido

El hombre parecia

Monstruosa fiera que sies pies tenia.'

Termagant, it should be observed, is *furious*; *arrogant*, which answers to the Latin *ferox*, is only *fierce*, *proud*. Our great poet 'of imagination all compact,' is the greatest master of poetic diction the world has yet produced; he could not have any knowledge of the Spanish poet, but has anticipated him in the use of this expressive epithet. The word *arrogant*, as written in old MSS. might easily be mistaken for *arm-gaunt*.

7 Thus the old copy; which was altered by Theobald to *dumb'd* without necessity. The *arrogant* steed, says Alexas, would let no sound be heard but his own, he neigh'd so loud that what I would have spoke was beastly obstructed by him.

8 i. e. in such quick succession.

9 'While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.'

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent,¹ and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome to-
gether,

Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd² lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming : Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till³ a lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.⁴

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war : his soldiiership
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow⁵ pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,⁶
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square⁷ between them-
selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon,⁸ to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of
Lepidus. *Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,

1 Old copy, 'My powers are crescent,' &c. The
judicious emendation was made by Theobald.

2 I. e. thy *wann'd* or *pallid* lip. It should be remark-
ed that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are *paler* than
those of Europeans.

3 I. e. delay his sense of honour from exerting itself
till he is become habitually sluggish ; till was anciently
used for *to*. So in *Candlemas Day*, 1512.

'This lurdyn take heed what I say the *tyll*.'
And in *George Cavendish's Metrical Visions*, p. 19 :—
'I espied certeyn persons coming me *tyll*.'

4 I. e. since he quitted Egypt a space of time has
elapsed in which a longer journey might have been
performed than from Egypt to Rome.

5 Julius Cæsar had married Cleopatra to young Pto-
lemy, who was afterwards drowned.

6 I. e. I cannot expect. So Chaucer in *The Reve's*
Tale, v. 4027 :—

'Our manacle I hope he wol be ded.'

7 I. e. *quarrel*.

8 I. e. it is incumbent upon us for the preservation
of our lives.

9 I. e. I would meet him undressed, without any show

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.⁹

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way
Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose¹⁰ well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecenas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,) Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curtness¹¹ grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well ;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir !¹²
Cæs. Nay,

Then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there
Did practise¹³ on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.¹⁴

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me : and their contestation
Was theme for you,¹⁵ you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake my business ; my brother
never

of respect. Plutarch mentions that Antony, 'after the
overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow
at length, and never clip't it, that it was marvellous
long.' Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakespeare's
thoughts.

10 That is, if we come to a lucky composition or agree-
ment. So afterwards :—

'I crave our composition may be written.'

11 'Let not till humour' be added to the real subject of
our difference.

12 The note of admiration here was added by Steevens,
who thinks that Antony is meant to resent the invitation
Cæsar gives him to be seated, as indicating a con-
sciousness of superiority in his too successful partner
in power.

13 To practise is to use unwarrantable arts or strat-
agems. The word is frequently applied to traitorous de-
signs against those in power, by old writers.

14 Theme or subject of conversation.

15 This passage has been misunderstood, erroneously
explained, and considered corrupt. Its meaning evident-
ly is, 'You were the theme or subject for which your
wife and brother made their contestation ; you were the

Did urge me in his act :¹ I did inquire it ;
 And have my learning from some true reports,²
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours ;
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,
 Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
 As matter whole you have not to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
 By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
 You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
 I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes³ attend those wars
 Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another :
 The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men
 might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
 Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
 But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
 When rioting in Alexandria ; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive⁴ out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
 He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
 I told him of myself :⁵ which was as much,
 As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
 The article of your oath ; which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
 The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
 Supposing that I lack'd it :⁶ But on, Cæsar :
 The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd⁷
 them ;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
 And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
 I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
 Work without it :⁸ Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefs⁹ between ye : to forget them quite,
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone.⁹

word of war.⁷ Mason supposed some words had been
 transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus :——
 '—— and for contestation

Their theme was you ; you were the word of war.'

1 i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence
 for the war.

2 Reporters.

3 i. e. could not look graciously upon them, could not
 approve them. ⁴Fronted is affronted, opposed.

4 Messenger.

5 'I told him the condition I was in when he had his
 last audience.'

6 'The theme of honour which he now speaks of,
 namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes
 me not to have a due regard, is sacred ; it is a tender
 point, and touches my character nearly. Let him there-
 fore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself.'

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
 instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
 Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to
 wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
 forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak
 no more.

Eno. Go to, then ; your considerate stone.¹⁰

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
 O' the world I would pursue it.¹¹

Ag. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Ag. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
 Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.¹²

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
 Agrippa further speak.

Ag. To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men ;
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths ; her love to both,
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought ;
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,

If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,
 To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
 Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
 Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
 Pompey ;
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,

7 'Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.'

8 Grievances.

9 i. e. reconcile you.

10 'Go to, then, henceforward I will be as mute as a
 marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say
 nothing.'

'—— statua taciturnior exit

Plurumque et risum populi quit.'

Horace.

As mute as a stone, and As silent as a stone, are com-
 mon expressions.

11 'I do not (says Cæsar) think the man wrong, but
 too free of his interposition ; for it cannot be, we shall
 remain in friendship ; yet if it were possible, I would
 endeavour it.'

12 That is, 'You might be reproved for your rashness,
 and would well deserve it.' The old copy reads 'proof.'
 Warburton made the emendation.

Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
LEPIDUS.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!
my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
thily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square¹ to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.²

Agr. There she appeared, indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,⁴
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

¹ 'Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.'

² i. e. if report *quadrates*, or suits with her merits.

³ Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her: and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

⁴ The reader will be pleased to have it in his power to compare Dryden's description with that of Shak-
speare:—

'Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were
plac'd,

Where she, another sea-horn Venus, lay,—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
A daring glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat
more;

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did he
In her pavilion; (cloth of gold, of tissue.)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,⁵
And made their bends adorings:⁶ at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame⁷ the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,⁸
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she crop'd⁹.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety:¹⁰ Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.¹¹

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery¹² to him.

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.'

⁵ i. e. waited upon her looks, discovered her will by her looks. So Spenser, Faerie Queene, b. i. c. iii. —
'From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And by her looks concel'd her intent.'

⁶ 'Made their bends adorings.' On this passage there are several pages of notes in the variorum Shak-
speare, which, as Stevens remarks, supply a power-
ful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for
the same phrase is there explained with reference to
four different images—*bows, groups, eyes, and tails*.
Until some more fortunate conjecture shall be offered, I
adopt Stevens's opinion, that 'the plain sense of the
passage seems to be, these ladies rendered that homage
which their assumed characters obliged them to pay
their queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves.
Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very
act of humiliation was an improvement of her own
beauty.'

⁷ 'Yarely frame,' i. e. readily perform.
⁸ Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of
Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of la-
dies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of prin-
ces, are known to have been less remarkable for per-
sonal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid
beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the
rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life
by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

⁹ *Riggish* is wanton, immodest. Dryden has emu-
lated Shakespeare in this, as well as the passage before
cited; it should be remembered, however, that Shak-
speare furnished him with his most striking images

¹⁰ *Lottery*, for allotment.

Ag. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.* Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would, I had never come from thence, nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue : But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O, Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,¹ as being overpowered ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens²
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :
[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true : The very dice obey him :
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought : and his quails⁴ ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

1 The same construction is found in Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1, 'Shouting thy emulation.' And in King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 2, 'Smile you my speeches?'

2 A Fear was a personage in some of the old Moralities. See Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 2. The whole thought is borrowed from North's translation of Plutarch.

3 So in Macbeth, 'light thickens.'

4 Shakspeare derived this from Plutarch. The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practice these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped. See Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 87.

6 Mount Misenum.

7 Moody here means melancholy. Cotgrave explains moody by the French words *morne*, *triste*.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

F the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.* Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS and AGrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you,
hasten

Your generals after

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount⁵
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Ag. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music ; music, moody⁶ food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards :
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it

come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !—
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.⁷ O ! from Italy ;

Enter a Messenger.

Rain!⁸ thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,
Cleo. Antony's dead?

7 It is scarcely necessary to remark that this is an anachronism. Billiards were not known to the ancients.

8 This circumstance is from Plutarch : Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time, therefore, he directed the boatmen to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried salt fish on his hook.

9 The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. It does not, however, appear to be perfectly in costume ; the dignifying of weapons with names in this manner had its origin in later times. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

10 The old copy reads 'Ram thou,' &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets fruitful and barren. So in Timon :—

'Rain's sacrificial whisperings in his ear

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.¹

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:

Yet if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.²

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay

The good precedence;³ lie upon but yet:

But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pry'thee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,

free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn 't' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strikes him down.]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,

[Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;

And I will boot⁴ thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a Dagger.]

1 I. e. not like a man in form, not in your own proper shape. Thus in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:—

'The very devil assum'd thee formally.'

2 That is, I will give thee a kingdom, it being the eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings to powder them with gold dust and seed pearl. So Milton:—

'—the gorgeous east, with liberal hand,

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.'

See the *Life of Tuner Bee*, or *Taineirane*, by M. Petit de la Croix, liv. li. c. 2.

3 I. e. abate the good quality of what is already reported.

4 Profit thee, recompense thee.

5 'Contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds.' So in the *Taming of the Shrew*.—

'Doubt not, my lord, we can contain ourselves.'

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[Exit.]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;⁵

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents' scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself;⁶ since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold

there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend

you:

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of

thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of—Get

thee hence:—

The merchandise which thou hast brought from

Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised

Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O, Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter;—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature⁷ of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian.

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.]

6 This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior.

7 The old copy thus exhibits this line:—

'That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence.'

The emendation admitted in the text is partly that of Monck Mason. Johnson has observed that the line consists of abrupt starts. Cleopatra interrupts herself with passionate exclamations, and breaks off her interrogatory by again driving out the hateful messenger of ill news. Mason would read, 'What! tho'rt sure of't' and Stevens adopted his reading.

8 Feature was anciently used for the form or fashion of the whole body.

9 Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARRUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet That first we come to words; and therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent; Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword; And carry back to Sicily much tall' youth, That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three, The senators alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know, Wherefore my father should revengers want, Having a son and friends: since Julius Cæsar, Who, at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,² There saw you labouring for him. What was it, That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom, To drench the Capitol; but that they would Have one man but a man? And that is it, Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To scourge the ingratulate that desp'ful Rome Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear³ us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed, Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:⁴ But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, Remain in't as thou may'st.⁵

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us (For this is from the present,⁶) how you take The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow, To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must. Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send Measures of wheat to Rome: This greed upon, To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then, I came before you here, a man prepar'd To take this offer: But Mark Antony Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose The praise of it by telling, You must know, When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows, Your mother came to Sicily, and did find Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey; And am well studied for a liberal thanks, Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand: I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither; For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not What counts' harsh fortune casts upon my face; But in my bosom shall she never come, To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed: I crave, our composition may be written, And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first, Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.⁷
Pom. I know thee now;—How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive, Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand: I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight, When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much: but I have prais'd you, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all: Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known,⁹ sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:¹⁰ though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

6 i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. Shakspeare uses the *present* as a substantive many times.

7 A metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetic.

8 i. e. to Julius Cæsar. This is derived from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1579:—'Cleopatra trussed up in a mattress, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' back.'

9 i. e. been acquainted. So in Cymbeline:—'Sir, we have known together at Orleans.'

10 'The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection.'—Warburton.

1 Brave, courageous.

2 This verb is used by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pref. p. 22, ed. 1632: 'What madness ghosts this old man? but what madness ghosts us all?'

3 'Thou canst not affront us with thy numerous navy.' So in Measure for Measure:—
'Setting it up to fear the birds of prey.'

4 'At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions; having added to thy own my father's house.' O'ercount seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps is meant to insinuate that Antony not only outnumbered but had overreached him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father, the poet had from Plutarch.

5 'Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.'

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatso'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Menas. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Menas. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray, you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Menas. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Menas. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very stranger of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.¹

Menas. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum. Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a Banquet.*²

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants³ are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms drink.⁴

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,⁵ he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that

will do me no service, as a partizan⁶ I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.⁷

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foizon,⁸ follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.⁹

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids¹⁰ are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Menas. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang;

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Menas. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

[*Aside.*]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Menas. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

7 'To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without the animating presence of the eye to fill them.' The sphere in which the eye moves is an expression Shakespeare has used more than once:—
'How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fied.'

Sonnet 119.

'Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres.'

Hamlet.

8 Foizon is plenty, abundance.

9 Shakespeare seems to have derived his information respecting the Nilometer from Pliny, b. v. c. ix. Holland's translation. Or from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pery, 1600.

10 Pyramids for pyramid was in common use formerly: from this word Shakespeare formed the plural pyramids, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning 'to split what it speaks.' The usual ancient plural was pyramides.

1 Conversation is behaviour, manner of acting in common life. 'He useth no virtue or honest conversation. — Nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium.'—Baret.

2 A banquet here is a refection, similar to our dessert.

3 Plants, besides its common meaning, is used here for the foot, from the Latin. Thus in Chapman's version of the sixteenth Iliad:—

'Even to the low plants of his feete his forme was altered.' The French still use *plante du pied* for the sole of the foot.

4 A phrase (says Warburton) among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.

5 Warburton explains this phrase as equivalent to one still in use, of 'Touching one in a sore place.'

6 A partizan was a weapon between a pike and a halberd; not being so long, it was made use of in mounting a breach, &c.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,¹
Is time, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competi-
ors,²

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that doos lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, *[Aside.]* Good Antony, your hand.
I'll never follow thy pall'd³ fortunes more,—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis
offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

*[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off
LEPIDUS.]*

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.⁴

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,⁵ ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And its grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had
rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! *[To ANTONY.]*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

1 i. e. *encloses and embraces.*

2 i. e. *confederates.* See, in the present play, Act i.
Sc. 4.

3 *Palled* is vapid, past its time of excellence; *palled*
wine is wine that has lost its sprightliness.

4 Difficulties have been made about this passage, in
which I must confess I see none. Menas says, 'The
third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one
of the triumvirs); would it were all so, that it might go
on wheels, i. e. turn round or change.' To which Enobarbus
replies, 'Drink thou; increase the reels,' i. e.
increase its giddy course.

5 i. e. *tap* them, *broach* them. So in the last scene
of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:—'Home, Launce, and
strike a fresh piece of wine, the town's ours.' See
Cotgrave in v. *Tupper*.

6 The half line omitted in this place may be supplied
with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus*:—

'Come let us all take hands, and beat the ground,
Till, &c

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;⁶
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe..

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music;—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing
The holding⁷ every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

*[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand.]*

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:⁸
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd,
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Eno-
barbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,⁹—But what? we are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

*[Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
Attendants.]*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out.

[A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS,
as after Conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans,
Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACO-
RUS borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;¹⁰
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body

Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,¹¹

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

7 The holding is the burden or under-song. Thus
in *The Serving Man's* Comfort, 1593, 4to. 'Where a
song is to be sung, the under-song or holding whereof
is—

'It is merrie in haul,

When beards wag all.'

8 *Pink eyne* are small eyes. 'Some have mighty
vies and some be pinkyied. Quidam pergraudis sunt
luminibus, quidam peti.' *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519.
The flower called a pink is in French *oeillet*, or little
eye. To pink and wink is to contract the eyes and peep
out of the lids. Hence pinky for tipsy, from the pecu-
liar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The
epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of
wine.

9 See note 4 on the previous scene.

10 *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts
have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

11 *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O, Silius, Silius, I have done enough: A lower place, note well, May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius; Better to leave undone, than by our deed Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away. Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won More in their officer, than person: Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. Who does it the wars more than his captain can, Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain, which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his word, Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out of the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste The weight we must convey with us will permit, We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE II. Rome. An Antechamber in Cæsar's House. Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Ag. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green-sickness.

Ag. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Ag. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Ag. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil?

Ag. O, Antony! O, thou Arabian bird!¹

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

Ag. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony: [cannot] Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love To Antony.² But as for Cæsar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Ag. Both he loves. *Eno.* They are his shards,³ and he their beetle.

So,— [Trumpets.] This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Ag. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;⁴ Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band⁵

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us, as the cement of our love, To keep it builded,⁶ be the ram, to batter The fortress of it: for better might we Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find, Though you be therein curious,⁷ the least cause For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you, And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends! We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well! The elements⁸ be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring, And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

Ag. He has a cloud in's face.⁹

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse; So is he, being a man.

Ag. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound,¹⁰ he wail'd: Believe it, till I weep!¹¹ too.

1 Grants for affords: 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.—*Warburton.* There is somewhat the same idea in Coriolanus:—'Who sensible outdares his senseless sword.'

2 The Phoenix. So again in Cymbeline:—'She is alone the Arabian bird, and I Have lost my wayer.'

3 This puerile arrangement of words was much affected in the age of Shakespeare, even by the first writers. Thus in Daniel's 11th Sonnet:—'Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel shee; Flint, frost, disdaine, wearers, melts, and yields we see.' And Sir Philip Sidney's Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph, printed in England's Helicon, is a tissue of this kind.

4 I. e. they are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So in Macbeth, 'The shard-borne beetle.'

5 In The Tempest, Prospero, in giving Miranda to Ferdinand, says:—'I have given you here a third of my own life.'

6 Band and bond were synonymous in Shakespeare's time.

7 'And ruin'd love, when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first.'

8 I. e. scrupulous, particular. So in the Taming of the Shrew:—'For curious I cannot be with you.'

9 It is singular that this passage could by any means have been misunderstood. Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage.

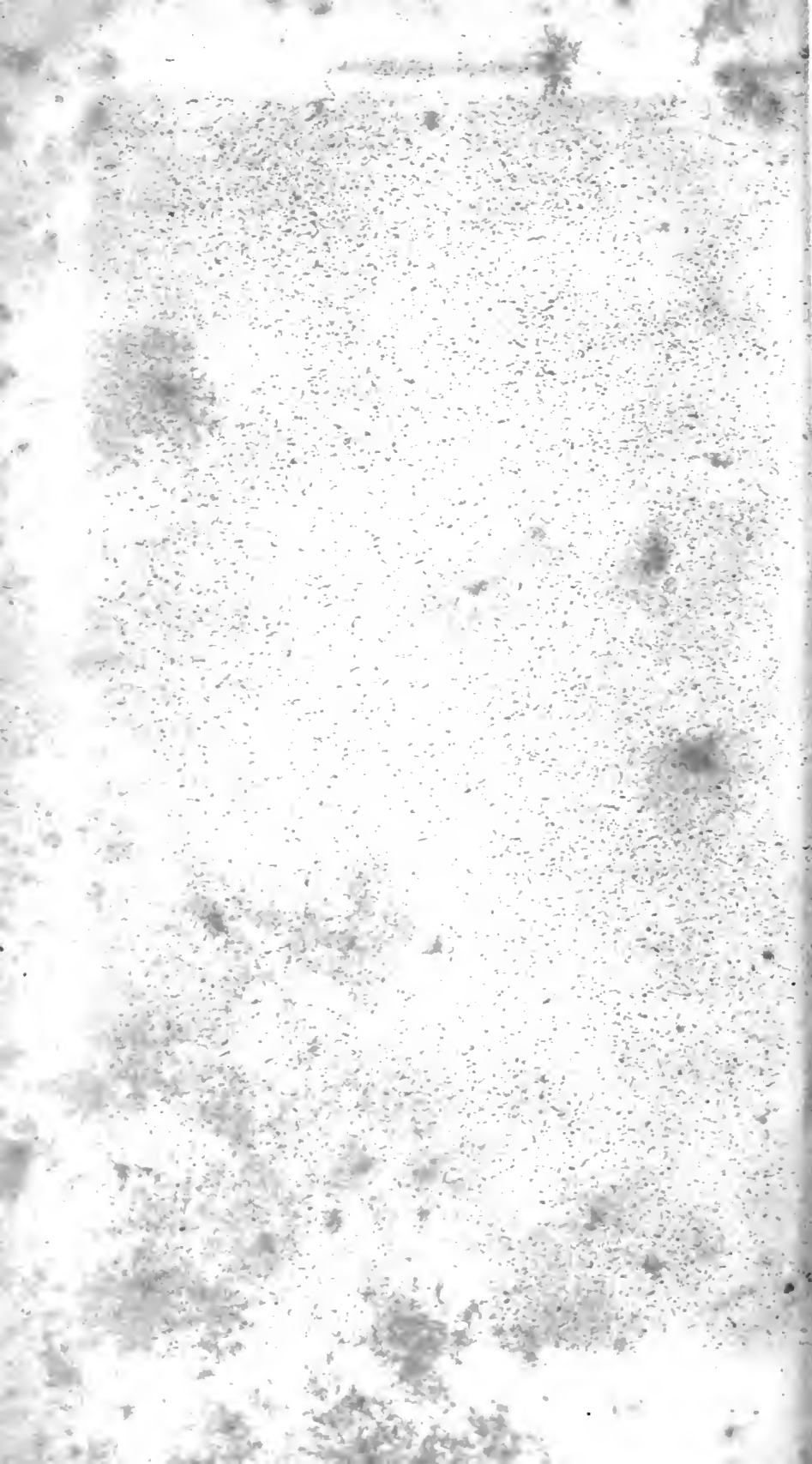
10 A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female:—'Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself—thin, lean, chaly, face, have clouds in her face, be crooked, &c.—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 524, ed. 1632.

11 To confound is to consume, to destroy. See Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, in voce.

12 Theobald reads, 'till I wept too' Mr. Steevens en-



7-11-11



Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you, in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu! be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*
Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come?
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; y' cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O, Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station¹ are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

deavours to give a meaning to the passage as it now
stands:—'Believe (says Enobarbus) that he wept over
such an event, till you see me weeping on the same oc-
casion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such
a construction on my tears, which in reality (like his,)
will be tears of joy.' I must confess I prefer the emen-
dation of Theobald to the explanation of Steevens.

¹ Station here means the act of standing. So in
Hamlet:—

'A station like the herald Mercury.'

² Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets
Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin
when she fell to the lot of Antony.

³ This is from the old writers on physiognomy. Thus
in Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1613:—'The head very
round, to be forgetful and foolish.' Again:—'The head
long, to be prudent and wary.' 'A low forehead,' &c.
p. 219.

⁴ To harry is to harass, to worry, to use roughly, to
vex, or molest, from the old Norman-French *harier* of
the same meaning. The word occurs frequently in our
old writers. Thus in The Revengers' Tragedy, 1607:—

'He harry'd her amidst a nest of pandars.'

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.²

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that
are so.³

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd⁴ him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's*
House. Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey: made his will, and read it
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.⁵

Oct. O, my good lord,
Believe not all: or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock
me presently,

When I shall pray,⁶ O, bless my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain⁷ your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

So Nash, in his *Lenten Stuff*:—'As if he were harry-
ing and chasing his enemies.'

⁵ i.e. to appearance only, not seriously. Thus Dry-
den in his *Wild Gallant*:—'I am confident she is only
angry from the teeth outward.' So Chapman, in his
version of the fifteenth Iliad:—

'She laugh'd, but merely from her lips.'

And Fuller, in his *Holies Warre*, b. iv. c. 17:—'This
bad breath, though it came but from the teeth of some,
yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others.'

⁶ The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble
those of Lady Blanche in *King John*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

⁷ Mr. Boswell suggests that, perhaps, we should read,
'Shall stay your brother.' To stain is not here used
for to shame or disgrace, as Johnson supposed; but for
to eclipse, extinguish, throw into the shade, to put out;
from the old French *estindre*. In this sense it is used
in all the examples cited by Steevens:

'—here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.'

Tottle's Miscellany, 1508.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry!¹ would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,² seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,
no more;³

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,⁴
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia; She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

¹ So Shore's wife's face made fowle Brownetta bluish.
² As pearly staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

Shore's Wife, by Churchyard, 1593.

³ Whose beauties staynes the faire Helen of Greece.

Churchyard's Charitie, 1593.

⁴ — the praise and yet the stain of all womankind.

Sidney's Arcadia.
¹ i.e. equal rank. In Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo 'the rivals' of his watch.

² Appeal here means accusation. Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation

³ No more does not signify no longer; but has the same meaning as if Shakespeare had written and no

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it: and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part of the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dast
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land: supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear wishal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'twixen his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodd'd him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying⁴
The kings of the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,

more: 'Thou hast now a pair of chaps, and only a
pair. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other,
though they have the world to prey on between them.'
The old copy reads *would* instead of *world*, and omits
one line in the third line of this speech.

⁴ This is closely copied from the old translation of
Plutarch.

⁵ The old copy reads, *abstract*. The alteration was
made by Warburton.

⁶ That is, which two persons are now levying, &c
Upton observes, that there are some errors in the enu-
meration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that
the poet did not care to be scrupulously accurate. He
proposed to read:—

— Polemon and Amintas,
Of Lycæonia, and the king of Medæ,
which obviates all impropriety.

The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;¹
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,²
That noises³ it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium. Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke⁴ my being in these wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not⁵ denounc'd against us? Why should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply;

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely⁶ lost; the mares would bear

A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus a eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear 'till the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

¹ This elliptical phrase is merely an expression of endearment addressed to Octavia.—*Thou* best of comfort to thy loving brother.

² And gives his potent regiment to a trull.
Regiment is government, authority; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a harlot. *Regiment is used for regimen or government by most of our ancient writers.* Thus Spenser, *Fæerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 10:—
'So when he had resigned his regiment.'

And in *Lyly's Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—

'Or Hecate in Pluto's regiment.'

³ Milton has used this uncommon verb in *Paradise Regained*, b. iv.:—

'—though noising loud,
And threatening high.'

⁴ To forespeak here is to speak against, to gainsay, to contradict; as to forbid is to order negatively. The word had, however, the meaning, anciently, of to charm or bewitch, like forbid in *Macbeth*.

⁵ The old copy reads, 'if not denounc'd,' &c. Steevens reads, 'Is't not? Denounce against us, why?' &c. The emendation I have adopted is more simple, and gives an equally clear meaning. *Cleopatra means to*

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in⁷ Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that⁸ he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare;⁹ yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.¹⁰—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!¹¹—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-
tians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

say, 'Is not the war denounced against us? Why should not we then attend in person?' Malone explains the reading of the old copy thus:—'If there be no particular denunciation against us, why should we not be there in person?'

⁶ i. e. entirely, absolutely.

⁷ Take, subdue. This phrase occurs frequently in Shakspeare, and has been already explained.

⁸ i. e. cause that, or that is the cause.

⁹ Yare is quick, nimble, ready. So in *The Tempest*, Act v. Sc. 1:—'Our ship is tight and yare.' The word seems to have been much in use with sailors formerly. 'The lesser [ship] will come and go, leave and take, and is yare; whereas the greater is slow.'—*Raleigh*. 'Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c.; but they were light of yarrage.'—*North's Plutarch*.
¹⁰ Strange that his forces should be there.

¹¹ Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i² the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't:¹ So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeus,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries² beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,³ as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and
throes⁴ forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium. Enter*
CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.⁵ [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the
hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army
one way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieu-
tenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going
in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum.—
Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:

The Antoniad,⁶ the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle⁷ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd⁸ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred hag⁹ of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'erthake! i¹⁰ the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize¹¹ upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

1 'His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely his land force), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea.

2 i. e. passes all belief. I should not have noticed this, but for Stevens's odd notion of its being a phrase from archery.

3 Detachments, separate bodies.

4 i. e. emits as in parturition: So in *The Tempest*—
'—proclaim a birth,
Which throes these much to yield.'

5 i. e. this hazard. Thus in *Macbeth*:—

'We'd jump the life to come.'

6 The *Antoniad*, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

7 A cantle is a portion, a scantling, a fragment: it also signified a corner, and a quarter-piece of any thing. It is from the old French, *chantel*, or *eschantille*.

8 The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,¹¹
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend

What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render

My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance¹² of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither.

I am so lated¹³ in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship

Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,

And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:

My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,

I follow'd that I blush to look upon:

My very hairs do mutiny: for the white

Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will

Sweep your way for you.¹⁴ Pray you, look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint

Which my despair proclaims; let that be left

Which leaves itself: to the seaside straitway:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,¹⁵

Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by-and-by.

[*Sits down.*]

9 The old copy reads, '*ribaudred nag*,' which was altered by Stevens and Malone into '*ribald-rid nag*,' but quite unnecessarily. *Ribaudred* is *obscene*, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret:—'*A ribaudrous and filthie tongue; as obscenum et impudicum. Ribaudrie, villanis in actes or wordes, filthiness, uncleanness.*' And in Horman's *Vulgaria*:—'*Refrayne fro suche foule and rebaudry wordes.*' Mr. Tyrwhitt saw that the context required we should read *hag* instead of *nag*, which was an easy typographical error.

10 The *brize* is the oestrus, or *gadfly*, so troublesome to cattle in the summer months.

11 To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. It also frequently occurs in Hackluyt's *Voyages*.

12 'Wounded chance.' This phrase is nearly of the same import as 'broken fortunes.'

13 Belated, benighted. So in *Macbeth*:—

'Now spurs the lated traveller apace.'

14 Thus also in *Hamlet*:—

'—they must *sweep* my way,

And marshal me to knavery.'

15 'I *entreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence.'

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him;—Comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O, Juno.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O, fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Irás. Madam; O, good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept His sword e'en like a dancer:¹ while I struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius: and 'twas I, That the mad Brutus² ended: he alone Dealt on lieutenant³, and no practice had In the brave squares of war; Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him;

He is unqualified⁴ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—Oh!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches; Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;

A most unnable swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,⁵ By looking back on what I have left behind 'Sroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O, my lord, my lord!

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought, You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well, My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowliness; who With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd, Making and marring fortunes. You did know, How much you were my conqueror; and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates⁶ All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss; Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster, Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 The meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in All's Well that Ends Well: Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says:—

'I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with.'

And in Titus Andronicus:—
'— our mother unadvised

Gave you a dancing rapier by your side.'

2 'Nothing can be more in character than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, madness.'—*Warburton.*

3 'Dealt on lieutenantry' probably means only 'fought by proxy,' made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants. In a former scene Ventidius says:—

'Cæsar and Antony have ever won More in their officer, than person.'

To 'deal on any thing' is an expression often used by old writers. In Plutarch's Life of Antony, Shakespeare

SCENE X. Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt. Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony, Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:⁸ An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers, Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends, As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf To his grand sea.⁹

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted, He lessens his requests; and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth, A private man in Athens: This for him. Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness; Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves The circle¹⁰ of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony, I have no ears to his request. The queen Of audience, nor desire, shall fail: so she From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,¹¹ Or take his life there: This if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch: From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers: women are not, In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure The ne'er-touch'd vestal:¹² Try thy cunning,

Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go,

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;¹³ And what thou think'st his very action speaks In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.¹⁴

found the following words:—'They were always more fortunate when they made warre by their lieutenants than by themselves.'

4 *Unqualified* seems to mean here *unsoldiered*, quality being used for *profession* by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Steevens says, 'Perhaps *unqualified* only signifies *unmanned* in general, disarmed of his usual faculties.'

5 But is here used in its exceptive sense.

6 'How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.'

7 Values.

8 *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

9 'His grand sea' appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. The poet may have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. His we find frequently used for its.

10 The diadem, the crown.

11 Friend here means *paramour*.

12 'O, opportunity! thy guilt is great. Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath.'

Rape of Lucrece.

13 'Note how Antony conforms himself to this breach in his fortune.'

14 To think, or take thought, was anciently synonymous with to grieve. Thus in Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'— all that he can do Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar.'

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several ranges Frighted each other? why should he follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The mered question:² 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose Of youth upon him; from which the world should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail Under the service of a child, as soon As 't the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declin'd,³ sword against sword, Ourselves alone; I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,⁴ Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are A parcel⁵ of their fortunes; and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Au. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose, That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I begin to square.⁶ *[Aside.]* The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith more folly:—Yet he, that can endure To follow with allegiance a fallen lord, Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i' the story.

So Viola 'pined in thought.' And in The Beggar's Bush, of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Can I not think away myself, and die?'

1 i. e. set the mark of folly upon it. So in the Comedy of Errors:—

'—and the while

His man with scissars nicks him like a fool.'

2 i. e. he being the object to which this great contention is limited, or by which it is bounded. So in Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1:—

'—the king

That was and is the question of these wars.'

3 His gay comparisons may mean those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when compared with me, so much exceeds me. 'I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to answer me man to man in this decline of my age and power.'

4 i. e. be exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze.

5 i. e. are of a piece with them.

6 To square is to quarrel. Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion.

7 Thus the second folio. The first folio has, '—than he is Cæsar's,' which brings obscurity with it. We

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has; Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know, Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus, then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats, Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Cæsar.'

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace⁸ not Antony As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded, But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, *[Aside.]*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee.⁹ *[Exit ENOBARBUS.]*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desir'd to give. It much would please him That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, And put yourself under his shroud, The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,¹⁰

I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:

Tell him, from his all-obeying¹¹ breath I hear

The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,

If that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it. Give me grace¹² to lay

My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father

Of, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,

As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs

have a clear meaning in the present reading: 'Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.' I think with Malone that the previous speech, which is given to Enobarbus, was intended for Cleopatra.

8 Shakspeare probably wrote *embrac'd*.

9 So in The Tempest:—

'A rotten carcass of a boat—

—the very rats

Instinctively had quit it.'

10 Warburton suggests that we should read, 'in deputation,' i. e. 'as my deputy, say to great Cæsar this,' &c. Why the old punctuation of this line was altered in the modern editions, I am at a loss to imagine: the passage has been made obscure by printing it thus:

'Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation

I kiss his conquering hand.'

The following passage in King Henry IV. Part I. seems to support Warburton's emendation:—

'Of all the favourites that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here.'

11 i. e. breath which all obey. Obeying for obeyed; in other places we have delighted for delighting, guile for guiling, &c.

12 Grant me the favour.

The bidding of the fullest! man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite;—Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried, *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,² kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?³)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders.⁴

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on't!) the wise gods seal⁵ our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously⁶ pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,⁷ to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare⁸ about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Ant.* Soundly, my lord.

1 The most complete and perfect. And in Othello:

'What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe.'

2 A muss is a scramble.

'—nor are they thrown

To make a muss among the gamesome suitors.'

Jonson's Magnetic Lady.

Dryden uses the word in the Prologue to *Widow Ranter*:

'Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,

But there's a muss of more than half the town.'

3 That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra.

4 i.e. on menials. Servants are called *eaters* and
feeders by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose,
in the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson, says:—'Where
are all my *eaters*, my mouths now? Bar up my doors,
you varlets.' And in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant:

'—tall *eaters*, in blue coats, sans number.'

Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'Servants he has, lusty tall *feeders*.'

* Have I (says Antony) abandoned Octavia, a gem of
women, to be abus'd by a woman so base as to look on
servants? We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully es-
tablishing this explanation, and showing that Steevens
gave the true meaning of the passage, thereby over-
throwing Johnson's misconception, and Malone's perti-
nacious support of it. See the works of Ben Jonson,
vol. iii. p. 405.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Ant.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,

Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,

He makes me angry with him: for he seems

Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;

Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;

And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;

When my good stars, that were my former guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike

My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has

Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,

As he shall like, to quit⁹ me: Urge it thou:

Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon

Is now eclips'd; and it portends aloue

The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes

With one that ties his points?¹⁰

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,

And poison it in the source; and the first stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines,¹¹ so

Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion¹² smite!

Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,

Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the discarding of this pelleted storm,

Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land

Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too

Have knit again, and fleet,¹³ threat'ning most

sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,

lady?

If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle;

There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours

Were nice¹⁴ and lucky, men did ransom lives

Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,

5 Close up. 6 Wantonly.

7 This is an allusion, however improper, to the Psalms

'An high hill as the hill of Basan.' The idea o

the horned herd was also probably caught from the same

source:—'Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of

Basan close me in on every side.' 'It is not without

pity and indignation (says Johnson) that the reader

of this great poet meets so often with this low jest,

which is too much a favourite to be left out of either

mirth or fury.'

8 i.e. ready, nimble, active.

9 To repay me this insult, to *requite* me.

10 i.e. with a menial attendant. The reader will

doubtless remember that *points* were the laces with

which our ancestors fastened their trunk-hose.

11 That is, as the halstone *dissolves* or wastes away,

In King Henry VI. Part II. :—

'Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me.'

12 Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

13 To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous.—

Thus Baret:—'To *fleet* above the water: flouter.' Steev-

ens has adduced numerous examples from old writers

14 *Nice* is here equivalent to *soft, tender, wanton, or*

luxurious.

'In *softer* and more fortunate hours.'

Let's have one other gaudy¹ night : call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday :
I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen :

There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.²

[*Exeunt ANT. CLEO. and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning.³ To be
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear : and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ;⁴ and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter
CÆSAR, reading a Letter ; AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS,
and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ;⁵ mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot⁶ of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno.

No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

1 Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. 'From *gaudium*, (says Blount,) because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students.'

2 This may have been caught from Harington's *Ariosto*, b. xii. :—

'Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle

To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle.'

Death is armed with a weapon in Statius, *Theb.* i. 633 :—
'Mors fila sororum
Ense matit.'

3 Plutarch says of Antony, 'He used a manner of phrase in his speech called Asiatic, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life ; for it was full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and vaine ambition.'—*North's Translation.*

4 i. e. the estridge falcon.

5 Upton would read :—

'He hath many other ways to die : mean time

I laugh at his challenge.'

This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations ; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one :—'Antony sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him : Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so.'

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant.

To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*⁷

Ant.

Well said ; come on.—
Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo.

What means this ?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots

[*Aside.*]

Out of the mind.

Ant.

And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;

And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv.

The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo.

What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant.

Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

A mangled shadow :⁸ perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away ; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death :

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield⁹ you for't !

Eno.

What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd ;¹⁰ for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho !¹¹

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !

Grace grow where those drops fall !¹² My hearty

friends,

You take me in too dolorous a senso :

I spake to you for your comfort : did desire you

To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,

And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter*

Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

I Sold. Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

6 i. e. take advantage of.

7 Let the survivor take all ; no composition ; victory

or death. So in King Lear :—

So in King Lear :—

And bids what will, take all.'

8 'Or if you see me more, you will see a mangled

shadow, only the external form of what I was.' The

thought is, as usual, taken from North's translation of

Plutarch.

9 i. e. 'God reward you.'

10 We have a similar allusion in Act i. Sc. 2 :—'The

tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.'

11 Steevens thinks that this exclamation of Antony's

means stop or desist, desiring his followers to cease

weeping. Ho ! was an interjection, frequently used as

a command to desist or leave off. Mr. Boswell says,

'These words may have been intended to express an

hysterical laugh, in the same way as Cleopatra exclaims,

in Act i. Sc. 5 :—

Ha ! ha !

Give me to drink mandragora.'

12 'Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.'

King Richard II.

2 Sold. It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 Sold. Nothing : What news ?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour :
Good night to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you : Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.

4 Sold. Here we : [They take their Posts.] and if
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.

4 Sold. Peace, what noise ?

1 Sold. List, list !

2 Sold. Hark !

1 Sold. Music ! 'the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs ! well,

Does't not ?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
lov'd,

Now leaves him.?

1 Sold. Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [They advance to another Post.

2 Sold. How now, masters ?

3 Sold. How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ?

[Several speaking together.

1 Sold. Ay ; Is't not strange ?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content : 'Tis strange.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN
and others attending.

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour,
Eros !

Enter Eros, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on :—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart :—False, false ; this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well :

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire

1 i. e. it bodes well.

2 This is from the old translation of Plutarch :—
'Within a little of midnight, when all the clife was
quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would
be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that
sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of
sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry
of a multitude of people as they had bene dauncinge,
and had song as they use in Bacchus feastes, with mov-
inges and turnings after the manner of the satyres : and
it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto
the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the
troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the

More tight⁴ at this, than thou : Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ; thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,⁵
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :
This is a soldier's kiss ; rebukable, [Kisses her.
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and
Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me,
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight :

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.
Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a
Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land !

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men :—Despatch :—Enobarbus !
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR with AGRIPPA, ENO-
BARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight ;
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit AGRIPPA.

city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the in-
terpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god
unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counter-
feate and resemble him, that did't forsake them.'

3 That is, 'quickly, sir.'

4 Tight is handy, adroit. See A The Merry Wives
of Windsor :—' Bear you these letters tightly.' A tight
lass is a handy one.

5 So in King Henry V. :—

'The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up'

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs.

Go, charge Agrippa,
Plant those 'that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold.

Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : The messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold.

Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : Best you sa'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O, Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows² my
heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*
Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. *Enter AGRIPPA,*
and others.

Agg. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far ;
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression³
Exceeds what he expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

Scar. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant.

Thou' bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant.

They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ;⁴ I have
yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

¹ The meaning is that the world shall then enjoy the
blessings of peace undisturbed. The following pas-
sages illustrate this passage :—

'Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them.' *King John.*

'There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,

But peace puts forth her olive every where.'

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 4.

² 'This generosity (says Enobarbus) swells my heart,
so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not.'
Blown is used for *puffed* or *swelled* in the last scene :—

'—on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown.'

And in Lear :—

'No blown ambition doth our arms excite.'

Thought here also signifies grief. See Act iii. Sc. 2.

³ 'Our oppression' means the force by which we are

oppressed or overpowered.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant.

I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar.

I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*—
Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS,*
and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp ; Run one
before,
And let the queen know of our guests.⁵—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
For doughty-handed are you : and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hector's.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;
[*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy⁶ I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness⁷ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo.

Lord of lords !

O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare⁸ uncaught ?

Ant.

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ?
though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown ; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.⁹ Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo.

I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold : it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it : were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :¹⁰
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines :¹¹
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ The hole in a bench, *ad levandum alvum.* Thus
in Cecil's Secret Correspondence, published by Lord
Hailes, 1766 :—'And beside, until a man be sure that
this embryo is likely to receive life, I will leave it like
an abort in a bench-hole.'

⁵ Antony, after his success, intends to bring his offi-
cers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given
her of their coming.

⁶ *Fairy*, in former times, did not signify only a dimi-
nutive imaginary being, but an *enchanter* ; in which
sense it is used here.

⁷ i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois. Fr. ; armese, Ital.*

⁸ i. e. the war. So in the 116th Psalm :—'The snares
of death compassed me round about.' Thus also Sta-
tius :—

'—circum undique lethi

Vallaverè plagæ.'

⁹ At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a
goal ; to win a goal is to be superior in a contest of
activity.

¹⁰ 'With spirit and exultation, such as becomes the
brave warriors that own them.'

¹¹ *Tabourines* were small drums.'

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's Camp. Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard! The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night —
3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O, thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent! —

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge² upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;³
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O, Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous.
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O, Antony! O, Antony!

[*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught⁴ him.

Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely⁵ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;

1 The court of guard is the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The phrase is used again in Othello.

2 Discharge, as a sponge when squeezed discharges the moisture it had imbibed.

3 'It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.'—Johnson.

Steevens has justly observed, that Shakspeare, in most of his conceits, is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. We have something similar in Daniel's 118th Sonnet, ed. 1594:—

'Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling.'

4 Raught is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach.

5 Demurely for solemnly.

6 Some words appear to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, which Malone has supplied by the phrase, 'Let's seek a spot.' Rowe supplied the omission by the words, 'Further on.'

7 'Where we may but discover their numbers, and see their motions.'

8 But, in its exceptive sense, for be out, i. e. without. Steevens has adduced a passage from the MS. Romance of Guillaume de Palerne, in the Library of King's Coll. Cambridge, in which the orthography almost explains the word:—

'I sayle now in the see as schip bouste mast,
Boute anker, or ore, or any semlych sayle.'

9 The old copy reads, *auguries*. *Augurs*, the plural of *augur*, was anciently spelled *augures*, which was

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hill adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Let's seek a
spot,⁶
Where there appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt*

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But⁷ being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augures⁹
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarm afar off, as at a Sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!¹⁰ 'tis
thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O, sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd¹¹ me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm¹²
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,¹³ my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,¹⁴
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

should read here, and not *augurers*, improperly substituted by Malone.

10 Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

11 The old editions read, *spaniel'd*. *Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer. In A Midsummer Night's Dream, Helena says to Demetrius:—

'I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.'

12 'This *grave charm*' probably means this deadly or destructive peace of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus in the nineteenth book:—

'—but not far hence the fatal minutes are
Of thy *grave* ruin.'

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

13 'That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours.' The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*. In All's Well that Ends Well we have:—'Still the *fine's* the crown.'

14 The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the bell or girdle*, still practised by juggling cheats at fairs, and which was practised by the gipsies in Shakspeare's time, as appears in an Epigram of Thomas Freeman's, in his collection, called 'Run and a great Cast,' 1614, which is printed in the Variorum Shakspeare, together with Sir John Hawkins's description of the game. See also Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 336.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;¹ and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEO.] 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas² on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall

Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon³ for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.⁴

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,⁵
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [Exit.

SCENE XII. The same. Another Room. Enter
ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;⁶
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vespers' pageants.⁷

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
thought,

The rack dislimns,⁸ and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave,⁹ Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards¹⁰ with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady.

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do.
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony; it was divided

Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[Exit MARDIAN.]

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep

The battery from my heart.¹¹ O, cleave my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,¹²

Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
[Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture:¹³ Since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength: Seal, then,¹⁴ and all is done.—

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:

or unicorn; but if they be curiously look'd into, there

is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre.¹⁵

8 i. e. 'the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the

picture.'

9 Knave was familiarly used for servant. Thus in A

Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode:—

'I shall thee lende lytle John my man,

For he shall be thy knave.'

But it had already begun to have no favourable signifi-

cation when Baret published his *Alvearie*, in 1573.

10 'To pack the cards' was to put them together in an

unfair manner. It is often used metaphorically, for

contriving together to deceive another. The poet meant

to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great

game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice

Antony's fame to that of his enemy. There is an

equivocal between *trump* and *triumph*. The game of

trump (trionphe, Fr.) was then popular; it was a rude

prototype of whist.

11 'The battery from my heart' means 'the battery

proceeding from my heart, which is strong enough to

break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it

were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me.'

12 i. e. the thing that contains thee.

13 Stevens thinks that the poet wrote *life*, and not

length. But *length* may signify *extension* or *protraction*

of *life*.

14 A passage in King Henry V. explains this:—

'And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.'

1 i. e. for the smallest pieces of money. The old copy reads, 'for doits;' and, at Mr. Tyrwhitt's suggestion, Stevens reads, 'to doits.'

2 Shakspeare was probably indebted to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, b. ix. for the story of Lichas.

3 i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The boar of *Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

4 When a hunted animal is so hard run that it foams at the mouth, it is said to be *emboss'd*.

5 '— It is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.'

King Henry VIII.

6 'Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like
An elephant, and straightway like an ox,
And then a mouse.' *Chapman's Mons. D'Olive*.

'— like empty clouds,
In which our faulty apprehensions forge
The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,
When they hold no proportion.'

Bussy D'Ambois.

7 The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell:—'I fear some of you are like the pageants of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant,

Dido and her Æneas' shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

EROS. What would my lord?

ANT. Since Cleopatra died,
I liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind¹
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

ANT. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd² arms, bending down
His corrigible³ neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?⁴

EROS. I would not see't.

ANT. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir, pardon me.

ANT. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship⁵ of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee. [Turning from him.]

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,
My captain and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there, then:—[Falls on his Sword.]
Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Dies.]

ANT. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death,⁷ and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his Sword.]
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

¹ Warburton remarks that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated, 'where souls do couch on flowers.' Either the poet forgot Virgil's celebrated description in the sixth book of the Æneid, or confounded Æneas with *Sichæus* inadvertently.

² 'Less noble mind' must be accepted as if it was written *less nobly minded*. The termination *bly* is often written *ble* by old writers, and is frequently to be found so in Shakspeare. To *mind* or *purpose* is a verb extensively used in former times. We have it in the Third Part of King Henry VI.—

'Belike she *minds* to play the amazon.'

And in another place:—

'But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience,'
So Baret:—'I am fully purposed, *mind*ed, or determined so to do.' The passage in North's Plutarch, which Shakspeare copied, runs thus:—'I am sorrie

Enter DERCEAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?
ANT. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

ALL. Alas, and wo!

ANT. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.]

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Where's Antony?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCEAS.]

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

DIO. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She hath dispos'd⁸ with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing, since, how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late. [pr'ythee.]

ANT. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I

DIO. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Wo, wo are we, sir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers out.

ALL. Most heavy day!

ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt bearing ANTONY]

SCENE XIII. The same. A Monument. Enter
above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

that having been so great a captain and emperor, I
am indeed condemn'd to be judg'd of *lesse corage and
noble minde than a woman.*

3 i. e. arms folded in each other.

4 *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has '*penetrabile frigus*' for '*penetrans frigus*,' in his Georgics.

5 'Branded with baseness the poor wretch that *fol*
lowed.'

6 i. e. the honour, the dignity.

7 This thought occurs in Measure for Measure:—

'I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in my arms.'

8 i. e. arranged with him, agreed with him. The
word is used in this sense in Troilus and Cressida, Act
ii. Sc. 3:—

'Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss.

He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any.'

Cleo. No, I will not :
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O, thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world. O, Antony, Antony,
Antony !

Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help : help, friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace :
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but wo 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken :² not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd³ with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,⁴ shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed ?⁵—how heavy weighs
my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;
[They draw ANTONY up.]

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken⁶ with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,⁷
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

1 It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

2 Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony. Ritson proposed to read :—

(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not come down.
3 Brooch'd here must mean ornamented, adorned.
Any ornamental jewel was called a brooch :—' Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.'—Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*.

And love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.
King Richard II. Act ii. Sc. 5.

4 'Sedate determination ; silent coolness of resolution.'

5 Cleopatra by these words seems to contrast the melancholy task in which they are now engaged with their former sports.

6 I e. revive by my kiss. To quicken, according to Bart, is 'to make livelie and lustie ; to make strong and sound, to refresh'

Ant. Gentle, hear me :

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ? *[Dies.]*

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen ;⁸ young boys and girls,
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.⁹ *[She faints.]*

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead, too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,——

Char. Madam,——

Iras. O madam, madam, madam !

Empress ! Royal Egypt !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ;¹⁰ and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.¹¹—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
Patience is sottish ; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Char-
mian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take heart :
[To the Guard below.]

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

*[Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's
Body.]*

7 'Let us sit and mock the good housewife
Fortune from her wheel,' &c.

As You Like It.
8 That is, their standard or rallying point is thrown
down. Marlowe concludes his Fauaus with a similar
image :—

'Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough.'

9 '—From this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag on.'

Macbeth.
10 Iras has just said, 'Royal Egypt, Empress !' Cleo-
patra completes the sentence, (without taking notice of
the intervening words of Charmian,) Empress 'no more ;
but e'en a woman,' now on a level with the meanest of
my sex. The old copy reads 'but in a woman.' Dr.
Johnson made the correction.

11 I e. c. task-work. 'She, like a good wife, is teaching
her servants sundry chares.'—Heywood's *Brazen Age*,
1613.

'And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from
maid or dame
To do their chares as they supposed,' &c.

Warner's Albion's England.

Thus in Act v. Sc. 2, Cleopatra says :—
'When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomeday'

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,¹ tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?²

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O, Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,³

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Spilt the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends? To
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.⁴

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged⁵ equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O, Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance⁶

¹ Frustrate for frustrated was the language of Shakespeare's time; and we find *contaminate* for *contaminated*, *consummate* for *consummated*, &c. Thus in *The Tempest*:—

— and the sea mocks
Our *frustrate* search by land.

The two last words in this line, *us by*, are not in the old copy, in which something seems omitted, and these words, which suit the context well, were supplied by Malone, who has justified his selection of them by instances of similar phraseology in other passages of these plays.

² I. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

³ The passage is thus arranged in the old copy:—

'The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens.'

The second line is evidently defective, some word or words being omitted at the end, as in a former instance. What is lost may be supplied by conjecture, thus:—

'— The round world *convulsive*.'

Johnson thought that there was a line lost: and Steevens proposed to read:—

'A greater crack *than this*: The *ruin'd* world,' &c. I know not with whom the present arrangement of the text originated, but I do not think it judicious. Malone thought that the passage might have stood originally thus:—

'— The round world should have shook,
Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,' &c.

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce

Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his⁷ thoughts did kindle—that our stars
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.⁸—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meetier season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.⁹ The queen, my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable¹⁰ and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.¹¹ Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

Cæs. Gallus, you go along.—Where's Dolabella,
That should Proculeius?

Agr. Mec. Dolabella! [*Exit GALLUS.*]

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.* *Enter CLEOPATRA,¹² CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;

⁴ 'May the gods rebuke me if this be not tidings to make kings weep.' But again in its exceptive sense.

⁵ *Waged* here must mean to be *opposed*, as equal stakes in a wager; unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant. The second folio reads *tray*.

⁶ *Launch*, the word in the old copy, is only the obsolete spelling of *lance*.

⁷ *His* for *its*.

⁸ That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

⁹ I. e. 'yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.'

¹⁰ I have before observed that the termination *ble* was anciently often used for *gly*. This Malone calls using adjectives adverbially, or using *substantives* adjectively, as the case may be. I doubt whether it be any thing more than the laxity of old orthography. We have *honourable* for *honourably* again in Julius Cæsar:—

'Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*.'

¹¹ 'If I send her in *triumph*, to Rome, her memory and my glory will be *eternal*.' Thus in *The Scourge of Venus*, 1614:—

'If some foule-swelling ebou cloud would fall
For her to hide herself *eternal* in.'

¹² The poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be difficult to represent this scene on the stage in any other way than making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized within the monument.

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,¹
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.²

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.]

Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I³
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid⁴ for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [Within.]

Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.⁵ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;

[Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend
the Monument by a Ladder placed against a
Window, and having descended, come behind
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and
open the Gates.⁶

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. *Exit*
GALLUS.

Iras. Royal queen!

1 Servant.

2 Voluntary death (says Cleopatra) is an act which
bolts up change; it produces a state—

'Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.'

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sus-
tenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are
on a level. It has been already said in this play, that—

—our dungy earth
Feeds man as beast.'

'The Æthiopian king (in Herodotus, b. iii.) upon hear-
ing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that
he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but
dung, did not attain a longer life.'

3 Mason would change as I, to and I; but I have
shown in another place that *as* was used by Shakespeare
and his contemporaries for *that*.

4 *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made
in a court of justice for the calling in of help from an-
other that hath an interest in the cause in question.

5 By these words Cleopatra means—'In yielding to
him I only give him that honour which he himself
achieved.' A kindred idea seems to occur in *The Tem-
pest* :—

'Then as my gift, and thy own acquisition,
Worthily purchased, take thou my daughter.'

6 There is no stage direction in the old copy, that
which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of
Plutarch:—'Proculeius came to the gates, that were
very thicke and strong, and earely barred; but yet there
were some cranes through the which her voyce might
he heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra
demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sonnes; and
that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of
good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar.
After he had viewed the place very well, he came and

Char. O, Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.
Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
(If idle talk will once be necessary;)
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides⁸ my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please

[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[Exit PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.

reported her answer unto Cæsar: who immediately
sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him
purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set
up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which
Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the mo-
nument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where
Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One
of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou
art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her,
as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed
herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her
side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and
taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra,
first thou shalt doe thyselfe greates wrong, and secondly
unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and oppor-
tunitie openlie to shew his vantage and mercie, and to
give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous
and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as
though he were a cruel and mercilesse man that were
not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he
tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for
fear of any poison hid aboute her. The speech given
to Gallus here is given by mistake to Proculeius in the
old copy.

7 It should be remembered that *once* is used as *once*
for *all* by Shakespeare. I take the meaning of this line,
which is evidently parenthetical, to be, 'Once for all, if
idle talk be necessary about my purposes.' Johnson
has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation
without relation to the future. I have placed this line
in a parenthesis, by which the sense of the passage is
now rendered sufficiently clear, without having re-
course to supplementary words, as Malone and Risdon
proposed.

8 *Pyramides* is so written and used as a quadrisylla-
ble by Sandys and by Drayton.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known. You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams; Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony; O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted

The little O, the earth.¹

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean:² his rear'd arm Crested the world:³ his voice was propertyed As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas, That grow the more by reaping: His delights Were dolphin-like: they show'd his back above The element they liv'd in: In his livery Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were

As plates⁴ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were one such, It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff To vie⁵ strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece⁶ 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam: Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it As answering to the weight: 'Would, I might never O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there!—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels. Arise,

Cæs.

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

¹ Shakspeare uses O for an orb or circle. Thus in King Henry V. :—

'— can we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques.'

² So in Julius Cæsar :—

'Why, man, he doth baskride the world

Like a Colossus.'

³ Dr. Percy thinks that 'this is an allusion to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.' To crest is to surmount.

⁴ Plates means silver money :—

'What's the price of this slave, 200 crowns?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse,

And if he has, he's worth 300 plates.'

In heraldry, the roundlets in an escutcheon, if or, or yellow, are called besants; if argent, or white, plates, which are round flat pieces of silver money, perhaps without any stamp or impress. It is remarkable after all that the commentators have said against Ben Jonson,

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world

I cannot project⁶ mine own cause so well To make it clear; but do confess, I have Been laden with like frailties, which before Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents, (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek To lay on me a cruelty, by taking Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself Of my good purposes, and put your children To that destruction which I'll guard them from, If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours: and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.⁷

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather see⁸ my lips, than, to my peril,

Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra! I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold

How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours; And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild:—O, slave, of no more trust Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back; thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes, Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain, dog! O, rarely base!⁹

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O, Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this: That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,

Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Steevens should have expunged a note that appeared in his edition of 1778, in which he cites the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's New Inn, on the subject of liberality :—

'He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge:

Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the hours

That open-handed sit upon the clouds,

And press the liberality of heaven

Down to the laps of thankful men.'

⁵ To vie here has its metaphorical sense of to contend in rivalry.

⁶ To project is to delineate, to shape, to form. So in

Look About You, a Comedy, 1600 :—

'But quite dislike the project of your sute.'

⁷ Cæsar afterwards says :—

'For we intend so to dispose you, as

Yourself shall give us counsel.'

⁸ Close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To see⁸ hawks was the technical term for sewing up their eyes.

⁹ I. e. base in an uncommon degree.

Addition of his envy!¹ Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern² friends withal: and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With³ one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.⁴—Wert thou a
man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits⁵ in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:⁶ no, dear
queen,

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[Exit CÆSAR, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

1 'That this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice.'

2 i. e. common, ordinary.

3 *With* is here used with the power of *by*.

4 i. e. fortune. 'Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition.' Chaucer has a similar image in his *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3190:—

'Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken.'

5 i. e. we answer for that which others have merited by their transgressions.

6 'Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.'

7 i. e. the lively or quick-witted comedians.

8 It has been already observed that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, makes it a subject of exultation that 'our players are not as the players beyond sea, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts.' To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his *Tragedy of the Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character.

9 *Absurd* here means *unmeet, unfitting, unreason-able*.

10 *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.] Now
Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be unclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras.

The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick¹ comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy² my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras.

O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd³ intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah,⁴ Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch, indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all:
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS. A Noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How¹ poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting² moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]

Hast thou the pretty worm³ of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. It is nothing more than the exclamation, *Sir ha!* and we sometimes find it in its primitive form, '*A syr a*, there said you wel.'—*Confutation of Nicholas Shaxton*, 1546. The *Heus tu* of Plautus is rendered by an old translator, *Ha Sirra*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, one gentlewoman says to another, '*Sirrah*, why dost thou not marry?'

11 The first folio has '*What poor an instrument!*'

12 *Fleeting*, or *flying*, is *changeable, inconstant*:—

'More variant than is the *fitting* hune.'

Walter's Guistard and Siemond, 1597.

I am now (says Cleopatra) 'whole as the marble, founded as the rock,' and no longer inconstant and changeable, as woman often is.

13 *Worm* is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent*. The word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm*. Shakespeare uses it several times.—The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do.¹ But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.²

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me.³ Now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—Yare, yare,⁴ good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.⁵—So,—have you done? Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?⁶ If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base: If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool, Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak! That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass Unpolicied!⁷

Char. O, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

1 Warburton observes that 'Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire'; but he would have all and half change places. I think with Steevens that the confusion was designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

2 i. e. act according to his nature.

3 From hence probably Addison in Cato:—

'This longing after immortality.'

4 i. e. be nimble, be ready. See Act iii. Sc. 5.

5 Thus in King Henry V.:—'He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.'

6 Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char.

O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too;—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*]
What should I stay?—[*Falls on a bed, and dies.*]

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well,—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;⁸
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal? Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.⁹

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*]

O, come; apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—
call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 Guard.

O, Cæsar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O, noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:¹⁰
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,

arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account
for her falling so soon.

7 i. e. an ass without more wit or policy than to leave
the means of death within my reach, and thereby defeat
his own purpose.

8 Charmian may be supposed to close Cleopatra's
eyes, the first melancholy office performed after death.

9 Charmian remembers the words uttered to her by
her beloved mistress just before:—

'—when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday.'

10 i. e. swelled, puffed.

She hath pursu'd conclusions¹ infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]

1 To pursue conclusions is to try experiments. So in Hamlet:—

‘ — like the famous ape
To try conclusions ’

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upon, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: The most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

CYMBELINE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general scheme of the plot of Cymbeline is formed on the ninth novel of the second day in the Decamerone of Boccaccio. It appears from the preface of the old translation of the Decamerone, printed in folio in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately. A deformed and interpolated imitation of the novel in question was printed at Antwerp, by John Dusborowghe, as early as 1518, under the following title: ‘ This matter treateth of a merchautes wife that afterwarde wente lyke a man and became a greate lord, and was called Frederike of Jennen afterwarde.’ It exhibits the material features of its original, though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes of Cymbeline. A book was published in London in 1603, called ‘ Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman’s Fare of mad merry western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit like Bell-clappers they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you.’ Written by Kitt of Kingstone.¹ It was again printed in 1620. To the second tale in this work Shakespeare seems to have been indebted for the circumstances in his plot of Imogen’s wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period into the service of the Roman general as a page. But time may yet bring to light some other modification of the story, which will prove more exactly conformable to the plot of the play.

Malone supposes Cymbeline to have been written in the year 1609. The king, from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline’s reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era: notwithstanding which, Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Tenantius (who is mentioned in the first scene) was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud’s younger son, was established on the throne, of which he and his elder brother Androgeus, who fled to Rome, had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659.

Schlegel pronounces Cymbeline to be ‘ one of Shakespeare’s most wonderful compositions,’ in which the poet ‘ has contrived to blend together into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten; her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband,

by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting.

‘ The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a native heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy, (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister;) when on returning from the chase they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.’

‘ The wise and virtuous Belarius, who after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian Iachimo is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are got rid of by merited punishment before the conclusion.’

Steevens objects to the character of Cloten in a note on the fourth act of the play, observing that ‘ he is represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtlety of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in Hamlet, and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.’ It should, however, be observed, that Imogen has justly defined him ‘ that irregular devil Cloten;’ and Miss Seward, in one of her Letters, assures us that singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew. ‘ The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever and ague fits of valour; the froward techiness; the unprincipled malice; and what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man’s brain; and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character, but in the some time Captain C——— I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature.’

In the development of the plot of this play the poet has displayed such consummate skill, and such minute attention to the satisfaction of the most anxious and scrupulous spectator, as to afford a complete refutation of Johnson’s assertion, that Shakespeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces.

There is little conclusive evidence to ascertain the date of the composition of this play; but Malone places it in the year 1609. Dr. Drake, after Chalmers, has ascribed it to the year 1605.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
 CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
 BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
 GUIDERIUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under
 ARVIRAGUS, { the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.
 PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
 IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }
 A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
 CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
 A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
 CORNELIUS, a Physician.
 Two Gentlemen.
 Two Gaolers.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
 IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
 HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace. Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
 No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
 Still seem, as does the king's.¹

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
 That late he married,) hath refus'd herself
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
 Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
 (I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
 And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think,
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within
 Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.²

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
 Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.³

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour⁴
 Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
 But had his titles by Tenantius,⁵ whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

¹ 'Our bloods [i.e. our dispositions or temperaments] are not more regulated by the heavens, by every skyey influence, than our courtiers are by the disposition of the king: when he frowns, every man frowns.' *Blood* is used in old phraseology for *disposition* or *temperament*. So in *King Lear*:—

'— Were it my tyness

To let these hands obey my blood.'

² I.e. you praise him extensively.

³ 'My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is rather abbreviated than expanded.' Perhaps this passage will be best illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

'— no man is the lord of any thing,

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they are extended.' [i.e. displayed at length.]

And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber:
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:⁴
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
 A glass that feated⁵ them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,⁶
 From whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
 He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 If the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in know-
 ledge

Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howso'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen
 and princess. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
 daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,

4 I do not (says Steevens) understand what can be meant by 'joining his honour against, &c. with, &c. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote:—

'— did join his banner.'

In the last scene of the play Cymbeline proposes that 'a Roman and a British ensign should wave together.'

5 The father of Cymbeline.

6 'This encomium (says Johnson) is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised is truly rare.'

7 *Feate* is well-fashioned, proper, trim, handsome well compact. *Concinnus*. Thus in *Horman's Vulgar*, 1519:—'He would see himself in a glasse, that a. thing were *feet*.' *Feature* was also used for *fashion* or proportion. The verb to *feate* was probably formed by Shakspeare himself.

8 'To his mistress,' means as to his mistress.

Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections: though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*
O,
Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty),¹ what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends:
Pays dear for my offences.² [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And send up³ my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*

While sense⁴ can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O, disloyal thing,
That should'st repair⁵ my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!⁶

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O, bless'd, that I might not! I chose an
eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.⁷

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have
made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O, thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman: overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.⁸

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would

I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done

[*To the Queen*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace; Sweet sovereign,

'To repair (according to Baret) is to restore to the
first state, to renew.' So in All's Well that Ends
Well:—

'—— it much repairs me
To talk of your good father.'

6 Sir Thomas Hammer reads:—

'——thou heapest many
A year's age on me!'

Some such emendation seems necessary.

7 'A touch more rare' is 'a more exquisite feeling,
a superior sensation.' So in The Tempest:—

'Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions.'

And in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us.'

A passage in King Lear will illustrate Imogen's mean-
ing:—

'—— where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.'

8 A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk,
too worthless to deserve training.

9 'My worth is not half equal to his'

1 'I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say
it without breach of duty.'

2 'He gives me a valuable consideration to new kind-
ness, (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done
him), in order to renew our amity, and make us friends
again.'

3 Shakespeare poetically calls the *cere-cloths*, in which
the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. There was
no distinction in ancient orthography between *seare*, to
dry, to wither; and *seare*, to dress or cover with wax.
Cere-cloth is most frequently spelled *seare-cloth*. In
Hamlet we have:—

'Why, thy canonized bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cements.'

4 i. e. while I have sensation to retain it. There can
be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally
obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether
this error is to be laid to the poet's charge or to that
of careless printing, it would not be easy to decide.
Malone, however, has shown that there are many pas-
sages in these plays of equally loose construction.

5 i. e. renovate my youth, make me young again

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.¹

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!² [*Exit.*]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A public Place. Enter CLOTEN,
and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to take a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it
be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the
backside the town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you! you have land enough of
your own: but he added to your having; gave you
some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans:
Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and re-
fuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she
is damned. [*Aside.*]

1 *Advice* is consideration, reflection. Thus in *Measure
for Measure* :—

'But did repent me after more *advice*.'

2 This is a bitter form of malediction, almost conge-
nial to that in *Othello* :—

'—may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day.'

3 'Her beauty and her sense are not equal.' To un-
derstand the force of this idea, it should be remembered
that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some
attempt at a witticism underneath. In a subsequent
scene Iachimo, speaking of Imogen, says :—

'All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird.'

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I
have seen small reflection of her wit.³

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the re-
flection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there
had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the
fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.
Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the
haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is.⁴ What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear⁵
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less,⁶ ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space⁷ had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-
sanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.⁸

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then

I am in heaven for him:⁹ or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.¹⁰

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

4 'Its loss would be as fatal as the loss of intended
mercy to a condemned criminal.' A thought resem-
bling this occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

'Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried.'

5 The old copy reads, 'his eye or ear.'

6 This comparison may be illustrated by the follow-
ing in *King Lear* :—

'—the croaks and choughs that wing the mid-
way air,

Seem scarce so gross as beetles.'

7 The diminution of space is the diminution of which
space is the cause.

8 Opportunity.

9 I. e. 'to meet me with reciprocal prayer, for then my
solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.'

10 I. e. our buds of love, likened to the buds of flowers.
So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

'This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.'

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House. Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.¹

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes² him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.³

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend⁴ him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more⁵ quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans. *Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone⁶ my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance⁷ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:⁸ but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded⁹ one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

¹ This enumeration of persons is from the old copy; but *Myneker* and the *Dons* are mute characters.

² *i. e. accomplishes* him.

³ 'Words him—a great deal from the matter,' makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

⁴ *i. e. to magnify* his good qualities. See Act i. Sc. 1.

⁵ The old copy reads, *less*. The poet has in other places entangled himself with the force of this word in construction. Thus in the *Winter's Tale*:—

'—I never heard yet

That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what they did,

Than to perform it first.'

⁶ *i. e. reconcile*.

⁷ *Importance* is *importance*.

⁸ 'Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience.'

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.¹⁰

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe¹¹ she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince¹² the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get round of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

⁹ *i. e. destroyed*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'What willingly he did confound he wail'd.'

¹⁰ *Friend* and *lover* were formerly synonymous. *Posthumus* means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor. I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty I enjoy. I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the rapture of a lover. This sense of the word also appears in a subsequent remark of *Iachimo*:—

'You are a friend, and therein the wiser.'

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question.

¹¹ The old copy reads, 'I could not believe she excell'd many.' Mr. Heath proposed to read, 'I could but believe,' &c. The emendation in the text is Malone's.

¹² *i. e. overcomes*.

Post. You are a great deal abused¹ in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray, you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation² of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe: I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend,³ and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches;⁴ and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate; if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.* Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 i. e. deceived.

2 The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave.
Othello.

3 I. e. proof

—how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
King Henry V.

4 See note 10 in the preceding page.

5 'I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.'

6 Conclusions are experiments. 'I commend (says Walton) an angler that trieth conclusions, and improves his art.'

7 'This thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small Box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen.

I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor.

Your highness, Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.* Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor.

I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen.

Hark thee, a word.—

[*To PISANIO.*]
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her.' She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen.

No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor.

I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench;⁸ and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work; When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son, I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor Continue where he is; to shift his being,⁹ Is to exchange one misery with another;

experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

'Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.'

Johnson.

7 This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be 'very inartificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.' The great critic forgot that it was intended for the instruction of the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.

8 i. e. grow cool

9 To change his abode

And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be dependor on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on;² but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee; I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women;
Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly and
constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers³ for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:⁴
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same. Enter
IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious:⁵ Blessed be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend.
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest natures,
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.
LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?⁶ and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows⁷ the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.⁸

Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—Beseech you,
sir, desire [To PISANIO.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.⁹

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves

1 That inclines towards its fall.

2 'Think with what a fair prospect of mending your
fortunes you now change your present service.' It has
been proposed to read:—

'Think what a chance thou chancest on.'
And,

'Think what a change thou chancest on.'
But there seems to be no necessity for alteration.

3 A lieger ambassador is one that resides in a foreign
court to promote his master's interest. So in Measure
for Measure:—

'Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger.'

4 Some words, which rendered this sentence less
abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have
been omitted in the old copies.

5 Imogen's sentiment appears to be, 'Had I been
stolen by thieves in my infancy, I had been happy. But
how pregnant with misery is that station which is called
glorious, and so much desired. Happier far are those,
how mean so'er their condition, that have their honest
wills; it is this which seasons comfort,' (i. e. tempers it,
or makes it more pleasant and acceptable.) See Ham-
let, Act i. Sc 3:—'My blessing season this in you.'

6 The old copy reads, *trust*. The emendation was
suggested by Mason; is defended by Steevens; and, of
course, opposed by Malone.

7 We must either believe that the poet by '*number'd*
beach' means '*numerous beach*,' or else that he wrote
'*th' unnumber'd beach*;' which, indeed, seems most
probable.

8 To mow or moe, is to make mouths.

9 Iachimo, in his counterfeited rapture, has shown
how the eyes and the judgment would determine in
favour of Imogen, comparing her with the suppositi-
tious present mistress of Posthumus, he proceeds to say,
that appetite too would give the same suffrage. Desire
(says he) when it approached sluttish, and considered
it in comparison with such neat excellence, would feel the con-
vulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no ob-
ject.

10 i. e. he is a foreigner and foolish, or silly. Iachimo
says again at the latter end of this scene:—

'And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe stowage.'

Here also *strange* means a stranger or foreigner.

A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces¹
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton,
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O !

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage ?*

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;²
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?
You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
P' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : For certainties
Either are past remedies ; or, timely knowing,³
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.⁴

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I, (damnd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,⁵ (falsehood, as
With labour ;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

1 We have the same expression in Chapman's preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598 :—
'Furnaceth the universal sighs and complaints of this transposed world,' And in As You Like It :

'Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad,'
2 'If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable.'

3 It seems probable that *knowing* is here an error of the press for *known*.

4 'The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold.' The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's Arcadia :—'She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short-reined, as he cannot stirre forward.'

5 Hard with falsehood is hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.

6 *Empyre* is a word signifying *sovereign command*, now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in King Richard III. :—

'Your right of birth, your empyre your own.'

The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo.

O, dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,⁶
Would make the great'st king double ! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys,⁷ hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseases'd
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd
stuff,⁸

As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo.

Revend'g !
How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach.

Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets ;
While he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo.

What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio !—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish⁹ stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

Iach.

O, happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er ; And he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :¹⁰
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo.

You make amends.

7 We still call a forward or rude hoyden a *tomboy*. But our ancestors seem to have used the term for a wanton.

'What humorous tomboys be these ?—
The only gallant Messalinas of our age.'

Lady Alimony.

8 This allusion has been already explained. See Timon of Athens, Act ii. Sc. 3.

9 *Romish* for *Roman* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. Thus in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607 :—
'In the loathsome *Romish steves*, Draught, in his translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567, has—

'The *Romish* people wise in this, in this point only just.'

And in other places we have the '*Romish cirque*,' &c.

10 '—he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old, and sexes both enchanted—
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :¹ He hath a kind of honour sets him off, More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd To try your taking of a false report ; which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment In the election of a sir so rare.

Which, you know, cannot err : The love I bear him Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you, Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power ;² the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot To entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, ('The best feather of our wing,³) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor ; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ; And I am something curious, being strange,⁴ To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk, Attended by my men : I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night ; I must abroad to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ; But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam : Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night : I have outstood my time ; which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.—*
Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast,⁴ to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed nine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor [*Aside*] crop the ears of them.

¹ So in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of the *Odyssey* :—

— as he were

A god descended from the starry sphere.²

And in *Hamlet* :—

— a station like the herald Mercury

New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.³

² ' You are so great you would faine march in fieldes, That world should judge you feathers of one wing.'⁴

Churchyard's Warning to Wanderers, 1693.

³ See note 10, p. 314, ante.

⁴ He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.⁵ [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.⁶ [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou ?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁷ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I know not on't !

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st ! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ; A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber ; in one part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN reading in her Bed ; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then ; mine eyes are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed : Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !

small bowl at which the others are aimed : he who is nearest to it wins. 'To kiss the jack' is a state of great advantage. The expression is of frequent occurrence in the old comedies. The *jack* is also called the *mistress*.

⁵ The same quibble has occurred in *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 2 :—

'Touch. Nay, if I kept not my rank.

Ros. Thou loost thy old smelt.'

⁶ That is, in other words, you are a *carcass*.

⁷ The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

From faeries, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the Trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,¹ ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus:² The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows:³ White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.⁴—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window is:—
Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the
story,—

Ay, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[Taking off her Bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
In the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus;⁵ here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!⁶—that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.]

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.]

SCENE III. An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment. Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot,
and furious, when you win.

1 It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with
rushes. This passage may serve as a comment on the
'*vanishing strides*' of Tarquin, in Macbeth, as it shows
that Shakspeare meant 'softly stealing strides'

2 '—no lips did seem so fair

In his conceit; through which he thinks doth flee
So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.'

Pygmalion's Image, by Marston, 1598.

3 That is, her eyelids. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

'Thy eyes' windows fall

Like death when he shuts up the day of life.'

4 Warburton wished to read:—

'—White with azure lac'd,

The blue of heaven's own tinct.'

But there is no necessity for change. It is an exact de-
scription of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white
tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue.
By azure our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but
a light glaucous colour, a tinct or effusion of a blue colour.

5 Tereus and Progne is the second tale in A Petite
Palace of Petite his Pleasure, 4to 1676. The story is
related in Ovid, Metam. l. vi.; and by Gower in his
Confessio Amantis, b. v. fol. 113, b.

6 The task of drawing the chariot of Night was as-

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am
advised to give her music o' mornings; they say,
it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so; we'll try with tongue, too. if none
will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er.
First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after,
a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words
to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,⁷

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd⁸ flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin:

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider
your music the better:⁹ if it do not, it is a vice in
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the
voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exit Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for, that's the
reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but
take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good mor-
row to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;

Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended

With aptness of the season:¹⁰ make denials

Increase your services: so seem, as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which

You tender to her; that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your dismissal tends,

And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

signed to dragons, on account of their supposed watch-
fulness. Milton mentions 'the dragon yoke of night'
in Il Penseroso; and in his Comus:—

'—the dragon womb

Of Stygian darkness.'

Again, in Obitum Præsulis Eliensis:—

'—sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coëcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.'

It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents
sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to ex-
ert a constant vigilance.

7 The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's Paradise

Lost, book v.—

'—ye birds

That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.'

And in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:—

'Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.'

8 The morning dries up the dew which lies in the
cups of flowers called calices, or chalices. The mari-
gold is one of those flowers which closes itself up at
sunset.

'—the day is waxen olde,

And 'gins to shut up with the marigold.'

Bræne; Britania's Pastorals.

9 i.e. I will pay you more amply for it.

10 'With solicitations not only proper but well timed.'

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false² themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's plea-
sure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir: You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 't' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.³

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

¹ That is, we must extend towards himself our notice
of his goodness heretofore shown to us. Shakespeare
has many similar ellipses. Thus in *Julius Cæsar*:—

'Thine honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd [to].'

See the next Scene, note 5.

² False is not here an adjective, but a verb. Thus in
Tamurlaine, Part II.:—

'And make him false his faith unto the king.'
Shakespeare has one form of the verb to *false* in *The
Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—'Nay, not sure in a
thing falsing.'

³ i. e. 'a man of your knowledge, being taught for-
bearance, should learn it.'

⁴ This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.⁴

Clo.

Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:⁵ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo.

You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps of the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls,
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in self-figur'd knot;⁶
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hiding⁷ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made,
Comparative for your virtues,⁸ to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo.

The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than
come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo.

I am sprighted⁹ with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrow me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: Confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but he.

Pis.

'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo.

You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo.

Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo.

Your mother too:
She's my good lady;¹⁰ and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is
this: 'If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can
never be.' 'Fools are not mad folks.'

⁵ i. e. so verbose, so full of talk.

⁶ In knots of their own tying.

⁷ A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

⁸ If you were to be dignified only in comparison to
your virtues, the under-hangman's place is too good for
you.

Johnson says, that 'the rudeness of Cloten is not
much undermatched' in that of Imogen; but he forgets
the provocation her gentle spirit undergoes by this per-
secution of Cloten's addresses, and the abuse bestowed
upon the idol of her soul.

⁹ i. e. haunted by a fool as by a spirit.

¹⁰ This is said ironically. 'My good lady' is equiva-
lent to 'my good friend.'

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House. Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure To win the king, as I am bold, her honour Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time; Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come: in these fear'd

hopes, I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company, O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think, He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages, Or¹ look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe, (Statist² though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline, (Now mingled with their courages,) will make known

To their approvers,³ they are people, such That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land: And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty Look through a casement to allure false hearts, And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court, When you were there?⁴

Iach. He was expected then, But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.— Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it, I should have lost the worth of it in gold. I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit, Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir, Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must, If you keep covenant: Had I not brought The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant We were to question further: but I now Profess myself the winner of her honour, Together with your ring; and not the wronger Of her, or you, having proceeded but By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent That you have tasted her in bed, my hand, And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses, Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances, Being so near the truth, as I will make them, Must first induce you to believe: whose strength I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not, You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber (Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess, Had that was well worth watching,⁵) It was hang'd With tapestry of silk and silver; the story, Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship, and value: which, I wonder'd, Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true; And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must, Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece, Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures So likely to report themselves: the cutter Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing, Which you might from relation likewise reap; Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted.⁶ Her andirons (I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely Depending on their brands.⁷

¹ Or stands here for ere. Respecting the tribute here alluded to, see the *Preliminary Remarks*.

² i. e. statesman.

³ That is, 'to those who try them.' The old copy, by a common typographical error in the preceding line, has *wingled* instead of *mingled*, which odd reading Steevens seemed inclined to adopt, and explains it, 'their discipline borrowing wings from their courage.'

⁴ This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy; but Posthumus was employed in reading his letters, and was too much interested in the end of Iachimo's journey to put an indifferent question of this nature. It was transferred to Philario at the suggestion of Steevens.

⁵ i. e. 'that which was well worth watching or lying awake [for].' See the preceding scene.

⁶ Mason proposes to read:—

'Such the true life on't was.'

It is a typographical error easily made: and the emendation deserves a place in the text.

⁷ Johnson observes, that 'Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gayety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gayety to be without art.'

⁷ i. e. so near speech. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative mode of expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is: 'The sculptor was as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*.'

⁸ Steevens says, 'this tawdry image occurs in King Henry VIII:—

— their dwarfish pages were

As cherubins all gilt.'

By the very mention of cherubins his indignation is moved. 'The sole recommendation of this Gothic idea, (says he,) which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvass or marble; for chubby unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into such infantine and absurd representations of the choirs of heaven.'

⁹ It is well known that the *andirons* of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture; the *standards* were often, as in this instance, of silver, and representing some *terminal* figure or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakspeare here calls the *brands*, properly

Post. This is her honour!—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Then, if you can,

[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*]

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post.

Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach.

Sir (I thank her,) that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post.

May be, she pluck'd it off,

To send it me.

Iach.

She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[*Gives the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues: which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi.

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post.

Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't;—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach.

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn² and honourable:—They iuduc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance³ of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire: and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi.

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post.

Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach.

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it: and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

brandirens. Upon these the Cupids which formed the
standards *nicely depended*, seemed to stand on one foot.
1 The meaning seems to be, 'If you ever can be pale—
be pale now with jealousy.'

² *Pale jealousy*, child of insatiate love.'

Not, as Johnson says, 'forbear to flush your cheek with
rage.' Mr. Boswell's conjecture that it meant, 'If you
can control your temper, if you can restrain yourself
within bounds,' is surely inadmissible.

2 It was anciently the custom for the servants of great
families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take
an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. See
Percy's Northumberland Household Book, p. 49.

3 The badge, the token, the visible proof. So in King
Henry IV. Part I.:

'As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate.'

4 I. e. *avert* his wrath from himself, prevent him from
injuring himself in his rage.

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach.

Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach.

I'll be sworn,—

Post.

No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach.

I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; if the court; before

Her father:—I'll do something—

Phi.

Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert⁴ the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the
same.* Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow;—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.' [*Exit.*]

5 Milton was probably indebted to this speech for one
of the sentiments which he has imputed to Adam, *Par*
Lost, b. x.:—

—O, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?

See Rhodomonte's invective against women in the *Or*
lando Furioso; and above all a speech which Euripides
has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy of
that name.

6 We have the same image in Measure for Measure:—
'Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid.'

See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. Sect. 3.
7 'God could not lightly do a man more vengeance,
than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes'

Sir T. More's Comfort against Tribulation

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*; with shame, (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping, (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point, (O, giglot! fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses: but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan; I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch The sides of the world,) against all colour,² here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,

¹ 'O, false and inconstant fortune!' A *giglot* was a strumpet. So in Measure for Measure:—'Away with those *giglots* too.' And in Hamlet:—

'Out, out, thou strumpet fortune!'

The poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. See Holinshed, book iii. ch. xiii. 'The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelan, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes.'

² i. e. without any pretence of right.

³ Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed.

⁴ i. e. at the extremity of defiance. So in Helyas Knight of the Swanee bk l. no date:—'Here is my

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar, Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar. Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, (Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy: Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion, In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied, I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him;³ of him I gather'd honour; Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance;⁴ I am perfect, That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold: So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:

All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same. Enter PISANIO.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

O, master! what a strange infection Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No: She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in⁶ some virtue.—O, my master Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood? If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter* [Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity:*⁸—O, damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,

gage to sustain it to the utterance, and befight it to the death?

⁵ Well informed.

⁶ To take in is to conquer. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'—— cut the Ionian seas

And take in Tomyne.'

⁷ Thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers. According to modern notions of grammatical construction, it should be 'thy mind to hers.'

⁸ The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (as it is afterwards given in *prose*) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. Malone thinks this a proof that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces—the inaccuracy would hardly be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader

Art thou a feodary¹ for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.²

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[Reads.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as
you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew
me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cam-
bria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love will,
out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
increasing in love.* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond³) say, and speak thick;⁴
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how got
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot!⁵
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

1 l. e. a subordinate agent, as a vassal to his chief. A feodary, however, meant also 'a prime agent, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c. due to any lord.'—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719. Yet after all, it may be doubted whether Shakspere does not use it to signify a confederate or accomplice, as he does feodary in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A feodary with her.'

2 l. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. So in *King Henry IV.* Part I.:

'O, I am ignorance itself in this.'

3 *As* is here used for *that*. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2. The word not in the next line, being accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by Malone.

4 We should now write 'yours, increasing in love,' *Your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus Posthumus*, and not with *increasing*; the latter is a participle present, and not a noun.

5 l. e. her longing is further than beyond; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond.

6 l. e. 'speak quick.'

7 That is 'in consequence of our going hence and returning back.' So in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'He cannot temperately pursue his honour
From where he should begin and end.'

8 l. e. before the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.

9 This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakspere's time than it is at present. Fynes Morison, speaking of his brother's putting out money

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers.⁶

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:⁷—But this is
foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-
sently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's⁸ housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best⁹ consider.
Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.¹⁰ Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Wales. A mountainous Country,
with a Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
and ARVIRIUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet¹¹ through.
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui.

Hail, heaven!

Arv.

Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd:¹² To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded¹³ beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe;¹⁴

to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem (or, as we should now speak, travelling thither for a wager,) defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when 'no means lords, and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, put out money upon a horse-race under themselves, yea, upon a journey afoote.'

10 It may be necessary to apprise the reader that the sand of an hour-glass used to measure time is meant. The figurative meaning is, swifter than the flight of time.

11 A franklin is a yeoman.

12 That is 'you'd best consider.'

13 'I see neither on this side nor on that, nor behind me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set forward.' By 'what ensues,' Imogen means what will be the consequence of the step I am going to take.

14 *Strut*, walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night*, 'How he jets under his advanced plumes.' The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

15 'In any service done, the advantage rises not from the act, but from the allowance (l. e. approval) of it.'

16 l. e. scaly-winged beetle. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2. The epithet full-winged, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

17 The old copy reads *brabe*; the uncommon word *brabe* not being familiar to the compositor. A *brabe* is a contemptuous or proud look, word, or gesture; quasi, a brave.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours.¹

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfedg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known : well corresponding
With your stiff age ; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.²

Arr. What should we speak of,³
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !⁴
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
A pain than only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure :—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords : and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.⁵

Gui. Uncertain favour !
Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
you oft,)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world :

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains ;
This is not hunters' language :—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends

In place of greater state.⁶ I'll meet you in the
valleys. [*Exeunt GUI. and ARR.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd !—
O, Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;⁷
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou ref'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave.⁸
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Near Milford Haven. *Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand : Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthumus ?⁹ What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
sigh

From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand !

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craft'd him ;
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd
the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ;*

has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of
a kingdom, only to rob their father of heirs. The latter
part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no
particular reason why Belarius should now tell to him
self what he could not know better by telling it.—*John
son.*

⁸ I. e. to the grave of Euriphile ; or to the grave of
their mother, as they supposed it to be. The grammati-
cal construction requires that the poet should have writ-
ten 'to thy grave ;' but we have frequent instances of
this change of persons, not only in Shakespeare, but in
all the writings of his age.

⁹ The true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names
was not much regarded by the writers of Shakespeare's
age. The poet has, however, differed from himself,
and given the true pronunciation when the name first
occurs, and in one other place :—

'To his protection ; call him *Posthumus*.'
'Struck the maintop ! O, *Posthumus* ! alas !

¹ I. e. compared to ours.

² To stride a limit is to overpass his bound.

³ This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter
for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and
noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him,
who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no
pleasures of the mind.—*Johnson.*

⁴ Otway seems to have taken many hints for the con-
versation which passes between Acato and his sons
from the scene before us.

⁵ Thus in Timon of Athens :—

'That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fallen from their boughs, and left me, open, bare,
For every storm that blows.'

⁶ — nulla aconita, bibuntur

Ficilibus ; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.³

Sub.

⁷ Shakespeare seems to intend Belarius for a good
character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he

from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose; Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms¹ of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,²
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
'This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,³ hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,⁴
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O, husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear: took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Post-
humus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;⁵
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest
him,

¹ It has already been observed that *worm* was the general name for all the *serpent* kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2

² I. e. persons of the highest rank.

³ *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *whore*. We have the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Teach him to know *turtles* from *jays*.' Some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting, i. e. made by art; the creature not of nature, but of painting. In this sense painting may be said to be her mother. Steevens met with a similar phrase in some old play:—'A parcel of concealed feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments.'

⁴ That is, to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'That have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall.' Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast off things as were composed of rich substances were occasionally ripped for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to hang by the walls till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations:—

'Comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,' seems not to have been customary among our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it; Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand.⁶ Come, here's my
heart;

Something's afore't: Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures⁷ of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,⁸ shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st⁹ on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O, gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.¹⁰

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent,¹¹ when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

⁵ 'Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men.'

The *heaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, 'the whole wickedness of our sinful nature.' See I Corinthians, v. 6, 7, 8. 'Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay falsehood to the charge of men without guile: make all suspected.'

⁶ 'That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life.' Hamlet exclaims:—

'O, that the everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.'

⁷ Shakspeare here means Leonatus's letters, but there is an opposition intended between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*.

⁸ *Fellows for equals*; of those of the same princely rank with myself.

⁹ '—when thou shalt be *disedg'd* by her
That now thou *tir'st* on.'

It is probable that the first, as well as the last, of these metaphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be said to be *disedged* when the keenness of its appetite is taken away by tiring, or feeding, upon some object given to it for that purpose. Thus in Hamlet:—

'Oph. You are *keen*, my lord, you are *keen*.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.'

¹⁰ *Blind*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Hamner.

¹¹ To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. So

Fig. 1.



Pl. 1.



Pis. But to win time
To close so bad employment : in the which
I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I have heard, I am a strumpet : and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd :
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so : You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing :¹
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ?² Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest ; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is ;³ and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view :⁴ yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

in one of Shakespeare's poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599 :—

¹ When as thine eye hath chose the dame

And stalk'd the deer that thou shouldst strike.

² This line requires some word of two syllables to complete the measure. Steevens proposed to read ;—

³ 'With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, *Cloten* ;
That Cloten,' &c.

⁴ The poet may have had in his mind a passage in *Livy's Euphues*, which he has imitated in *King Richard II.*

⁵ To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the mind, is secrecy ; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. 'You must (says *Pisanio*) disguise that greatness which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.'

⁶ *Full of view* appears to mean of ample prospect, affording a complete view of circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus in *Pericles*, 'Full of face' appears to signify 'amply beautiful' ; and *Duncan* assures *Banquo* that he will labour to make him 'full of growing,' i. e. of 'ample growth.'

⁷ So in *King Henry IV.* Part I

⁸ 'A weasel' hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with.

This character of the *weasel* is not mentioned by naturalists. Weasels were formerly, it appears, kept in

Pis. Well, then, here's the point :

You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self.) into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel :⁵ nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it, (but, O, the harder heart !
Alack no remedy !) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan⁶ and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble *Lucius*
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him

know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me,⁸ rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplement.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.⁹ Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even¹⁰
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I am soldier to,¹¹ and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell .
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen
What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-quail'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*—
Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. *Phædrus* notices this their feline office in the first and fourth fables of his fourth book. The poet, no doubt, speaks from observation ; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition. Perhaps this note requires the apology which *Steevens* has affixed to it :—' *Rivola hæc fortassis cupiunt et nimis leve esse videantur sed curiositas nihil recusat.*'—*Vopiscus in Vita Aureliani*, c. x.

⁶ Thus in *Othello* :—

⁷ 'The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets.'

So in *Sidney's Arcadia*, lib. iii. 'And beautiful might have been if they had not suffered greedy *Phæbus* over often and hard to *kiss* them.'

⁸ i. e. wherein you are accomplished.

⁹ 'As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.'

¹⁰ *Steevens* has a note on this passage no less disgusting than absurd, making the pure *Imogen* allude to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. The interpretation was at once gross and erroneous. When *Iago* talks of *dieting* his revenge, he certainly does not mean putting it on a spare diet. This, and a note on a former passage of this play by *Mr. Whalley*, which could only have been the offspring of impure imaginations, were justly stigmatized and degraded by the late *Mr. Baskwell*, at the suggestion of *Mr. Douce*.

¹¹ We'll make our work even with our time ; we'll do what time will allow.

¹² I. e. equal to, or have ability for it.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke : and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !¹

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office :
The due of honour in no point omit :—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner ; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and LORDS.*]
Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us, hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sunderance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Attendant. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Where'to constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear'd prove false !

[*Exit.*]
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seized her ;

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus : Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
Can make good use of either : She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled ;
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better ; May
This night forestall him of the coming day !²

[*Exit QUEEN.*]
Clo. I love and hate her ; for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ;³ from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,
sirrah ?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !
Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her ?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !
Clo. All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

[*Presenting a Letter.*]
Clo. Let's see't :—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.⁴
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph !
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service ; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious indus-
try,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do,
to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee
an honest man : thou should'st neither want my
means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune

4 Than any lady, than all ladies, than all woman-
kind. There is a similar passage in *All's Well that
Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 3 :—

'To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.'
5 By these words it is probable Pisanio means 'I
must either practise this deceit upon Cloten or perish
by his fury.' Dr. Johnson thought the words should be
said to Cloten.

1 We should apparently read 'his grace and you,'
or 'your grace and yours.'

2 Fear must be pronounced as a disyllable to com-
plete the measure.

3 I. e. may his grief this night prevent him from ever
seeing another day, by anticipated and premature de-
struction. Thus in *Milton's Comus* :—

'Perhaps forestalling ought prevented them.'

of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would, I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius. Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O, Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched:² such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness Is sorer,³ than to lie for need; and falsehood

1 Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain equally an enemy to them both.

2 Thus in the fifth Æneid:—

'Italian sequitur fugientem.'

3 i.e. is a greater or heavier crime.

4 Civil is here civilized, as opposed to savage, wild, rude, or uncivilized. 'If any one dwell here.'

5 A woodman in its common acceptance, as here, signifies a hunter. So in The Rape of Lucrece:—

'He is no woodman that doth bend his bow

Against a poor unseasonable doe.'

6 i.e. our compact.

7 Restie, which Stevens unwarrantably changed to

Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one of the false ones: Now I think on thee. My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil,⁴ speak; if savage, Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,⁵ and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match. The sweat of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness Can snore upon the flint, when restie⁶ sloth Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here, Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui.

I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel.

Stay; come not in:

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy.

Gui.

What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd: and thought To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth, I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strew'd i' the floor.⁸ Here's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon

As I had made my meal; and parted

With prayers for the provider.

Gui.

Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt:

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship dirty gods.

Imo.

I see, you are angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have died, had I not made it.

Bel.

Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford Haven.

Bel.

What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford; To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fallen in⁹ this offence.

Bel.

Pr'ythee, fair youth,

Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

restie, signifies here dull, heavy, as it is explained in Bullokar's Expositor, 1616. So Milton uses it in his Eiconoclastes, sec. 24, 'The master is too resty, or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own table.' What between Malone's 'resty, runk, mouldy,' and Stevens's 'restive, stubborn, refractory,' the reader is misled and the passage left unexplained; or what is worse, explained erroneously in all the variorum editions.

8 Hammer altered this to 'o'the floor,' but unnecessarily—in was frequently used for on in Shakespeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy will be done in earth.'

9 In for into, as in Othello:—

'Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave'

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.— Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty, I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort, He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:— And such a welcome as I'd give to him, After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome! Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends, If brothers!—'Would, it had been so, }
that they }
Had been my father's sons! then had my } *Aside.*
prize! }
Been less; and so more equal ballasting }
To thee, Posthumus. }

Bel. He wrings² at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be, What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering.]

Imo. Great men, That had a court no bigger than this cave, That did attend themselves, and had the virtue Which their own conscience sea'd them, (laying by That nothing gift of differing³ multitudes,) Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods! I'd change my sex to be companion with them, Since Leonatus false.⁴

Bel. It shall be so: Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in: Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd, We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, the morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Rome. Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ; That since the common men are now in action 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians; And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against The fallen off Britons; that we do incite The gentry to this business: He creates Lucius pro-consul: and to you, the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commands His absolute commission.⁵ Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy Must be suppliant: The words of your commission Will tie you to the numbers, and the time Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.]

1 I have elsewhere observed that *prize*, *prise*, and *price* were confounded, or used indiscriminately by our ancestors. Indeed it is not now uncommon at this day, as Malone observes, to hear persons above the vulgar confound the words, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods. *Prize* here is evidently used for *value*, *estimation*. The reader who wishes to see how the words were formerly confounded, may consult Barct's *Alvearie*, in *v. price*.

2 To *wring* is to *writhe*. So in *Much Ado* about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1:—

'To those that *wring* under the load of sorrow.'

3 *Differing* multitudes are *varying* or *wavering* multitudes. So in the Induction to the Second Part of King Henry VI.:—

'The still discordant *wavering* multitude.'

4 Malone says, 'As Shakspeare has used in other places Menelaus' tent, and thy mistress' ear for 'Menelaus tent' and 'thy mistress's ear': it is probable

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:⁶ and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: On, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Before the Cave. Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [To IMOGEN.] remain here in the cave:

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To IMOGEN.]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as To seem to die, ere sick: So please you leave me; Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom Is breach of all.⁷ I am ill; but your being by me Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort To one not sociable: I'm not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here: I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

that he used 'since Leonatus' false' for 'since Leonatus is false.' Steevens doubts this, and says that the poet may have written 'Since Leonate is false,' as he calls *Enobarbus*, *Enobarbe*; and *Prospero*, *Prosper*, in other places.

5 He commands the commission to be given you. So, we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.

6 I. e. cause.

7 'In single combat.' So in King Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc. 3:—

'In single opposition, hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an hour In changing hardiment with great Glendower.'

An *opposite*, in the language of Shakspeare's age, was the common phrase for an *antagonist*.

Imperseverant probably means no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosomed*, *impassioned*, *immasked*.

8 Warburton thought we should read, 'before her face.' Malone says, that Shakspeare may have intentionally given this absurd and brutal language to Cloten. The Clown in *The Winter's Tale* says, 'if thou't see a thing to talk of after thou art dead.'

9 'Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.' Johnson.

In my good brother's fault: I know not why I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door, And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say, *My father, not this youth.*

Bel. O, noble strain! [*Aside.* O, worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base: Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace. I am not their father: yet who this should be, Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.— 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir,

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court: Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

The imperious¹ seas breed monsters; for the dish, Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him; He said, he was gentle,² but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:— We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill, I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.* This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick, And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note, That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs³ together.

Arv. Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root, with the increasing vine!⁴

Bel. It is great morning.⁵ Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

¹ Here again Malone asserts that '*imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*.' This is absurd enough when we look at the context: what has *imperial* to do with seas? *Imperious* has here its usual meaning of *proud*, *haughty*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

² 'I could not move him to tell his story.' *Gentle* is of a gentle race or rank, well born.

³ *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. We have the word again in *The Tempest*:—

—The strong bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.

⁴ How much difficulty has been made to appear in this simple figurative passage! which to me appears sufficiently intelligible without a note. 'Let *patience* grow, and let the stinking elder, *grief*, untwine his

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search What companies are near: pray you away; Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clot. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing More slavish did I ne'er, than answering A slave, without a knock.⁶

Clot. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not My dagger in my mouth.⁷ Say, what thou art; Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base, Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee.⁸

Clot. Thou precious varlet, My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief, Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider, 'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear, Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death: When I have slain thee with my proper hand, I'll follow those that even now fled hence, And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads: Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute, 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment Is oft the cure⁹ of fear: But see, thy brother.

perishing root from those of the increasing vine, *patience*.¹ I have already observed, that *with*, *from*, and *by*, are almost always convertible words.

⁵ The same phrase occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 3. It is a Gallicism:—'Il est grand matin.'

⁶ i. e. than answering that abusive word *slave*.

⁷ So in *Solymau* and *Perseda*, 1599:—

'I fight not with my tongue; is this my oratrix.'

Macduff says to Macbeth:—

—I have no words; My voice is in my sword.

⁸ See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 324, Act iii. Sc. 4.

⁹ The old copy reads, 'Is oft the cause of fear;' but this cannot be right: Belarius is assigning a reason for Cloten's fool-hardy desperation, not accounting for his cowardice. The emendation adopted is Hanmer's.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool: an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect,¹ what: cut off one Cloten's head;

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in;²
Displace our heads, where, (thank the gods!) they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For³ we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason, [mour⁴
He must have some attendants. Though his hu-
was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howso'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.⁵

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would, I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would,
revenges, [through,
That possible strength might meet,⁶ would seek us
And put us to our answer.

¹ I am well informed what.

² i.e. conquer, subdue us.

³ For again in the sense of *cause*. See note on Act
lv. Sc. 1.

⁴ The old copy reads, 'his honour.' The emenda-
tion is Theobald's. Malone has shown that the words
honour and *humour* have been erroneously printed for
each other in other passages of the old editions.

⁵ Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the
cave tedious. So in King Richard III.—
'—our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious,' &c.

⁶ Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any pos-
sibility of opposition.

⁷ To restore Fidele to the bloom of health, to recall
the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of
a whole parish, or any number of such fellows as Clo-
ten. A parish is a common phrase for a great number.

⁸ Heaven give you joy, sweet master Palatine.

⁹ And to you, sir, a whole parish of children.

The Wits, by Davenant, p. 222.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,⁸
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O, thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd: honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys.⁹
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys;
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in
his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well.
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crave¹⁰
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made,¹¹
but I,¹⁰

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,¹¹ as you see:

⁸ Toys are trifles.

⁹ A crave was a small vessel of burthen, sometimes
spelled *cræer*, *crayer*, and even *craye*. The old copy
reads, erroneously, '—thy sluggish care.' The
emendation was suggested by Symson in a note on
The Captain of Beaumont and Fletcher:—
'—let him venture

In some decayed *crave* of his own.
¹⁰ We should most probably read, 'but *ah*.' *Ay* is
always printed *ah*! in the first folio, and other books of
the time. Hence, perhaps, *I*, which was used for the
affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text. 'Heaven
knows (says Belarius) what a man thou wouldst have
been hadst thou lived; but, alas! thou didst of melan-
choly, while yet only a most accomplished boy.'

¹¹ Stark means entirely cold and stiff.

¹² And many a nobleman lies stark—
Under the hoofs of vaulting enemies.

King Henry IV Part I

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept: and
put
My clouted brogues¹ from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:²
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.³

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock⁴ would,
With charitable bill (O, bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground⁵ thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:⁶ for
Cloten

¹ *Clouted brogues* are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In some parts of England thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

² I cannot forbear (says Steevens) to introduce a passage somewhat like this from Webster's *White Devil*, or Vittoria Corombona [1612,] on account of its singular beauty:—

Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
To sweetest slumber: I no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes!

³ Steevens imputes great violence to this change of person, and would read, 'come to him;' but there is no impropriety in Guiderius's sudden address to the *body itself*. It might, indeed, be ascribed to our author's careless manner, of which an instance like the present occurs at the beginning of the next act, where Posthumus says,

— you married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
Douce.

⁴ The *ruddock* is the red-breast.

⁵ To *winter-ground* appears to mean to dress or decorate thy corse with 'furred moss,' for a *winter* covering, when there are no flowers to strew it with. In *Cornucopia*, or *Divers Secrets*, &c. by Thomas Johnson, 4to, 1596, sig. E. it is said, 'The *robin red-breast*, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with *moss*; and some think that if the body should remain unburied that he would cover the whole body also.' The reader will remember the pathetic old ballad of the Children in the Wood.

⁶ So in a former passage of this play:

— a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs and fears.
And in *King Lear* :—

— Where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid⁷ for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,⁸
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,⁹
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.¹⁰

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign¹¹ to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser¹² harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation¹³ have;
And renowned be thy grave!¹⁴

⁷ i. e. punished. Falstaff, after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, 'I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.'

⁸ *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

⁹ This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions.

¹⁰ 'The poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.'—Johnson.

¹¹ 'To consign to thee' is to 'seal the same contract with thee;' i. e. add their names to the upon the register of death. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

— seal
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

¹² It has already been observed that *exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them.

¹³ *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *King Edward III.* 1596 :—

'My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
This mingled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.'

Milton, in his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, is indebted to the passage before us:—

'Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have.'

¹⁴ 'For the obsequies of Fidele (says Dr. Johnson) a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory.'

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fit't for graves.—Upon their faces:!

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so

These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again;

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BEL. GUI. and ARV.]

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven;

Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!¹—can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lay down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good

faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;

His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;

The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial² face—

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregular³ devil, Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,

Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,

Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's

that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

And left this head on.⁴—How should this be?

Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!⁵

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it

Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

prince of Sienna. He was not aware that Sienna was

a republic, or possibly did not heed it.

8 It was no common dream, but sent from the very

gods, or the gods themselves.

9 Fast for fasted, as we have in another place of this

play list for lifted. In King John we have heat for

heated, waft for wasted, &c. Similar phraseology will

be found in the Bible, Mark, l. 31; John, xlii. 19;

Exodus, xii. 8, &c.

10 Milton has availed himself of this epithet in Co

mus:—

—Thus I hurl

My dazzling spells into the spungy air.¹

11 Who has altered this picture, so as to make it other

wise than nature did it? Olivia, speaking of her own

beauty as of a picture, asks Viola if 'it is not well

done?' 12 Shakespeare was indebted for his modern names

(which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones), as

well as for his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels

of his time. Steevens cites some amusing instances

from a *Petite Palace* of *Petite his Pleasure*, 1676. But

the absurdity was not confined to novels: the drama

would afford numerous examples.

That we the horriders may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a
Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's
purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me
vision:

(I fast,⁸ and pray'd, for their intelligence.) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy⁹ south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes: for it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,¹¹
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ.¹² If I do lie, and do

1 Malone observes, that 'Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strewed.' It is one of the poet's lapses of thought, and will countenance the passage remarked upon in Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 This diminutive adjunction is derived from God's pity, by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have also 'Ods bodikins.'

3 'Jovial face' here signifies such a face as belongs to Jove. The epithet is frequently so used in the old dramatic writers; particularly Heywood:—

'—Alcides here will stand

To plague you all with his high Jovial hand.'

The Silver Age.

4 Irregular must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule. The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere: but in Reinolds's God's Revenge against Adultery, ed. 1671, p. 121, we have 'irregulated lust.'

5 This is another of the poet's lapses, unless we attribute the error to the old printers, and read, 'thy head on.' We must understand by 'this head,' the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to this body.

6 i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

7 Shakspeare appears to have meant brother to the

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc.

Thy name?

Imo.

Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods, I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes¹ can dig; and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partizans A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son:

A madness, of which her life's in danger:—

Heavens, How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen Upon a desperate bed; and in a time When fearful wars point at me, her son gone, So needful for this present: It strikes me, past The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness, Hold me your loyal servant.

I Lord.

Good my liege,

The day that she was missing, he was here:

I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform

All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him, And will,² no doubt, be found.

¹ Meaning her fingers.

² That is 'take him up in your arms.' So in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*:—

—Arm you prize,
I know you will not lose her.'

The prize was Emilia.

³ Perhaps we should read, 'he'll no doubt be found.' But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age. There are several other instances in these plays, especially in *King Henry VIII.*: take one example:—

—which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him.'

See Lear, Act II. Sc. 4.

⁴ 'My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you.' We now say, the cause is depending.

⁵ i. e. confounded by a variety of business.

⁶ 'Your forces are able to face such an army as we fear the enemy will bring against us.'

⁷ Sir Thomas Hamner reads, 'I've had no letter.'

Cym. The time's troublesome:

We'll ship you for a season; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO.*]

Does yet depend.⁴

I Lord.

So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

Are landed on your coast; with a supply

Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—

I am amaz'd with matter.⁵

I Lord.

Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront⁶ no less

Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion, That long to move.

Cym.

I thank you: Let's withdraw,

And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us; but

We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter⁷ from my master, since

I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:

Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

To yield me often tidings; Neither know I

What is betid to Cloten; but remain

Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,

Even to the note⁸ o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:

Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Before the Cave. *Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gai. The noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?

Gai.

Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans

Must, or for Britons slay us; or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts,⁹

During their use, and slay us after.

Bel.

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going; newness

Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render¹⁰

Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us

That which we've done, whose answer would be death

Drawn on with torture.

Gai.

This is, sir, a doubt,

In such a time, nothing becoming you,

Nor satisfying us.

Arv.

It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires,¹¹ have both their eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,

That they will waste their time upon our note,

To know from whence we are.

But perhaps 'no letter' is here used to signify 'no tidings,' not a syllable of reply.

⁸ 'I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.'

⁹ i. e. *revolters*. As in *King John*:—

'Lead me to the revolts of England here.'

¹⁰ 'An account of our place of abode.' This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.

Render is used in a similar sense in a future scene of this play:—

'My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.'

¹¹ i. e. the fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army. Their beacon or watch fires. So in *King Henry V.*:—

'Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.'

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: The king himself Of his wings destitute,¹ the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,— An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane, He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country base,² than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,³) Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled, *Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand! Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save, But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three, Three thousand confident, in act as many, (For three performers are the file, when all The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,* Accommodated by the place, more charming, With their own nobleness, (which would have turn'd A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks, Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war, Damn'd in the first beginners!) gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon, A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our cowards, (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became The life o' the need; having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound! Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown The mortal bugs⁴ o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance: A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, not wonder at it: You are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

1 The stopping of the Roman army by three persons is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his History of Scotland, p. 155; upon which Milton once intended to have formed a drama. Shakspeare was evidently acquainted with it:—'Hale beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles fighting with great valiance in the middle-ward, now destitute of the wings,' &c.

2 A country game called *prison bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

3 Shame, for modesty, or shamefacedness.

4 i. e. terrors, bugbears. See King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 2.

⁵ For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

⁶ Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle.

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't, And vent it for a mockery? Here is one: *Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane, Preserve'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O, noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!

To-day, how many would have given their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own wo charm'd,⁵

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly

monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in: Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer⁶ be

Britons must take; For me, my ransom's death;

On either side I come to spend my breath;

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront⁷ with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his

service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended: BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV. *A Prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.*

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;⁸

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had

rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

6 i. e. retaliation. As in a former scene:—

'That which we've done, whose answer would be death.'

7 Silly is simple or rustic. Thus in the novel of Bocaccio, on which this play is formed:—'The servant,

who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitiful, took off her upper garment, and gave her a

poore ragged doublet, a silly chaperone.'

8 i. e. the encounter.

9 This stage direction for 'inexplicable dumb show' is probably an interpolation by the players. Shakspeare has expressed his contempt for such mummery in Hamlet.

10 The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.¹
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.² O, Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

*Solemn Music.*³ Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS
LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man,
attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an an-
cient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHU-
MUS, with Music before them. Then, after other
Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to
POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars.
They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show,
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus rip'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

I Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast

¹ This passage is very obscure, and I must say with Malone, that I think it is so rendered either by the omission of a line, or some other corruption of the text. I have no faith in Malone's explanation: that which Steevens offers is not much more satisfactory; but I have nothing better to offer. 'Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the main part, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment.'

² So in Macbeth:—

'Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
That keeps me pale.'

There is an equivocation between the legal instrument and bonds of steel; a little out of its place in a passage of pathetic exclamation.

³ This Scene is supposed not to be Shakespeare's, but foisted in by the players for mere show. The great poet, who has conducted his fifth Act with such matchless

From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy:
And to become the geck⁴ and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why has thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help:
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting
upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The
Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.⁵ Be content;
Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.]
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us:⁶ his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement cloyes, he is enter'd

skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. It appears that the players indulged themselves sometimes in unwarrantable liberties of the same kind. Nashe, in his *Leicester's State*, 1590, assures us, that in a play of his, called the *Isle of Dogs*, four acts, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players. See the *Prolegomena* to Malone's *Shakespeare*, vol. ii.; article *Shakespeare*, Ford, and Jonson.

⁴ The fool.

⁵ Delighted for delightful, or causing delight.

⁶ i. e. to grasp us in his pounces.
'And till they foot and clutch their prey.'

Herbert.
⁷ In ancient language, the *cleys* or *clees* of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*
Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O, scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled¹ world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As a good promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
shall be topped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock,
and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-
tors, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sad-
ness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come
in faint for the want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much,
and sorry that you are paid² too much; purse and
brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being
too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:
O! of this contradiction you shall now be
quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up
thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and
creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the
discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and coun-
ters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep,
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would
change places with his officer; for, look you, sir,
you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I
have not seen him so pictured: you must either be

¹ I.e. trifling. Hence *new-fangled*, still in use for
new toys or trifles.

² Paid, here means *subdued* or *overcome* by the
liquor.

³ I.e. hazard.

⁴ *Pron* here signifies *ready, prompt*. As in *Measure
for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 3.

— in her youth

There is a *prone* and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

Thus also in *Lucan's Pharsalia*, translated by Sir Ar-
thur Gorges, b. vi.—

— Thessalian flerie steeds,
For use of war so *prone* and fit.

And in *Wilfride Holme's* poem, entitled *The Fall and
Evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:—

'With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and
vigorous.'

directed by some that take upon them to know; or
take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do
not know; or jump³ the after-inquiry on your own
peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's
end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink,
and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of
blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your priso-
ner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to
be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no
bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallow, and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.⁴
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-
sire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be
some of them too, that die against their wills; so
should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one
mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation
of gaolers and gallowes! I speak against my pre-
sent profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.⁵ *Cymbeline's Tent. Enter CYMBE-
LINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PI-
SANTIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have
made

Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym.

No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym.

To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARV.*
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel.

Sir,

In Cambria we are born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym.

Bow your knees!

Arise, my knights o' the battle:⁶ I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.⁷—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor.

Hail, great king!

⁵ In the scene before us, all the surviving characters
are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incon-
gruity the former events may have been produced, per-
haps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend
the most scrupulous advocate for regularity; and as
little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a cata-
strophe which is luridate without confusion, and not
more rich in ornament than nature. — *Steevens.*

⁶ Thus in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615:—
'Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *Knight of
the Field*.'

⁷ So in *Macbeth*:—

'The business of this man looks out of him.'

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too!—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you;
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand² to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O, most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess,
she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.

But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!

That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,

And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded: POSTHUMUS behind,
and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,³ so nurse-like: let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
ness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour⁴ is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arr. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gai. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gai. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To IACH.] step
you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

¹ This observation has already occurred in the *Fune-
ral Song*, p. 332:—

'The sceptre, learning, *physic*, must
All follow this, and come to dust.'

² 'To bear in hand' is 'to delude by false appear-
ances.'

³ *Feat* is ready, dexterous. ⁴ *Countenance*.

⁵ 'I know not what should induce me to say, live,
boy.' The word *nor* was inserted by Rowe.

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail¹ to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,² laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye;—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lessor of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car.⁴ Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes⁵
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison;
Some upright justicer!⁶ Thou, king, send out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.⁷
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O, Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O, Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo.

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part.

[Striking her; she falls.]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help,
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers⁸ on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O, gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper⁹ poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life: but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.¹⁰ [Embracing him.]

Shakspeare has the word thrice in King Lear. And
Warner, in his Albion's England, 1602, b. x. ch. 45:—
'Precelling his progenitors, a justicer upright.'

⁷ 'Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.'

⁸ i. e. this wild and delirious perturbation. It is still
common to say 'it stagger'd me,' when we have been
moved by any sudden emotion of surprise.

⁹ Mix, compound.

¹⁰ Imogen comes up to Posthumus as soon as she
knows that the error is cleared up; and, hanging fondly

¹ To quail is to faint, or sink into dejection.

² Feature is hers used for proportion.

³ As for as if. So in The Winter's Tale:—

'—he utters them as he had eaten ballads.'

⁴ 'He had deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like Phœbus' car.' *Antony and Cleopatra*.

⁵ i. e. such marks of the chamber and pictures, as
averred or confirmed my report.

⁶ Justicer was anciently used instead of justice.—

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir,
[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not;

You had a motive for't. [*To GUI. and ARV.*]

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught: and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could roar so to me; I cut off his head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

on him, says, not as upbraiding him, but with kindness and good humour, 'How could you treat your wife thus?' in that endearing tone which most readers, who are fathers and husbands, will understand, who will add poor to wife. She then adds, Now you know who I am, suppose we were on the edge of a precipice, and throw me from you; meaning, in the same endearing irony, to say, I am sure it is as impossible for you to be intentionally unkind to me, as it is for you to kill me. Perhaps some very wise persons may smile at part of this note; but however much black-letter books may be necessary to elucidate some parts of Shakspeare, there are others which require some acquaintance with those familiar pages of the book of Nature:

'Which learning may not understand,
And wisdom may disdain to hear.' *Pyc.*

1 The consequence is taken for the whole action; by *tasting* is by forcing us to make thee to taste.

2 As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assun'd this age: a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot,
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty year
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benedictions of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.⁴

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand

was, it must have a reference to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

3 The old copy reads 'neere offence;' the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means to say 'My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only.'

4 'Take him and cut him into little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,' &c.
Romeo and Juliet.

5 'Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.' The king reasons very justly—*Johnson.*

Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O, Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Imo. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O, rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce¹ abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.²—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives³ to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long intergatories.⁴ See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To BELARIUS.*
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for

The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows⁵
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection⁶ of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—
Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
braced by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being
dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in
peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To CYMBELINE.*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,
Is this most constant wife: who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.⁸

So the Queen in Hamlet says:—

'— Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection.'

Whose containing means the contents of which.

⁷ It should apparently be, 'By peace we will begin.
The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain
'peace and plenty.' To which Cymbeline replies, 'We
will begin with peace, to fulfil the prophecy.'

⁸ I. e. have laid most heavy hand on. Many such
elliptical passages are found in Shakspeare. Thus in
The Rape of Lucrece:—

'Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on whom he looks [on] gainst law and duty.'
So in The Winter's Tale:—

'— The queen is spotless
In that which you accuse her [of].'

¹ Fierce is vehement, rapid.

² I. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

³ 'Your three motives' means 'the motives of you three.' So in Romeo and Juliet, 'both our remedies means 'the remedy for us both.'

⁴ Intergatories was frequently used for interrogatories, and consequently as a word of only five syllables. In The Merchant of Venice, near the end, it is also thus used:—

'And charge us there upon intergatories.'

⁵ Spritely shows are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

⁶ A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So in Davies's poem on The Immortality of the Soul:—

'When she from sundry arts one skill doth draw;
Gath'ring from divers sights one act of war;

From many cases like one rule of law:

These her collections, not the senses are.'

South. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify: seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.* JOHNSON.

* Johnson's remark on the gross incongruity of names, and manners in this play is just, but it was the common error of the age; in *The Wife for a Month*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have Frederick and Alphonso among a host of Greek names, not to mention the firing of a pistol by Demetrius Poliorcetes in *The Humorous Lieutenant*.—*Pyc.*

It is hardly necessary to point out the extreme injus-

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village kinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

tice of the unfounded severity of Johnson's animadversions upon this exquisite drama. The antidote will be found in the reader's appeal to his own feelings after reiterated perusal. It is with satisfaction I refer to the more just and discriminative opinion of a foreign critic, to whom every lover of Shakspeare is deeply indebted, cited in the preliminary remarks. S. W. S.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

ON what principle the editors of the first complete edition of Shakspeare's works admitted this play into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some way or other aided in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, in the time of King James II., warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told (says he, in his preface to an alteration of this play, published in 1687,) by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts.'

'A booke, entitled A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus,' was entered at Stationers' Hall, by John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.*; by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to Bartholomew Fair, 1614, we learn that Andronicus had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in 1559; or, taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

'To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were ex-

amined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of Appius and Virginia, Titus and Lucius, and the Battle of Alcazar, Jeronimo, Sellmus Emperor of the Turks, The Wounds of Civil War, The Wars of Cyrus, Locrine, Arden of Feversham, King Edward II., The Spanish Tragedy, Solyman and Perseda, King Lear, the old King John, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint.

'The testimony of Meres, [who attributes it to Shakspeare in his *Palladis Tamia*, or the *Second Part of Wits Common Wealth*, 1598,] remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was, in 1598, when his book first appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of Shakspeare, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c.; the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style

from our author's undoubted plays, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft when some of his contemporaries had not long been dead (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir Wm. Davenant did not die till April, 1669;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of Titus Andronicus has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare.—*Malone*.

Mr. Malone, in the preceding note, has expressed his opinion that Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it. Upon no other ground than this has it any claim to a place among our poet's dramas: Those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced, he marked with inverted commas. This system of seizing upon every line possessed of merit, as belonging of right to our great dramatist, is scarcely doing justice to his contemporaries; and resembles one of the arguments which Theobald has used in his preface to *The Double Falsehood*:—"My partiality for Shakspeare makes me wish that every thing which is good or pleasing in our tongue had been owing to his pen." Many of the writers of that day were men of high poetical talent; and many individual speeches are found in plays, which, as plays, are of no value, which would not have been in any way unworthy of Shakspeare himself; of whom, Dr. Johnson has observed, that "his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of the fable and the tenour of his dialogue; and that he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." Dr. Ferriar has ascribed Titus Andronicus to Kyd, and placed it on a level with *Lo crine*; but it appears to be much more in the style of Marlowe. His fondness for accumulating horrors upon other occasions, will account for the sanguinary character of this play; and it would not, I think, be difficult to show by extracts from his other performances, that there is not a line in it which he was not fully capable of writing.—*Boswell*.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, &c. from an old ballad which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593: and again entered to Tho. Pavier, April 19, 1602. The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. speaks of the story of Titus as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of Tamora. And there is an allusion to it in A Knack to Know a Knave, 1594.

I have given the reader a specimen (in the notes) of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft; and may add, that when the Empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:—

"She has undone me, ev'n in mine own art,
Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child;
Give it me, I'll eat it."

'It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but Titus Andronicus has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of the author.

'It was evidently the work of one who was acquainted with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor of his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play and in no other.

'Let it be likewise remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quartos [of 1600] and 1611 are anonymous.

'Could the use of particular terms, employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliant* for *robe*, a Latinism, which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that Titus Andronicus will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about* and *about* this suspected thing, let me observe, that the glitter of a few passages in it has, perhaps, misled the judgment of those who ought to have known that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabric of a tragedy. Without these advantages many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with lavish profusion. It does not follow that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple.

'Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.'—*Steevens*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.
QUINTUS, }
MARTIUS, }
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.
CHIRON, }
DEMETRIUS, }

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE—Rome; and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Saturninus.

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title¹ with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age² with this indignity.

1 I e. my title to the succession. 'The empire being elective and not successive, the emperors in being made profit of their own times.'—*Raleigh*.

2 Saturninus means his seniority in point of age. In

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited¹ home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.]

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, MARCUS, &c.]

SCENE II. *The same. Enter a Captain, and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS *and* MARTIUS; *after them two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then* TA-

MORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,²
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The Tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O, sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly³ prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.⁴

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen. *[queror,*

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious con-
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion⁵ for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient⁶ yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O, cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The selfsame gods, that arm'd the queer of Troy

⁴ It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

⁵ i. e. in grief.

⁶ This verb is used by other old dramatic writers.

Thus in Arden of Feversham, 1592:—

'Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.'

a subsequent passage Tamora speaks of him as a very young man.

¹ Summoned.

² Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

³ Earthly. Ed 1600.

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,¹
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,) *To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MURTIUS, with their Swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in the Tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long:
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!²

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,³
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliant⁴ of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What? should I don⁵ this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;

To-morrow, yield up rule resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

¹ Theobald says that we should read, 'in her tent,' i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan women were kept; for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. Steevens objects to Theobald's conclusion, that the writer gleaned this circumstance from the Hecuba of Euripides, and says, 'he may have been misled by the passage in Ovid—*"vadtat artificem;"* and therefore took it for granted she found him in his tent.' Yet on an-

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Titib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[A long Flourish.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[To TAMORA.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,

Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,

other occasion he observes, that the writer has a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare.

² To 'outlive an eternal date' is, though, not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

³ The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

⁴ A robe.

⁵ I. e. do on, put it on.

Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]
Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*
Mar. *Sum cuique* is our Roman justice:

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSANIUS, with
LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Bar'r at me my way in Rome! [*Tit. kills MUT.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of the stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that foul brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O, monatrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st days of Rome,—

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

1 It was a pity to part a couple who seem to have
corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and
Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse
her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she
who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterward
marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives
her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora
is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all
she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (who-
ever he was) might have escaped censure on the score
of poetic justice.—*Steevens.*

2 A state here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a
state of any one seems to have meant 'to make them
an object of mockery.'

Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, ac-
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her iltortune conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TA-
MORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid'd to wait upon this bride;—

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS.*

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—

Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family;

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;

Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,

Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls:—

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;

He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. *Mart.* And shall, or him we will accom-
pany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that
word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but
here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast

wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.³

3 To ruffle was to be tumultuous and turbulent. Thus
Baret:—'A trouble or ruffling in the common-weale
procolla.'

4 I. e. invited.

5 'He is not with himself.' This is much the same
sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine
English idiom.

6 This passage alone would sufficiently convince me
that the play before us was the work of one who was
conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original
language. We have here a plain allusion to the Ajax
of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise :—
The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but, I know, it is ;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell :

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS,
attended ; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and
AARON : at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
and others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize ;²
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord : I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?

But let the laws of Rome determine all ;

Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir ; You are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only this much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour wrong'd ;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave :

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine ;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome fore-

fend,

I should be author to dishonour you !

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him :

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose.

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :

You are but newly planted in your throne ;

Least then the people, and patricians too, } *Aside.*

time of Shakspeare. In that piece Agamemnon con-
sents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and
Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in
favour of his remains.—*Steevens.*

I This is evidently a translation of the distich of En-
nius :—

'Nemo me lacrimis decorat : nec funera fletu
Fasch quur ? volito vivu' per ora virum.'

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to make a
queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—Come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd,

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his

highness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be

friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an I please your majesty,

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.³SCENE I. Rome. Before the Palace. *Enter*

AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,

Safe out of fortune's shot : and sits aloft,

Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash ;

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;

So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,

And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

² To play a prize was a technical term in the ancient fencing schools.

³ In the quarto of 1600 the stage direction is 'Sound trumpets, manet Moore.' In the quarto of 1611 the direction is 'Manet Aaron,' and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.—*Johnson.*

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
 Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all:
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier¹ by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threaten your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
 So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns:
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I: till I have sheath'd
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
 Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,²

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—
 Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.—
 Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jut upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
 This discord's ground, the music would not please.

1 This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.

2 It appears that a light kind of sword, more for show than use, was worn by gentlemen, even when daucing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*—

—no sword worn
 But one to dance with.

And Greene in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*:—“One of them carrying his cutting sword of choller the other his dancing-rapier of delight.”

3 This phrase appears to have been adopted from Virgil, *Æneid* xl. 383:—

“*Prolinde tonu eloquio, solitum tibi*—”

4 Chiron appears to mean, ‘that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.’ Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

“*Tranio, I burn, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl.*”

5 These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the *First Part of King Henry VI.*:—

“*She's a beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.*”

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
 How furious and impatient they be,
 And cannot brook competitors in love?
 I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
 By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
 Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.⁴

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill⁵
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?⁶

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch,
 or so,

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would, you had hit it too;
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
 To square⁷ for this? Would it offend you then
 That both should speed?

Chi. Ffaith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,
 So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
 you jar.

‘Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind⁸ for rape and villany:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred⁹ wit,

To villany and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

This circumstance has given rise to a conjecture that the author of the present play was also the writer of the original *King Henry VI.* Ritson says that he ‘should take Kyd to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus*, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin, though it must be confessed that in the first of those good qualities Marlowe's Jew of Malta may fairly dispute precedence with the Spanish Tragedy.’

6 There is a Scottish proverb, ‘Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.’ Non omnen molitor quæ fluit unda videt. The subsequent line is also a northern proverb, ‘It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf.’

7 Mr. Holt is willing to infer that *Titus Andronicus* was one of Shakespeare's early performances, because the stratagems of the profession traditionally given to his youth seem here to have been fresh in the writer's mind. But when we consider how common allusions to sports of the field are in all the writers of that age there seems to be no real ground for the conclusion.

8 Quarrel.

9 By nature.

10 Sacred here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

And she shall file our engines with advice,¹
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*² [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.³ *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*
Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good !—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav.

I say, no ;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then, horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.— [To TAMORA.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest. Enter*
AARON, *with a Bag of Gold.*

Lar. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,

And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,

Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;

Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villany ;

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[Hides the Gold.]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.⁴

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,⁵

¹ The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.

² These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies.

³ The division of this play into acts, which was first made in the folio of 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun.—Johnson.

⁴ I. e. possess.

⁵ This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?

The birds chant melody on every bush ;

The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,

And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,—

Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise

And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd

The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,

When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,

And certain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;

Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious

birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song

Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine :

What signifies my deadly standing eye,

My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls

Even as an adder, when she doth unroll

To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;

His Philomel⁶ must lose her tongue to-day

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—

Now question me no more, we are espied ;

Here comes a parcel⁷ of our hopeful booty,

Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than

life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?

Or is it Dian, habited like her ;

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps !

Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;

And to be doubted, that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments :

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !

'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian⁸

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you ?

who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.—Johnson.

⁶ Malone remarks, that there is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora ; he thinks it the only part of the play which resembles the style of Shakspeare.

⁷ See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book vi.

⁸ I. e. a part.

⁹ *Swarth* is dusky. The Moor is called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long!¹

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun,² here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,³

Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.⁴
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,⁵—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, strath the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope⁶ braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy

That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

¹ He had yet been married but one night. The true reading may be 'made her,' i. e. Tamora.

² Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his 'ane Shore'—

'This is the house where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,

Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.'

³ Hedgehogs.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To CHIRON.*

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O, could I find it now!)

The lion mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O, Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband:
[*Dragging off LAVINIA.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Enter AARON with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I esp'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, what'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit.*

⁴ This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.

⁵ The propriety of this address will be best understood by consulting Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* ch. 42. The incontinence of Semiramis has been already alluded to in the *Induction* to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sc. II.

⁶ Painted hope is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. Steevens thought that the word *hope* was interpolated, the sense being complete and the line more harmonious without it.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O, brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here:

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,¹
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocyus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here.
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.

[*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless² tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him hand
somerly,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;*

*Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,*

*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?*

*This is the pit, and this the elder tree
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out*

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To Tit.*] fell curse of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O, wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were they worse dead than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come: stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Enter DEMETRIUS and
CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut
off, and Tongue cut out.*

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so:

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash:

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang my-
self.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

¹ Is that admired mighty stone,
The carbuncle that's named;

Which from it such a flaming light
And radiance ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth.

² i. e. untimely So in King Richard II.:—
'The bloody office of his timeless end.'

¹ Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in the *Gesta Romanorum*:—'He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house.' And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium*:—

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep
in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'r'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will who'e months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street. Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the Ground.*]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*]

¹ If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.

² The old copies read, 'two ancient rimes.' The emendation is by Sir T. Hanmer.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil, from these two ancient urns,²
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than

stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O, happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banish'd?

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break!
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight!
What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,

And they have nurs'd this wo, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd me to effectless use;

Now, all the service I require of them

Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,³

That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage:

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

³ This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakespeare's works; this one expression, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis* :—

Once more the engine of her thoughts began.

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madd'd me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead: and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece;—good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo¹ is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?²

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been both idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exit LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort, [Aside.
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*He cuts off TITUS'S Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [Aside.
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

¹ The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place
that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood
of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained,
and those good men who died before our Saviour's re-

surrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his
Paradise of Fools.

² It appears from Grose on Ancient Armour, that a
castle was a kind of *close helmet*, probably so named
from *casquetel*, old French.

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow.
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That wo is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two son's heads;
Thy warlike hand: thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threaten me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

1 This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to be by the same author as the rest, is wanting in the quarto copies of 1600 and 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

2 So in *The Tempest* :—

— sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

O, 'would, thou wert as thou 'tfore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs,
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A Bonnet set out. Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;²
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate³ our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to: and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says:—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd⁴ upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling: thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord: a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of thy tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

3 This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:—
'Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
That godly king and queen did passionate.'

4 So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—
— thou

Handlest in thy discourse, O that her hand

& A very coarse allusion to brewing.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?¹ How would he hang his slender gilded wings, And buzz lamenting doings in the air? Poor harmless fly! That, with his pretty buzzing melody, Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly, Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O, Then pardon me for reprehending thee, For thou hast done a charitable deed. Give me thy knife, I will insult on him; Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor, Come hither purposely to poison me.— There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.— Ah, sirrah!²—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low, But that, between us, we can kill a fly, That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him, He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me: I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.— Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young, And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why:— Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.³

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear; Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth: Which made me down to throw my books, and fly; Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt: And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—

¹ Stevens conjectures that the words '*and mother*' should be omitted. Ritson proposes to read the line thus:—

² 'But! How if that fly had a father, brother?'

³ This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Pains were the same address to the Prince of Wales in King Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc. 2.

⁴ Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

⁵ Succession.

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.— But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd; Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.— Why lifts she up her arms in sequence⁴ thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:— Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;

My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves! Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape?

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes⁵ the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl, Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?— See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt, (O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece's bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—

Write thou, good niece: and here display, at last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge!

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord what she hath writ? *Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*⁶

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know, There is enough written upon this earth,

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,⁷

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

⁵ To quote is to observe.

⁶ *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion, in Seneca's Tragedy.

⁷ *Feere* signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband, as in the old romance of Sir Eglamour of Artoys, sig. A 4:

'Christabele, your daughter freee,
When shall she have a fere?'

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad¹ of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,²
And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say
you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and, withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir : and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and BOY.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one
Door ; at another Door, Young LUCIUS, and an
Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Ver-
ses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy,³ lovely Lucius ; What's the
news ?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the
news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well :
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody
villains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round
about ?

Let's see ;
*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

¹ A gad, in Anglo-Saxon, signified the point of a spear. It is here used for a similar pointed instrument.

² — Folius tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata violent rapidis ludibria ventis.

Æn. vi. 75.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace :—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no sound jest !⁴ the old man hath
found their guilt ;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go : and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us
o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ; who comes here ?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her
Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords :
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is : and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone !
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye ;

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam ; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue :

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?
Aar. Done ! that which thou

Canst not undo. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !
Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother will it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

³ I. e. grand merci ; great thanks.

⁴ This mode of expression was common formerly.
So in King Henry IV. Part I. :—'Here's no fine villany !'

Dem. I'll broach¹ the tadpole on my rapier's point ;

Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up,

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scymetar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir !

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,²

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what ; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !

Coal black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue :

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

This, before all the world, do I prefer ;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.³

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.⁴

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :

Fie, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart !⁵

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer !⁶

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light :

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; When we all join in league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :⁷

Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said :—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore

didst thou this ?

1 In *Lust's Dominion*, by Marlowe, a play in its style

bearing a near resemblance to *Titus Andronicus*, Eleazar,

the Moor, a character of unmingled ferocity, like

Aaron, and, like him, the paramour of a royal mistress,

exclaims :—

'—— Run, and with a voice

Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten

To Roderigo and the Cardinal,

Seek no queens here ; I'll broach them, if they do,

Upon my falchion's point.'

2 A giant, the son of *Titan and Terra*.

3 i. e. this foul illegitimate child. So in *King John* :—

'No scape of Nature.'

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy :

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,⁸ my countryman,

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;

His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go pack⁹ with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all ;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,

Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow

flies ;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you

hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place. Enter*

TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends of

them ; with him MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and

other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is

the way :—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :

Terras Astra relinquit :

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;

Happily you may find her in the sea ;

Yet there's as little justice as at land :—

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you deliver him this petition :

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid :

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

4 i. e. ignominy.

5 Thus also in *Othello* :—

'They are close denotements working from the heart.'

6 Complexion.

7 This proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*,

Act II.

8 The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies,

was supplied by Rowe. Steevens thinks *Muliteus* a

corruption for '*Muly lives*.'

9 To pack is to contrive insidiously. So in *King*

Learn :—

'Snuffs and packings of the duke's'

By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Ti. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What,

Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord : but Pluto sends you word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Ti. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size :
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear :

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak¹ our wrongs :
Come, to this gear.² You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—*Here, ad Apollinem.*—

Ad Martem, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—*Here, to Mercury* :

To Saturn, Caius,³ not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose you when I bid :

O my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :⁴

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Ti. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Ti. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Ti. Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Ti. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with him in all my life.

Ti. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Ti. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

Clo. From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there : God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,⁵ to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor for you.

Ti. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Ti. Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor :

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Ti. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, sir : see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Ti. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Ti. Come, Marcus, let's go ;—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others ; SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his Hand that TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus : and, for the extent

Of equal⁶ justice, us'd in such contempt ?

My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,

However these disturbers of our peace

Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress :

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;

This to Apollo ; this to the god of war :

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !

What's this, but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice every where ?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages :

But he and his shall know, that justice lives

In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Tius' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Supposing the ballad to have been written before the play, this may be only a metaphorical expression, taken from Psalm lxi. 3 :—' They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words.'

⁵ The *Clo.* means to say, *plebeian tribune* ; i. e. tribune of the people. Haumer supposes that he means *tribunus plebs*.

⁶ Equal.

¹ Revenge.

² *Gear* is here put for matter, business.

³ *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Caius are again mentioned, Act v. Sc. 2. Steevens would read *Caius*, as there was a Roman deity of that name.

⁴ In the ancient ballad, *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, the following passage :—

' Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares wrote in the dust my woe :
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often cry.'

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze¹ with all : [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clow. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you

good den :—I have brought you a letter, and a couple

of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up

a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despicable and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had

more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often overheard them say

(When I have walked like a private man),

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city

strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius:

And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tim. King, be thy thoughts imperious,² like thy

name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure stint³ their melody:

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks⁴ to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador; [*To Æmil.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper with him all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains near Rome. *Enter Lucius, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,⁵
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;⁶
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly

I heard a child cry underneath a wall:

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:

Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,

Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:

But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O, worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:

This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;⁷

chronology, that no very conclusive argument can be

deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms relative to the authenticity of Titus Andronicus.

And yet the ruined monastery, the popish tricks, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very

much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself that even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their

insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance of another.⁸—*Steevens.*

7 Alluding to the proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.'

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And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a
word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:¹
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath:—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble² for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
'To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and trust in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear, to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the em-
press.

Luc. O, most insatiate, luxurious³ woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon:
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was thy tutor to instruct them!
That coddling⁴ spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.⁵—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,⁶

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoonded⁷ almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse,) ⁸

Wherein I did not some notorious ill;

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.⁹

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die¹⁰

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire;

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome.

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

I Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges.

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March away.¹⁰ [*Exeunt.*

1 I. e. performed in a manner exciting commiseration.
2 Steevens thinks that the allusion is to a custom mentioned in Genesis, xxiv. 9.

3 I. e. lascivious.

4 That love of bed-sports.

5 An allusion to bull-dogs; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

6 Amongst the dogs and beares he goes,

Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head.*

Davies's Epigrams.

6 Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts when he made his Moor say:—

'I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;

I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;

I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.'

7 The verb to swoond, which we now write swoon was anciently in common use.

8 Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play; and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithamore, in the Jew of Malta, Act II. and compare it with these sentiments of Aaron, will perceive much reason for the opinion.

9 It appears from these words that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

10 Perhaps this is a stage direction crept into the text.

SCENE II. Rome. Before Titus's House. Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment, I will encounter with Andronicus ; And say, I am Revenge, sent from below, To join with him and right his heinous wrongs. Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ; Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him, And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?

Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect ?

You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action ?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines ;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :

Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :

I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;

Confer with me of murder and of death :

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity, or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;

Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;

And then I'll come, and be thy wagoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,

And find out raurderers in their guilty caves :

And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the wagon wheel

Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,

Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine¹ and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these² thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine and Murder ; therefore called so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are !

And you the empress ! But we worldly men

¹ Rape and rapine appear to have been sometimes used anciently as synonymous terms. Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v ver. 116, uses *ravyne* in the same sense :—

'For if thou be of suche covine

To get of love by *ravyne*,

Thy love,' &c.

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee, I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :

Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;

And being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;

Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—

How like the empress and her sons you are !

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—

Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—

For, well I wot, the empress never wags,

But in her company there is a Moor ;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil :

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee

wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor :

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee ;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :

Tell him, the emperor and the empress too

Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love ; and so let him,

As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,

And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;

² Similar violations of syntax, according to modern notions, are not unfrequent in our elder writers. Thus Hobbes, in his History of the Civil Wars :—'If the king give us leave, you or I may as lawfully preach as *them* that do.'

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

[*Aside.*]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress's sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear: we are the empress's sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin¹ I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

¹ A coffin is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

² I. e. her own produce. 'The earth's increase' is the produce of the earth. 'Then shall the earth bring forth her increase,' Psalm lxxvii. 6. So in the Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1:

'Earth's increase and foilson plenty.'

³ 'And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.'

⁴ I. e. begin the parley. We yet say, he breaks his mind.

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.²

This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their Throats.*]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c. Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine,³ befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress's face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*]
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break⁴ the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at Table.*]

Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled, Young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the Dishes on the Table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginus,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?⁵

5 Rowe may have availed himself of this passage in The Fair Penitent, where Sciolto asks Calista:—

'Hast thou not heard what brave Virginus did?—
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,' &c.

Titus Andronicus (as Steevens observes) is incorrect in his statement of this occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. Mr. Boswell seems to think this is qualified by his saying that he had more cause to slay his daughter than Virginus.

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;—

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind!

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.¹

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Partisans ascend the Steps before TITUS's House.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS*] as erst

our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance; even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration:

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;

And they it were that ravished our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;

Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd²

1 The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene are much of a piece with it:—

'Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.'

[*Subs the Empress*]

Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who down'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood:

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the Arms of an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes;

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you,

Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,

And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,³

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,

Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,

The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's

royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*To an Attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's

gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her wo!

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—

For nature puts me to a heavy task;—

Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses TITUS.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn

of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,

Mect and agreeing with thine infancy;

In that respect, then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:

Friends should associate friends in grief and wo:

And then 'A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall: their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.'

2 i. e. 'and he basely cozen'd.'

3 i. e. 'we the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down.'

Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again !—
O, lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

I Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :

Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.¹

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,
I should repent the evil I have done ;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will ;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

¹ That *justice* and *cooking* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of the play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *racked* and *roasted* on the stage.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor.
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.]

ALL the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them ; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing. JOHNSON

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. DOUCE observes that 'the very great popularity of this play in former times may be supposed to have originated from the interest which the *story* must have excited. To trace the fable beyond the period in which the favourite romance of *Apollonius Tyrtus* was composed, would be a vain attempt : that was the probable original ; but of its author nothing decisive has been discovered. Some have maintained that it was originally written in Greek, and translated into Latin by a Christian about the time of the decline of the Roman empire ; others have given it to Symposius, a writer whom they place in the eighth century, because the riddles which occur in the story are to be found in a work entitled *Symposii Enigmata*. It occurs in that storehouse of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is sufficiently evinced by the existence of an Anglo Saxon version, mentioned in Wanley's list, and now in Bene't College, Cambridge. One Constantine is said to have translated it into modern Greek verse, about the year 1500, (this is probably the MS. mentioned by Dufresne in the index of authors appended to his Greek Glossary,) and afterwards printed at Venice in 1563. It had been printed in Latin prose at Augsburg in 1471, which is probably as early as the first dateless impression of the *Gesta Romanorum*.*

A very curious fragment of an old metrical romance on the subject was in the collection of the late Dr. Farmer, and is now in my possession. This we have the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt for placing at an earlier period than the time of Gower. The fragment consists of two leaves of parchment, which had been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words entirely lost, and the whole has suffered so much by time as to be scarcely legible. Yet I have considered it so curious a relic of our early poetry and language, that I have bestowed some pains in deciphering what remains, and have given a specimen or two in the notes toward the close of the play.—I will here exhibit a further portion, comprising the

name of the writer, who appears to have been Thomas Vicary, of Winborn Minster, in Dorsetshire. The portion I have given will continue the story of Apollonius (the Pericles of the play) :—

Wit hys wyf in gret solas

* * * * *

He lyvede after this do was,
And had twey sones by lunge age
That wax wel farynge men :

— the kyndom of Antioche
Of Tire and of Cirenem,
Came never werre on hys londe
Ne hungre ne no mesayge
Bot hit yede wel an hond,
He lyvede well at ayse.

He wrot twey bokys of hys lyf,
That in to hys owne bible he sette
— at byddynge of hys wyf,
He lafte at Ephese thr he her fette.
He ruide hys londe in goud manere,
Tho he drow to age,
Anatogora he made king of Tire,
That was his owne heritage.

— best sone of that empire
He made king of Aitnage
— that he louede dure,
Of Cirenem thr was —
Whan that he hadde al thys y dyght
Cam deth and axede hys fee,
— hys soule to God al myght
So wol God thr hit bee,
And sende ech housbonde grace
For to love so hys wyf
That cheryshed him wit oute trespace
As sche dyde him al here lyf,
— me on alle lyues space
Heer to amende our mysdede,
In blisse of heuene to have a place ;
Amen ye singe here y rede.
In trouth thys was translatyd
Almost at Engelondes ende,
— to the makers stat

Tak sich a mynde,
— have ytake hys bedys on hond
And sayde hys patir nostr & crede,
Thomas vicary y understand
At Wymborne mynstre in that stede,
— y thoughte you have wryte
Hit is nought worth to be knowe,
Ze that woll the sothe y wryte

* 'Towards the latter end of the twelfth century, Godfrey of Viterbo, in his Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about two hundred years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14, c. xl.] :—

Filla Seleuci stat clara decore

Matreque defuncta pater arsit in ejus amore

Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.'—Tyrwhitt.

Go thider and men wol the schewe,
 Now Fader & sone & holy gost
 To wham y cleinde at my bygynninge,
 And God he hys of myghtes most
 Brynge us alle to a goud endynge,
 Lede us wide the payne of helle
 O God lord & prones three
 In to the bysse of heuene to dwelle,
 Amen pr Charite.

Explicit Appoloni Tyrus Rex nobilis & virtuosus, &c.
 This story is also related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. vii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. Most of the incidents of the play are found in his narration, and a few of his expressions are occasionally borrowed.—Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo; and the author of *Pericles* professes to have followed Gower.

Chaucer also refers to the story in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue* :—

'Or elles of Tyrius Appoloniuz,
 How that the cursed king Antiochus,
 Beraft his daughter of hire maidenhede;
 That is so horrible a tale for to rede,' &c.

A French translation from the Latin prose, evidently of the fifteenth century, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 20, c. ii. There are several more recent French translations of the story: one under the title of '*La Chronique d'Appolin Roi de Thyre*,' 4to. Geneva, blk. l. no date. Another by Gilles Corrozet, Paris, 1530, 8vo. It is also printed in the seventh vol. of the *Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, 12mo. 1604; and modernised by M. Le Brun, was printed at Amsterdam in 1710, and Paris in 1711. 120. There is an abstract of the story in the *Melanges tires d'une grande Bibliotheque*, vol. lxiv. p. 265.

The first English prose version of the story, translated by Robert Copland, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. It was again translated by T. Twine, and originally published by W. Howe, 1576. Of this there was a second impression in 1607, under the title of *The Patterne of painful Adventures*, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befel unto Prince Appoloniuz, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter, &c. translated into English by T. Twine, Gent. The poet seems to have made use of this prose narration as well as of Gower.

That the greater part, if not the whole, of this drama, was the composition of Shakspeare, and that it is to be considered as his earliest dramatic effort, are positions, of which the first has been rendered highly probable by the elaborate disquisitions of Messrs. Steevens and Malone, and may possibly be placed in a clearer point of view by a more condensed and lucid arrangement of the testimony already produced, and by a further discussion of the merits and peculiarities of the play itself, while the second will, we trust, receive additional support by inferences legitimately deduced from a comprehensive survey of scattered and hitherto insulated premises.

The evidence required for the establishment of a high degree of probability under the first of these positions, necessarily divides itself into two parts; the external and the internal evidence. The former commences with the original edition of *Pericles*, which was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, on the 20th of May, 1608, but did not pass the press until the subsequent year, when it was published, not, as might have been expected, by Blount, but by one Henry Gosson, who placed Shakspeare's name at full length in the title page. It is worthy of remark, also, that this edition was entered at Stationers' hall, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that it (and the three following editions, which were also in quarto) was styled in the title page the much admired play of *Pericles*. As the entry, however, was by Blount, and the edition by Gosson, it is probable that the former had been anticipated by the latter, through the procuration of a play house copy. It may also be added, that *Pericles* was performed at Shakspeare's own theatre, *The Globe*. The next ascription of this play to our author is in a poem entitled *The Times Displayed*, in *Six Sestynads*, by S. Sheppard, 4to. 1616, dedicated to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and containing in the ninth stanza of the sixth Sestiad a positive assertion of Shakspeare's property in this drama :—

'See him whose tragic scenes Euripides
 Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
 Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
 Never like him his fancy could display,
 Witness the Prince of Tyre his Pericles

This high eulogium on *Pericles* received a direct contradiction very shortly afterwards from the pen of an obscure poet named Tatham, who bears, however, an equally strong testimony as to Shakspeare's being the author of the piece, which he thus presumes to censure :—

'But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
 Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass'

To these testimonies in 1646 and 1652, full and unqualified, and made at no distant period from the death of the bard to whom they relate, we have to add the still more forcible and striking declaration of Dryden, who tells us in 1677, and in words as strong and decisive as he could select, that—

'Shakspeare's own muse, his *Pericles* first bore.'

The only drawback on this accumulation of external evidence is the omission of *Pericles* in the first edition of our author's works: a negative fact which can have little weight, when we recollect that both the memory and judgment of Heminge and Condell, the poet's editors, were so defective, that they had forgotten *Troilus and Cressida*, until the entire folio, and the table of contents, had been printed; and admitted Titus Andronicus and the *Historical Play of King Henry the Sixth*, probably for no other reasons than that the former had been, from its unmerited popularity, brought forward by Shakspeare on his own theatre, though there is sufficient internal evidence to prove, without the addition of a single line; and because the latter, with a similar predilection of the lower orders in its favour, had obtained a similar, though not a more laboured attention from our poet, and was therefore deemed by his editors, though very unnecessarily, a requisite introduction to the two plays on the reign of that monarch, which Shakspeare had really new-modelled.

It cannot consequently be surprising, as they had forgotten *Troilus and Cressida* until the folio had been printed, they should have forgotten *Pericles* until the same folio had been in circulation, and when it was too late to correct the omission; an error which the second folio has, without doubt or examination, blindly copied.

If the external evidence in support of Shakspeare being the author of the greater part of this play be striking, the internal must be pronounced still more so, and, indeed, absolutely decisive of the question; for, whether we consider the style and phraseology, or the imagery, sentiment, and humour, the approximation to our author's uncontested dramas appears so close, frequent, and peculiar, as to stamp irresistible conviction on the mind.

The result has accordingly been such as might have been predicted, under the assumption of the play being genuine; for the more it has been examined the more clearly has Shakspeare's large property in it been established. It is curious, indeed, to note the increased tone of confidence which each successive commentator has assumed, in proportion as he has weighed the testimony arising from the piece itself. Rowe, in his first edition, says, "it is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last act." Dr. Farmer observes that the hand of Shakspeare may be seen in the latter part of the play: Dr. Percy remarks that "more of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles* than in any of the other six doubted plays." Steevens says, "I admit without reserve that Shakspeare—

'—whose hopeful colours
 Advance a half fac'd sun, striving to shine,'

is visible in many scenes throughout the play;—the purplet panni are Shakspeare's, and the rest the production of some inglorious and forgotten playwright:—adding, in a subsequent paragraph, that *Pericles* is valuable, "as the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of Raffaele." Malone gives it as his corrected opinion, that "the congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set his seal on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him." On this ground he thinks the greater part of the three last acts may be safely ascribed to him; and that his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two. "Many will be of opinion (says Mr. Douce) that it contains more that

Shakspeare might have written than either Love's Labour's Lost, or All's Well that Ends Well.

'For satisfactory proof that the style, phraseology, and imagery of the greater part of this play are truly Shakspearian, the reader has only to attend to the numerous coincidences which, in these respects, occur between *Pericles* and the poet's subsequent productions; similitudes so striking, as to leave no doubt that they originated from one and the same source.

'If we attend, however, a little further to the dramatic construction of *Pericles*, to its humour, sentiment, and character, not only shall we find additional evidence in favour of its being, in a great degree, the product of our author, but fresh cause, it is expected, for awarding it a higher estimation than it has hitherto obtained.'

Dr. Drake enters much more at large into the argument for establishing this as a juvenile effort of our great poet, and for placing the date of its composition in the year 1590, but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to his work for these particulars.—He continues:—

'Steevens thinks that this play was originally named *Pyrocles*, after the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, the character, as he justly observes, not bearing the smallest affinity to that of the Athenian statesman. "It is remarkable," says he, "that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalut and Parthenia, Phaulant and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. I must add, that the Appolyn of the Story-book and Gower could only have been rejected to make room for a more favourite name; yet however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakspeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former." This conjecture will amount almost to certainty if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage, while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor, proving incontestably the poet's familiarity with and study of the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable.

'However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous chorusses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession

of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet it is, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the most valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favoured us. We should therefore welcome this play as an admirable example of "the neglected favourites of our ancestors, with something of the same feeling that is experienced in the reception of an old and valued friend of our fathers or grandfathers. Nay, we should like it the better for its gothic appendages of pageants and chorusses, to explain the intricacies of the fable; and we can see no objection to the dramatic representation even of a series of ages in a single night, that does not apply to every description of poem, which leads in perusal from the fireside at which we are sitting, to a succession of remote periods and distant countries. In these matters faith is all-powerful; and without her influence, the most chastely cold and critically correct of dramas is precisely as unreal as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Winter's Tale*."

'A still more powerful attraction in *Pericles* is, that the interest accumulates as the story proceeds; for, though many of the characters in the earlier part of the drama, such as *Antiochus* and his Daughter, *Simonides* and *Thaisa*, *Cleon* and *Dionysa*, disappear and drop into oblivion, their places are supplied by more pleasing and efficient agents, who are not less fugacious, but better calculated for theatrical effect. The inequalities of this production are, indeed, considerable, and only to be accounted for, with probability, on the supposition that Shakspeare either accepted a coadjutor, or improved on the rough sketch of a previous writer, the former, for many reasons, seems entitled to a preference, and will explain why, in compliment to his dramatic friend, he has suffered a few passages, and one entire scene, of a character totally dissimilar to his own style and mode of composition, to stand uncorrected; for who does not perceive that of the closing scene of the second act not a sentence or a word escaped from the pen of Shakspeare.

'No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than *Pericles*, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced in the first and second acts; after which, feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master.*

'The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page. I mention these circumstances only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable if the old copies had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber.'—Malone.

* Shakspeare and his Times, by Dr. Drake, vol. ii. p. 262 and seq.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, Servant to Dionysa. Marshal.

A Pandar, and his Wife. BOULT, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYSA, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina. DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.†

* We meet with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities. Pentapolis occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of King Appolyn of Tyre, 1510; in Gower; the *Gesta Romanorum*; and Twine's translation from it. Its site is marked in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, Brit. Mus. Tiberius, b. v. In the original Latin romance of Apollonius Tyrius it is most accurately called *Pentapolis Cyrenorum* and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy inform

us, a district of Cyrenalca in Africa, comprising five cities, of which Cyrene was one.

† That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the *Egean sea*; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*¹ *Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old² was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;³
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales;⁴
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase⁵ is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)
This king unto him took a pheeze,⁶
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,⁷
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account⁸ no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,⁹
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)¹⁰
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.¹¹

1 Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

2 i. e. that of old.

3 The defect of metre (*sung and come* being no rhymes) points out that we should read—

From ancient ashes Gower sprung;¹
alluding to the restoration of the Phoenix.

4 That is, says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has 'holy days.' Gower's speeches were certainly intended to rhyme throughout.

5 'The purchase' is the reading of the old copy; which Steevens, among other capricious alterations, changed to *purpose*. That Steevens and Malone were ignorant of the true meaning of the word *purchase*, I have shown, King Henry IV. part i. act ii. sc. 1. It was anciently used to signify *gain, profit; any good or advantage* obtained; as in the following instances:—James the First, when he made the extravagant gift of 30,000*l.* to Rich, said, 'You think now that you have a great purchase; but I am far happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it.'

'No purchase passes a good wife, no losse
Is, than a bad wife a more cursed crosse.'

Chapman's Georgics of Hesiod, b. ii. 44, p. 32.

6 Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.'

Hall, Satire ii. b. 2.

7 *Wife*; the word signifies a *mate* or *companion*.

8 i. e. completely exuberantly beautiful. A full fortune, in Othello, means a *complete* one.

9 Account for accounted.

10 i. e. *shape* or *direct* their course thither.

11 'To keep her still to himself, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage.'

12 Gower must be supposed to point to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

13 Which (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. Thus afterwards:—

'When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge.'

13 It does not appear in the present drama that the

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye I give, my cause who best can justify.¹² [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,¹³ you have at large receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,¹⁴ For the embracements even of Jove himself; At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd, Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,)¹⁵ The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men!¹⁶

Her face the book of praises,¹⁷ where is read

Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.¹⁸

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflam'd desire in my breast,

To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,

To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

Her countless glory, which desert must gain:

And which, without desert, because thine eye

Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance

pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,¹⁹

father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore,

throughout this play, we are to understand *prince regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of

Tyre; and Appolyn in Copland's translation from the

French. In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called

prince of Tyros, as he is in Gower.

14 In the old copy this line stands:—

'*Music*, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.'

Malone thinks it a marginal direction, inserted in the

text by mistake. Mr. Boswell thinks it only an Alex-

andrine, and adds, "It does not seem probable that

music would commence at the close of Pericles' speech,

without an order from the king.'

15 The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of

Antiochus. The construction is, 'at whose conception

the senate-house of planets all did sit,' &c.; and the

words, 'till Lucina reign'd, Nature,' &c. are paren-

thetical. The leading thought may have been taken

from Sidney's *Arcadia*, book ii. — 'The senate-house of

the planets was at no time to set for the decreeing of

perfection in a man,' &c. Thus also Milton, *Paradise*

Lost, viii. 511:

— all heaven,

And happy constellations on that hour

Shed their selectest influence.'

16 'The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts

the sovereign of every virtue that gives renown to men.'

The ellipsis in the second line is what obscured this

passage, which Steevens would have altered, because

he did not comprehend it.

17 'Her face is a book where may be read all that is

praiseworthy, every thing that is the cause of admiration

and praise.' Shakspeare has often this image.

18 By 'her mild companion' the companion of her

mildness is meant.

19 *Hesperides* is here taken for the name of the garden

in which the golden apples were kept; as we find it

in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv.

20 Thus Lucan, lib. vii:—

— cælo tegitur qui non habet urnam.'

They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going¹ on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:²
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling wo,³
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then;
Which read the world, see heaven, but feeling wo,³
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!⁴

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.⁵

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed:

I sought a husband, in which labour,

I found that kindness in a father.

He's father, son, and husband mild,

I, mother, wife, and yet his child.

How they may be, and yet in two,

As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last:⁶ but O, you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes⁷ to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually⁸
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the Hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,⁹
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,

1 l. e. 'for fear of going,' or 'lest they should go.'—
Dr. Percy proposed to read, 'in death's net' but on
and in were anciently used the one for the other.

2 That is, 'to prepare this body for that state to
which I must come.'

3 'I will act as sick men do; who having had expe-
rience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary
and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the
latter for the former; but at length, feeling them-
selves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures,
but prepare calmly for futurity.'

4 The old copy reads:—

'Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous;
'Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!'

The emendation is Mr. Mason's.

5 This is from the third book of Sidney's Arcadia:—
'Whereupon asking advice of no other thought but
faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from
his own horse,' &c.

6 l. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that
his life depends on resolving it: which he properly
enough calls *sharp physic*, or a bitter potion.

7 Thus in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

'—who more engilds the night

Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

8 —stars hide your fires,

Let not light see,' &c. *Macbeth.*

9 l. e. he is no perfect or honest man, that knowing,
&c.

10 This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king
cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman
he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:—

'—to let him be familiar with

My play-fellow, your hand; this kindly seal
And pligher of high hearts.'

Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
harken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you,

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not,¹⁰ upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;¹¹
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts

Copp'd¹² hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
throng'd

By man's oppression;¹³ and the poor worm¹⁴ doth
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning;—

But I will gloze¹⁵ with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;¹⁶

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,

As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT. his Daughter, and Attend.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!

When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where! now you're both a father and a son,

Malefort, in Massinger's Unnatural Combat, expresses
the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches
his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed.

11 'The man who knows the ill practices of princes is
unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher
of vicious actions resembles the wind, which while it
passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the
blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the
dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the fu-
ture the air that would annoy them.' Pericles means
by this similitude to show the danger of revealing the
crimes of princes; for as they feel hurt by the publica-
tion of their shame, they will of course prevent the
repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged.
He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole.

12 'Copp'd hills' are hills rising in a conical form,
something of the shape of a sugarloaf. Thus in Hor-
man's Vulgaria, 1519: 'Sometime men wear copped
caps like a sugar loaf.' So Baret: 'To make copped,
or sharpe at top; cacumino.' In Anglo-Saxon, *cop* is a
head.

13 The earth is oppressed by the injuries which crowd
upon her. Steevens altered *throng'd* to *wrong'd*;
but apparently without necessity.

14 The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of com-
miseration. In The Tempest, Prospero, speaking to
Miranda, says, 'Poor worm, thou art infected.' The
mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks
which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

15 Flatter, insinuate.

16 To the destruction of your life.

17 Where has here the power of *whereas*; as in
other passages of these plays. It occurs again with the
same meaning in Act ii. Sc. 3, of this play

By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;) ¹
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun! no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,²
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our
mind

Partakes³ her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.⁴

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit* Messenger.

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Tyre. A Room in the Palace. Enter
PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why should this
change of thought?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,

¹ The old copy erroneously reads *show*. The emendation is Malone's. The expression here is elliptical:—
'For wisdom sees that those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course in order to preserve them from being made public.'

² 'To prevent any suspicion from falling on you.'—
So in *Macbeth*:—

'—always thought, that I
Require a clearness.'

³ In *The Winter's Tale* the word *partake* is used in an active sense for *participate*:—

'—your exultation
Partake to every one.'

⁴ These words are addressed to the Messenger, who enters in haste.

⁵ '—Why should this change of thought?' This is the reading of the old copies; which Steevens changed to, 'Why this *change* of thoughts?' I think without necessity. Pericles, addressing the Lords, says, 'Let none disturb us.' Then apostrophising himself, says, 'Why should this change in our thoughts *disturb* us?'

(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed
me quiet!

Hers pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by misread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me; the great Antiochus,
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,⁶
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war⁷ will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am⁸ no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath⁹ gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err,
When Signior Sooth¹⁰ here does proclaim a peace
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;

⁶ Him was supplied by Rowe for the sake of the
metre.

⁷ Old copies:—

'And with the *stent* of war will look so huge.'
The emendation, suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is confirmed by the following passage in Decker's *Entertainment to King James I.* 1604:—

'And why you bear alone th' *ostent* of warre.'
Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomachia*:—

'Both heralds bearing the *ostents* of war.'

⁸ The old copy reads, 'Who once no more,' &c. The emendation is by Steevens. Malone reads, 'Who wants no more,' &c.

⁹ i. e. the breath of flattery. The word *spark* was here accidentally repeated by the compositor in the old copy.

¹⁰ A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*:—'And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile.'

Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring to subjects joys.²
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:³ but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it,⁴ (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.⁵

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.⁶
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs' we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,⁷
Thou show'd'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.⁸

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Tyre. An Ante-Chamber in the
Palace. Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I
am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.⁹
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the in-
denture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come
the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus, (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself¹⁰ unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*]

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.¹¹
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles:
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since¹²
Commended to our master, not to us:

7 i. e. in our different spheres.

'—— in scilpso totius teres atque rotundus.'

8 Overcome.

9 This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff:—
'I shall think the better of myself and thee during my
life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.'
The same idea is more clearly expressed in King Henry
VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'A loyal subject is
Therein illustrated.'

10 Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the
following passage in Barnabe Riche's Souldier's Wieke
to Briton's Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captain
Pill, 1604, p. 27:—'I will therefore commend the poet
Philippides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus,
what favour he might do unto him for that he loved
him, made this answer to the king—That your majesty
would never impart unto me any of your secrets.'

11 Stevens has thought this phrase wanted illustration;
but it is of very common occurrence. 'To put
himself in danger of his life; in periculum caput se
inferre.'—Bart.

12 The old copy reads:—

'But since he's gone the king's seas must please:
He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.'

The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

13 The adverb *since*, which is wanting in the old copy,
was supplied by Stevens for the sake of sense and
metre.

1 'Forbid it, heaven, that kings should suffer their
ears to hear their feelings palliated!'

2 'From whence I might propagate an issue that are
arms,' &c. Stevens reads:—

'Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.'

3 To smooth is to sooth, coax, or flatter. Thus in
King Richard III.:

'Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog.'

So in Titus Andronicus:—

'Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair.'

The verb to smooth is frequently used in this sense by
our elder writers; for instance, by Stubbes in his Ana-
tomic of Abusees, 1583:—'If you will learn to deride,
coffe, mock, and flout, to flatter and smooth,' &c.

4 The quarto of 1609 reads, 'And should he doot,'
&c.; from which the reading of the text has been formed.
'Should he be in doubt that I shall keep his secret, (as
there is no doubt but he is,) why, to 'lop that doubt,'
i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive
to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first
as the author of some supposed injury to himself.'

5 That is, to lament their fate. The first quarto
reads, 'to grieve for them.'

6 This transfer of authority naturally brings the first
scene of Measure for Measure to our mind.

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House. Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to east up a higher.
O, my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,¹
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O, Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If the gods slumber,² while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand
(For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;) ³
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jettied⁴ and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by;⁴
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,⁵
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse⁶ up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:

1 The old copy reads:—

— and seen with mischiefs eye.

The alteration was made by Steevens, who thus explains the passage:—'Withdrawn as we now are from the scene we describe, our sorrows are simply felt, and appear indistinct, as through a mist.' Malone reads:—

— unseen with mischief's eyes.

i. e. 'unseen by those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us.'

2 The old copy reads, 'If heaven slumber,' &c. This was probably an alteration of the licencer of the press. Sense and grammar require that we should read, 'If the gods,' &c.

3 To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly.

4 Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV.—

— He was indeed the glass,

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.'

Again in Cymbeline:—

'A sample to the youngest, to the more mature

A glass that feated them.'

5 The old copy has:—

— who not yet too savers younger.'

The emendation was proposed by Mason. Steevens remarks that Shakspeare computes time by the same number of summers in *Romco* and *Julliet*:—

'Let two more summers wither in their pride,' &c.

Malone reads:—

— who not used to hunger's savour.'

6 Steevens thought that this word should be *nursle*; but the examples are numerous enough in our old writ-

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, bear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,⁷
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,⁸
Whereas⁹ no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. 'Thou speak'st like him¹⁰ untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are halfway there.¹¹
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist:¹²
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And see the desolation of your streets!
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,

ters to show that the text is right. Thus in New Custom: Doddsley's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 284:—

'Borne to all wickedness, and musled in all evil.'

So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. vi. 23:—

'Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,

He nousel'd up in life and maners wilde.'

'It were a more vantage and profit by a great dele that yonge children's wyttes were otherwyse sette a warke, than nousel them in suche errour.'—*Horman's Vulgaris*, 1519, fo. 86.

'Nousel'd in virtuous disposidion, and framed to an honest trade of living.'—*Udal's Apopthegmes*, fo. 75.

So in *The Death of King Arthur*, 1601, cited by Malone:—

'Being nuzzled in effeminate delights.'

7 *Hollow*, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See *Iliad*, v. 26. By *power* is meant *forces*.

8 A letter has been probably dropped at press: we may read, 'of unhappy men.'

9 It has been already observed that *whereas* was sometimes used for *where*; as well as the converse, *where* for *whereas*.

10 The quarto of 1609 reads:—

'Thou speak'st like him¹⁰ untutor'd to repeat.'

'Like him untutor'd,' for 'like him who is untutor'd.' Deluded by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage, —that the fairest outsides are most to be suspected.'

11 The quarto of 1619 reads:—

'But bring they what they will, and what they can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are halfway there.'

12 i. e. if he rest or stand on peace.

With bloody views, expecting overthrow,¹
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love;
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.²
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man³
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:⁴
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue to make it glorious:⁵
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door PERICLES, talking with CLEON;
all the Train with them. Enter at another Door,
a Gentleman with a Letter to PERICLES; PERI-
CLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the
Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt
PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home,⁶
(Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,)
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;⁷
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:

1 The old copy reads:—

'And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within
With bloody veines,' &c.

The emendation is STEEVENS'S. Mr. Boswell says that
the old reading may mean, elliptically, 'which was
stuff'd.'

2 I. e. 'you have seen a better prince, &c. that will
prove awful,' i. e. reverent. The verb in the first line
is carried on to the third.

3 'The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where'—

Gower means to say, 'The good prince (on whom I
bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus,
where every man,' &c. Conversation is conduct, be-
haviour. See the Second Epistle of St. Peter, iii. 11.

4 'Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says,
as if it were Holy Writ.'

5 This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found
in the Confessio Amantis:—

'That thei for ever in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in a common place
Thei set it up; so that his face
Might every maner man beholde,
It was of laton over gylte,' &c.

He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,—
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.' [Exit.]

SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open Place by the
Sea Side. Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!¹

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wannonion.¹⁰

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help our-
selves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when
I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?¹¹
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on
them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd.
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones
eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers
to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plague and
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,'¹² and at
last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales
have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping
till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church,
steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I
would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me
too: and when I had been in his belly, I would

6 Thus the old copy. STEEVENS reads:—
'Good Helicane hath staid at home.'

7 Old copy:—'Sav'd one of all,' &c. The emenda-
tion is STEEVENS'S.

8 'Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues, it
belongs to the text, not to his province as chorus.'—
STEEVENS justly remarks, that 'the language of our
fictitious Gower, like that of the Pseudo-Rowley, is so
often irreconcilable to the practice of any age, that
criticism on such bungling imitations is almost thrown
away.'

9 The old copy reads:—

'What to pelche.'

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who
remarks that *Pilche* is a *leathern coat*.

10 This expression, which is equivalent to *with a
mischief*, or *with a vengeance*, is of very frequent oc-
currence in old writers.

11 Sailors have observed, that the playing of por-
poises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent
gale of wind.

12 So in *Coriolanus*:—

'_____ like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale.'

have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.¹

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon,² entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flap-jacks,³ and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark, you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver, too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

¹ The old copy reads, 'If it be a day fits you search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.' The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Some remark upon the day appears to have been omitted. Steevens supplied it thus:—

'*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fisherman; The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.'

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:—

'*Y*' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.' The emendation is by Steevens.

Dr. Farmer thinks that there may be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero. The lucky and unlucky days are put down in the old calendars.

² Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.:—'In such a shadow, &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to fear, and are, like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.'

³ Flap-jacks are pancakes. Thus in Taylor's *Jack a Lent*:—'Until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.⁴

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,⁵ 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own,⁶ part of mine heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace:)⁷ For that it sav'd me, keep it: in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again, I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas wo that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rupture⁸ of the sea, This jewel holds his bidding⁹ on my arm;

transformed into the form of a *flap-jack*, which in our translation, is call'd a *pancake*.

⁴ 'Things must be' (says the speaker,) as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.' The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—'His wife's soul'; but here he is interrupted by his comrades; and it would be vain to conjecture the conclusion of his speech.

⁵ This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less descent. The *bots* is a disease in horses produced by worms.

⁶ i. e. and I thank you, though it was mine own.

⁷ The brace is the armour for the arm. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, And in my vant brace put this wither'd brawn.'

⁸ The rupture of the sea may mean the breaking of the sea, as Malone suggests; but I would rather read *rapture*, which is often used in old writers for *violent seizure*, or the act of carrying away forcibly. As in the example excited by Malone.

⁹ The old copy reads, 'his building;' but *bidding*

Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.¹

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee
to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *The same*. A public Way, or Plat-
form, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side
of it, for the reception of the King, Princess,
Lords, &c. Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords,
and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them,² we are ready; and our
daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord*.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself;
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour,³ daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll per-
form.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his
Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word,⁴ *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes*.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que*
per fuerça.⁵ [*The third Knight passes*.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompa provexit apex*.⁶

[*The fourth Knight passes*.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

was probably the poet's word. A similar expression
occurs in Othello:—

— look, I have a weapon,
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh.

Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a
jewel.

1 *Bases* were a sort of petticoat that hung down to
the knees, and were suggested by the Roman military
dress, in which they seem to have been separate paral-
lel slips of cloth or leather. In Ridder's Latin Dictio-
nary, *bases* are rendered *palliohum curtum*. The High-
landers wear a kind of bases at this day. In Massin-
ger's Picture, Sophia, speaking of Hilarion's disguise,
says to Corisca:—

— You, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.

2 i. e. return them notice that we are ready, &c.

3 The sense would be clearer were we to substitute
both in this and in the following Instance *office* for *ho-
nour*. *Honour* may however mean her situation as
queen of the feast, as she is afterwards called. The
idea of this scene may have been derived from the
third book of the Iliad, where Helen describes the Gre-
cian leaders to her father-in-law Priam,

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes*.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes*.]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.⁷

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord*. He had need mean better than his out-
ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whiptock,⁸ than the
lance.

2 *Lord*. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honor'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord*. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.⁹

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.¹⁰
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt*.]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight*.]

SCENE III. *The same*. A Hall of State. A
Banquet prepared. Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA,
Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'
the feast

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simo-
nides.

4 i. e. the *mot* or *motto*. See Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 6:—
'Now to my word.'

5 i. e. more by sweetness than by force. It should
be '*Mas per dalgura*,' &c. *Piu* is Italian not Spanish.

6 The work which appears to have furnished the
author of the play with this and the two subsequent de-
vices of the knights, has the following title:—'The he-
roical Devices of M. Claudius Paradin, canon of Beau-
gen; whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeon's,
and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by
P. S.' 1591, 24mo. Mr. Douce has given copies of
some of them in his Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 126.

7 This device and motto may have been taken from
Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, 1585; in which it
will be found at sig. H 7. b.

8 i. e. the *corter's whip*. It was sometimes used as a
term of contempt; as in *Albumazar*, 1615:—
'— out Carter,
Hence, dirty whiptock.'

9 The idea of this ill-appointed knight appears to
have been taken from the first book of Sidney's *Arca-
dia*:—'His armour of as old a fashion, beside the
rustic poornesse, &c. so that all that looked on measured
his length on the earth already,' &c.

10 i. e. 'that makes as scan the inward man by the
outward habit.' Such inversions are not uncommon in
old writers.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me,¹ be not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen Of marriage, all the viands that eat Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat ; Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman ; He has done no more than other knights have done ; Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Your king's to me, like to my father's picture, Which tells me, in that glory once he was ; Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence. None that beheld him, but like lesser lights, Did hail² their crowns to his supremacy ; Where³ now his son's a glowworm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ; Whereby I see that time's the king of men, For he's their parent, and he is their grave,⁴ And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile ; You knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth. Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter ; Princes, in this, should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them : and princes, not doing so, Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd Are wonder'd at.⁵

Therefore to make his entrance⁶ more sweet, Here say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ; He may my proffer take for an offence, Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [*Aside.*]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know, Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

1 i. e. 'these delicacies go against my stomach.'—The old copy gives this speech to Simonides, and reads, 'he not thought upon.' Gower describes Apollinus, the Pericles of this play, under the same circumstances :—
'That he sat ever stille and thought,
As he which of no meat rought.'

2 Lower.

3 Where is here again used for *whereas*. The peculiar property of the glowworm, upon which the poet has here employed a line, is happily described in Hamlet in a single word :—

'The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.'

4 So in Romeo and Juliet :—

'The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb ;

Milton has the same thought :—

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.'

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles ; My education being in arts and arms ;)— Who looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men, And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by Misfortune of the seas has been bereft Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune, And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armours, as you are address'd,⁷ Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying, this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads ; Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir ;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too :

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip ;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclass, unclasp ;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well ; But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings : Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at :

Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House. Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes ; know this of me,— Antiochus from incest liv'd not free ; For which, the most high gods not minding longer, To withhold the vengeance that they had in store, Due to this heinous capital offence, Even in the height and pride of all his glory, When he was seated, and his daughter with him, In a chariot of inestimable value, A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk, That all those eyes ador'd them⁸ ere their fall, Scorn now their hand should give them burial, *Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

5 'When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creasting bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster ; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it : a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.'—*Stevens.*

6 By his entrance appears to be meant his present trance, the reverie in which he is sitting.

7 'As you are accoutred, prepared for combat.' So in King Henry V. :—

'To-morrow for the march are we address'd,'

8 i. e. *which* ador'd them,

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.
2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.
2 *Lord.* Follow me, then: Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there:
And be resolv'd,² he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:³

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
'Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,⁴
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice¹ the absence of your king;⁵
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since Lord Helicane enjoineeth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

1 'To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue.'—*Steevens.*

2 Satisfied.
3 i.e. 'the most probable in our opinion.' *Censure* is frequently used for *judgment, opinion*, by Shakspeare.

4 The old copy reads:—
'Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,' &c.
Steevens contends for the old reading; that it is merely figurative, and means, 'I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour.'

5 Some word being omitted in this line in the old copy, *Steevens* thus supplied it:—
'To forbear choice¹ the absence of your king.'

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,⁶
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *[Exeunt.]*

Sim. So,
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair, too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer: wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life. *[Aside.]*
O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger, and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.
Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king,) That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. *[Aside.]*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd⁷ of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove his honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad.

6 'It were to be wished, (says *Steevens*,) that Simonides, who is represented as a blameless character, had hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them, as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own.'

7 So in *Hamlet*:—
'That has no relish of salvation in it.'
And in *Macbeth*:—
'So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both.'

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll
tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.¹

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Ereunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslanded hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast²
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;³
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with
Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and
gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to
SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.⁴ Then
enter THASIA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SI-
MONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she re-
joices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father,
and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch⁵

1 The quarto of 1619 reads:—

'Even as my life or blood that fosters it.'

We have the same thought most exquisitely expressed
in Julius Cæsar:—

'As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.'

2 So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in
the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:

'Rhamneten aggredditur, qui forte tapetibus altis

Exstructus, toto proflabat pectore somnum.'

3 Eke out.

4 The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now,
for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king
of Tyre. 'No man,' says Gower, in his *Confessio*
Amantis:—

_____ knew the soth cas,

But he hym selfs; what man he was.'

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has
also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence
of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

5 *Dearn* signifies lonely, solitary. A perch is a
measure of five yards and a half. 'The careful search
of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,
by the four opposing coignes which join the world to-
gether; with all due diligence.'

6 i.e. help, befriend or assist the search. So in
Measure for Measure:—

_____ can you so stead me

To bring me to the sight of Isabella?

7 i.e. to suppress: oppress.

8 An exclamation equivalent to well-a-day.

9 'The further consequences of this storm I shall not
describe; what ensues may be conveniently exhibited
in action; but action could not well have displayed all
the events that I have now related.'

Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest.⁶ At last from Tyre,
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead:
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t' oppress;⁷
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not home, in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound.
Our heir apparent is a king:

Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?

Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire,
(Which, who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and wo;)

Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-nea!⁸
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I will relate; action may

Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.⁹

In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship,¹⁰ upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast,¹¹ rebuke these
surges,

10 It is clear from these lines that when the play was
originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit
either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some
others must have suffered considerably in the repre-
sentation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in
the time of the author.

11 It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to
speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is
supposed to be in the cabin beneath. 'This great vast'
is 'this wide expanse.' This speech is exhibited in so
strange a form in the old editions, that it is here given
to enable the reader to judge in what a corrupt state it
has come down to us, and be induced to treat the at-
tempts to restore it to integrity with indulgence:—

'The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the windes command, bind them in brass;
Having call'd them from the deepe, o still
Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes, o How Lychorida!
How does my queene? thou storm venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thyself? the sea-mans whistle
Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!
Divinest patroness and my wife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the panguas
Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida?'

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power
to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with
frantic peevishness addresses himself to it:—

_____ Thou storm thou! venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows
cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle
has no more effect on the sailors than the voices of those
who speak to the dead. He then repeats his inquiries

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy
deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen!—Thou storm, thou! venomously!

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit² would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O, you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie³ honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!⁴
For thou art the rudest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding⁵ a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,⁶
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;⁷
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins⁸ there; thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

of Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with
a prayer for his queen.

1 Maliciously.

2 i. e. 'who if it had thought.'

3 That is, 'contend with you in honour.' The old
copy reads:—'Use honour with you.'

4 Conditions are qualities, dispositions of mind.

5 i. e. as noisy a one.

6 i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy
mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can
counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee.
Portage is here used for conveyance into life.

7 A flaw is a stormy gust of wind. See Coriolanus,
Act v. Sc. 3.

8 Bolins or bowlines are ropes by which the sails of a
ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they
are slackened when it is high. Thus in The Two Noble
Kinamen:—

—— the wind is fair;

Top the boeling.'

9 The old copy reads, 'strong in easterne.' The
emendation is Mr. Boswell's.

10 Old copy, 'In oars.'

11 The old copies erroneously read:—

'The air-remaining lamps.'

The emendation is Malone's. The propriety of it will

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
hath been observed; and we are strong in custom.⁹
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear,
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;¹⁰
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining¹¹ lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer:¹² lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit LYCHORIDA.*]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is
this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.¹³ When canst thou
reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyros; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exit*]

SCENE II. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's
House. *Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some
Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as
this,

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell him how it works.¹⁴ [*To PHILEMON*]
[*Exit PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.*]

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

be evident if we recur to the author's leading thought,
which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp
of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and re-
ceptacles for the dead perpetual (i. e. aye-remaining)
lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope, in
his *Eloisa*:—

'Ah hopeless lasting flames, like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!'

'Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and per-
petual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall
oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters
shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.'

12 The old copies have *coffin*. Pericles does not mean
to bury his queen in this coffer (which was probably one
lined with satin,) but to take from thence the *clothes* of
state, in which she was afterwards shrouded.

13 'Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go
to Tharsus.'

14 The precedent words show that the physic cannot
be designed for the master of the servant here introduced.
Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other
reason than to mark more strongly the extensive bene-
volence of Cerimon. It could not be meant for the poor
men who have just left the stage, to whom he has ordered
kitchen physic.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals¹ did seem to rend,
And all to topple;² pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.³

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
having
Rich tire⁴ about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning⁵ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or to be my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.⁶

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

1 The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

2 *All-to* is a common augmentative in old language. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is used again in *Macbeth*:—

'Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads.'

3 *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 3:—

'—borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.'

And in *Henry V.*:—

'For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,

'Which is both *heathful* and good *husbandry*.'

4 The gentlemen rose early because they were in lodgings, which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire* about him, meaning perhaps a *bed* more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. Steevens thinks that the reasoning of these gentlemen should have led them rather to say, '*such towers* about you,' i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of the weather.

5 i. e. knowledge.

6 Mr. Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open,
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O, you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-
treasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[Unfolds a Scroll.

Here I give to understand

[Reads.

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)'

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The overpressed spirits. I have heard

Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,

By good appliance was recover'd.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—

The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The vial once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow

Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;^{*}

The diamonds of a most praised water

Appear to make the world twice rich. O, live,

anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Mr. Steevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley. It should seem that the general idea of this serio-comic *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of Machabre, commonly called the Dance of Death, which appears to have been anciently acted in churches like the Moralities. The subject was a frequent ornament of cloisters both here and abroad. The reader will remember the beautiful series of wood-cuts of the Dance of Death, attributed, (though erroneously,) to Holbein. Mr. Douce is in possession of an exquisite set of initial letters, representing the same subject; in one of which the Fool is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or pebbles, an instrument used by modern Merry Andrews.

7 In Twine's translation of the story of Apollonius of Tyre this uncommon phrase, *a-land*, is repeatedly used. In that version it is to Cerimon's pupil, Machaon, and not to Cerimon himself, that the lady is indebted for her recovery.

8 So in the Tempest:—

'The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond?'

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Thai. O, dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*
Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortality,^a
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think^a
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,^a
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will^a in't. So I take my leave.

1 This is from the *Confessio Amantis* :—

'And first hir eye up she caste,
And when she more of strength caught,
Her armes both forth she straughte;
Held up hir honde, and piteouslie
She wepe, and said, *Where am I?*
Where is my lord? What worlde is this?'

2 The old copy reads :—

'Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
mortality,

Yet glance full wand'ringly,' &c.

The folios have 'though they hate you.' The emenda-
tion is by Steevens, who cites the following illustra-
tions :—'Omnibus telis fortuna proposita sit vita nos-
tra.'—*Cicero Epist. Fam.*

'The shot of accident or dart of chance.' *Othello*.
'The dings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' *Hamlet*.
'I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.'

Merry Wives of Windsor.

The sense of the passage seems to be, all the malice of
fortune is not confined to yourself, though her arrows
strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark,
they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the
uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at
Tharsus.

3 i. e. be satisfied that we cannot forget the benefits
you have bestowed on us.

4 The old copy reads, 'teach me to it:' the alteration
was made by Steevens.

5 i. e. appear wilful, perverse by such conduct. The
old copy reads in the preceding line :—

'Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine,' &c.

Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge of
the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune;^a and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's
House. Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning^a time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this your purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire^a
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all:
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.^a

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find^b
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place!^c

The corruption is obvious, as appears from a subsequent
passage :—

'This ornament, that makes me look so dismal'

Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*,' &c.

6 i. e. Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile

'Subdola quem ridet placidi peflacla ponti.'

Lucret. li. v. 558.

7 The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was pro-
bably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quar-
to reads *learning*. Steevens asserts that *eaning* is a
term only applicable to sheep when they produce their
young, and substituted '*yearning*,' which he interprets
'her groaning time.' But it should be observed that to
can or yearn, in our elder language, as in the Anglo-
Saxon, signified to bring forth young, without any par-
ticular reference to sheep. I have therefore preferred the
reading in the text to Steevens's conjecture.

8 i. e. until you die. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

'The date is out of such prolixity.'

Again, in the same play :—

'—and expire the term

Of a desipied life.'

And in the *Rape of Lucrece* :—

'An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.'

9 This chorus, and the two following scenes, in the
old editions, are printed as part of the third act.

10 The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The
Winter's Tale* :—

'—your patience this allowing,

I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between.'

11 The old copies read—

'Which makes high both the art and place.'

The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the *heart*

Of general wonder. But alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight ; this maid
Hight Philoten : and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she wear'd the sleided¹ silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needl² wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records³ with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail⁴ to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute⁵ Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant⁶ instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content :⁷
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—

of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. *Place* here signifies *residence*. So in A Lover's Complaint :—

'Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place.'

¹ 'Sleided silk' is unwrought silk, prepared for weaving by passing it through the weaver's aley or reed-comb.

² The old copies read *needle*, but the metre shows that we should read *needl*. The word is thus abbreviated in a subsequent passage in the first quarto. See King John, Act v. Sc. 2.

³ To record anciently signified to sing. Thus in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by [Nicholas Breton] 1606 :—

'Recording songs unto the Deitie.'

The word is still used by bird fanciers.

⁴ *Vail* is probably a misprint. Stevens suggests that we should read '*Hail*.' Malone proposes to substitute '*vail*.'

⁵ I. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So in Antony and Cleopatra :—

'— at sea

He is an absolute master.'

And in Green's *Tu Quoque* :—'From an absolute and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.'

⁶ *Pregnant* in this instance means *apt, quick*. *Prest* is ready.

⁷ 'I do commend to your content.'

Stevens conjectures that the poet wrote *consent* instead of *content* ; but observes that perhaps the passage as it stands may mean 'I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited.'

⁸ The first quarto reads :—

'— Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame thy love bosome,
Enflame too nicelie, nor let pittie,' &c.

Malone reads :—

'— Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicelie, nor let pity,' &c.

Stevens proposed to omit the words, 'Inflame too nicelie,' and 'which even,' adding the pronoun that, in the following manner :—

'— Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom ;
Nor let that pity women have cast off
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.'

Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I. Tharsus. An open Place near the Seashore. Enter DIONYZA AND LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it ;

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing¹ the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom
Inflame too nicelie ;² nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.³
Thou art resolv'd ?

Leon.

I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green¹⁰ with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.¹¹ Ah me ! poor maid
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring¹² me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?¹³
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing :¹⁴ you have
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's¹⁵ chang'd
With this unprofitable wo ! Come, come ;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,
Walk forth with Leonine ;¹⁶ the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come :
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion.

Come, come ;

I love the king your father, and yourself,

The reading I have given is sufficiently intelligible, and deviates less from the old copy. *Nicely* here means *tenderly, fondly*.

⁹ The old copy reads :—

'Here she comes weeping for her *onely* mistress's death.' As Marina had been trained in music, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her *only* mistress. The suggestion and emendation are Dr. Percy's.

¹⁰ This is the reading of the quarto copy ; the folio reads *grave*. *Weed*, in old language, meant *garment*.

¹¹ So in Cymbeline :—

'— with fairest flowers,

While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave.'

The old copy reads, 'Shall as a carpet hang,' &c. The emendation is by Stevens.

¹² Thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read :—

'Hurrying me from my friends.'

Whirring or *whirring* had formerly the same meaning ; a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away. The verb to *whirry* is used in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 203 :—

'More swift than winds away I go,

O'er hedge and lands,

Thro' pools and ponds,

I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho.'

Whirring is often used by Chapman in his version of the *Iliad* ; so in book xvii. :—

'— through the Greeks and Ilians they raypt

The whirring chariot.'

¹³ So in Macbeth :

'How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone ?'

And in King Henry IV. Part II.

'How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?'
Milton employs a similar form of words in *Comus*, v. 508 :—

'How chance she is not in your company ?'

¹⁴ In King Henry VI. Part II. we have 'blood-consuming sighs.'

¹⁵ Countenance, look.

¹⁶ I. e. ere the sea by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.

With more than foreign heart.¹ We every day
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports,² thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve³
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you,
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *Good seamen !* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?
Mar. When I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber.⁴ *Ha !* says one, *wilt out ?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.⁵

Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you ?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : Pray ! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why should she have me kill'd ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshew
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

1 That is, with the same warmth of affection as if I
was his countryman.

2 Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all
that fame said of it. So in *Othello* :

' ————— He hath achiev'd a maid

That paragons description and wild fame.

3 *Reserve* has here the force of *preserve*. So in
Shakspeare's thirty-second Sonnet :—

' *Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhymes.'

4 I. e. a sailor, one who climbs the mast to furl or
unfurl the canvass or sails.

5 Mr. Steevens thus regulates and reads this passage :
' That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvass-climber. *Ha !* says one,
Wilt out ? and, with a dropping industry
They skip from stem to stern : The boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this ?

Mar. It was when I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers *speedily*.'

6 Old copy reads '*soguing thieves*.'

7 The Spanish armada perhaps furnished this name.

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now :
Your lady seeks my life : come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 Pirate. A prize ! a prize !

3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[Exit Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II. The same. Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving⁶ thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes ;⁷

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.
Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is
full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart,
by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more
than they can do ; and with continual action are
even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to
be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 'tis not the bringing up
of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some
eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down
again.⁸ But shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully
sadden.

Pand. Thou say'st true ; they are too unwhole-
some o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is
lead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made
him roast meat for worms :—but I'll go search the
market.

[Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? is it a
shame to get when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the com-
modity ; nor the commodity wages not with the
danger ;⁹ therefore, if in our youths we could pick
up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep

Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and
had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia.
His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis
Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth.
This play was not written, we may conclude, till after
that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ances-
tors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in
those days. There is a particular account of this Valdes
in Robert Greene's Spanish Masquerado, 1589. He was
then prisoner in England.

8 I have brought up (i. e. educated,) says the bawd,
some eleven. Yes, answers Boul't, to eleven, (i. e. as
far as eleven years of age,) and then brought them
down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires
no explanation. In the play of *The Weather*, by John
Heywood, 4to. b1k. l. Merry Report says :—

' Oft time is sene both in court and towne,
Longe be women a bryngynge up, and some brought
down.'

9 I. e. is not equal to it. So in *Othello* :—

' To wake and reage a danger profitless.'

And in Antony and Cleopatra, vol. viii. :—

' ————— his taunts and honours
Wag'd equal with him.'

our door hatch'd.¹ Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boul. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

I Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone thorough² for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Baud. Boul, has she any qualities?

Boul. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Baud. What's her price, Boul?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw³ in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt PANDER and Pirates.*]

Baud. Boul, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Baud. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Baud. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a

young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I pray thee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul. To-night, to night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers⁴ i' the hams?

Baud. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boul. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baud. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it.⁵ I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.⁶

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.⁷

Baud. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere⁸ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Baud. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Baud. Thou may'st cut a morse⁹ off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

The reader may see the cut and the raillery in the variorum Shakspeare.

2 i. e. bid a high price for her.

3 i. e. unripe, unskilful. So in Hamlet:—'And yet but raw neither in respect of his full sail.'

4 To cower is to sink or crouch down. Thus in King Henry VI.—

'The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands.'

Again in Gammer Gurton's Needle:—

'They cower so o'er the coles, their eies be blear'd with smoke.'

5 i. e. renovate it. So in Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 2:—

'O, disloyal thing!

Thou should'st repair my youth.'

6 The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil*, crowns of the sun. The meaning of the passage is merely this, 'That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there.'

7 'If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.' A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in Cymbeline: 'She's a good sign; but I have seen small reflection of her wit.'

8 i. e. an absolute, a certain profit.

1 A hatch is a half door, sometimes placed within a street door, preventing access farther than the entry of a house. When the top of a hatch was guarded by a row of spikes, no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always within side, and near its bottom. This domestic portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers, refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay. From having been her usual defence, the hatch became the unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the hatch with a flat top was a constant attendant on buttries in great families, colleges, &c. the hatch with spikes on it was peculiar to early houses of amorous entertainment, and Mr. Steevens was informed that the bagnios of Dublin were not long since so defended. Malone exhibited a copy of a wood cut, prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, in which is a representation of a celebrated brothel, on the Bank side, near the Globe play-house, in which he imagined the hatch was delineated. Steevens has pleasantly bantered him upon it.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,¹ as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Baud. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Baud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*
Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O, Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed.² O, lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O, villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy feat:³ what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it? Unless you play the impious innocent,⁴

And for an honest attribute, cry out, *She died by foul play.*

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then: Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

1 Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

'They are nought but eels that never will appear Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, tears Their slimy beds.'

2 So in *Macbeth*:—'Wake Duncan with this knocking:—Ay, 'would, thou couldst!' In *Pericles*, as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

3 The old copy reads *face*. The emendation is *Mason's*. *Feat is deed, or exploit.*

4 An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an *idiot*. She calls him an impious simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. This is the ingenious interpretation of *Mason*; but I incline to think with *Mason* that we should read, '—the *pious* innocent.'

5 The old copy reads, 'She did *disdain* my child.' But *Marina* was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed eclipsed the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of the poet, *distained* them. In *Tarquin* and *Lucrece* we meet with the same verb again:—

'Were *Tarquin* night, (as he is but night's child,) The silver-shining queen he would *distain*.'

The verb is several times used by *Shakespeare* in the sense of *to eclipse*, to throw into the shade; and not in that of *to disgrace*, as *Steevens* asserts.

The same cause for *Dionyza's* hatred to *Marina* is also alleged in *Twine's* translation:—'The people be-holding the beautie and comeliness of *Tharsia*, said: Happy is the father that hath *Tharsia* to his daughter; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and ill-favoured.' When *Dionysades* heard *Tharsia* commend-
ed, and her owne daughter, *Philomacia*, so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath,⁶ &c.

She did *distain*⁶ my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: None would look on her, But cast their gazes on *Marina's* face; Whilst ours was blurted⁷ at, and held a malkin,⁸ Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough; And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It greets me⁹ as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, What should he say? We wept after her hearse, And even yet we mourn; her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face Seize with thine eagle's talons.⁹

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;¹⁰ But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;

Making¹¹ (to take your imagination,) From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language, in each several clime,

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gap to teach you

The stages of our story. *Pericles*

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas;¹²

(Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old *Escanes*, whom *Helicanus* late¹³

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old *Helicanus* goes along behind.

Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have

brought

This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought;¹⁴

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.¹⁵

6 This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So in *King Edward III.* 1596:—

'This day hath set derision on the French,

And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.'

7 A coarse wench, not worth a good morrow.

8 It greets me⁹ appears to mean it *salutes* me, or is grateful to me. So in *King Henry VIII.*:—

'Would, I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot.'

9 'With thine angel's face,' &c. means 'You having an angel's face, a look of innocence, have at the same time an eagle's talons.'

10 This passage appears to mean, 'You are so affect-edly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies. *Superstitious* is explained by *Johnson*, *scrupulous beyond need*.'—*Boswell*.

11 So in a former passage:—'O, make for Tharsus.' Making, &c. is travelling with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with *take your imagination*; i. e. 'to take one's fancy.'

12 So in *King Henry V.*:—

'— and there being seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts

Atwart the seas.'

13 These lines are strangely misplaced in the old copy. The transposition and corrections are by *Steevens*.

14 This is the reading of the old copy, which *Malone* altered to 'his pilot thought.' I do not see the necessity of the change. The passage as it is will bear the interpretation given to the correction:—'Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and, by accompanying him in his voyage, think this pilot-thought.'

15 Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there.

Like moles and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

*Enter at one Door, PERICLES, with his Train;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows
PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERI-
CLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in
a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and
DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old wo;¹
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
show'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel² tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit³
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the Inscription on MARINA'S Monument.*
*The fairest, sweetest,⁴ and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis,⁵ being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint,)⁶
Make raging battery upon shores of fount.
No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's wo and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think y^e now are all in Mitylene.*] *[Exit.*

SCENE V. Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*
Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?
2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.
1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you
ever dream of such a thing?
2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more hawdy-
houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?
1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;
but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Brothel.*
Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of
her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her: she is able to freeze
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We

1 i. e. for such tears as were shed when the world
being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. Per-
haps, however, we ought to read, 'true told wo.'

2 So in King Richard III. —
'O, then began the tempest of my soul.'
What is here called his mortal vessel (i. e. his body) is
styled by Cleopatra her mortal house.

3 'Now be pleased to know.' So in Gower: —
'In which the lord hath to him writte
That he would understand and witte.'

4 *Sweetest* must be read here as a monosyllable, as
highest in the Tempest: — 'Highest queen of state,' &c.
Steevens observes that we might more elegantly read,
omitting the conjunction and —

'The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here.'

5 The inscription alludes to the violent storm which
accompanied the birth of Marina; at which time the
sea, proudly overswelling its bounds, swallowed, as is
usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The
poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which
Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and
supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed,
bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and

must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When
she should do for clients her fiment, and do me the
kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks,
her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her
knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil,
if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfur-
nish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swear-
ers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for
me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid o'n't, but
by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Ly-
simachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if
the peevish baggage would but give way to cus-
tomers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How? a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless⁸ your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good
health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that
your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now,
wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may
deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would —
but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou
would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well
enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red you
shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she
had but —

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less
than it gives a good report to an anchor⁹ to be
chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;
— never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not
a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage
at sea. Well, there's for you; — leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a
word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an
honourable man. [*To MAR. whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily
note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country,
and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to
him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I
know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal!¹⁰

that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against
the shores. — *Mason.*

6 i. e. never cease.

7 This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price
of a different kind of commodity: —

'How a score of ewes now?'

8 The use of *to* in composition with verbs is very
common in Gower and Chaucer.

9 The old copy, which both Steevens and Malone con-
sidered corrupt in this place, reads, 'That dignifies the
renown of a bawd, no less than it gives good report to a
number to be chaste.' I have ventured to substitute *an*
anchor, i. e. *hermit*, or *anchorite*. The word being for-
merly written *ancher*, *ancher*, and even *anker*, it is evi-
dent that in old MSS. it might readily be mistaken for a
number. The word is used by the Player Queen in
Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2: —

'An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.'

It is evident that some character contrasted to *bawd* is
required by the context.

10 This uncommon adjective is again used in Cori-
olanus: —

'— the virginal palms of your daughters.'

fencing, with you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced¹ yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester² at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.³

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie, Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Persever still in that clear⁴ way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten That I come with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,⁵ and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

1 A term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar language applied to persons, chiefly in a bad sense, with its compound *through-paced*.

2 i. e. a *wanton*.

3 Lysimachus must be supposed to say this ensnaringly.—Proceed with your fine moral discourse.

4 Clear is pure, innocent. Thus in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:—

For the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses.

So in *The Tempest*:—

nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

5

thy mother was
A piece of virtue.

So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, alluding to Octavia:—

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us.

6 i. e. under the *cope* or *canopy* of heaven.

7 Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion

Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse, BOULT enters.*]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avant, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,⁶ shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were, to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away: use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.⁷

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.⁸

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. 'Would, she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!⁹ [*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.¹⁰

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel,¹¹

here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny, b. xxvi. ch. xxvi.; but more circumstantially by Petronius. Var. Edit. p. 189. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of making glass malleable, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 44.

8 Thus also in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

9 Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

10 So in *King Henry IV. Part II.*:—

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Go to, I stand the push of your one thing.

11 A coystrel is a low mean person.

Tyb was a common name for a *strumpet*.

'They wondred much at Tom, but at Tyb more;

Faith (quoth the vicker) 'tis an extant w——'

Nosce Tyb, by Richard Turner, 1607

That hither comes inquiring for his tib ;
To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable ; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.¹

Boult. What would you have me ? go to the wars,
would you ? where a man may serve seven years
for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in
the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;
Any of these ways are better yet than this :
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he speak, would own a name too dear.²
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee :
if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women ?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent :
therefore I will make them acquainted with your
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable
enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can ;
come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays :
Deep clerks she dumbs,³ and with her need⁴ com-
poses

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;
That even her art sisters the natural roses :
Her inkle⁵ silk, twin with the rubied cherry :
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him ; on the sea. We there him lost ;
Whence driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd⁶

1 Stevens observes that Marina, who is designed as
a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too
knowing in the impurities of a brothel ; nor are her
expressions more chastised than her ideas.

2 That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured
by such a profession. Iago says, ' Ere I would
drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a
baboon.' In this speech Stevens has made some
trifling regulations to improve the metre.

3 The following passage from *A Midsummer Night's
Dream* is adduced only on account of the similarity of
expression, the sentiments being very different. The-
seus confounds those who address him, by his superior
dignity ; Marina silences the learned persons, with
whom she converses, by her literary superiority.

4 Where I have come great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome.

We have the verb to dumb again in Antony and Cleo-
patra :—

— that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him'

4 Needs..

God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight ;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.]

SCENE I. *On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mity-
lene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain
before it ; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch.
A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel. Enter
Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel,
the other to the Barge ; to them HELICANUS.*

Tyr. Sail. Where's the Lord Helicanus ? he can
resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene.]*

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen ! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call ?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard ; I pray
you,

To greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend,
and go on board the Barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords ; the
Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir ! the gods preserve you !

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place ?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lu before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king :
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue⁸ his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperance ?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat ;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then ?

Hel. You may, indeed, sir
But bootless is your sight ; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

5 *Inkle* appears to have been a particular kind of
silk thread or worsted used in embroidery. Rider
translates *inkle* by *filum textile*.

6 Stevens thinks that we should read, ' The city's
hiv'd,' i. e. the citizens are collected like bees in a hive.
We have the verb in the Merchant of Venice :—' Drones
hive not with me.'

7 ' Once more put your sight under the guidance of
your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot
exhibit to you ; think this stage the bark of the me-
lancholy Pericles.'

8 ' Where all that may be displayed in action shall
be exhibited ; and more should be shown, if our stage
would permit.' The poet seems to be aware of the
difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. Some
modern editions read, ' more of might ;' which, if there
was authority for it, should seem to mean ' more of
greater consequence.'

9 To lengthen or prolong his grief. *Prorogued* is
used in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed* :—

' My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.'

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*PERICLES discovered.*]
this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,²
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
I Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,

Would win some words of him.³
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,⁴
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon⁵
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*

Exit Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But since your kind-
ness,

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
further,

That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.⁶—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a
Young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish

I Few of the stage-directions, that have been given in
this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy.
In the original representation Pericles was probably
placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a
curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient
narratives represented him as remaining in the cabin
of his ship; but as in such a situation Pericles would
not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction
is now given.

2 The old copies read, 'one mortal night.' The
emendation is Malone's. *Mortal* is here used for
deadly, destructive.

3 This circumstance resembles another in *All's Well*
that Ends Well, where *Lisieu* gives an account of He-
lena's attractions to the king before she is introduced to
attempt his cure.

4 The old copy reads, 'defend parts.' Malone made
the alteration, which he explains thus: i. e. 'his ears,
which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice.'
Stevens would read, 'deafen'd parts,' meaning 'the
oppressed doors of hearing.'

5 Stevens prints this passage in the following man-
ner; corrected and amended so as to run smooth no
doubt, but with sufficient license:—

'She all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is with her fellow maidens now within.'

Difficulties have been raised about this passage as it
stands; but surely it is as intelligible as many others
in this play. 'Upon a leafy shelter,' which is the great
stumbling-block, appears to mean 'Upon a spot which
is sheltered.'

6 There can be but little doubt that the poet wrote:—

'And so afflict our province.'

We have no example of *to afflict* used by itself for *to*
punish.

7 It appears that when Pericles was originally per-
formed the theatres were furnished with no such appa-
ratus as, by any stretch of imagination, could be
supposed to present either a sea or a ship; and that the
audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in

No better choice; and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty⁸
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat⁹
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*]¹⁰
Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hail! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:¹¹
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward¹² casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine?—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my pa-
rentage,
You would not do me violence.¹³

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman!
Here of these shores?¹⁴

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliver
weeping.

and out of port in their *mind's eye* only. This licence
being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance
now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again
in a few minutes, leading in Marina without any sen-
sible impropriety; and the present drama exhibited be-
fore such indulgent spectators was not more incommo-
dious in the representation than any other would have
been. See Malone's *Historical Account of the English*
Stage.

8 The quarto of 1603 reads:—

'Fair on all goodness that consists in beauty,' &c.
The present circumstance puts us in mind of what
passes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well* that
Ends Well.

9 The old copy has 'artificial fate.' The emenda-
tion is by Dr. Percy.

10 This song (like most of those that were sung in the
old plays) has not been preserved. It may have been
formed on the lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The
reader desirous of consulting the Latin hexameters, or
Twine's translation of them, may consult the *Variorum*
Shakspeare. There was not merit enough in them to
warrant their production in this abridged commentary,

11 So in *Othello*:—

'— I fetch my birth

From men of royal siege.'

12 *Awkward* is *adverse*. So in *King Henry VI.* Part
II:—

'And twice by *awkward* wind from England's bank
Drove back again.'

13 This seems to refer to a part of the story that is made
no use of in the present scene. Thus in Twine's trans-
lation:—Then Appolonius fell in rage, and forgetting
all courtesie, &c. rose up suddenly and stroke the maid-
en, &c. Pericles however afterwards says—

'Did'st thou not say, when I did *push thee back*,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
From good descending?'

14 This passage is strangely corrupt in the old copies:—
'Per I do think so, pray you turne your eyes upon

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: ' my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?²

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prythee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd³ truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee;
And make my senses credit thy relation.
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.⁴ What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, goo sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;

me, your like something that, what country women
heare of these shewes,' &c.

'Mar. Nor of any shewes,' &c.
For the ingenious emendation, *shores* instead of *shewes*,
as well as the regulation of the whole passage, Malone
confesses his obligation to the earl of Charlemont.

1 So Dæmones, in the *Rudens* of Plautus, exclaims,
on beholding his long lost child:—

'O filia
Mea! cum ego hanc video, mearum me absens miseria-
rum communes.

Trima quæ perit mihi: jam tanta esset, si vivit, scio.
2 i. e. possess. The meaning of the compliment is:—
These endowments, however valuable in themselves,
are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire
additional grace from their owner. One of Timon's
flatterers says,

'You mend the jewel by wearing of it.'
3 Shakspeare, when he means to represent any quali-
ty of the mind, &c. as eminently perfect, furnishes the
personification with a crown. See the 37th and 144th
Sonnets. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.'

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? Well; speak on. Where were you
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [Aside.] Well:—where
were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver.⁵ Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wood'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,

4 'By her beauty and patient meekness disarming
Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted
sword. *Extremity* (though not personified as here) is
in like manner used for the utmost of human suffering
in King Lear:—

'—another,
To amplify too much, would much more,
And top *extremity*.'

So in *Twelfth Night*:—

'She sat like *Patience* on a monument
Smiling at Grief.'

5 i. e. No puppet dressed up to deceive me. So in *The
Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

'O, excellent *motion*! O, exceeding puppet!'

6 That is, I will believe every the *minutest part* of
what you say. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'To the utmost *syllable* of your worthiness'

And in *Macbeth*:—

'To the last *syllable* of recorded time.'

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.¹

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect,) thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.²

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.³

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'n'g, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head:

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,⁴
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II. *The same.* PERICLES on the Deck
asleep; DIANA appearing to him as in a Vision.⁵

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.⁶

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

1 i. e. in plain language, 'though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.'

2 This passage is very much corrupted in the old copies: in the last line we have, 'another like.' The emendation is founded upon that of Mason. Malone reads:—

'*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles thy father.'
Mason's emendation is confirmed by what Pericles says in the preceding speech:—

— O come hither

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget.'

3 So in the *Winter's Tale*:—

— Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours to kiss.'

4 Malone would give these lines to Marina, reading—

— Well, my companion-friend.

Observing that a lady had entered with her, and Marina says, I will use my utmost skill in the recovery of Pericles,

— provided

That none but I and my companion-maid

Be suffer'd to come near him.'

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentifer,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown⁷ sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To HELICANUS.*]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail.
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA, at
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.⁸

This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wi'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise

Till he⁹ had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound.¹⁰

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon

Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;*
THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priest
ess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERI
MON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,

HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;

Who, frighted from my country, did wed

The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,

Steevens contends for the text as it stands, remarking that 'Lysimachus is much in love with Marina, and supposing himself to be near the gratification of his wishes, with a generosity common to noble natures on such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and companions partakers of his happiness.'

5 This vision appears to be founded on a passage in Gower.

6 In the old copy we have here *like for life* again.—The passage appears to mean:—'Draw such a picture as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike the hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.'

7 i. e. regent of the silver moon. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written, Luna or Diana means silver, as Sol does gold.

8 That is, 'our swollen sails.' So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'A vent upon her arm, and something blown.'

9 The old copy reads *dum*. And in the last line of this chorus *doom* instead of *boon*.

10 i. e. Pericles.

11 Confound here signifies to consume.

'He did confound the best part of an hour,

Exchanging hardiment with great Glendow'r.'

King Henry V.

Wears yet thy silver livery.¹ She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene: against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are—you are—O, royal Pericles!²

Per. What means the woman? she dies, help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd!
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd
her

Here in Diana's temple.³

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house.⁴

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.⁵

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.]
Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport:⁷ You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may

1 i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under
the protection of the goddess of chastity.

2 The similitude between this scene and the dis-
covery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, will strike
every reader.

In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, for-
merly in Dr. Farmer's possession, mentioned in the
Preliminary Remarks, this is told with simplicity and
pathos. I lay it before the reader as a philological cu-
riosity:—

'The whiles he expounded thus hys lyf
Wt sorwe & stedfast thouzt,
He tolde hit to hys owene wyf,
Sche knew him [though] he hire nought,
Heo caught hym in hire armes two,
For joye sche ne myght speke a word,
The kyng was wroth & hitte her fro;
Heo cryede loude—'ye beth my lord,
I am youre wyf, youre leof yore,
Architrate ye lovede so,
The kynges doughty ry was bore,
Architrate he ne hadde na mo.³
Heo clypte hym & effr *** kysses
And saide thus byfore hem alle
Ze seeth a polyn the kyng
My maye: that taugt me all my good'—
Cetera desunt.

3 The same situation occurs again in the Comedy of
Errors, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds
her at last in a nunnery.

4 This circumstance bears some resemblance to the
meeting of Leontes and Hermione in *The Winter's
Tale*. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Pau-
lina.

5 Sense is here used for sensual passion.

6 Drown'd in this instance does not signify suffocated
by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus Knolles, His-

Melt, and no more be seen.⁸ O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISIA.]
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

Through whom the gods have shown their power,
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen relives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betroth'd⁹ of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.¹⁰

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.¹¹

tory of the Turks:—'Galleys might be drown'd in the
harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be
rigged.'

7 So in *King Lear*:—

'It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt.'

8 This is a sentiment which Shakspeare never fails
to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So in
the 39th Psalm:—'O spare me a little, that I may re-
cover my strength before I go hence, and be no more
seen.' The same thought is expressed by Perdita, in
the *Winter's Tale*:—

'Not like a corse;—or if—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms.'

9 i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced.

10 The author has here followed Gower, or the *Gesta
Romanorum*:—

'—this a vowe to God I make
That I shall never for hir sake,
My berde for no likynge shave,
Till it befall that I have
In convenable time of age
Besette her unto marriage.'

The poet has, however, been guilty of a slight inadver-
tency. If Pericles made the vow almost immediately
after the birth of Marina, it was hardly necessary for
him to make it again, as he has done, when he arrived
at Tharsus.

11 In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, the
father dies in his daughter's arms.

'Zitt was hys fader-in-lawe a lyve
Architrate the goud kyng,
Folk come ageynes hym so blyve
As eny myght by othyr thing;
They song daunsede & were blythe,
That ever he myghte that day ysse,
And thoughted God a thousand sythe,
The kyng was gladdest ever be ye.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. In Antioch,² and his daughter, you have
heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

Tho he saw hem alle by fore
Hys dought & hys sone in lawe,
And hys dought so fair y core,
A kynys wife heo was wel fawe,
And her chyld ther also
Al clene of kyngis blod,
He buste hem, ho was glad tho
But the olke kynge so goud.
He made hem dwelle that yer
And dryde in hys doughts arm.³

1 This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.

2 i. e. the king of Antioch. The old copy reads *Antiochus*. Steevens made the alteration, observing that in Shakspeare's other plays we have *France for the king of France*; *Morocco for the king of Morocco*, &c.

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,) ¹
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*]

THAT this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is only visible in the last act: for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c.

STEEVENS.

KING LEAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of King Lear and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it: but he seems to have been more indebted to the old anonymous play, entitled *The True Chronicle Hystorie of Leire, King of England, and his Three Daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605. A play with that title was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, May 14, 1594; and there are two other entries of the same piece, May 8, 1605; and Nov. 26, 1607. From the *Mirror of Magistrates*, Shakspeare has taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordella to her father, concerning her future marriage. The Episode of Gloucester and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, no trace of it being found in the other sources of the fable. The reader will also find the story of King Lear in the second book and tenth canto of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and in the fifteenth chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*. Camden, in his *Remaines*, under the head of *Wise Speeches*, tells a similar story to this of Lear, of Ina, King of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. The story has found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; one ballad will be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. 3d edit. The story is also to be found in the unpublished *Gesta Romanorum*, and in the *Romançe of Perceforest*. The whole of this play could not have been written till after 1603. Harnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, to which it contains so many references, and from which the fantastic names of several spirits are borrowed, was not published till that year. It must have been produced before the Christmas of 1606; for in the entry of Lear on the Stationers' Register, on the 26th of November, 1607, it is expressly recorded to have been played, during the preceding Christmas, before his majesty at Whitehall. Malone places the date of the composition in 1605; Dr. Drake in 1604.

Of this noble tragedy, one of the first productions of the noblest of poets, it is scarcely possible to express our admiration in adequate terms. Whether considered as an effort of art, or as a picture of the passions, it is entitled to the highest praise. The two portions of which the fable consists, involving the fate of Lear and his daughters, and of Gloucester and his sons, influence

each other in so many points, and are blended with such consummate skill, that whilst the imagination is delighted by diversity of circumstances, the judgment is equally gratified in viewing their mutual co-operation towards the final result; the coalescence being so intimate, as not only to preserve the necessary unity of action, but to constitute one of the greatest beauties of the piece.

Such, indeed, is the interest excited by the structure and concatenation of the story, that the attention is not once suffered to flag. By a rapid succession of incidents, by sudden and overwhelming vicissitudes, by the most awful instances of misery and destitution, by the boldest contrariety of characters, are curiosity and anxiety kept progressively increasing, and with an impetus so strong as nearly to absorb every faculty of the mind and every feeling of the heart.

Victims of frailty, of calamity, or of vice, in an age remote and barbarous, the actors in this drama are brought forward with a strength of colouring which, had the scene been placed in a more civilized era, might have been justly deemed too dark and ferocious; but is not discordant with the earliest heathen age of Britain. The effect of this style of characterisation is felt occasionally throughout the entire play; but it is particularly visible in the delineation of the vicious personages of the drama, the parts of Goneril, Regan, Edmund, and Cornwall, being loaded not only with ingratitude of the deepest dye, but with cruelty of the most savage and diabolical nature; they are the criminals, in fact, of an age where vice may be supposed to reign with lawless and gigantic power, and in which the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes might be such an event as not unfrequently occurred. Had this mode of casting his characters in the extreme been applied to the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*, we should have lost some of the finest lessons of humanity and wisdom that ever issued from the pen of an uninspired writer; but with the exception of a few coarsenesses, which remind us of the barbarous period to which the story is referred, and of a few incidents rather revolting to credibility, but which could not be detached from the original narrative, the virtuous agents of the play exhibit the manners and the feelings of civilization, and are of that mixed fabric which can alone display a just portraiture of the nature and composition of our species.

The characters of Cordella and Edgar, it is true, approach nearly to perfection; but the filial virtues of

the former are combined with such exquisite tenderness of heart, and those of the latter with such bitter humiliation and suffering, that grief, indignation, and pity are instantly excited. Very striking representations are also given of the rough fidelity of Kent, and of the hasty credulity of Gloucester; but it is in delineating the passions, feelings, and afflictions of Lear that our poet has wrought up a picture of human misery which has never been surpassed, and which agitates the soul with the most overpowering emotions of sympathy and compassion.

'The conduct of the unhappy monarch having been founded merely on the impulses of sensibility, and not on any fixed principle or rule of action, no sooner has he discovered the baseness of those on whom he had relied, and the fatal mistake into which he had been hurried by the delusions of inordinate fondness and extravagant expectation, than he feels himself bereft of all consolation and resource. Those to whom he had given all, for whom he had stripped himself of dignity and power, and on whom he had centred every hope of comfort and repose in his old age, his inhuman daughters, having not only treated him with utter coldness and contempt, but sought to deprive him of all the respectability, and even of the very means of existence, what, in a mind so constituted as Lear's, the sport of intense and ill regulated feeling, and tortured by the reflection of having deserted the only child who loved him, what but madness could be expected as the result? It was, in fact, the necessary consequence of the reciprocal action of complicated distress and morbid sensibility; and in describing the approach of this dreadful infliction, in tracing its progress, its height, and subsidence, our poet has displayed such an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human intellect, under all its aberrations, as would afford an admirable study for the inquirer into mental physiology. He has also in this play, as in that of Hamlet, finely discriminated between real and assumed insanity. Edgar, amidst all the wild imagery which his imagination has accumulated, never touching on the true source of his misery, whilst Lear, on the contrary, finds it associated with every object and every thought, however distant or dissimilar. Not even the Orestes of Euripides, or the Clementina of Richardson, can, as pictures of disordered reason, be placed in competition with this of Lear; it may be pronounced, indeed, from its truth and completeness, beyond the reach of rivalry.*

An anonymous writer, who has instituted a comparison between the Lear of Shakspeare and the Oedipus of Sophocles, and justly given the palm to the former, closes his essay with the following sentence, to which every reader of taste and feeling will subscribe:—'There is no detached character in Shakspeare's writings which displays so vividly as this the hand and mind of a master; which exhibits so great a variety of excellence, and such amazing powers of delineation; so intimate a knowledge of the human heart, with such ex-

act skill in tracing the progress and the effects of its more violent and more delicate passions. It is in the management of this character more, especially that he fills up that grand idea of a perfect poet, which we delight to image to ourselves, but despair of seeing realised.†

In the same work from whence this is extracted will be found an article, entitled 'Theatralia,' attributed to the pen of Mr. Charles Lamb, in which are the following striking animadversions on the liberty taken in changing the catastrophe of this tragedy in representation. 'The Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches: it is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of age; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear—we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur, which baffles the malice of his daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, unmethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old!'" What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Fate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again, could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.'

† The Reflector, vol. ii. p. 139, on Greek and English Tragedy.

* Drake's Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 460.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.
 KING OF FRANCE.
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
 DUKE OF CORNWALL.
 DUKE OF ALBANY.
 EARL OF KENT.
 EARL OF GLOSTER.
 EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
 EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
 CURAN, a Courtier.
 Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
 Physician. Fool.

OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
 An Officer, employed by Edmund.
 Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
 A Herald.
 Servants to Cornwall.
 GONERIL, }
 REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.
 CORDELIA, }
 Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
 Soldiers, and Attendants.
 SCENE—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room of State in King Lear's Palace. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.
 Kent.

I THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

1 There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters, he examines his daughters to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom,† it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity‡ in neither can make choice of either's curiety.§

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him.—Johnson.

2 Curiosity is scrupulous exactness, finical precision.
 3 Moiety is used by Shakspeare for part or portion.

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-wombed ; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.¹

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year² elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again :—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker³ purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent⁴ To shake all cares and business from our age ; Conferring⁵ them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will⁶ to publish Our daughters, several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,)⁷

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ? That we our largest bounty may extend

1 *Proper* is comely, handsome.

2 i. e. 'about a year elder.'

3 'We shall express our darker purpose ;' that is, 'we have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom ; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition.' This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue.—*Johnson.*

4 i. e. our determined resolution. The quartos read, 'first intent.'

5 The quartos read, *confirming*.

6 *Constant will*, which is a confirmation of the reading 'fast intent,' means a *firm, determined* will : it is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The lines from *white* *we* to *prevented* now are omitted in the quartos.

7 The two lines in a parenthesis are omitted in the quartos.

8 'Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much* ; for how much *soever* I should name, it would yet be more.' Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, Sc. 1 :—

'I can only

Swear you reign here, *but never tell how much.*'

9 i. e. *enriched*. So Drant in his translation of Horace's Epistles, 1567 :—

'To ritich his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall.'

10 That is, 'estimate me at her *value*, my love has at least equal claim to your favour. Only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all other

Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour : As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable : Beyond all manner of so much I love you.⁸

Cor. What shall Cordelia do ? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,⁹ With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth.¹⁰ In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love ; Only she comes too short,—that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses ; And find I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.

Cor.

Then poor Cordelia ! [*Aside.* And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ; No less in space, validity,¹¹ and pleasure, Than that conferr'd¹² on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although the last, not least ; to whose young love The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be interest'd¹³ : what can you say, to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little,

Least it may mar your fortunes.

Cor.

Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say, They love you, all ? Happily, when I shall wed, That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :¹⁴

joys which the most precious aggregation of sense can bestow.¹ *Square* is here used for the *whole complement*, as *circle* is now sometimes used.

11 *Validity* is several times used to signify *worth, value*, by Shakespeare. It does not, however, appear to have been peculiar to him in this sense. The countenance of your friend is of less value than his council, yet both of very small *validity*.—*The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

12 The folio reads *conferr'd* ; the quartos, *confirm'd*. So in a former passage we have in the quartos *confirming* for *confering*. 'To confirm on a person is certainly not English now (says Mr. Boswell) ; but it does not follow that such was the case in Shakespeare's time. The original meaning of the word to *establish* would easily bear such a construction.'

13 To *interest* and to *interesse* are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but two distinct words, though of the same import ; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interesser*. We have *interest'd* in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :—

'Our sacred laws and just authority

Are *interest'd* therein.'

Drayton also uses the word in the Preface to his *Polyolbion*.

14 So in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1567, Cordelia says :—

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Corn. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Corn. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,¹ for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation² messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!

[To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions³ to a king;
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,⁴
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [Giving the Crown.]

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,⁵—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;⁶
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs⁷ no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies,⁸ nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank⁹ of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;)—
Our potency made¹⁰ good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases¹¹ of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thou wilt
appear,
Freedom¹² lives hence, and banishment is here.

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[To CORDELIA]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[To REGAN and GONERIL]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O, princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.]
Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter; What, in the least;

cred and Gismund, 1592:—'You shall not be able to wage
against me in the charges growing upon this action.'
George Wither, in his verses before the Polyolbion,
says:—

'Good speed befall thee who hath wag'd a task
That better censures and rewards doth ask.'

9 The blank is the mark at which men shoot. 'See
better,' says Kent, 'and let me be the mark to direct
your sight, that you err not.'

10 'As you have with unreasonable pride come be-
tween our sentence and our power to execute it: that
power shall be made good by rewarding thy contumacy
with a sentence of banishment.' In Othello we have
nearly the same language:—

'My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this better to thee.'

One of the quartos reads, 'make good.'

11 Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *disasters*. By
the diseases of the world are meant, the *uneasinesses*,
inconveniences, and *slighter troubles or distresses* of the
world. So in King Henry VI. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 5:—

'And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.'
The provision that Kent could make in five days
might in some measure guard against such diseases
of the world but could not shield him from its *disas-
ters*.

12 The quartos read, 'Friendship.' And in the next
line, instead of 'dear shelter,' 'protection.'

'— Nature so doth bind me, and compel
To love you as I ought, my father, well;
Yet shortly may I chance, if fortune will,
To find in heart to bear another more good will:
Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.'

1 i. e. from this time.

2 His children.

3 'All the titles belonging to a king.'

4 By 'the execution of the rest,' all the other functions
of the kingly office are probably meant.

5 The allusion is probably to the custom of clergymen
praying for their patrons in what is called the bidding
prayer.

6 The folio reads, 'reserve thy state;' and has
stoops instead of 'falls to folly.' The meaning of
answer my life my judgment, is, Let my life be answer-
able for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my
opinion.

7 This is perhaps a word of the poet's own, meaning
the same as *reverberates*.

8 That is, 'I never regarded my life as my own, but
merely as a thing of which I had the possession, and
not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a
pawn or pledge, to be employed in waging war against
your enemies.' 'To wage,' says Bullokar, 'to under-
take, or give security for performance of any thing.'

The expression to wage against is used in a letter
from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to Tan-

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?¹

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming² substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,³
Unfriended, new-adopted to her hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up⁴ on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE.]
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it,⁵ or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:⁶ which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for⁷ I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste⁸ action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,

1 That is, 'your amorous pursuit.' A quest is a seeking or pursuit: the expedition in which a knight was engaged is often so named in the Faerie Queen.

2 Seeming here means specious. Thus in The Merry Wives of Windsor:—'Pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page.'

3 i. e. owns, is possessed of.

4 That is, 'Election is not accomplished upon such conditions,' I cannot decide to take her upon such terms.

5 'Such unnatural degree
That monsters it.'

In the phraseology of Shakespeare's age that and as were convertible words. So in Coriolanus:—
'But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue.'

See Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2. The uncommon verb to monster, occurs again in Coriolanus, Act ii. Sc. 2:—
'To hear my nothings monster'd.'

6 Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must fall into taint; that is, become the subject of reproach. Taint is here only an abbreviation of attain.

7 i. e. 'If cause I want,' &c.

8 The quartos read, 'no unclean action,' which in fact carries the same sense.

9 i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations.—
The folio has regards. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity,—
'Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.'

That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects,¹ that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee, and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect,
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here a better where¹⁰ to find. [For we

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish: EXEUNT LEAR, BURGUNDY, COR-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are:
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To you professed¹¹ bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.¹²

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited¹³ cunning
hides;

Who cover faults,¹⁴ at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

10 Here and where have the power of nouns. 'Thou lovest this residence, to find a better residence in another place.' So in Churchyard's Farewell to the World, 1592:—

'That grows not here, takes root in other where.'

11 We have here professed for professing. It has been elsewhere observed that Shakspeare often uses one participle for another. Thus in the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2, we have guiled for gulling; in other places, delighted for delighting, &c. A remarkable instance of the converse occurs in Antony and Cleopatra; where we have all-obeyed for all-obeying.

12 Thus the folio. The quartos read:—

'And well are worth the worth that you have wanted.'

The meaning of the passage as it now stands in the text, is, 'You well deserve to want that dower, which you have lost by having failed in your obedience.' So in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 1:—'Though I want a kingdom; i. e. though I am without a kingdom.'

13 That is, complicated, intricate, involved, cunning.

14 The quartos read:—

'Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.'

The folio has:—

'Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.'

Mason proposed to read:—

'Who covert faults, at last with shame derides.'

The word *who* referring to *Time*. In the third act,

Lear says:—

'—Caidiff, shake to pieces,

'That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life.'

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,¹ but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. 'Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i² the heat.²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle. Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess;³ to thy law My services are bound; Wherefore should I Stand in the plague⁴ of custom; and permit The curiosity⁵ of nations to deprive⁶ me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate: I grow; I prosper:—Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd⁷ his power! Confin'd to exhibition!⁸ All this done Upon the gad!⁹—Edmund! How now? what news?

¹ i.e. *temper*; qualities of mind confirmed by long habit. Thus in Othello:—

—A woman of so gentle a condition.

² We must strike while the iron's hot.

³ Edmund calls nature his goddess, for the same reason as we call a bastard a natural son: one who, according to the law of nature is the child of his father; but, according to those of civil society, is *nulius filius*.

⁴ 'Wherefore should I submit tamely to the plague (i.e. the evil), or injustice of custom?'

⁵ The nicety of civil institutions, their strictness and scrupulosity. See note 2, on the first scene.

⁶ To deprive is equivalent to *dishonour*. *Exheredo* is rendered by this word in the old dictionaries; and Holsheerd speaks of the line of Henry before *deprived*.

⁷ How much the following lines are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De Admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died:—"O utinam extra legitimum et connubiale thorum essum procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisse ardentius ac cumulatim affuturique generosa se-

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the Letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay¹⁰ or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond¹¹ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O, villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please ye to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,¹² if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his

mina contulissent, e quibus ego formæ blanditiæ et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innumilero, consequutus fuissim. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatum sum bonis." Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say when he wrote on such a subject.—*Warburton.*

⁷ To subscribe is to yield, to surrender.

⁸ Exhibition is an allowance, a stipend.

⁹ i.e. in haste, equivalent to upon the spur. A gad was a sharp pointed piece of steel, used as a spur to urge cattle forward; whence *goaded* forward. Mr Nares suggests that to gad and gadding originate from being on the spur to go about.

¹⁰ 'As an essay,' &c. means as a trial or taste of my virtue. 'To assay, or rather essay, of the French word essayer,' says Baret; and a little lower: 'To taste or assay before; præbo.'

¹¹ i.e. weak and foolish.

¹² Where for whereas;

purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence² of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

[Edm. Nor is not, sure.]

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!³—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him,⁴ I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.⁵

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey⁶ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects:⁷ love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. [This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!⁸]—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! *[Exit.]*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world,⁹ that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity: fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors¹⁰ by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence: and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!¹¹ My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maiden-

1 The usual address to a lord.

2 I. e. design or purpose.

3 The words between brackets are omitted in the folio.

4 'Wind me into him.' Another example of familiar expressive phraseology not unfrequent in Shakespeare.

5 'I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution,' means 'I would give all that I am possessed of to be satisfied of the truth.' So in the *Four Prentices*, Reed's *Old Plays*, vol. viii. p. 92:—

'Ah, but the resolution of thy death!

Made me to lose such thought.'

Shakespeare frequently uses *resolved* for *satisfied*. And in the third act of *Massinger's Picture*, Sophia says:—

'I have practised

For my certain resolution with these courtiers,' And in the last Act she says:—

'Nay, more, to take,

For the resolution of his fears, a course

That is, by holy writ, denied a Christian.'

6 To convey is to conduct, or carry through.

7 That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

8 All between brackets is omitted in the quartos.

9 Warburton, in a long and ingenious note on this passage, observes, that in this play the dotages of a judicial astrology are intended to be satirized. It was a very prevailing folly in the poet's time.

10 *Treachers* is the reading of the folio, which is countenanced by the use of the word in many of our old dramas. Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions 'the false treacher;' and Spenser many times uses the same epithet. The quartos all read *treach-*

liest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *Edgar*—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:¹² My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.¹³

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you,¹⁴ the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,¹⁵ nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. [I pray you, have a contentment¹⁶ forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fully bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key;—If you do stir abroad, go armed.]

Edg. Armed, brother?]

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: 'Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

11 So Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* (v. 6196):—

'I followed ay min Inclination,
By vertue of my constellation.'

12 Perhaps this was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage.

13 Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in sol-misation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say *mi contra fa, est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi* including a *tritonus* or sharp fourth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi*.—*Dr. Burney*.

14 The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by the omission of all between brackets. It is easy to remark that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and the future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture.—*Johnson*.

15 For cohorts some editors read courts.

16 I. e. temperate. All between brackets is omitted in the quartos.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace. Enter GONERIL and Steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle;—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,¹
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abus'd.²]

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
[I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:³—I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in the same. Enter KENT, disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,⁴ my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd⁵ my likeness.—Now, banish'd
Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

1 This line and the four following are not in the folio. Theobald observes that they are fine in themselves, and much in character for Goneril.

2 I take the meaning of this passage to be, 'Old men are babes again, and must be accustomed to checks as well as flatteries, especially when the latter are seen to be abused by them.'

3 The words in brackets are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio.

4 To diffuse here means to disguise, to render it strange, to obscure it. See Merry Wives of Windsor. We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no apparent introduction.

5 i.e. effaced.

6 To converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, to have commerce with. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution: men who are not tattlers nor talebearers.

7 It is not clear how Kent means to make the eating no fish a recommendatory quality, unless we suppose that it arose from the odium then cast upon the papists, who were the most strict observers of periodical fasts,

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse⁶ with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose: and to eat no fish.⁷

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you—

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,⁸ than as a very pretence⁹ and

which though enjoined to the people under the protestant government of Elizabeth, were not very palatable or strictly observed by the commonality. Marston's Dutch Courtesan says, 'I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fridays.' I cannot think with Mr. Blake-way, who says that Kent means to insinuate that he never desires to partake of fish because it was esteemed a luxury; and therefore incompatible with his situation as an humble and discreet dependant. The repeated promulgation of mandates from the court for the better observation of fish days disproves this. I have before me a Letter of Archbishop Whitgift, in 1596, strictly enjoining the clergy of his diocese to attend to the observance of the fasts and fish days among their respective parishioners, and severely animadverting upon the refractory spirit which disposed them to eat flesh out of due season contrary to law.

8 By jealous curiosity Lear appears to mean a punctilious jealousy, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. See the second note on the first scene of this play.

9 A very pretence is an absolute design. So in a former scene, 'to no other pretence of danger.'

purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—
But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.¹

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—
Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, and call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave; you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy² looks with me, you rascal?
[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.
[*Tripping up his Heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT Money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.
[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, and thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'llt catch cold shortly.³ There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.⁴—How now, nuncle? 'Would, I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,⁵ I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,⁶ may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Fool. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

1 This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him.—*Stevens.*

2 A metaphor from tennis. 'Come in and take this bandy with the racket of patience.'—*Decker's Satiromastix.* 'To bandy a ball.' Cole defines *clava pilam torquere*; 'To bandy at tennis,' *reticulo pelleri.* 'To bandy blows' is still a common idiom.

3 i. e. be turned out of doors and exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

4 The reader may see a representation of this ornament of the fool's cap in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. 'Natural ideots and fools have, and still do accustom themselves to wear in their capotes cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and heade of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon.'—*Minshew's Dictionary*, 1617.

5 A familiar contraction of *mine uncle*, as *niggle*, &c. It seems that the customary appellation of the old licensed fool to his superiors was *uncle*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, when Alinda assumes the character of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alphonso, and calls him *nuncle*; to which he replies by calling her *naut*. In the same style it appears the fools called each other cousin. *Mon oncle* was long a

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,⁸
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,⁹
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfe'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't; Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. [No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool?

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies, too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.¹⁰—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*¹¹ [*Singing.*]

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother; for when thou

term of respect and familiar endearment in France, as well as *ma tante*. They have a proverb, 'Il est bien mon oncle, qui le ventre me comble.' It is remarkable, observes Mr. Vaillant, that the lower people in Shropshire call the judge of assize 'my nuncle the judge.'

6 All my estate or property.

7 It has already been shown that *brack* was a manerly name for a bitch. So Hotspur, in The Second Part of King Henry IV. says:—'I would rather hear Lady my brack howl in Irish.'

8 That is, 'do not lend all that thou hast.' To owe in ancient language is to possess.

9 To trow is to believe. The precept is admirable.

10 In the next line means stake.

11 The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seem to censure the monopolies, the gross abuses of which, and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who went shares with the patentee, were more legitimate than safe objects of satire.

12 'There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place.'—In Mother Bombie, a Comedy, by Lyly, 1594, we find 'I think gentlemen had never less wit in a year.' It is remarkable that the quartos read 'less wit,' instead of 'less grace,' which is the reading of the folio.

gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep. [Singing,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.]*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet² on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O³ without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [To GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod.⁴ [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on⁵ By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you throw, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle and we were left darkling.⁶

1 So in the Rape of Lucrece, by Heywood, 1608:—
'When Tarquin first in court began,
And was approved king,
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,
And I for sorrow sing.'

2 A frontlet, or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles. So in George Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, *ad finem*:—

'E'en like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear.'

Thus also in *Zephieria*, a collection of Sonnets, 4to. 1594:—

'But now, my sunne, it fits thou take thy set
And vayle thy face with frownes as with a frontlet.'
And in *Lyly's Euphues* and his *England*, 1580:—'The next day coming to the gallery where she was solitary walking, with her frowning cloth, as sicke lately of the sullen,' &c.

3 i. e. a cipher.

4 Now a mere husk that contains nothing. The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open* and the *peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remaines*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340.

5 Put it on, that is, *promote it*, push it forward. *All-licence is approbation*.

6 'Shakspeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any gibb nonsense that came into their mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow,—

Lear. [I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.]

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour⁹
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train:
And the remainder, that shall still depend,¹⁰
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter. [*rabble*]

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Wo, that too late repents,¹¹—O, sir, are you come?

words with which Shakspeare often finishes this fool's speeches.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.* In a very old drama, entitled *The Longer thou Livest the more Fools thou art*, printed about 1580, we find the following stage direction:—'Entreat Moros, counterfeiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, singing the foote of many songs, as fools were wont.'

7 The folio omits these words, and reads the rest of the speech, perhaps rightly, as verse.

8 This passage has been erroneously printed in all the late editions. 'Who is it can tell me who I am?' says Lear. In the folio the reply, 'Lear's shadow,' is rightly given to the Fool, but the latter part of the speech of Lear is omitted in that copy. Lear heeds not what the Fool replies to his question, but continues:—'Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—it cannot be.—' The Fool seizes the pause in Lear's speech to continue his interrupted reply to Lear's question: he had before said, 'You are Lear's shadow;' he now adds, 'which they (i. e. your daughters,) will make an obedient father.' Lear heeds him not in his emotion, but addresses Goneril with 'Your name, fair gentlewoman.' It is remarkable that the continuation of Lear's speech, and the continuation of the Fool's comment, is omitted in the folio copy.

9 i. e. of the complexion. So in *Julius Cæsar*:—
'In favour's like the work we have in hand.'

10 i. e. continue in service. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending.'

11 One of the quarto copies reads, 'We that too late repents us.' The others, 'We that too late repents.' This may have been suggested by the *Mirror for Magistrates*:—

'They call him dotting foole, all his requests debarr'd
Demanding if with life he were not well content:
Then he too late his rigour did repent
Gainst me.'

Story of Queen Cordelia.

Is it your will? [To ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!¹

ALB.

'Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To GONERIL.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name.—O, most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,² wrench'd my frame of na-
ture

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O, Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[Striking his Head.

And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate³ body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart⁴ disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,⁵
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is!⁶
To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [Exit.

ALB. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

ALB.

What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[To GONERIL.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented⁷ woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweped this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?

1 The sea monster is the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says, 'that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam.'

2 By an engine the rack is here intended. So in *The Night Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—
'Their souls shot through with adders, torn on engines.'

3 Derogate here means degenerate, degraded.

4 Thwart as a noun adjective is not frequent in our language. It is to be found, however, in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1579:—

'Sith fortune thwart doth crosse my joys with care.'
Disnatur'd is wanting natural affection. So *Daniel*, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:—'I am not so *disnatur'd* a man.'

5 'Pains and benefits,' in this place, signify maternal cares and good offices.

6 So in *Psalm* cxi. 3:—'They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adder's poison is under their lips.' The viper was the emblem of ingratitude.

7 The untented woundings are the rankling or never healing wounds inflicted by a parental malediction. *Tents* are well known dressings inserted into wounds as a preparative to healing them. Shakespeare quibbles upon this surgical practice in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—
'Patr. Who keeps the tent now?'
'Ther. The surgeon's box, or this patient's wound.'

Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.'

[Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. 'Pray you, content.—What Oswald, ho!

You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[To the Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after.

[Exit.

Gon.⁸ [This man hath had good counsel:—A
hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point,¹⁰ a hundred knights! Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.] Oswald, I say!

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon.

Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse.

Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [Exit Stew.] No, no, my
lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd¹¹ for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.¹²

Gon. Nay, then,—

ALB. Well, well; the event.

[Exit.

SCENE V. Court before the same. Enter LEAR,
KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know, than comes from her demand out
of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I
shall be there before you.¹³

8 This speech is gleaned partly from the folios and partly from the quartos. The omissions in the one and the other are not of sufficient importance to trouble the reader with a separate notice of each.

9 All within brackets is omitted in the quartos.

10 At point probably means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment on the slightest notice.

11 The word *task* is frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *tax*. Goneril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness. So in *The Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quisana says to Ruy Dias:—
'You are too saucy, too impudent,
To task me with these errors.'

12 'Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?'

13 The word *there* in this speech shows that when the king says, 'Go you before to Gloucester,' he means the town of Gloucester, which Shakespeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of their setting out late from thence on a visit to

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in: not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.⁴ [*Exeunt.*]

the Earl of Gloster. Our old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloster's castle.

1 The Fool quibbles, using the word kindly in two senses; as it means affectionately, and like the rest of her kind, or after their nature.

2 He is musing on Cordelia.

3 The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom he had bestowed on Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife:—'Well, well! the event.' What Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan:—

'Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.' And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he asks Edmund:—'Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?'

4 This idle couplet (apparently addressed to the females present at the representation of the play) most probably crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor who 'spoke more than was set down for him.' The severity with which the poet animadverted upon the mummeries and jokes of the clowns of his time (see Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2) manifests that he had suffered by their indiscretion. Indecent jokes, which the applause of the groundlings occasioned to be repeated, would at last find their way into the

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster. *Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad: I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better!

Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste, And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise⁵ yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.

Yield:—come before my father:—Light, ho, here! Fly, brother;—Torches! Torches!—So farewell!

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his Arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.⁶—Father! Father!

Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress:⁷—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

prompter's books, &c. Such liberties were indeed exercised by the authors of *Lochner*, &c. but such another offensive and extraneous address to the audience cannot be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakspeare.

5 *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whispered ones*.

6 This and the following speech are omitted in the quarto B.

7 *Queasy* appears to mean here *delicate, unsettled*. So Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:—

'These times are rather *queasy* to be touched.—Have you not seen or read part of his book?'

Queasy is still in use to express that sickishness of stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to provoke.

8 Have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the Duke of Albany?

9 i. e. consider, recollect yourself.

10 These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*:—'Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, stabbed arms, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?'

11 This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster, who appears to have been very superstitious with regard to this matter, if we may judge by what passes between him and his son in a foregoing scene.

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]
By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted¹ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.²—The noble duke my mas-
ter,

My worthy arch³ and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech;⁴
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal⁵
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd! No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,⁶) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs⁷
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain;
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.⁸

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
hither
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

1 That is *aghast*, *frighted*. Thus in Beaumont
and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*:—'Either the
sight of the lady has gasted him, or else he's drunk.'

2 'And found—Despatch.—The noble duke, &c.—
The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and
found, he shall be punished. Despatch.

3 *i.e. chief*; a word now only used in composition,
as *arch-angel*, *arch-duke*, &c. So in Heywood's *If
You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*:—'Foole, that
arch of truth and honesty.'

4 'And found him pight to do it, with curst speech.'
*Pight is pitched, fixed, settled; curst is vehemently
angry, bitter.*

'Therefore my heart is surely pight
Of her alone to have a sight.'

Lusty Jarentus, 1561.

'He did with a very curst taunte, checke, and re-
buke the feloe.'—*Erasmus's Apophthegmes*, by N.
Udal, fo. 47.

5 *i.e.* would any opinion that men have repos'd in
thy trust, virtue, &c. The old quarto reads, 'could the
reposure.'

6 *i.e.* my hand-writing, my signature.

7 The folio reads, 'potential spirits.' And in the
next line but one, 'O strange and fasten'd villain.'—

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice,⁹ and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,¹⁰

Wherein we must have use of your advice:—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home;¹¹ the several messengers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your useful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Gloster's Castle. Enter *KENT*

and *Steward*, severally.

Stew. Good dawning! to thee, friend: Art of the
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'll mure.

Stew. 'Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pincfold,¹² I would
make thee care for me.

Strong is determined, resolute. Our ancestors often
used it in an ill sense; as *strong thief*, *strong whore*,
&c.

9 *i.e.* capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding
the legal bar of thy illegitimacy. 'The king next
demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were
capable to inherit any land,' &c.—*Life and Death of
Will Somers*, &c.

10 'He did bewray his practice.' That is, he did be-
tray or reveal his treacherous devices. So in the
second book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—'His heart faint'd
and gat a conceit, that with bewraying his practices
he might obtain pardon.' The quartos read *betray*.

11 *i.e.* of some weight, or moment. The folio and
quarto B. read *prize*.

12 That is, not at home, but at some other place.

13 The quartos read, 'good even.' *Dawning* is used
again in *Cymbeline*, as a substantive, for *morning*. It
is clear from various passages in this scene that the
morning is just beginning to dawn.

14 *i.e.* *Lipsbury pound*. 'Lipsbury pincfold' may,
perhaps, like *Lob's pound*, be a coined name; but with
what allusion does not appear. It is just possible (says
Mr. Nares) that it might mean the teeth, as being the

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,¹ hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.²

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine³ of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger,⁴ draw.

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters against the king; and take vanity's puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave,⁵ strike.

[*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

pinfold within the *lips*. The phrase would then mean, 'If I had you in my teeth.' It remains for some more fortunate inquirer to discover what is really meant.

1 'Three-suited knave' might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:—'Wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel.' A *one-trunk-inheriting* slave may be a term used to describe a fellow, the whole of whose possessions were confined to one coffer, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his successor in poverty; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as Timon calls Apemantus. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England in the reign of Elizabeth were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages. This we learn from Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595. In an old comedy, called *The Hog hath Lost its Pearl*, by R. Tailor, 1614, it is said:—'Good parts are no more set by, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.' This term of reproach, as well as that of a *hundred pound gentleman*, occurs in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton. *Action-taking knave* is a fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault instead of resenting it like a man of courage.

2 i. e. thy titles.

3 An equivocal is here intended, by an allusion to the old dish of *eggs in moonshine*, which was eggs broken and boiled in salad oil till the yolks became hard. It is equivalent to the phrases of modern times, 'I'll *baste* you,' or 'beat you to a mummy.'

4 *Barber-monger* may mean *dealer with the lower tradesmen*: a slur upon the Steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family.

5 Alluding to the moralities or allegorical shows, in which *Vanity*, *Iniquity*, and other vices were personified.

6 *Neat slave* may mean you base cowherd, or it may mean, as Steevens suggests, you *finical* rascal, you assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. See Cotgrave, in *Mirlotte*, *Mistoudin*, *Mondinet*; by which Sherwood renders a *neate fellow*.

7 To *disclaim* is, for to *disclaim* simply, was the

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed!⁸ thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted⁹ villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse¹⁰ t' unloose: smooth every passion!¹¹

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Reneg,¹² affirm, and turn their halcyon¹³ beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.¹⁴

phraseology of the poet's age. See Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. iii. p. 264.

8 *Zed* is here used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter, because its place may be supplied by S. Baret omits it in his *Alvearie*, affirming it to be rather a syllable than a letter. And Mulcaster says 'Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen. S is become its *lieutenant-general*. It is lightlie (i. e. hardly) expressed in English, saven in foren enfranchisements.'

9 *Unbolted* is *unsifted*; and therefore signifies this coarse villain. Massinger, in his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act i. Sc. 1, says:—

'I will help your memory,

And tread thee into mortar.'

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime; and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes.

10 The quartos read, to *intrench*; the folio, *v' intrinse*. Perhaps *intrinse*, for so it should be written, was put by Shakspeare for *intrinseate*, which he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

11 Come, mortal wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinseate*

Of life at once untie.'

I suspect that the poet meant to write *too intrinse*; that is, too *intricate*, or too much *intrammelled*. See Florio in *v. intrecciare*; or *intrique* for *intricate*, as we find it in Phillips's *World of Words*.

11 See Pericles, Act i. Sc. 2.

12 To *renege* is to *deny*. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Sc. 1, note 1.

13 The bird called the kingfisher, which when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

'But how now stands the wind?

Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill.'

A lylie byrde called the Kings Fisher, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll will be always direct or straight against y^e winde.—*Book of Notable Things*.

14 In Somersetshire, near *Camelot*, are many large

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How sell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.¹

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.²

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature.³ He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly⁴ ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering⁵ Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I
should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.⁶

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stevo. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment⁷ of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.⁸

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

moors, where are bred great quantities of geese. It was
the place where the romances say King Arthur kept his
court in the west.

1 Hence Pope's expression:—

'The strong antipathy of good to bad.'

2 I. e. pleases me not.

3 Forces his *outside*, or his appearance, to some-
thing totally different from his natural disposition.¹

4 *Silly* or rather *sely*, is simple or rustic. *Nicely*
here is with *scrupulous nicely*, *punctilious observance*.

5 This expressive word is now only applied to the
motion and *scintillation* of flame. Dr. Johnson says
that it means to *futter*, which is certainly one of its
oldest meanings, it being used in that sense by Chaucer.
But its application is more properly made to the *fluc-
tuating scintillations* of flame or light. In *The Cuckoo*,
by Nicols, 1607, we have it applied to the eye:—
'Their soft maiden voice and *flickering eye*.'

6 Though I should win you, displeased as you now
are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave.²

7 A young soldier is said to *flesh* his sword the first
time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is
here metaphorically applied to the first act of service,
which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his
master; at the same time, in a sarcastic sense, as
though he had esteemed it an heroic exploit to trip a
man behind who was actually falling.

8 I. e. Ajax is a fool to them. 'These rogues and
cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were
to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would ap-

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the
stocks.³

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]
Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exit REGAN and CORNWALL.*]
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd;⁴ I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. 'Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill
taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw!⁵

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery;—I know 'tis from Cordelia;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course; and shall find time

From this enormous state,—seeking,—to give

Losses their remedies:⁶—All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

pear a person of no prowess when compared to them.⁷
So in King Henry VIII. :—

—now this mask

Was cry'd incomparable, and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar.⁸

9 This kind of exhibition was familiar to the ancient
stage. In *Hick Scorne*, which was printed in the reign
of Henry VIII., *Pity* is put into the *stocks*, and left there
until he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*.
It should be remembered that formerly in great house-
holds, as lately in some colleges, there were moveable
stocks for the correction of the servants.

10 A metaphor from bowling.

11 *The saw*, or proverb alluded to, is in *Heywood's*
Dialogues on Proverbs, b. ii. c. v. :—

'In your running from him to me ye runne

Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.'

i. e. from good to worse. Kent was thinking of the king
being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan
than that which he had already received from Goneril.

12 How much has been written about this passage, and
how much it has been mistaken! Its evident meaning
appears to me to be as follows:—Kent addresses the
sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read
Cordelia's letter. 'Nothing (says he,) almost sees mi-
racles, but misery: I know this letter which I hold in
my hand is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately
been informed of my disgrace and wandering in dis-
guise; and who seeking it, shall find time (i. e. oppor-
tunity,) out of this enormous (i. e. disordered, unnatu-
ral,) state of things, to give losses their remedies; to
restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love,
and me to his favour.'

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [He sleeps.]

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath.* Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;¹
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,² who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,³ nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting⁴ villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,⁵ sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood!⁶ poor
Tom!

That's something yet; Edgar, I nothing am.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloucester's Castle.* Enter
LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in their
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

1 Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of
elves and fairies in the night. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
'—plate the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.'

2 Aubrey, in his *MS. Remains of Gentilisme and
Judaisme*, Part III. p. 234, b. (*MS. Lansdowne*, 236,) says:—'Before the civil wars, I remember *Tom a Bedlam*
went about begging. They had been such as had
been in *Bedlam*, and come to some degree of sober-
ness; and when they were licensed to go out, they
had on their left arme an armilla of tinne printed,
of about three inches breadth, which was soldered on.'—*H.
Ellis*.

Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*,
b. iii. c. 3, gives the following description of a class of
vagabonds feigning themselves mad:—'The *Bedlam* is
in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-
horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick
and ridiculous; for being a madman, he is madly decked
and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings
of cloth, and what not; to make him seem a madman,
or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissem-
bling knave.'

In the *Beil-Man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640,
is another account of one of these characters, under the
title of *Abraham Man*:—'He swears he hath been in
Bedlam, and will talke frankly of purpose: you see
pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, espe-
cially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe
to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He
calls himselfe by the name of *Poorer Tom*, and coming
near any body, cries out *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these
Abraham-men some be exceeding merry, and doe no-
thing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines:
some will dance, others will doe nothing but either
laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both
in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in
a house they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the
servants through feare to give them what they demand.'
It is probable, as Stevens remarks, that to *sham Abra-
ham*, a cant term still in use among sailors and the vul-
gar, may have this origin.

3 i. e. skewers: the *eunymus*, or spindle-tree, of
which the best skewers are made, is called *prick-wood*.

4 Paltry

5 Curses.

6 *Turlygood*, an English corruption of *turkuru*, Ital.;

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel^a garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.^b

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.¹⁰

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do, upon respect, such violent outrage:¹¹

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd

My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations:

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,¹²

Which presently they read; on whose contents,

They summon'd up their meiny,¹³ straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

or *turtureau*, Fr.; both, among other things, signify
ing a fool or madman. It would perhaps be difficult to
decide with certainty whether those words are corrup-
tions of *turtupino* and *turtupin*; but at least it seems
probable. The *Turtupins* were a fanatical sect, which
overran the continent in the thirteenth and fourteenth
centuries, calling themselves *Beghards* or *Beghins*.
Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest
indications of lunacy and distraction; and their popular
name, *Turtupins*, was probably derived from the wolf-
ish howlings they made in their fits of religious ra-
ving. Genebrard thus describes them:—'Turlupin cy-
nicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, et
publico coitu.' It has not been remarked that Cotgrave
interprets '*Mon Turtureau*, My Pillecock, my pretty
knave.'

7 See note 13, Act I. Sc. 5. p. 402, ante.

8 A quibble on *crewell*, i. e. *worsted*. So in *The Two
Angry Women of Abingdon*:—

'—I'll warrant you, he'll have

His *cruell* garters cross about the knees.'

9 The old word for stockings.

10 This dialogue being taken partly from the folio
and partly from the quarto, is left without any metrical
division, as it was not probably all intended to be pre-
served.

11 'To do, upon respect, such violent outrage.' I
think, means 'to do such violent outrage, deliberately,
or upon consideration.' *Respect* is frequently used for
consideration by Shakspeare.' Cordelia says, in the
first scene:—

'Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.'

And in *Hamlet*:—

'—There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life.'

I cannot think that *respect* here means a *respected per-
son*, as Johnson supposed; or that it is intended for a
personification, as Malone asserts.

12 i. e. 'spite of leaving me unanswered for a time.'—
Goneril's messenger delivered letters, which they read
notwithstanding Lear's messenger was yet kneeling
unanswered.

13 *Meiny*, signifying a *family household*, or *retinue of
servants*, is certainly from the French *meinie*, or as it
was anciently written, *mesnie*; which word is regarded
by Du Cange as equivalent with *mesonie* or *maisonie*,
from *maison*; in modern French, *menage*. It does not
appear that the Saxons used *many* for a *family* or
household.

And meeting nere the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;¹
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
that way.²

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours³
for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother⁴ swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?
Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant,⁵ to teach
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that
follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind
men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can
smell him that's stinking.⁶ Let go thy hold, when a
great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck
with following it; but the great one that goes up
the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man
gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I
would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool
gives it.⁷

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

1 The personal pronoun, which is found in the preceding line, is understood before the word *having*, or before *drew*. The same license is taken by Shakspeare in other places.

2 'If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end.' This speech is omitted in the quartos.

3 A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

4 Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which, in the poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women only.—It is probable that Shakspeare had this suggested to him by a passage in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, which he may have consulted in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam with demoniacal gibberish. 'Ma. Maynie had a spice of the *hysterica passio*, as it seems, from his youth, he himself termes it the *mother*.' It seems the priests persuaded him it was from the possession of the devil. 'The disease I spake of was a spice of the *mother*, wherewith I had been troubled before my going into France; whether I do rightly term it the *mother* or no, I knowe not. A Scottish Doctor of Physic, then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *virginitem capitis*. It riseth of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head.'

5 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, (says Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guile, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.' If, says the fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious insect, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and
blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet!—may be, he is not well:

Infirmary doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man. Death on my state! where—
fore [*Looking on KENT.*]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*⁸

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. O, me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney⁹ did to
the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she
rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,

him whose 'mellow-hangings' have been all shaken
down, and who by 'one winter's brush' has been left
'open and bare for every storm that blows.'

6 All men, but blind men, though they follow their
noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind,
seeing the king ruined, have all deserted him: with
respect to the blind, who have nothing but their noses
to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose
fortunes are declining; for of the noses of blind men
there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being
'muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strong of
her displeasure.' You need not therefore be surprised
at Lear's coming with so small a train.

7 'One cannot too much commend the caution which
our moral poet uses on all occasions to prevent his sen-
timent from being perversely taken. So here, having
given an ironical precept in commendation of porfity
and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should
be understood seriously, though delivered by his buf-
foon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beau-
tiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none
but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it."—Warbur-
ton.

8 The meaning of this passage seems to be, 'I'll beat
the drum till it cries out—*Let them awake no more; let
their present sleep be their last.*' Somewhat similar
occurs in *Trullius* and *Cressida*:—

'— the death tokens of it

Cry no recovery.'

Mason would read, 'death to sleep,' instead of 'sleep
to death.'

9 Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, under the word
Cockney, says, 'It is sometimes taken for a child that
is tenderly or wantonly brought up; or for one that has
been brought up in some great town, and knows nothing
of the country fashion. It is used also for a Londoner,
or one born in or near the city, (as we say,) within the
sound of Bow bell.' The etymology, (says Mr. Nares,)

Down, wantons, down : 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butler'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace !
[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason

I have to think so : If thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultery.—O, are you free ?

[To KENT.]
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught : O, Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

[Points to his heart.]
I can scarce speak to thee : thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'd a quality——O, Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.¹

Lear. Say, how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation : If, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir, you are old ; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself : Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return ; Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.²

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house :³
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary :⁴ on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan :
She hath abated me of half my train ;

seems most probable, which derives it from *cookeny*.—*Le pays de cocagne*, or *coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. *Cocagna*, in Italian, has the same meaning. Both might be derived from *coquina*. This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region 'where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the leaves ran down the hills, crying *Come eat me*.' Some lines in Camden's *Remains* seem to make *cokeney* a name for London as well as its inhabitants. This *Lubberland*, as Florin calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. A *cookeney* and a *ninny-hammer*, or *simpleton*, were convertible terms. Thus Chaucer, in the *Reve's Tale* :—

'I shall be holden a *daffe* or a *cokeney*.'

It may be observed that *cookeney* is only a diminutive of cock ; a wanton child was so called as a less circumlocutory way of saying, my 'little cock,' or my *bra-cock*. Decker, in his *News from Hell*, 1568, says, 'Tis not our fault ; but our mothers, our *cockerings* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cookenies*.' In the passages cited from the *Tournament of Tottenham*, and *Heywood*, it literally means a *little cock*. The reader will find a curious article on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 151.

1 It is clear that the intended meaning of this passage is as Steevens observes : 'You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to scant her duty, i. e. to be wanting in it.' It is somewhat inaccurately expressed, Shakspeare having, as on some other occasions, perplexed himself by the word *less*. But all the verbiage of Malone was not necessary to lay this open.

2 'Say,' &c. This line and the following speech is omitted in the quartos.

3 I. e. the order of families, duties of relation. So Sir Thomas Smith, in his *Commonwealth of England*, 1601 :—'The house I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free.'

Look'd black upon me : struck me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fie, fie, fie !
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall⁵ and blast her pride !

Reg. O, the blest gods !
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted⁶ nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort, and not burn : 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,⁷
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose
[Trumpets within.]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's :⁸ this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows !—
Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here ? O,
Heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow⁹ obedience, if yourselves are old,¹⁰
Make it your cause : send down, and take my
part !—

4 *Unnecessary* is here used in the sense of *necessitous* ; in want of necessities and unable to procure them. Perhaps this is also the meaning of the word in *The Old Law*, by Massinger :—

'—Your laws extend not to desert,
But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,
His are not such.'

5 *Fall* seems here to be used as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. 'Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty, so as to fall and blast, i. e. humble and destroy her pride.'

6 *Tender-hefted* may mean moved, or *heaving with tenderness*. The quartos read *tender-hefted*, which may be right, and signify giving tender *hefts* or commands. Miranda says, in *The Tempest* :—

'O my father, I have broke your *hest* to say so.'

7 *A size* is a portion or allotment of food. The word and its origin are explained in *Minsheu's Guide to Tongues*, 1617. The term *size* is still used at Cambridge for one of the lowest rank of students, living on a stated allowance.

8 Thus in *Othello* :—

'The Moor,—I know his trumpet.'

It should seem therefore that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters.—Cornwall knows not the present sound ; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago.

9 *To allow* is to *approve*, in old phraseology. Thus in *Psalm xl. ver. 6* :—'The Lord alloweth the righteous'

10 '—hoc oro, munus concede parenti,
Si tua maturis signentur tempora canis,
Et sis ipse parens.' *Statius Theb. x. 705.*

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To GONERIL.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold!—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.¹

Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.²

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I adjure all roofs, and choose
To wage³ against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!⁴—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squirrel-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot!—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter⁵
To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; y' thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed⁶ carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken, now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir; What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one

house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you: my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number; What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord: no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house, where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap⁷ as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

You heavens give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not;⁸ but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,¹⁰

Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exit LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and FOOL.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[Storm heard at a distance.

Reg. This house

Is little; the old man and his people cannot

Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put

Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Perhaps *sumpter* originally meant the paviour or basket
which the sumpter-horse carried. Thus in Cupid's
Revenge:—

'And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters*.'

We hear also of *sumpter-cloths*, *sumpter-saddles*, &c.

⁶ Embossed here means *swelling*, *protuberant*.

⁷ i. e. to be not the worst deserves some praise.

⁸ As cheap here means as little worth. See Baret's

Alvearie, 1573. C. 388.

⁹ '—magnum est quodcumque paravi.

Quid sit adhuc dubito.' Ovid. Met. lib. vi.

'—haud quid sit scio,

Sed grande quiddam est.' Seneca Thyestes.

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature
must occasionally use the same thoughts and expres-
sions, remember that of both these authors there were
early translations. Golding thus renders the passage
from Ovid:—

'The thing that I do purpose on is great, whate'er it is
I know not what it may be yet.'

¹⁰ *Flaws* anciently signified *fragments*, as well as
mere cracks. Among the Saxons it certainly had that
meaning. The word, as Bailey observes, was 'espe-
cially applied to the breaking off *shivers* or thin pieces
from precious stones.'

¹ By less advancement Cornwall means that Kent's
disorders had entitled him to a post of even less honour
than the stocks, a still worse or more disgraceful
situation.

² The meaning is, since you are weak, be content to
think yourself weak.

³ See p. 395, note 7, ante.

⁴ The words, 'necessity's sharp pinch!' appear to be
the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence
he had described in the preceding lines.

⁵ *Sumpter* is generally united with *horse* or *mule*, to
signify one that carried provisions or other necessities;
from *sumptus*, Lat. In the present instance *horse*
seems to be understood, as it appears to be in the follow-
ing passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's Two Noble
Gentlemen:—

'I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp
As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd;
You should have had a *sumpter*, though 't had cost me
The laying out myself.'

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle;¹ for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train:

And what they may incense² him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord: 'tis a wild night;

My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath. A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,³

That things might change, or cease:⁴ tears his white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn⁵

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear⁶ would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,

And bids what will take all.⁷

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest his heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare upon the warrant of my art,⁸

1 Thus the folio. The quartos read, 'Do sorely rustle,' i. e. rustle. But *ruffle* is most probably the true reading. See the first note on Macbeth.

2 To incense is here, as in other places, to instigate.

3 The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the continent. The *main* is again used in this sense in Hamlet:—

'Goes it against the *main* of Poland, sir?'

4 The first folio ends this speech at 'change, or cease,' and begins again at Kent's speech, 'But who is with him?'

5 Stevens thinks that we should read, 'out-storm.' The error of printing *scorn* for *storm* occurs in the old copies of Troilus and Cressida, and might easily happen from the similarity of the words in old MSS.

6 That is, a bear whose dugs are drawn dry by its young. Shakspeare has the same image in As You Like It:—

'A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching—'

Again, *ibidem*:—

'Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness.'

7 So in Antony and Cleopatra. Enobarbus says:—

'I'll strike, and cry, Take all.'

8 I. e. on the strength of that art or skill which teaches us 'to find the mind's construction in the face.' The folio reads:—

—upon the warrant of my note;

which Dr. Johnson explains, 'my observation of your character.'

9 This and seven following lines are not in the quartos. The lines in crotchets lower down, from 'But, true it is,' &c. to the end of the speech, are not in the folio.

Commend a dear thing to you. There is division, Although as yet the face of it be cover'd With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall; Who have (as who have not, that their great stars Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less; Which are to France the spies and speculations Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen, Either in snuffs and packings¹⁰ of the dukes; Or the hard rein which both of them have borne Against the old kind king; or something deeper, Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings:¹¹— [But, true it is, from France there comes a power Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already Wise in our negligence, have secret feet¹² In some of our best ports, and are at point To show their open banner.—Now to you: If on my credit you dare build so far To make your speed to Dover, you shall find Some that will thank you, making just report Of how unnatural and bemoaning sorrow The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding; And from some knowledge and assurance, offer This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more Than my out wall, open this purse, and take What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring And she will tell you who your fellow¹³ is That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than all yet: That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain

That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him, Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues. Enter LEAR and Fool.*

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!¹⁴ rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing¹⁵ fires, Vaunt-couriers¹⁶ to oak-cleaving thunderbolts, Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder, Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world! Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,¹⁷ That make ingrateful man!

So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former lines are read, and the latter omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy: but in this speech the first is preferable; for in the folio the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither.

10 *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

11 A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. 'To lend the world a furnish of wit, she lays her own out to pawn.'—*Green's Groatsworth of Wit.*

12 I. e. secret footing. 13 Companion.

14 The poet was here thinking of the common representation of the winds in many books of his time. We find the same allusion in Troilus and Cressida.

15 *Thought-executing*, 'doing execution with celerity equal to thought.'

16 *Avant-couriers*, Fr. The phrase occurs in other writers of Shakspeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. In The Tempest 'Jove's lightnings' are termed more familiarly,

—the *precursors*

O' the dreadful thunder-claps.'

17 There is a parallel passage in the Winter's Tale:—

'Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

And mar the seeds within.'

So again in Macbeth:—

—and the sum

Of nature's germens tumble all together.'

For the force of the word *spill*, see Genesis, xxxviii &

Foa. O, nuncie, court holy-water¹ in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncie, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit fire! spout rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters; I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription;² why, then, let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry wo,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;³ that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow⁴ the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves: Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother⁵ o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and thou simular⁶ man of virtue That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming, Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents,⁷ and cry These dreadful summoners grace.⁸ I am a man, More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest; Repose you there: while I to this hard house, (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd; Which even but now, demanding after you,

Denied me to come in,) return, and force Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.— Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.⁹

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit—

*With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;¹⁰*

For the rain it raineth every day.¹¹

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [**Exeunt LEAR and KENT**]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.¹²

—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailor's tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanderers do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build:—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.¹³
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [**Exit.**]

SCENE III. A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken:—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed:¹⁴ we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund: pray you, be careful. [**Exit.**]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:—

¹ Court holy-water is fair words and flattering speeches. *Gonfiare alcuno*, (says Florio,) to sooth or flatter one, to set one agogge, or with fair words bring him into a fool's paradise; to fill one with hopes, or court holie-water. It appears to have been borrowed from the French, who have their *Eau benite de la cour* in the same sense.

² I. e. submission, obedience.

³ Meaning the king and himself. The king's grace was the usual expression in Shakespeare's time: perhaps the latter phrase alludes to the saying of a contemporary wit, that there is no discretion below the girdle.

⁴ To gallow, is to frighten, to scare.

⁵ Thus the folio and one of the quartos; the other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

⁶ I. e. counterfeit; from *simulo*, Lat.

—My practices so prevail'd,
That I return'd with *simular* proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad.⁷

Cyn. heline, Act v. Sc. 5.

⁷ Continent for that which contains or encloses. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.'

The quartos read, — *concealed centers*.

⁸ Summoners are officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625—670. Thus in *Howard's Defensive against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1581:—
'They seem to brag most of the strange events which follow for the most part after blazing stars, as if they were the summoners of God, to call princes to the seat of judgment.'

⁹ The quartos read, 'That sorrows yet for thee.'

¹⁰ Part of the Clown's song at the end of Twelfth Night.

¹¹ This speech is not in the quartos.

¹² These lines are taken from what is commonly called Chaucer's Prophecy; but which is much older than his time in its original form. It is thus quoted by Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:—

'When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords heeds are holden for laws
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And litchery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.'

See the Works of Chaucer, in Whittingham's edit. vol. v. p. 178.

¹³ The quartos read, *larded*.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me :—
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*
Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.¹ Thou'dst shun a bear :
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Fili'ial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :²
In such a night as this ! O, Regan, Goneril !—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own
ease ;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt nie more.—But I'll go in :
In, boy : go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless⁴
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,⁵ defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ; Take physic, pomp ;

¹ Stevens thought that Lear does not address this question to Kent, but to his own bosom ; and would point the passage thus :—

'——— Wilt break, my heart ?'

'Taking the words of Lear by themselves (says Mr. Pye), the sense and punctuation proposed by Stevens is very judicious ; but is confuted by what Kent answers, who must know how Lear spoke it ; and there seems no sort of reason why, as is suggested, he should affect to misunderstand him. Nothing is more natural than for a person absorbed in the contemplation of his own misery, to answer offers of assistance that interrupt him, with petulance.'

² That of two concomitant pains, the greater obscures to relieve the less, is an aphorism of Hippocrates. See *Disquisitions Metaphysical and Literary*, by F. Sayers, M.D. 1793, p. 68.

³ He lesser pangs can bear who hath endured the chief.
Faerie Queene, b. i. c. 6.

⁴ This line is omitted in the quartos.

⁵ And the next line are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms which affliction forces on the mind.

⁶ *Loop'd and window'd* is full of holes and apertures : the allusion is to loop-holes, such as are found in ancient castles, and designed for the admission of light, where windows would have been inconvenient.

⁷ A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles* :—
'O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears ;
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.'

⁸ This speech of Edgar's is omitted in the quartos.—
He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea.

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.⁸

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and
half ! Poor Tom !

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me !

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i' the straw ?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me :—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁹

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?
And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire,¹⁰ that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his por-
ridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
troting-horse over four-inched bridges, to court
his own shadow for a traitor :—Bless thy five wits !¹¹
Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee
from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking !¹² Do
poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes :
There could I have him now,—and there,—and
there, and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass ?—

Could'st thou save nothing ? Did'st thou give them
all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous
air

Hang fated o'er men's faults,¹³ light on thy daughters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdu'd
nature

To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.¹⁴

⁸ So in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, Sly says, 'Go to thy cold bed and warm thee ;' which is supposed to be in ridicule of *The Spanish Tragedy*, or some play equally absurd. The word *cold* is omitted in the folio.

⁹ Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. He afterwards recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide ; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604 :—

'Swords, poisons, halters, and evenom'd steel,

Are laid before me to despatch myself.'

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend in *Harner's Declaration*, 1603, before cited.

¹⁰ It has been before observed, that the *wits* seem to have been reckoned *fire* by analogy to the five senses. They were sometimes confounded by old writers, as in the instance cited by Percy and Stevens ; Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet, considers them as distinct.

¹¹ But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.'

¹² To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence. See a former passage :—

'—— strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness.'

¹³ So in *Timon of Athens* :—

'Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high view'd city hang his poison
In the sick air.'

¹⁴ The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. The allusions to this fable are very numerous in old writers.

Edg. Pillicock¹ sat on pillicock's-hill;—
Holloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array; Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair;² wore gloves in my cap;³ served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear,⁴ bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books,⁵ and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says soom, mun, ha no nonny, dorphin my boy, my boy, sessa: let him trot by.⁶

[Storm still continua.

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou

¹ It should be observed that *Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harsnet's book. The inquisitive reader may find a further explanation of this word in a note to the translation of Rabelais, edit. 1750, vol. i. p. 194. In Minsheu's Dictionary, art. 9299; and Chalmers's Works of Sir David Lindsay, Glossary, v. *pillok*.

² Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seven, [spirits,] began to set his hands unto his side, *curled his hair*, and used such gestures as Ma. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What a poxe do I here? I will stay no longer among a company of rascal priests, but go to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled. 'Shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certaine forme, representing either a beast or some other creature that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of *Pride* departed in the forme of a *peacock*; the spirit of *Sloth* in the likeness of an *asse*; the spirit of *Envie* in the similitude of a *dog*; the spirit of *Gluttony* in the form of a *calfe*; and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures.—*Harsnet's Declaration*, &c. 1603. Before each sin was cast out, Mainy, by gestures acted that particular sin—curling his hair, to show pride, &c. &c.

³ It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature and wear it in his helmet*. And *Tucca* says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:—'Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch.' And *Pandora* in *Lily's Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—

'—he that first presents me with his head

Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the dead.'

Portia, in her assumed character, asks *Bassanio* for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear for his sake; and *King Henry V.* gives the pretended *glove* of *Alençon* to *Fluellen*, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier.

⁴ Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports.

⁵ When spendthrifts, &c. resorted to usurers or tradesmen for the purpose of raising money by means of shop goods, or *brown paper* commodities, they usually entered their promissory notes, or other similar obligations, in books kept for that purpose. In *Lodge's Looking Glasse for England*, 1598, &c. a usurer says to a gentleman, 'I have thy hand set to my book, that thou receivedst forty pounds of me in monie.' To which

art the thing itself:—unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you leudings:—Come; unbutton here.'

[Tearing off his Clothes.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet*:⁹ he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,¹⁰ squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;¹¹

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

*And, Avoint thee, witch, avoint thee!*¹²

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old

the other answers, 'It was your device to colour the statue, but your conscience knows what I had.'

'If I but write my name in mercers' books,

I am as sure to have at six months end

A rascal at my elbow with his mace,' &c.

All Fools, by Chapman, 1605.

⁶ 'Dolphin my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by;

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.'

This is a stanza from a very old ballad, written on some battle fought in France; during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin* to the trial, therefore, as different champions cross the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats the two first lines as every fresh personage is introduced; and at last assisist in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Steevens had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to report part of the ballad. In *Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*, *Cokes* cries out, 'God's my life! He shall be *Dauphin*, my boy?' 'Hey nonny, nonny' is merely the burthen of another ballad.

⁷ The words *unbutton here*, are only in the folio.

The quartos read, *Come on, be true*.

⁸ *Naughty* signifies *bad, unfit, improper*. This epithet, which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakspeare was employed on serious occasions. The merriment of the Fool depended on his general image, and not on the quaintness of its auxiliary.

⁹ The name of this fiend, though so grotesque, was not invented by Shakspeare, but by those who wished to impose upon their hearers the belief of his actual existence: this, and most of the fiends mentioned by *Edgar*, being to be found in *Bishop Harsnet's* book, among those which the Jesuits, about the time of the Spanish invasion, pretended to cast out, for the purpose of making converts. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Catholic. *Harsnet* published his account of the detection of the imposture, by order of the privy council. 'Frateretto, *Flibberdibet*, *Hoberdidade*, *Troobatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice.—These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse. *Flebergibbe* is used by *Latimer* for a scyphant. And *Cotgrave* explains *Coquette* by a *Flebergibet* or *Thiffl*.'

It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest*, they are said to 'rejoice to hear the solemn curfew.'

¹⁰ The pin and web is a disease of the eyes resembling the cataract in an imperfect stage. *Acerbi*, in his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 20, has given the Lapland method of cure.

¹¹ About *St. Withold* we have no certainty. This adventure is not found in the common legends of *St. Vitallis*, whom Mr. *Tyrwhitt* thought was meant.

¹² See *Macbeth*.

¹³ l. e. and the water-moor.

rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*¹

Beware my follower : Peace, Smolkin ;² peace, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.³

Glo. Our flesh, and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come to seek you out,

And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—

What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;

Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned

Theban :

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,

His wits begin to unsettle.³

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?

His daughters seek his death :—Ah, that good

Kent :—

He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee,

friend,

I am almost mad myself ; I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood ; he sought my life,

But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—

No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel ; keep thee

warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

1 In the metrical Romance of Sir Bevis, who was

confined seven years in a dungeon, it is said that—

'Rattes and mice, and such smal deer,

Was his meat that seven yere.'

2 'The names of other punie spirits cast out of Twy-

ford, were these :—Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, &c.—*Hars-*

net's Detection, &c. p. 49. Again, '*Maho* was the chief

devil that had possession of Sarah Williams ; but ano-

ther of the possessed named Richard Mainy, was mo-

lest by a still more considerable fiend, called *Modu*,'

p. 268 ; where the said Richard Mainy deposes :—' Fur-

thermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in

mee the prince of devils, whose name should be *Modu*.'

And, p. 269 :—' When the said priests had despatched

their business at Hackney, (where they had been exor-

cising Sarah Williams,) they then returned towards

me, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* out

of mee.'

In the Goblins, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is in-

troduced, which concludes with these two lines :—

'The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;

Mahu, *Mahu* is his name.'

This catch may not be the production of Suckling, but

the original referred to by Edgar's speech.

3 Lord Orford has the following remark in the post-

script to his Mysterious Mother, which deserves a place

here :—' When Belvidera talks of *lutes*, *laurels*, *seas*

of *milk*, and *ships of amber*, she is not mad, but light-

headed. When madness has taken possession of a per-

son, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at

least should appear there but for a short time ; it being

the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not

distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head

discomposed by misfortune is that of King Lear. His

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take

the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words :

Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland⁴ to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—*Fie, foh, and fum,*

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter

CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this

house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that

nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears

me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your

brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ;

but a provoking merit,⁵ set a-work by a reproveable

badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must

repent to be just ! This is the letter he spoke of,

which approves him an intelligent party to the ad-

vantages of France. O, heavens ! that this treason

were not, or not I the detector !

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you

have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of

Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may

be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king,

it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will perse-

vere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be

sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou shalt

find a dearer father in thy love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Chamber in a Farm-House, ad-

joining the Castle. Enter GLOSTER, LEAR,

KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air ; take it

thankfully : I will piece out the comfort with what

addition I can : I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way

to his impatience :—The gods reward your kind-

ness ! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto⁶ calls me ; and tells me Nero is

thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and

every sentence that falls from his wildness excites re-

flexion and pity. Had freuzy entirely seized him, our

compassion would abate ; we should conclude that he no

longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philo-

sopher, Otway as a poet.'

4 Capel observes that *Child Rowland* means the

Knight Orlando. He would read *come*, with the quar-

tos absolutely (*Orlando being come to the dark tower*) ;

and supposes a line to be lost 'which spoke of some

giant, the inhabitant of that tower, and the smellier-out

of *Child Rowland*, who comes to encounter him.' He

proposes to fill up the passage thus :—

'Child Rowland to the dark tower come,

[*The giant roar'd, and out he ran ;*]

His word was still, &c.

Part of this is to be found in the second part of Jack and

the Giants, which, if not as old as the time of Shak-

speare, may have been compiled from something that

was so : they are uttered by a giant :—

'*Fie, favo, fum,*

I smell the blood of an Englishman,

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

5 Cornwall seems to mean the merit of Edmund,

which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated

Edgar to seek his father's death.

6 See the quotation from Harsnet, in note 2 on the

preceding scene. Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler

in hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Gara-

gantia had appeared in English before 1575, being

mentioned in Laneham's Letter from Killingworth,

printed in that year.

an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,¹ and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing² in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.³

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's heels,⁴ a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight: Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer:⁵—

[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?⁶

Come o'er the bourn,⁷ Bessy to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak.

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly⁸ for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence—

Thou robbed man of justice, take thy place;

[To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.] Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [To KENT.]

1 Perhaps he is here addressing the *Fool*. Fools were anciently termed *innocents*. So in *Alla Well* that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 3:—'The sheriff's fool—a dumb *innocent*, that could not say him nay.'

2 The old copies have *hissing*, which Malone changed to *whizzing*. One of the quartos spells the word *hissing*, which indicates that the reading of the present text is right.

3 This and the next thirteen speeches are only in the quartos.

4 The old copies read, 'a horse's *health*;' but *heels* was certainly meant. 'Trust not a horse's *heels*, nor a dog's *tooth*,' is a proverb in Ray's Collection; which may be traced at least as far back as the time of our Edward II. 'Et ideo Babilo in comedilis insinuat dicens:—In fide, dente, pede, molieris, equi canis est fraus.—Hoc sic vulgariter est dici:—

'Till *horsi's fute* thou never traist,

Till *hondis toth*, ne woman's faith.'

Forduin Scotichronicon, l. xlv. c. 32.

The proverb in the text is probably from the Italian.

5 *Justicer* from *Justiciarius*, was the old term, as we learn from Lambard's *Eirenarcha*:—'And of this it commeth that M. Fitzherbert, (in his Treatise of the Justices of Peace,) calleth them *justicers* (contractly for *justiciars*), and not *justices*, as we commonly and not altogether improperly doe name them.'

6 When Edgar says, 'Look, where he stands and glares!' he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. 'Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?' is a question addressed to some visionary spectator, and may mean no more than 'Do you want eyes when you should use them most? that you cannot see this spectre.'

7 *A bourn* is a brook or rivulet. At the beginning of *A Very Merry* and *Pythie Comedie*, called *The Longer Thou Livest The More Fool Thou Art*. &c. blk. let. no date:—'Entreth *Mozes*, counterfeiting a vain gesture and foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;' and among them is this passage:—

'Com over the *loorne* Bessé,

My litle pretie Bessé,

Come over the *boorne*, Bessé, to me.'

The old copies read, 'o'er the *broome*;' and Johnson suggested, as there was no connexion between a boat and a broom, that it was an error. Stevens made the correction, and adduced this illustration. There is peculiar propriety in this address: Bessy and poor Tom usually travelled together, as appears by a passage cited

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin's mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a jointstool.¹⁰

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O, pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avant, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;¹¹

Or bobtail tike,¹² or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa.¹³ Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.¹⁴

from *Dick Whipper's Sessions*, 1607, by Malone. Mad women, (who travel about the country, are called in Shropshire *Cousin Betties*, and elsewhere *Mad Bessies*.

8 Much of this may have been suggested by *Harnett's* book. Sarah Williams deposes, 'That if at any time, she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomack, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her...and that the wind was the devil.' And, (as she saith,) if they heard any *croaking* in her belly... then they would make a wonderful matter of that. 'One *Hoberdidence* is mentioned in a former note. 'One time shee remembereth that, shee having the said *croaking* in her belly, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad,' p. 194, 195, &c.

9 *Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment.—Baret, in his *Alvearie*, interprets *feat* by 'proper, well fashioned, minikin, handsome.'

10 This proverbial expression occurs likewise in *Lyly's Mother Bombye*, 1594.

11 I suspect that *brach* signifies a *greyhound*. A *lym* or *lyme* was a *blood-hound*, (see *Minsheu's Dict.* in voce;) sometimes also called a *limmer* or *leamer*; from the *leam* or *leash*, in which he was held till he was let slip. In the book of *Ancient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words 'canes domini regis *leasos*,' are translated *leash hounds*, such as draw after hurt deer in a *leash* or *tegam*. So Drayton, in *The Muses Elysium*:—

'My doghook at my belt, to which my *lyam's* ty'd.'

12 *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little worthless dog. *Trindeltails* are mentioned in the *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. blk. let. no date; and in the old comedy of *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*.

13 *Sessa*; this word occurs before in the fourth Scene of this Act. It is spelled *Sessey* in both places in the old copy. The same word occurs in the *Induction* to the *Taming of the Shrew*, where it is spelled *sesa*: it appears to have been a corruption of *cessez*, stop or hold, be quiet, have done.

14 *A horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. When, therefore, Edgar says *his horn is dry* or *empty*, he merely means, in the language of the character he assumes, to supplicate that it might be filled with drink. See *A Pleasant Dispute* between a Coach and a Sedan, 4to. 1636:—'I have observed when a coach is appendant but two or three hundred pounds

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say, they are Persian attire! but let them be changed.

[*To EDGAR.*]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.¹

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;²

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:³—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,*

bearing off the King.]

Edg. When we better see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the king

bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:

Mark the high noises,⁴ and thyself bewray,⁵

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles

thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!

Lark, lark. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *A Room in Gloster's Castle. En-*

ter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,

and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;

show him this letter;—the army of France is land-

ed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes;

you may tell all their ribbes lying be the fire; and *Tom*

a Bedom may sooner eate his *horne* than get it filled

with *small drinke*, and for his old almes of bacon there

is no hope in the world.⁶

1 i. e. on the cushions to which he points.

2 One of the quartos reads, 'Take up the king; the

other, 'Take up to keep,' &c.

3 These two concluding speeches, by Kent and

Edgar, are restored from the quarto. The soliloquy of

Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are

drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides,

with regard to the stage, it is absolutely neces-

sary; for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of

the play, to attend the king to Dover, how absurd would

it look for a character of his importance to quit the

scene without one word said, or the least intimation

what we are to expect from him.—*Theobald.*

4 The great events that are approaching, the loud

tumult of approaching war.

5 Betray, discover.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.⁶

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot questrists⁷ after him, met him at gate;

Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,

Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast

To have well armed friends.

Corn.

Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor

Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life

Without the form of justice; yet our power

Shall do a courtesy⁸ to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not control. Who's there? The

traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky⁹ arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends,

consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O, filthy traitor.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou

shalt find— [*REGAN plucks his Beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken,¹⁰ and accuse thee: I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours¹¹

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from

France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the

traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic

king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

6 Meaning Edmund, invested with his father's titles.

The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions

the old earl by the same title.

7 A questrist is one who goes in quest or search

of another.

8 'Do a courtesy to our wrath,' simply means bend

to our wrath, as a courtesy is made by bending the

body. To pass on any one may be traced from Magna

Charta:—'*Neque super eum ibimus, nisi per legale*

judicium parium suorum.' It is common to most of

our early writers—'A jury of devils impaneled and

deeply sworn to pass on all villains in hell.'—*If this*

be not a Good Play the Devil is in it, 1612.

9 i. e. dry, wither'd, husky arms. This epithet was

perhaps borrowed from Harsnet:—'It would pose all

the cunning exorcists that are this day to be found, to

teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curvet,

and fetch her morrice gambols as Martha Bressier did.

10 i. e. quicken into life.

11 Favours mean the same as features; that is, the

different parts of which a face is composed.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.¹

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh stick² boarish fangs. The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the stelled³ fires: yet, poor old heart, He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern⁴ time, Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key*; All cruels else subscrib'd:⁵—But I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.⁶

[*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help:—O, cruel! O, ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord: have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you, Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel; What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv.*] A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind him, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and throws it on the ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quit⁷ this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

1 So in Macbeth:—

'They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly, But, bear-like, I must fight the course.'

2 The quarto reads, 'rash boarish fangs.' To *rash* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.

3 Stalled.

4 Thus the folio. The quartos read, 'that dearn time.' *Dearn* is *dreary*. The reading in the text is countenanced by Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad: '— in this so stern^e a time

Of night and danger.'

5 I. e. yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

6 This horrible exhibition is not more sanguinary than that of some contemporary dramas. In Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, one of the sons of Bajazet, pulls out the eyes of an Aga on the stage, and says:—

Yea, thou shalt live, but never see that day,

Wandering the tapers that should give thee light.

[*Pulls out his eyes.*]

Immediately after his hands are cut off on the stage. In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage.

7 *Villain* is perhaps here used in its original sense, of one in servitude.

8 Requite.

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: 't was he That made the overture⁹ of thy treason to us; Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O, my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace: Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;— Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,¹⁰ If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long, And, in the end, meet the old course of death,¹¹ Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,¹²

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Heath. Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and know to be contemn'd, Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.¹³ To be worst The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,¹⁴ Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O, world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yield to age.¹⁵

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: Full of 'tis seen,

9 Overture here means an opening, a discovery. 'It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us.'

10 This short dialogue is only found in the quartos. It is, as Theobald observes, full of nature. Servants could hardly see such barbarity committed without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage and of the great moral poet:

11 I. e. die a natural death.

12 Stevens asserted that this passage was ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Altered*. Mr. Gifford has shown the folly and falsehood of the assertion; and that it was only a common allusion to a method of stanching blood practised in the poet's time by every barber-surgeon and old woman in the kingdom.

13 'It is better to be thus openly contemned, than to be flattered and secretly contemned.' The expression in this speech, 'owes nothing to thy blasts,' might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 61:—

'Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam celestibus ullis Dehentem, vano meatu comitatur honore.'

14 The next two lines and a half are not in the quartos.

15 'O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to death, the necessary consequences of old age; we should cling to life more strongly than we do.'

Our mean secures us,¹ and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,²
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [Aside.] O, gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet; The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*³

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

P' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm; My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since;

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.⁴

Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. *[Aside.]*—Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Then, 'pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake me, hence a mile or twain,
P' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I
have,

Come on't what will. *[Exit.]*
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub⁵ it
further. *[Aside.]*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend!

1 *Mean* is here put for our moderate or mean conditions. It was sometimes the practice of the poet's age to use the plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. To avoid the equivocal, Pope changed the reading of the old copy 'to our mean secures us,' which is certainly more intelligible, and may have been the reading intended, as *means* being spelled with a final *e* might easily be mistaken for *means*, which is the reading of the old copy.

2 So in another scene, 'I see it feelingly.'

3 i. e. while we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. He recalls his former rash conclusion.

4 'Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.'
Plaut. Captiv. Prolog. i. 22.
Thus also in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. li. :—
wretched human kinde

Balles to the starres, &c.
5 i. e. disguise it.

6 So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.'
King Richard III.

7 'The devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself seven other spirits, and all of them captains, and of great fame. Then Edmundes, (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c.—so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company might be cast out.'—*Harsnet*, p. 163. This passage will account for 'five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.'

[Five fiends⁶ have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waitingwomen.⁷ So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance,⁸ that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly, So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in⁹ the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear, With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm; Poor Tom shall lead thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.
Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband!¹⁰

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd: I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloucester's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further; *[To EDMUND:]*

Is the coward terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects.¹¹ Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,

7 'If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make anlike faces, grince, *mo* and *mop*, like an ape, then no doubt the young girl is owle-blasted, and possessed.'—*Harsnet*, p. 136. The five devils here mentioned are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce, three *chambermaids* or *waiting women*, in Mr. Edmund Peckham's family. The reader will now perceive why a *coquette* is called *flibbertigibbet* or *tittill* by Colgrave. See Act iii. Sc. 4. The passage in crochets is omitted in the folio.

8 'Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated.'—*Johnson*. To *slave* an ordinance is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it. So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:—

none
Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale.¹
Again, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, by Massinger:—'that *slaves* me to his will.' The quartos read, 'That stands your ordinance,' which may be right, says Malone, and means *withstands* or *abides*.

9 In is here put for *on*, as in other places of these plays.

10 It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked the scheme of oppression and ingratitude at the end of the first act.

11 'The wishes which we expressed to each other on the way hither, may be completed, may take effect,' perhaps alluding to the destruction of her husband.

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[Giving a Favour.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[Exit EDMUND.]

O, the difference of man, and man!

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my bed.²

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit Steward.]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.³

Alb. O, Goneril!

You art not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your disposition:⁴
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver⁵ and disbranch
From her material sap,⁶ perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.⁷

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filth savour but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,⁸
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,⁹
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief!¹⁰ Where's thy
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

1 She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss, (the steward being present,) and that might appear only to him as a whisper.

2 Quarto A reads 'my foot usurps my body.' Quarto B, 'my foot usurps my head.' Quarto C, 'a fool usurps my bed.' The folio reads, 'my foot usurps my body.'

3 Alluding to the proverb, 'It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.' Goneril's meaning seems to be, 'There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you,' reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present occasion.

4 These words and the lines following, to *monsters of the deep*, are not in the folio. They are necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife.

5 So in Macbeth:—

— elips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.

6 'She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that trunk or body which supplied it with sap.' There is a peculiar propriety in the use of the word *material*: *materia*, Lat. signifying the trunk or body of the tree.

7 Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life.—*Warburton*. Dr. Warburton might have adduced the passage from Macbeth above quoted in support of his ingenious interpretation.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.¹¹

Gon. O, vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd¹² thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature.¹³ Were it my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,¹⁴

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy flesh and bones;—Howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee,

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword

To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,

Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes

So speedily can vengeance!—But, O, poor Gloucester!

Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;

'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well;¹⁵

But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck

Upon my hateful life: Another way,

The new is not so tart.—I'll read and answer. [Exit.]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'st the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exeunt.]

8 This line is not in the folio.

9 The rest of this speech is also omitted in the folio.

10 'Goneril means to say that none but fools would be excited to commiserate those who are prevented from executing their malicious designs, and punished for their evil intention.' Malone doubts whether Goneril alludes to her father, but surely there cannot be a doubt that she does, and to the *pity* for his sufferings expressed by Albany, whom she means indirectly to call a fool for expressing it.

11 That is, 'Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who un-naturally assumes them.'

12 The meaning appears to be 'thou that hast hid the woman under the fiend; thou that hast disguised nature by wickedness.' Steevens thinks that there may be an allusion to the coverings which insects furnish to themselves, like the silkworm, that—

'labours till it clouds itself all o'er.'

13 It has been already observed that *feature* was often used for *form* or *person* in general, the *figure* of the whole body.

14 My blood is my passion, my inclination. This verse wants a foot, which Theobald purposed to supply by reading 'boiling blood.'

15 Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

[SCENE III.] *The French Camp near Dover.**Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*²*Kent.* Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?³*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his coming forth is thought of; which Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most required, And necessary.*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?*Gent.* The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears Were like;—a better way.⁴ Those happy smiles, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.⁵—In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?*Gent.* Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters! What! i' the storm? i' the night?**Let pity not be believed!*⁶—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamour moisten'd:⁷ then away she started To deal with grief alone.*Kent.* It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions;¹⁰Else one self mate and mate,¹¹ could not beget Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?*Gent.* No.*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?*Gent.* No, since.*Kent.* Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear is i' the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?*Gent.* 'Tis so, they are afoot.*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,And leave you to attend him: some dear cause!¹²

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent. Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.**Cor.* Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud; Crown'd with rank fumiter,¹³ and furrow weeds, With harlocks,¹⁴ hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers, Darnel,¹⁵ and all the idle weeds that grow In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth; Search every acre in the high grown field, And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]—What can man's wisdom do,¹⁶

simply in the smiles seeming unconscious of the tears, whereas the sunshine has a watery look through the falling drops of rain—

“—Those happy smiles,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes.”

‘That the point of comparison was neither a “better day,” nor a “wetter May,” is proved by the following passages, cited by Stevens and Malone:—“Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine.”—*Sidney's Arcadia*, p. 244.

‘I may justly observe, as perhaps an illustration, that the better way of Charity is that the right hand should not know what the left hand giveth.’

5 The quartos read *smilets*, which may be a diminutive of the poet's coining.6 Stevens would read *dropping*, but as must be understood to signify as if. I do not think that jewelled pendants were in the poet's mind. A similar beautiful thought in Middleton's *Game of Chess* has caught the eye of Milton:—

“—the holy dew lies like a pearl

Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn

Upon the bashful rose.”

7 i. e. discourse, conversation.

8 i. e. let not pity be supposed to exist. It is not impossible but Shakespeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph, who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren.—*Theobald*.

9 That is, ‘her outcries were accompanied with tears.’

10 Conditions are dispositions.

11 i. e. the selfsame husband and wife.

12 Important business.

13 i. e. fumitory, written by the old herbalists *fumitory*.14 The quartos read *hardocks*, the folio *hardokes*. Drayton mentions *harlocks* in one of his Eclogues:—

‘The honey-suckle, the harlocke,

The lily, and the lady-smocke,’ &c.

Perhaps the *charlock*, *sinapis arvensis*, or *wild mustard*, may be meant.

15 Darnel, according to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn.

16 Stevens says that *do* should be omitted as needless¹ This scene is left out in the folio copy, but is necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is most beautifully painted.² The gentlemen whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia.³ The King of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required that a monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismissal, (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own dominions,) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult to say what use could have been made of the king, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion might have weakened the effect of Lear's paternal sorrow; and, being an object of respect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view.—*Steevens*⁴ Both the quartos read, ‘were like a better way.’ Stevens reads, upon the suggestion of Theobald, ‘a better day,’ with a long and somewhat ingenious, though unsatisfactory argument in defence of it. Warburton reads, ‘a wetter May,’ which is plausible enough. Malone adopts a part of his emendation, and reads ‘a better May.’ I have been favoured by Mr. Boaden with the following solution of this passage, which, as it preserves the reading of the old copy, merits attention:—‘The difficulty has arisen from a general mistake as to the *smile* itself; and Shakespeare's own words here actually convey his perfect meaning, as indeed they commonly do. I understand the passage thus:—

“—You have seen Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears Were like; a better way.”

⁵ That is, Cordelia's smiles and tears were like the conjunction of sunshine and rain, in a better way or manner. Now in what did this better way consist? Why

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mesa. Madam, news ;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O, dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important² tears, hath pitied.
No blown³ ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right :
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter
REGAN and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself,
In person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado :
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spoke not with your lord at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life ;⁴ moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you

to the sense of the passage, and injurious to the metre.
Thus in Hamlet :—

'Try what repentance can ; What can it not ?'

Do, in either place, is understood, though suppressed.
Do is found in none of the old copies but quarto B.

1 i. e. the reason which should guide it.

2 Important for importunate, as in other places of these plays. See Comedy of Errors, Act v. Sc. 1. The folio reads importuned.

3 No inflated, no swelling pride.

4 Quam bene te ambitio mersit vanissima, ventus,
Et tumidos tumidas vos superastis aquae.

Beza on the Spanish Armada.

So in The Little French Lawyer of Beaumont and Fletcher :—

'I come with no blown spirit to abuse you.'

4 i. e. his life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes.

5 'I know not well (says Johnson) why Shakspeare gives the Steward, who is a mere factor for wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter ; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered.'—Johnson.

'Surely when Dr. Johnson made this note, he did not recollect the character Edgar gives of this Steward after he is dead :—

'As dutious to the vices of thy mistress

'As badness could require.'

'Fidelity in agents of wickedness is, I fear, not so uncommon as to be unfit for the general probability of dramatic manners.'—Pye

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what :—I'll love thee much
Let me unseal the letter.'

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange ceiliads,⁶ and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :⁷

My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;⁸

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her,

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would, I could meet him, madam ! I

would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.¹⁰ *The Country near Dover. Enter
GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now ; look, how we labour,

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrib steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.¹¹

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ;¹² and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place :—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire ;¹³ dreadful trade !

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ;¹⁴ her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high ;—I'll look no more ;

6 Ceillade, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

7 That is, observe what I am saying.

8 You may infer more than I have directly told you.

9 Perhaps a ring, or some token, is given to the steward by Regan to be conveyed to Edmund.

10 This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.

11 Something to complete the measure seems wanting in this or the foregoing hemistich. The quartos read as one line :—

'Horrible steep : hark, do you hear the sea ?'

12 Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit.

13 Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea cliffs in this country : it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air.—Smith's History of Waterford, p. 315, edit. 1774.—Dover Cliff was particularly resorted to for this plant, according to Drayton, Polyolbion, b. xviii.—

'Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of samphire, to excite

His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.'
It is still eaten as a pickle in those parts of England bordering on the southern coast.

14 i. e. her cock-bout. Hence the term cock-gram.

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple¹ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft:² Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:³—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'st thou been ought but gossamer,⁴
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.

Ten masts at each⁵ make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn:⁶

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd,⁷ and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest⁸ gods, who make them hon-
ours

Of men's impossibilities,⁹ have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place

Edg. Bear free!¹⁰ and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.

The safer sense¹¹ will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's
your press-money.¹² That fellow handles his bow
like a crow-keeper:¹³ draw me a clothier's yard.—
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of
toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll
prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.¹⁴—
O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout!
hewh!—Give the word.¹⁵

Edg. Sweet majoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—
They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were
there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—

because its shell is marked with convolved protuberant
ridges.

⁸ That is, the purest; the most free from evil. So in
Timon of Athens:—'Roots! you clear gods!

⁹ By *men's impossibilities* perhaps is meant what
men call *impossibilities*, what appear as such to mere
mortal beings.

¹⁰ 'Bear free and patient thoughts.' *Free* here means
pure, as in other places of these plays.

¹¹ 'The *safer sense*' (says Mr. Blakeway) seems to
me to mean the *eyesight*, which, says Edgar, will never
more serve the unfortunate Lear so well as those which
Gloster has remaining will serve him, who is now
returned to a right mind. Horace terms the eyes '*oculi
fidelis*,' and the *eyesight* may be called the *safer sense*
in allusion to the proverb 'Seeing is believing.' Gloster
afterwards laments the *stiffness of his vile sense*."

¹² It is evident from the whole of this speech that Lear
fancied himself in a battle. For the meaning of *press-
money*, see the first scene of Hamlet, which will also
serve to explain the passage in Act v. Sc. 2:—

'And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes.'

¹³ 'Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,

To some base rustick do thyself prefer;

And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,

Practice thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper*.'

Drayton, Idea the Forty-eighth.

Ascham, in speaking of *awkward shooters*, says:—
'Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttocks as
though he would *shoot at crows*.'

The subsequent expression of Lear, 'draw me a
clothier's yard,' Steevens thinks, alludes to the old
ballad of Chevy Chase:—

'An arrow of a cloth yard long,

Up to the head he drew,' &c.

¹⁴ Battleaxes.

¹⁵ Lear is here raving of *archery, falconry, and a*

¹ To *topple* is to *tumble*: the word is again used in
Macbeth. So in Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599:—'Fifty
people *toppled* up their heels there.'

² That is, 'when life is willing to be destroyed.'

³ 'Thus might he die in reality.' We still use the
word *passing-bell*. So in King Henry VI. Part II. i:—
'Disturb him not, let him *pass* peaceably.'

⁴ 'The substance called *gossamer* is formed of the
collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm
weather in autumn sometimes falls in amazing quanti-
ties.'—*Holt White*. Some think it the down of plants;
others the vapour arising from boggy or marshy ground
in warm weather. The etymon of this word, which
has puzzled the lexicographers, is said to be *summer
goose* or *summer gauze*, hence 'gauze o'the summer,'
its well known name in the north. See *Horæ Mementæ
Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect Exemplified*, 1824,
8vo. p. 79.

⁵ I. e. *drawn out* at length, or *each added* to the
other. 'Eche, exp. *draw out*, ab Anglo Saxon *elcan*,
elcian, *Diferre*, vel a verb. *to eak*.' *Skinner, Etymolog.*
Skinner is right in his last derivation, it is from the
Anglo-Saxon *elcan*, to *add*. Thus Chaucer, in *The
House of Fame*, b. iii. v. 973:—

—'gan somewhat to *eche*,
To this tlding in his speche.'

And in *Troilus and Cresside*, b. i. v. 706:—

'As doen these foolles, that hit sorrowes *eche*.'

Pope changed this to *attach*; Johnson would read *on
end*; Steevens proposes *at reach*. Ignorance of our
earlier language has been the stumbling-block of all
these eminent critics.

⁶ I. e. this chalky *boundary* of England.

⁷ *Welk'd* is marked with protuberances. This and
whelk are probably only different forms of the same
word. *The welk* is a small shellfish, so called, perhaps,

Ay and no too was no good divinity.¹ When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague proof.

Glo. The trick² of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch, a king: When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon'd that man's life: what was thy cause?—*Adultery.*

Thou shalt not die; Die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son Was kinder to his father, than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury,³ pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon simpering dame, Whose face between her forks presageth snow;⁴ That minces⁵ virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,⁶ goes to't With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above;

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,⁷

Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption:—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O, ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid! I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

battle, jumbled together in quick transition. '*Well flown bird*' was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; it is so used in *A Woman Kill'd by Kindness*. The *clout* is the *white mark* at which archers aim. By '*give the word*,' the *watchword* in a camp is meant. The quartos read, 'O well flown bird in the ayre, hugh, give the word.'

1 It has been proposed to read, 'To say ay and no to every thing I said ay and no to, was no good divinity.' Besides the inaccuracy of construction in the passage as it stands in the text, it does not appear how it could be flattery to dissent from as well as assent to every thing Lear said.

2 *Trick* is a word used for the air, or peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. We still say he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, &c.

3 *i. e. incontinence.*

4 The construction is, 'Whose face presageth snow between her forks.' So in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. 3:—

'Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap.'

See *Cotgrave's Dict.* in *v. Fourcheure*.

5 *i. e. puts on an outward affected seeming of virtue.* See *Cotgrave* in *v. Mineux-se*. He also explains it under '*Paire la sadinette, to mince it, nicofie it, be very squeamish, backward, or coy.*'

6 The *fitchew* is the polecat. A *soiled horse* is a horse that has been fed with hay and corn during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried to him. This at once cleanses the animal and fills him with blood. In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's speech is printed as prose. It is doubtful whether any part of it was intended for metre.

7 But in its exceptive sense.

8 Possessive.

9 From 'hide all' to 'accuser's lips' is wanting in the quartos.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, no, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handily, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; A dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back:

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.¹⁰ Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able 'em;¹¹

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; and so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency!¹² mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st at the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry:¹³—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good block?¹⁴

10 *i. e. support or uphold them.* So Chapman, in the *Widow's Tears*, 1612:—

'Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll able it.'

Again, in his version of the twenty-third *Illiad*:—

'I'll able this'

For five revolved years.'

11 *Impertinency* here is used in its old legitimate sense of *something not belonging to the subject*.

12 'The child feels that, the man that feeling knows, Which cries first borne, the passage of his life,' &c. *Sidney's Arcadia*, lib. ii.

The passage is, however, evidently taken from Pliny, as translated by Philemon Holland, *Prome to b. vii.*—

'Man alone, poor wretch [nature] hath laid all naked upon the bare earth, even on his birthday to cry *una veracile* presently from the very first hours that he is borne into this world.'—*Douce*.

13 Upon the king's saying 'I will preach to thee,' the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his hat, and keeping it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt* which the good hat or block was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with the [same substance] which he held and moulded between his hands. So in *Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, 1609:—'That cannot observe the tune of his hatband, nor know what fashioned block is most kin to his head: for in my opinion the brain cannot chuse his felt well.' Again, in *Run and a Great Cast*, no date, *Epigram 46*, in *Sextinus*:—

'A pretty blocke Sextinus names his hat,

So much the fitter for his head by that.'

This delicate stratagem is mentioned by Ariosto:—

'— fece nel cadar strepito quanto

Avesse avuto sotto i piedi feltro.'

So in *Fenton's Tragical Discourses*, 4to. bk. i. 1567:—

'He attyreth himself for the purpose in a night-gowne

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.²—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,³
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom :
What ?

I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,
My masters, know you that !

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it.⁴ Nay, an you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.⁵

[Exit, running ; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : What's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle to ward ?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar : every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot, the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.⁶

Edg. I thank you, sir : that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. *[Exit Gent.]*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from
me ;

Let not my wors'er spirit tempt me again

To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's
blows :⁷

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,⁸

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

I'll lead you to some biding.

girl to hym, with a payre of shoes of *felte* leaste the
noyse of his feete might discover his goinge,⁹ p. 58.—
It had, however, been actually put in practice about
fifty years before Shakspeare was born, at a tournament
held at Lisle before Henry the VIII. [Oct. 13, 1513.]
where the horses, to prevent their sliding on a black
stone pavement, were shod with felt or flocks (*feltro*
sive *tomento*.) See Lord Herbert's Life of King Henry
VIII. p. 41.

² This was the cry formerly in the English army
when an onset was made on the enemy. So in Venus
and Adonis :—

'Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *Kill, kill.*'

³ So in Romeo and Juliet :—'O, I am fortune's fool.'

⁴ 'A man of salt' is a man of tears. In All's Well
that Ends Well, we meet with 'Your salt tears
head.' And in Troilus and Cressida, 'the salt of
broken tears.' Again, in Coriolanus :—

'He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome.'

⁵ The case is not yet desperate. So in Antony and
Cleopatra :—'There's sap in't yet.'

⁶ Mr. Boswell thinks that this passage seems to prove
that *cessa* means the very reverse of *cesses*. See
p. 414, and p. 416, note 13, ante.

⁷ The main body is expected to be desecrated every
hour.

Glo. Hearty thanks :

The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember :¹⁰—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. *[Edgar opposes.]*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, zir, without further 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,¹¹ and let
poor volk pass. And 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out
of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a
vornight. Nay, come not near the old man ; keep
out, che vor'ye,¹² or ise try whether your costard¹³
or my bat be the harder : Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir ; Come ; no mat-
ter vor your foins.¹⁴

[They fight ; and Edgar knocks him down.]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me :—Villain, take
my purse ;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster ; seek him out
Upon the British party :—O, untimely death

[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets ; these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead : I am only sorry
He had no other deathman.—Let us see :
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts
Their papers, is more lawful.¹⁵

[Reads.] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off ; if your
will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror :
Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal ; from
the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the
place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your
affectionate servant,

CONRAD.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !¹⁶—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;

And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,

⁷ By this expression may be meant 'my evil genius.'

⁸ The folio reads 'made tame by fortune's blows.'
The original is probably the true reading. So in Shak-
speare's thirty-seventh Sonnet :—

'So I, made tame by fortune's dearest spight.'

⁹ Feeling is probably used here for *felt*. Sorrows
known not by relation, but by experience. Warburton
explains it, 'Sorrows past and present.'

¹⁰ i. e. 'Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life,
and recommend thyself to heaven.'

¹¹ *Gang your gait*, is a common expression in the
north. In the last rebellion, the Scotch soldiers, when
they had finished their exercise, were dismissed by this
phrase, '*gang your gait.*'

¹² i. e. *I warn you*. When our ancient writers have
occasion to introduce a rustic, they commonly allot
him the Somersetshire dialect. Golding, in his transla-
tion of the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,
makes Mercury, assuming the appearance of a clown,
speak with the provinciality of Edgar.

¹³ i. e. *head*. A bat is a staff. It is the proper name
of a walking-stick in Sussex even at this day.

¹⁴ i. e. thrusts.

¹⁵ i. e. to rip their papers is more lawful.

¹⁶ This seems to me to mean, 'O how inordinate, how
unbounded is the licentious inclination of women.'

Thou'lt rake up, the post unsanctified¹
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke:² for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling³
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR
on a Bed asleep: Physician, Gentleman,⁴ and
others attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:⁵
These weeds are memories⁶ of those worse hours;
I prythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:⁷
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does
the king? [To the Physician.]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!⁸

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the away of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music
there.⁹

Cor. O, my dear father! Restoration,¹⁰ hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity on them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?¹¹ Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.¹²—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.¹³—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would, I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me

No, sir, you must not kneel.¹⁴

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward;¹⁵ and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

1 'Thou'lt rake up, the post unsanctified,' &c.
l. a. I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it for the night. *Unsanctified* refers to his want of burial in consecrated ground.

2 That is, the Duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason.

3 'Ingenious feeling.' Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, interprets *ingenious* by *quick conceived*, l. a. *acute*. This makes Warburton's paraphrase unnecessary.

4 In the folio, the *Gentleman* and the *Physician* are one and the same person.

5 i. e. be better dressed, put on a better suit of clothes.

6 *Memories* are *memorials*.

7 A *made intent* is an intent *formed*. We say in common language to *make* a design, and to *make* a resolution.

8 That is, *changed by his children*; a father whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters. So *care-crazed*, *crazed by care*; *wo-wearied*, *wearied by wo*, &c.

9 This and the foregoing speech are not in the folio. It has been already observed that Shakspeare considered *soft music* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder music* to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again in *Pericles*, Cerimon, to recover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says:—

'The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.'

Again in the *Winter's Tale*:—

'*Music awake her*, strike!'

10 *Restoration* is no more than *recovery personified*.

11 The lines in crotchets are not in the folio. The allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfants perdus*; amongst other desperate adventures in which they were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been a common one. Warburton is wrong in supposing that those ordered on such services were lightly or badly armed; the contrary is clearly the fact, and to such a fact is the allusion of the poet, 'Poor perdu, you are exposed to the most dangerous situation, not with the most proper arms, but with a mere helmet of thin and hoary hair.' The same allusion occurs in *Dave-nant's Love and Honour*, 1649:—

————— I have endured
Another night would tire a *perdu*
More than a wet furrow and a great frost.'

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*:—

'I am set here like a *perdu*
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress.'

12 l. e. had not all ended. So in *Timon of Athens*:—
'And dispossess her all.'

13 I am strangely imposed upon by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty.

14 'This circumstance is found in the old play of *King Lear*, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's play had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether such accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question.'—*Stereens*.

15 The folio here adds the words 'not an hour more or less.' Which, as they are absurd and superfluous, have been justly degraded as the interpolation of some inconsiderate player.

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am,

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even¹ o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

'Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.
[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,
That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.² [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover. Enter, with Drums, and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.³

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

1 'To make him even o'er the time he has lost,' is to make the occurrences of it plain or level to his troubled mind. See Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573, E. 307.

2 What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary, and was perhaps only omitted by the players to abridge a play of very considerable length.

3 i. e. his settled resolution.

4 The first and last of these speeches within crotchets are inserted in Hamner's, Theobald's, and Warburton's editions, the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, are restored from the 4to. 1603. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but surely a material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the forefended (i. e. forbidden) place?—Steevens.

5 Imposes on you; you are deceived.

6 'This business (says Albany) touches us, as France invades our land, not as it emboldens or encourages the

[*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended⁶ place?

Edm. That thought abuses⁷ you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm.

Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldier

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest⁸

I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,

Not bolds⁹ the king; with others, whom, I fear,

More just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg.

Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestic and particular broils¹⁰

Are not to question here.

Alb.

Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.¹¹

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; 'pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so

poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb.

I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove

What is avouched there: If you miscarry,

Your business of the world hath so an end,

And machination ceases.¹² Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg.

I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy

paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery;¹³—but your haste

Is now urg'd on you.

Alb.

We will greet the time.¹⁴ [*Exit.*]

king to assert his former title.¹⁵ Thus in the ancient

Interlude of Hycke Scornor:—

'Alas, that I had not one to bolde me.'

Again in Arthur Hull's translation of the fourth Iliad,

4to. 1581:—

'And Pallas bolde the Greeks.' &c.

'To make bolde, to encourage, *animum addere*.'—

Baret.

7 The quartos have it:—

'For these domestic doore particulars.'

The folio reads in the subsequent line:

'Are not the question here.'

8 This speech is wanting in the folio.

9 i. e. all designs against your life will have an end,

These words are not in the quartos.

10 i. e. the conjecture, or what we can gather by diligent

espial, of their strength. So in King Henry IV.

Part I. Act iv. Sc. 1:—

'—send discoverers forth

To know the number of our enemies'

The passage has only been thought obscure for want of

a right understanding of the word *discover*, which nei-

ther Malone nor Steevens seems to have understood.

11 i. e. be ready to meet the occasion.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Ae of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive; To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,¹
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.² [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.—
Alarum within. Enter, with Drum, and Colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.
Enter EDMOND and GLOSTER.*³

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit EDMOND.*]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDMOND.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:⁴ Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover. Enter,
in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMOND;
LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers,
Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard;
Until their greater pleasure first be known
That are to censure⁵ them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with the best meaning, have incur'd the
worst.⁶

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

1 Hardly shall I be able to make my side (i.e. my party) good; to maintain the game. Stevens has shown that it was a phrase commonly used at cards. So in the Paston Letters, vol. iv. p. 153:—'Heydon's son hath borne out the side stoutly here,' &c.

2 Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state, it requires now not deliberation, but defence and support.

3 Those who are curious to know how far Shakespeare was indebted to the Arcadia, will find a chapter entitled 'The Pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blinde Father,' at p. 141 of the edition of 1590, 4to.

4 I.e. to be ready, prepared, is all. So in Hamlet:—'If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.'
5 I.e. to pass sentence or judgment on them. So in Othello:—'Remains the censure of this hellish villain.'

6 That is 'the worst that fortune can inflict.'

7 As if we were angels, endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.

8 Packs and sects are combinations and parties.
9 The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on a similar occasion:—'Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intenti operi suo deus; ecce par deo dignum vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.'—Warburton.

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:⁷ And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects⁸ of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.⁹ Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.¹⁰ Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,¹¹
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note:¹² [*Giving a Paper*] go, follow
them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question:¹³ either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark,—I say instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers,
and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances¹⁴ in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [*At this time*

10 Alluding to the old practice of smoking foxes out of their holes. So in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, b. xxvii. stan. 17:—

'E'en as a fox whom smoke and fire doth fright,
So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
Bolts out, and through the smoke and fire he bieth
Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth.'

11 'The goujeers shall devour them flesh and fell.'
The goujeers, i.e. morbus Gallicus. Gouge, Fr. is a soldier's trull; and as the disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the goujeers, i.e. the disease of the gouges.—Hammer. The expression, however, soon became obscure, its origin not being generally known, and it was at length corrupted to the good year; a very opposite form of expression. In the present instance the quartos, following the common corruption, have the good yeares. Flesh and fell is flesh and skin. Thus in The Speculum Vitæ, MS.:—

'That alle men eal a domesday rise
Oute of their graves in fleshe and felle.'
So in The Dyar's Playe, Chester Mysteries, MS. in the Brit. Museum:—

'I made thee man of flesh and fell.'

12 This was a warrant signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to in a subsequent scene by Edmund.

13 I.e. admit of debate.

14 That is the lancemen we have hired by giving them press-money

We sweat and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend :
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness :—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.*]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
Bore the commission² of my place and person ;
The which immediacy³ may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his own grace⁴ he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you.⁵

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.⁶

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.⁷

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine.⁸ [To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason : Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason ; and, in thine, attain't⁹
This gilded serpent : [Pointing to GON.]—for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord ;
And I, her husband, contradict your baus.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester :—Let the trumpet
sound :

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge ; [Throwing down a Glove.]

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick !

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.]

Edm. There's my exchange : [Throwing down a
Glove] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :

Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Edm.

A herald, ho, a herald !

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue ;¹¹ for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well ; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led.]

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[A Trumpet sounds.]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl
of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-
pear at the third sound of the trumpet : He is bold in
his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 Trumpet.]

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.]

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.¹²

Her.

What are you ?

Your name, your quality ? and why you answer
This present summons ?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost ;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit :
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb.

Which is that adversary ?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster ?

Edm. Himself ;—What say'st thou to him ?

Edg.

Draw thy sword ;

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice : here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession :¹³ I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor :
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm.

In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;¹⁴

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say'¹⁵ of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely¹⁶ I might well delay

* i. e. the determination of what shall be done with Cordelia, and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy.

² Commission for authority.

³ Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me. *Immediate* is the reading of the quartos.

⁴ Grace here means noble deportment. The folio has *addition* instead of *advancement* in the next line.

⁵ 'If he were married to you, you could not say more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.' In the folio this line is given to Albany.

⁶ Alluding to the proverb, 'Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint.' So Milton:—

'And gladly banish squint suspicion.' *Comus*.

⁷ A metaphor taken from the camp, and signifying to surrender at discretion. This line is not in the quartos.

⁸ 'To obstruct their union lies not in your good pleasure, your veto will avail nothing.'

⁹ It appears from this speech that Regan did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. This line is given to Edmund in the quartos.

¹⁰ The folio reads 'thy arrest.'

¹¹ i. e. valour ; a Roman sense of the word. Thus Raleigh:—'The conquest of Palestine with singular virtue they performed.'

¹² This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat in cases criminal. 'The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshal demand by voice of herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed.'—*Selden's Duello*.

¹³ 'Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor.' It is the right of bringing the charge, and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession.

¹⁴ Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Goneril afterwards says:—

'By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer An unknown opposite.'

¹⁵ Say, or assay, is a sample, a taste. So in the preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1338:—'Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a say.'

¹⁶ 'What safe and nicely I might well delay.' This seems to mean 'What I might safely well delay,

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever.¹—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight, EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O, save him, save him!²

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have
I done;

And much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.⁴
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:⁵
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief
tale:—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,⁶
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

if I acted *punctiliously*.⁷ This line is omitted in the
quartos, but without it the subsequent line is nonsense.

1 *To that place* where they shall rest for ever: i. e.
thy heart.

2 Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared
at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict
him openly by his own letter.

3 'Knowest thou these letters?' says Lear to Regan,
in the old anonymous play, when he shows her both
her own and her sister's letters, which were written to
procure his death, upon which she snatches the letters
and tears them.

4 Shakespeare gives his heathens the sentiments and
practices of Christianity. In Hamlet there is the same
solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact pro-
priety, for the personages are Christians:—

'Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.'

5 The folio reads 'to plague us.'

6 'To die hourly the pains of death,' is a periphrasis
for 'to suffer hourly the pains of death.' The quartos
read:—

'That with the pain of death would hourly die.'

7 So in Pericles:—

'Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost.'

8 The lines within crochets are not in the folio.

9 Of this difficult passage, which is probably corrupt,
Boswell gives the following explanation:—'This would

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never, (O, fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until, some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and, from first to last,
Told him my pilgrimage; But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

9 [*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.⁹

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven: threw him¹⁰ on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in dis-
guise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.¹¹

Edm. I was contract'd to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us trem-
ble,

Touches us not with pity.¹² [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow, but—
another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period,
another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will
increase the horrors of what has been already told.⁹ It
will be necessary, if we admit this interpretation, to
point the passage thus:—

'but another:—

(To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity, &c.

Whilst I was big, &c.
Malone's explanation is:—'This would have seem'd
the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight
in sorrow, but another, of a different disposition,
to amplify misery "would give more strength to that
which hath too much." Referring to the Bastard's
desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that
enough had been said.

10 The quartos read 'threw me on my father.'—
Steevens thus defends the present reading:—'There is
a tragic propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the
body of a deceased friend; but this propriety is lost in
the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless
remains of his father.'

11 Thus the quarto. The folio reads 'she confesses it.'
12 'If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he
would not, perhaps, have been able to mark with more
precision the distinct operations of terror and pity.'
Tyrwhitt.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDMUND.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms;²
EDGAR, Officer,³ and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men
of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?³

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!⁴

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,

1 To *fordo* signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*, Act v. :—

“—did, with desperate hand,
Fordo its own life.”

2 The old historians say that Cordelia retired with victory from the battle, which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her, (after the death of the old king,) by the sons of Regan and Goneril, she was taken, and died miserably in prison (Geoffrey, of Monmouth, the original relater of the story, says that she killed herself.) The dramatic writers of Shakespeare's age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on the poet to extend her life beyond her misfortunes.—*Steevens.*

3 Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affection which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects those passages of St. Mark's Gospel in which Christ foretells to his disciples the end of the world, and hence his question, ‘Is this the promised end of all things, which has been foretold to us?’ To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror? So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says:—

“—up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror.”

There is an allusion to the same passage of Scripture in a speech of Gloucester in the second scene of the first act.—*Mason.*

4 To *cease*, is to *die*. Albany is looking with atten-

tion on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, ‘Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.’

Kent. O, my good master! [*Knocking.*]

Lear. ‘Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. ‘Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever! Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:— I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion I would have made them skip: I am old now. And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?

Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight. *Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and bated, One of them we behold.⁶

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;

He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man;

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,

and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd^d them-

selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he sees; and vain it is

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay⁸ may come,

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

With boot, and such addition as your honours

tion on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, ‘Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.’

5 It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has just said has been anticipated by Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—‘I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.’ It is again repeated in *Othello*:—

‘—I have seen the day

That with this little arm and this good sword

I have made my way,’ &c.

6 ‘If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter.’ The quarto reads ‘She lov'd or hated,’ which confirms this sense.

7 I think, with Mr. Blakeway, that Lear means his eyesight was bedimmed either by excess of grief, or, as is usual, by the approach of death. So in *Baret*, ‘Dull eyes, inertes oculi:’—‘To dull the eyesight, hebetare oculos.’ Albany says of Lear below, ‘He knows not what he sees,’ where the folio erroneously reads ‘he says.’

8 Thus the quartos: the folio reads *foredone*, which is probably right. See note 1, in the preceding column.

9 ‘This great decay’ is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls so; and means the same as if he had said, ‘this piece of decayed royalty,’ ‘this ruined majesty.’ Gloucester calls him in a preceding scene ‘ruin'd piece of nature.’

Have more than merited:—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd? No, no, no, no
life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

'Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!—*[He dies.]*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general wo. Friends of my soul, you twain

[To KENT AND EDGAR.]

Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say;

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead March.]

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to

1 These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. *Boot is advantage, increase.* By *honours* is meant, *honourable conduct.*

2 This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life. '*Poor fool,*' in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So in Twelfth Night:—'*Alas, poor fool,* how have they baffled thee.' Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—'*Alas, poor fool,* why do I pity him?' With other instances which will present themselves to the reader's memory. The fool of Lear was long ago forgotten; having filled the space allotted to him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act. Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the Fool had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterness of all moments, when his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic, who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that cannot be reconciled to the idea of genuine despair and sorrow.—*Steevens.*

There is an ingenious note by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the variorum Shakspeare, for which I regret I cannot find space, sustaining a contrary opinion; but, as Malone observes, '*Lear* from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter.—He is now in the agony of death, and surely at such a time, when his heart was just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his fool. He had just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act.'

histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has, in *The Adventurer*, very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered by repeating that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion *the tragedy has lost half its beauty.* Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse: or that, if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronised by Addison:—

Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa Catoni.†

Steevens.

† This fool's bolt was shot for the sake of the wretched pun drawn from the line of Lucan. Steevens puts the opinion of Johnson himself as nothing; perhaps some of his readers may think it equivalent, at least, with that of Addison. Johnson speaks from his own feelings here. Addison from a blind deference to the opinion of Aristotle.—*Pye.*

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffrey of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakespeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to

have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle: it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakespeare. JOHNSON

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE original relater of this story appears to have been Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel seems not to have been printed till some years after his death; being first published at Venice, in 1533, under the title of 'La Giuletta': there is, however, a *dateless* copy by the same printer. In the dedication to Madonna Lucina Savorgana, he tells her that the story was related to him by one of his archers, named *Peregrino*, a native of Verona, while serving in Friuli, to beguile the solitary road that leads from Gradisca to Udine.

Girolamo della Corte, in his History of Verona, relates it circumstantially as a true event, occurring in 1303;* but Maffei does not give him the highest credit as an historian: he carries his history down to the year 1580, and probably adopted the novel to grace his book. The earlier annals of Verona, and above all, Torello Sarayna, who published, in 1542, 'Le Histoires e Fatti de Veronesi nell' Tempi d'il Popolo e Signori Scalligeri,' are entirely silent upon the subject, though some other domestic tragedies grace their narrations.

As to the origin of this interesting story, Mr. Douce has observed that its material incidents are to be found in the Ephesiacs of Xenophon of Ephesus, a Greek romance of the middle ages; he admits, indeed, that this work was not published nor translated in the time of Luigi da Porto, but suggests that he might have seen a copy of the original in manuscript. Mr. Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, has traced it to the thirty-second novel of Massuccio Salernitano, whose 'Novellino,' a collection of tales, was first printed in 1476. The hero of Massuccio is named Mariotto di Giannozza, and his catastrophe is different; yet there are sufficient points of resemblance between the two narratives. Mr. Boswell observes, that 'we may perhaps carry the fiction back to a much greater antiquity, and doubt whether, after all, it is not the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, enlarged and varied by the luxuriant imagination of the novelist.'

The story is also to be found in the second volume of the Novels of Bandello, (Novel ix.) and it is remarkable that he says it was related to him, when at the baths of Caldera, by the Captain Alexander *Peregrino*, a native of Verona; we may presume the same person from whom Da Porto received it: unless this appropriation is to be considered supposititious. The story also exists in Italian verse; and I had once a glance of a copy of it in that form, but neglected to note the title or date, and had not time for a more particular examination. It was translated from the Italian of Bandello into French, by Pierre Boistean, who varies from his original in many particulars; and, from the French, Painter gave a translation in the second volume of his Palace of Pleasure, 1567, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. From Boistean's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Arthur Brooke; this poem the curious reader will find reprinted entire in the variorum editions of Shakespeare: it was originally printed by Richard Tottel, with the following title: 'The Tragical Hystorye of Romeus and Juliet,

written first in Italian, by Bandell; and nowe in English, by Ar. Br.' Upon this piece Malone has shown, by unequivocal testimony, that the play was formed: numerous circumstances are introduced from the poem, which the novelist would not have supplied; and even the identity of expression, which not unfrequently occurs, is sufficient to settle the question. Steevens, without expressly controverting the fact, endeavoured to throw a doubt upon it by his repeated quotations from the Palace of Pleasure. In two passages, it is true, he has quoted Painter, where Brooke is silent; but very little weight belongs to either of them. In one there is very little resemblance; and in the other the circumstance might be inferred from the poem, though not exactly specified. The poem of Arthur Brooke was republished in 1587, with the title thus amplified:—'Containing a rare Example of true Constance: with the subtile Counsellis and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill Event.'

In the preface to Arthur Brooke's poem there is a very curious passage, in which he says, 'I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can looke for, (being there much better set forth then I have or can doe.)' He has not, however, stated in what country this play was represented: the rude state of our drama, prior to 1562, renders it improbable that it was in England. 'Yet, (says Mr. Boswell,) I cannot but be of opinion that Romeo and Juliet may be added to the list, already numerous, of plays in which our great poet has had a dramatic precursor, and that some slight remains of the old play are still to be traced in the earliest quarto.'

'The story has at all times been eminently popular in all parts of Europe. A Spanish play was formed on it by Lope de Vega, entitled *Los Castelvies y Montes*; and another in the same language, by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of *Los Vandos de Verona*. In Italy, as may well be supposed, it has not been neglected. The modern productions on this subject are too numerous to be specified; but, as early as 1573, Luigi Groto produced a drama upon the subject, called *Huariana*, of which an analysis may be found in Mr. Walker's Memoir on Italian Tragedy. Groto has stated in his prologue, that the story is drawn from the ancient history of Adria, his native place; so that Verona is not the only place that has appropriated this interesting fable.

This has been generally considered one of Shakespeare's earliest plays;† and Schlegel has eloquently said, that 'it shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day.' 'Romeo and Juliet (says the same admirable critic) is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for this tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings, created for each other, feel mutual love at first glance; every consideration disappears before the irresistible influence of living in one another; they join themselves secretly, under circumstances hostile in the

* Captain Breval, in his Travels, tells us that he was shown at Verona what was called the tomb of these unhappy lovers; and that, on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakespeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of this play. The fact seems to be, that the invention of the novelist has been adopted into the popular history of the city, just as Shakespeare's historical dramas furnish numbers with their notions of the events to which they relate.

† Malone thinks that the foundation of the play might be laid in 1591, and finished in 1596. Mr. George Chalmers places the date of its composition in the spring of 1592. And Dr. Drake, with greater probability, ascribes it to 1593. There are four early quarto editions in 1597, 1599, 1609, and one without a date. The first edition is less ample than those which succeed. Shakespeare appears to have revised the play; but in the succeeding impressions no fresh incidents are introduced, the alterations are merely additions to the length of particular speeches and scenes. The principal variations are pointed out in the notes.

highest degree to their union, relying merely on the protection of an invisible power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till forcibly separated from each other, by a voluntary death they are united in the grave to meet again in another world. All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakspeare has not invented, and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul, and at the same time is a melancholy elegy on its frailty from its own nature and external circumstances; at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark, that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.

‘The excellent dramatic arrangement, the significance of each character in its place, the judicious selection of all the circumstances, even the most minute,’ have been pointed out by Schlegel in a dissertation referred

to in a note at the end of the play; in which he remarks, that ‘there can be nothing more diffuse, more wearisome, than the rhyming history, which Shakspeare’s genius, “like richest alchemy,” has changed to beauty and to worthiness.’ Nothing but the delight of seeing into this wonderful metamorphosis can compensate for the laborious task of reading through more than three thousand six and seven-footed iambs, which, in respect of every thing that amuses, affects, and enraptures us in this play, are as a mere blank leaf.—Here all interest is entirely smothered under the coarse, heavy pretensions of an elaborate exposition. How much was to be cleared away, before life could be breathed into the shapeless mass! In many parts what is here given bears the same relation to what Shakspeare has made out of it, which any common description of a thing bears to the thing itself. Thus out of the following hint—

‘A courtier, that eche-where was highly had in pryce,
For he was courteous of his speche and pleasant of devise:

Even as a lyon would among the lambes be bolde,
Such was among the bashfull maydes Mercutio to be-
holde;’

and the addition that the said Mercutio had from his swathing-bands constantly had cold hands,—has arisen a splendid character decked out with the utmost profusion of wit. Not to mention a number of nicer deviations, we find also some important incidents from the invention; for instance, the meeting and the combat between Paris and Romeo at Juliet’s grave.—Shakspeare knew how to transform by enchantment letters into spirit, a workman’s daub into a poetical master piece.

‘Lessing declared Romeo and Juliet to be the only tragedy, that he knew, which love himself had assisted to compose. I know not (says Schlegel) how to end more gracefully than with these simple words, wherein so much lies:—One may call this poem an harmonious miracle, whose component parts that heavenly power alone could so melt together. It is at the same time enchantingly sweet and sorrowful, pure and glowing, gentle and impetuous, full of elegiac softness, and tragically overpowering.’

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross’d lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur’d piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents’ strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark’d love,
And the continuance of their parents’ rage,
Which, but their children’s end, nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours’ traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } Heads of Two Houses at variance with
CAPULET, } each other.
An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to
Romeo.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and friend to
Romeo.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. Boy, Page to Paris. PETER.
An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A public Place. Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.¹

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maid-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.² Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.³

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb⁴ at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

1 To carry coals is to put up with insults, to submit to any degradation. Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials, the drudges of all the rest. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the *black-guard*; and hence the origin of that term. Thus in May Day, a Comedy by Geo. Chapman, 1609:—'You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals.' Again, in the same play:—'Now my ancient being of an uncoal-carrying spirit,' &c. And in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:—'Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog.' Again in King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 2:—'At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.'

2 Poor John is hake, dried and salted.

3 The disregard of concord is in character. It should be observed that the partisans of the Montague family were a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a distance. Gascogne adverts to this circumstance in a Masque written for Viscount Montacute, in 1575:—

'And for a further proofe, he shewed in his hat

Thy token, which the Montacutes did beare always, for that

They covet to be knowne from Capels, where they pass

For ancient grutch whych long ago tweene these two houses was.'

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing⁵ blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partisans of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword,⁶ ho! [*a sword?*]

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear!—what ho! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

4 This mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, seems to have been common in Shakspeare's time. Decker, in his Dead Term, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's Church, says, 'What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *biting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels!' And Lodge, in his Wits Miserie, 1586:—'Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico* with his thumbe in his mouthe.' The mode in which this contemptuous action was performed is thus described by Cotgrave, in a passage which has escaped the industry of all the commentators:—'Faire la nique: to mocke by nodding or lifting up of the chinne; or more properly, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe nail into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knocke.' So in Randolph's *Muses'* Looking Glass:—

'Dogs and pistols!
To bite his thumb at me!

Wear I a sword

To see men bite their thumbs?'

5 Gregory is a servant of the Capulets: he must therefore mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio.

6 i. e. *swaggering* or *dashing*.

7 The long sword was the weapon used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament, to which we have other allusions.

'No sword worn, but one to dance with.'

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd¹ weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beśeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town,² our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, LA. CAP. TYBALT, Citizens and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,³
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

1 i. e. *angry* weapons. So in King John:—

'This inundation of *mistemper'd* humour,' &c.

2 The poet found the name of this place in Brooke's Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets.

3 The same thought occurs in Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. ii. c. 10:—

'Early before the morn with cremosin ray

The *windowes* of bright heaven opened had,

Through which into the world the dawning day

Might looke,' &c.

Again in Summa Totalls, or All in All, 4to. 1607:—

'Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Vesper's Shrine)

Peepes through the purple *windowes* of the East.'

4 The old copy reads:—

'Or dedicate his beauty to the same.'

The emendation is by Theobald; who states, with great plausibility, that *sunne* might easily be mistaken for *same*. Malone observes, that Shakspeare has evidently imitated the Rosamond of Daniel in the last act of this play, and in this passage may have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular:—

'And whilst thou *spread'st* into the rising *sunne*

The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,

Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done.'

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself—I will not say, how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.⁴

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes; So please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!⁵

Where shall we dine?—O, me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O, brawling love! O, loving hate!⁶

O, any thing, of nothing first create!

O, heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshapen chaos of well seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being urg'd,⁷ a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

These lines add great support to Theobald's emendation. There are few passages in the poet where so great an improvement of language is obtained by so slight a deviation from the text of the old copy.

5 i. e. should *blindly* and recklessly think he can surmount all obstacles to his will.

6 Every ancient sonneteer characterised Love by contrarities. Watson begins one of his canzonets:—

'Love is a *swere* delight, and sugred griefe,

A living death, and ever-dying life,' &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:—

'A fierce frost, a flame that frozen is with lee!

A heave burden light to beare! A vertue fraught with vice!' &c.

7 The old copy reads, 'Being *urg'd* a fire,' &c.—The emendation I have admitted into the text was suggested by Dr. Johnson. To *urge* the fire is to *kindle* or *excite* it. So in Chapman's version of the twenty-first Iliad:—

'And as a cauldron, under put with store of fire,

Bavins of *seere-wood* *urging* it,' &c.

So Akenside, in his Hymn to Cheerfulness:—

'Haste, light the tapers, *urge* the fire,

And bid the joyless day retire.'

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. *[Going.]*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness,¹ whom she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair

I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be

hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,²

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.³

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still

live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge

waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:⁴

These happy masks,⁵ that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost;

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Street. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;

And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. By saying o'er what I have said before:

My child is yet a stranger in the world,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;

Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early

made.⁶

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:⁷

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part;⁸

An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustomed feast,

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love; and you, among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:

Such comfort, as do lusty young men⁹ feel

When well apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit¹⁰ at my house; hear all, all see,

And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which, on more view of many, mine being one,¹¹

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out,

Whose names are written there, *[gives a Paper,]*

and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written

1 i. e. tell me *gravely*, in *seriousness*.

2 'As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, these speeches of Romeo may be regarded as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the sixty-seventh year of her age, though she never possessed any when young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried increases the probability of the present supposition.'—*Steevens*.

3 The meaning appears to be, as Mason gives it, 'She is poor only, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, as with her all beauty will die:—

'For beauty starv'd with her severity

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.'

4 I. e. to call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. *Question* is used frequently with this sense by Shakespeare.

5 This is probably an allusion to the *masks* worn by the female spectators of the play: unless we suppose that *these* means no more than *the*.

6 The quarto of 1597 reads:—

'And too soon marr'd are those so early married.'

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:—

'The maid that soon married is, soon married is.'

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:—

'Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made*!'

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.

7 *Fille de terre* is the old French phrase for an heiress. *Earth* is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. *landed estate*, in other old plays. But Mason suggests that *earth* may here mean corporal part, as in a future passage of this play:—

'Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy centre out.'

So in Shakespeare's 146th Sonnet:—

'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful *earth*.

8 i. e. in *comparison* to.

9 For 'lusty young men' Johnson would read 'lusty yeomen.' Ritson has clearly shown that *young men* was used for *yeomen* in our elder language. And the reader may convince himself by turning to Spelman's Glossary in the words *juntores* and *yeoman*.

10 To *inherit*, in the language of Shakespeare, is to *possess*.

11 By a perverse adherence to the first quarto copy of 1597, which reads, '*Such amongst* view of many,' &c. this passage has been made unintelligible. The subsequent quartos and the folio read, 'Which one [on] more,' &c.; evidently meaning, 'Hear all, see all, and like her most who has the most merit; her, which, after regarding attentively the many, my daughter being one, may stand *unique* in merit, though she may be reckoned nothing, or held in no estimation. The allusion, as Malone has shown, is to the old proverbial expression, 'One is no number,' thus adverted to in Decker's *Honest Whore*:—

'—to fall to one

—is to fall to none,

For one no number is.'

And in Shakespeare's 136th Sonnet:—

'Among a number one is reckon'd none,

Theo in the number let me pass untold.'

It will be unnecessary to inform the reader that *which* is here used for *who*, a substitution frequent in Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time. One of the later quartos has corrected the error of the others, and reads as in the present text:—

'Which on more view,' &c

here?¹ It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,—and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;

Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish: Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.²

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken skin.

Rom. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters;

County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The

lady widow of Viruvio; Signior Placentio, and his

lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;

Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My

fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentin, and

his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Grips back the Note.*] Whither

should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My

master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not

of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush

a cup of wine.³ Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;

With all the admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither; and, with untainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:

But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love⁴ against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Room in Capulet's House. Enter
LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter;—Nurse, give leave

awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again,

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour,

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen⁶ be it spoken, I have but

four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now.

To Lammastide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammastide at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: But, as I said,

On Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day;

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,

My lord and you were then at Mantua:—

Nay, I do bear a brain:—But, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it teichy, and fall out with the dug,

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about,

For even thod day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man;—took up the child:

'Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Julie? and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it: *Wilt thou not, Julie?*

quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,⁹ and said—*Ay.*

6 i. e. to my sorrow. This old word is introduced

for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and

fourteen.

7 Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that Shakspeare had in view

the earthquake which had been felt in England in his

own time, on the 6th of April, 1590; and that we may

from hence conjecture that Romeo and Juliet was writ

ten in 1591.

8 The nurse means to boast of her retentive faculty.—

To bear a brain was to possess much mental capacity

either of tradition, ingenuity, or remembrance. Thus

in Marston's Dutch Courtesan:—

'My silly husband, alas! knows nothing of it, tis

I that must bear a braine for all.'

9 To stint is to stop. Barret translates 'Lachrymas

1 The quarto of 1597 adds, 'And yet I know not who are writen here: I must to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor,' &c.

2 The *plantain leaf* is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. So in *Albimazar*:—
'Help, Armellina, help! I'm fallen i' the cellar:
Bring a fresh *plantain-leaf*, I've broke my shin.'

3 This cant expression seems to have been once common; it often occurs in old plays. We have one still in use of similar import:—*To crack a bottle*.

4 Heath says, '*Your lady's love*, is the *love* you bear to your lady, which, in our language, is commonly used for the lady herself.' Perhaps we should read, '*Your lady love*.'

5 In all the old copies the greater part of this scene was printed as prose. Capell was the first who exhibited it as verse; the subsequent editors have followed him, but perhaps erroneously.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—**Ay:**

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A parlous knock, and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—**Ay.**

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger

than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,

As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.²

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a

flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very

flower.³

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gen-

tleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married⁴ lineament,

And see how one another lends content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.⁵

supprimere, to stinte weeping; and 'to stinte talke,' by

'sermones restringere.' So Ben Jonson in Cynthia's

Revels:— 'Stint thy babbling tongue,

Fond Echo.'

Again, in What You Will, by Marston:—

'Pish! for shame, stint thy idle chat.'

Spenser uses the word frequently.

¹ This tautologous speech is not in the first quarto of

1597.

² i.e. as well made as if he had been modelled in

wax. So in Wiley beguiled:— 'Why, he is a man as

one should picture him in wax.' So Horace uses '*Cereia*

brachia,' *scuten* arms, for arms well shaped.—*Od.* xiii.

³ Which Dacier explains:— 'Des bras faits au tour

comme nous disons d'un bras rond, qu'il est comme

de cire.'

⁴ After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet, in the

old quarto, says only:—

'Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?'

She answers, 'I'll look in like,' &c.; and so concludes

the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be

found in the later quartos and the folio.

⁵ Thus the quarto of 1599. The quarto of 1609 and

the folio read, '*several* lineaments.' We have, 'The

unity and married calm of states,' in Troilus and Cres-

sida. And in his eighth Sonnet:—

'If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear.'

⁶ The comments on ancient books were generally

printed in the margin. Horatio says, in Hamlet, 'I

knew you must be edited by the margin,' &c. So in

The Rape of Lucrece:—

'But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes

Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

Nor read the subtle shining secreties

Writ in the glassy margin of such books.'

This speech is full of quibbles. The unbound lover is

a quibble on the binding of a book, and the binding in

marriage; and the word cover is a quibble on the law

phrase for a married woman, *femme couverte*

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea;⁶ and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by

men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'

love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;

But no more deep will I endart⁷ mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served

up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse

cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity.

I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county

stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street. Enter ROMEO, MERCU-*

TIO,⁸ BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-

Bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our

excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such proximity.⁹

We'll have no cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,¹⁰

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;¹¹

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,¹²—I am not for this

ambuling:

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

⁶ Dr. Farmer explains this, 'The fish is not yet

caught.' Mason thinks that we should read, 'The fish

lives in the shell; for the sea cannot be said to be a

beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may.'

The poet may mean nothing more than that those books are

most esteemed by the world where *valuable contents*

are embellished by as *valuable bindings*.

⁷ The quarto of 1597 reads, *engage* mine eye.

⁸ Shakespeare appears to have formed this character

on the following slight hint:— 'Another gentleman,

called Mercutio, which was a courtlike gentleman,

very well beloved of all men, and by reason of his

pleasant and courteous behaviour was in all companies

wel entertained.'—*Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom.

ii, p. 221.

⁹ In King Henry VIII., where the king introduces

himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he ap-

pears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and

sends a messenger before with an apology for his in-

trusion. This was a custom observed by those who came

uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the

sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of con-

versation. Their entry on these occasions was always

prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the

ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the

proximity of such introductions it is probable Romeo is

made to allude. In *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man ex-

presses his wonder that the maskers enter without any

compliment:— 'What, come they in so blunt, without

device?' Of this kind of masquerading, there is a spec-

imen in Timon, where Cupid precedes a troop of la-

dies with a speech.

¹⁰ The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old

Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and

bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it

from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a

circle.

¹¹ See King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6.

¹² A torch-bearer was a constant appendage to every

troop of maskers. To hold a torch was anciently no

degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pen-

sioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches

while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of

King's College on a Sunday evening.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound¹ a pitch above dull wo:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous: and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love from pricking, and you beat love down.—

Give me a case to put my visage in:
[Putting on a Mask.]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote² deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter: and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes³ with their heels;
For I am prov'd⁴ with a grandire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.⁴

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire⁵
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight,⁶ ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.⁷

¹ Let Milton on this occasion keep Shakspeare in countenance. Par. Lost, book iv. l. 150:—

— in contempt
At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound.²

² To quote is to note, to mark. See Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 1.

³ Middleton (the author of The Witch) has borrowed this thought in his play of Blurt Master Constable, 1602:—

— bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,
Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,
I have too much lead at mine.³

It has been before observed that the apartments of our ancestors were strewn with rushes, and so it seems was the ancient stage. 'On the very rushes when the Comedy is to dance.'—Decker's Gull's Hornbook, 1609. Shakspeare does not stand alone in giving the manners and customs of his own times to all countries and ages. Marlowe, in his Hero and Leander, describes Hero as

— fearing on the rushes to be flung.⁴

⁴ To hold the candle is a common proverbial expression for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences we have, 'A good candle-holder proves a good gamester.' This is the 'grandire phrase' with which Romeo is proverbied. There is another old proverbial maxim subsequently alluded to, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

⁵ Dun is the mouse is a proverbial saying to us of vague signification, alluding to the colour of the mouse; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word done. Why it is attributed to a constable we know not. It occurs in the comedy of Patient Griseld, 1603. So in The Two Merry Milk-maids, 1620:—'Why then, 'tis done, and dun's the mouse, and undone all the courtiers.' To draw dun out of the mire was a rural pastime, in which dun meant a dun horse, supposed to be stuck in the mire, and sometimes represented by one of the persons who played, at others by a log of wood. Mr. Gifford has described the game, at which he remembers often to have played, in a note to Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, vol. vii. p. 283:—'A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room; this is dun, (the cart horse), and a cry is raised that he is stuck in the mire. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I
Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
She is the fairies' midwife;⁸ and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,⁹

Drawn with a team of little atomies;¹⁰
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,¹¹

Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers' straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted

are.¹²
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,¹³

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:¹⁴
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscados, Spanish blades.¹⁵

unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *dun* is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes.⁵

⁶ This proverbial phrase, which was applied to superfluous actions in general, occurs again in The Merry Wives of Windsor.

⁷ The quarto of 1597 reads, 'Three times a day,' and right wits instead of five wits.

⁸ The fairies' midwife does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person among the fairies whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those children of an idle brain. When we say the king's judges, we do not mean persons who judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.—Steevens. Warburton, with some plausibility, reads, 'the fancy's midwife.'

⁹ The quarto of 1597 has, 'of a burgomaster.' The citizens of Shakspeare's time appear to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So Glaphorne in his comedy of Wit in a Constable:—'And an alderman, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest of 'the bench; and that lies in his thumb ring.' Shakspeare compares his fairy to the figure carved on the agate-stone of a thumb ring.

¹⁰ Atomies for atoms.

¹¹ There is a similar fanciful description of Queen Mab's chariot in Drayton's Nymphidia, which was written several years after this tragedy.

¹² This probably alludes to the 'kissing comfits,' mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of the Merry Wives of Windsor.

¹³ This speech received much alteration after the first edition in the quarto of 1597: and Shakspeare has inadvertently introduced the courtier twice. Mr. Tyrwhitt finding 'courtiers' knees' in the first instance printed in the second folio, would read courtiers' (i.e. noblemen's) knees. Steevens remarks that the whole speech bears a resemblance to a passage of Claudian in Sextum Consulatum Honorii Augusti Praefatio.

¹⁴ A place in court.

¹⁵ The quarto of 1597 reads, 'counter mince,' Spanish blades were held in high esteem. A sword was called a Toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel.

Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts and wakes ;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That takes the manes of horses in the night :
And bakes the elf-locks¹ in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.²
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
selves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ; and expire³ the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.⁴ [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.⁵ A Hall in Capulet's House. Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away ? he shift a trencher !⁶ he scrape a
trencher !

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a
foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard,⁷ look to the plate :—good thou,
save me a piece of marchpane ;⁸ and, as thou lovest

1 i. e. *fairy locks*, locks of hair clotted and tangled in the night. It was a common superstition ; and Warburton conjectures that it had its rise from the horrid disease called *Plica Polonica*.

2 So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 2 :—

‘——let them be men of great repute and carriage.

‘*Moth*. Sampson, master ; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates.’

3 So in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

‘An *expir'd* date cancell'd ere well begun.’

And in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* :—

‘Now whereas time flying with wings swift

Expir'd had the term,’ &c.

4 Here the folio adds :—‘*They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.*’

5 This scene is not in the first copy in the quarto of 1597.

6 To *shift a trencher* was technical. So in *The Miseries of Enforst Marriage*, 1608 :—‘*Learne more manners, stand at your brother's backe, as to shift a trencher neatly.*’ &c. Trenchers were used in Shakspeare's time, and long after, by persons of good fashion and quality. They continued common till a late period in many public societies, and are now, or were lately, still retained at Lincoln's Inn.

7 The *court cupboard* was the ancient sideboard ; it was a cumbersome piece of furniture, with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals. They are mentioned in many of our old comedies. Thus in *Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 :—‘*Here shall stand my court cupboard, with his furniture of plate.*’ Again in his *May Day*, 1611 :—‘*Court cupboards* planted with *flagons*, *cans*, *cups*, *beakers*,’ &c. Two of these ancient pieces of furniture are still in Stationer's Hall : they are used at public festivals, to display the antique silver vessels of the Company, consisting of cans, cups, beakers, *flagons*, &c. There is a print in a curious work, entitled *Laurea Austriaca*, folio, 1627, representing an entertainment given by King James I. to the Spanish Ambassadors, in 1623 ; from which the reader will get a better notion of the *court cupboard* than volumes

me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony ! and Potpan !

2 Serv. Ay, boy ; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerily, boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer
liver take all. [They retire behind.]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome ! ladies, that have
their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you :—
Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all
Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty she,
I'll swear hath corns ; Am I come near you now ?
You are welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor ; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please :—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :
You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall ! a hall !⁹ give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More lights, ye knaves ; and turn the tables up,¹⁰
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin¹¹ Capulet ;
For you and I are past our dancing days :
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years. [much :

1 Cap. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio.—
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir :
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.¹²

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
It seems she¹³ hangs upon the cheek of night

of description would afford him. It was sometimes
also called a *cupboard of plate*, and a *livery cupboard*.

8 *Marchpane* was a constant article in the desserts of
our ancestors. It was a sweet cake, composed of fil-
berts, almonds, pistachoes, pine kernels, and sugar of
roses, with a small portion of flour. They were often
made in fantastic forms. In 1562, the Stationers' Com-
pany paid 'for ix. marchpaynes xxvi. s. viii. d.'

9 An exclamation commonly used to make room in a
crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say, a
ring ! a ring ! So Marston, Sat. iii. :—

‘——*A hall ! a hall !*

Room for the spheres, the orbs celestia.

Will dance Kempe's jig.

The passages are numberless that may be cited in illus-
tration of this phrase.

10 The ancient *tables* were flat leaves or *boards* joined
by hinges and placed on tressels ; when they were to be
removed they were therefore *turned up*. The phrase is
sometimes *taken up*. Thus in *Cavendish's Life of Wol-
sey*, ed. 1825, p. 193 :—‘*After that the boards-end was
taken up.*’

11 *Cousin* was a common expression for *kinsman*.
Thus in *Hamlet*, the king, his uncle and stepfather, ad-
dresses him with—

‘*But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son.*’

12 This speech stands thus in the quarto of 1597 :—

‘*Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so :*

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

Good youths, 'Faith !—Oh, youth's a jolly thing !

There are many trifling variations in almost every
speech of this play ; but when they are of little conse-
quence I have not encumbered the page with them.
The last of these three lines, however, is natural and
pleasing.—*Steevens*.

13 *Steevens* reads, with the second folio :—

‘*Her beauty hangs upon,*’ &c.

Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet :—

‘*Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,*

Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.’

Lyly in his *Euphues*, has ‘*A fair pearl in a Morian's ear.*’

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows:
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To floor and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy?—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul!—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to.

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath' you;—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princeling; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What! Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce¹ with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[*To JULIET.*]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

1 i. e. do you an injury. The word has still this meaning in Scotland.

2 A pert forward youth. The word is apparently a corruption of the Latin *præcor*.

3 There is an old adage—'Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog.' To which this is an allusion.

4 Juliet had said before, that 'palm to palm was holy palmers' kiss.' She afterwards says, that 'palmers have lips that they must use in prayer.' Romeo replies, *That the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do; that is, that they might kiss.*

5 The poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assembly, we may conclude, was not then thought indecorous. In King Henry VIII. Lord Sands is represented as kissing Anne Boleyn, next whom he sat at supper.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd.
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Av, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exit all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither nurse: What is your gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CHORUS.²

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair,³ which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

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To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden. Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure, too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce² but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word;

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,¹

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape⁴ is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,

To be consorted with the humours⁴ night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.⁵—

Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Capulet's Garden. Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

[JULIET appears above, at a Window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid,⁷ since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady: O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this sight,⁸ being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou

Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[Aside.]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name: that is my enemy;—

Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.

What's Montague! it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd:

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title: Romeo, doff thy name;

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in

night,

So stumbling on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

¹ See note on Julius Caesar, vol. i. p. 3.

² This is the reading of the quarto of 1597. Those of 1599 and 1609, and the folio, read *provaunt*, an evident corruption. The folio of 1632 has *couple* meaning *couple*, which has been the reading of many modern editions. Steevens endeavours to persuade himself and his readers that *provaunt* may be right, and mean *provide*, furnish.

³ All the old copies read, *Abraham* Cupid. The alteration was proposed by Mr. Upon. It evidently alludes to the famous archer *Adam* Bell. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:—"He shoots his bolt but seldom; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits." "He shoots at thee too, *Adam* Bell; and his arrows stick here." The ballad alluded to is King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, or, as it is called in some copies, 'The Song of a Beggar and a King.' It may be seen in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The following stanza Shakspeare had particularly in view:—

'The blinded boy that shoots so trim,

From heaven down did he die;

He drew a dart and shot at him,

In place where he did lie.'

⁴ This phrase in Shakspeare's time was used as an expression of tenderness like *poor fool*, &c.

⁵ i. e. the *humid*, the moist *deuy* night. Chapman uses the word in this sense in his translation of Homer, b. ii. edit. 1598:

'The other gods and knights at arms, slept all the *humorous* night.'

And Drayton in the thirteenth Song of his *Polyolbion*:—

'—which late the *humorous* night

Bespangled had with pearl.'

And in The Barons' Wars, canto i.:—

'The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.

Shakspeare uses the epithet, '*caporous* night,' in Measure for Measure.

⁶ After this line in the old copies are two lines of ribaldry, which have justly been degraded to the margin:—

'O Romeo, that she were, ah that she were

An open et cetera, thou a poppin pear.'

⁷ i. e. be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

⁸ The old copies read, 'to this night.' Theobald made the emendation, which appears to be warranted by the context.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,¹ yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.²

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and where-
fore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let³ to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords;⁴ look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

And, but⁵ thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued⁶ wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face;

Else would a maiden blush belpaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewe'll compliment!⁷

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.⁸ O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:—
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.⁹

1 We meet with almost the same words as those here
attributed to Romeo in King Edward III. a tragedy,
1596:—

'I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His eye to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.'

2 I.e. if either thee *displease*. This was the usual
phraseology of Shakespeare's time. So it *likes* me well;
for it *pleases* me well.

3 I.e. no stop, no hindrance. Thus the quarto of
1597. The subsequent copies read, 'no stop to me.'

4 Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in
The Maid in the Mill:—

'The lady may command, sir;

She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.'

5 But is here again used in its exceptive sense, *with-
out or unless*.

6 I.e. postponed, delayed or deferred to a more distant
period. So in Act iv. Sc. 1:—

'I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,
On Thursday next be married to the county.'

The whole passage above, according to my view of it,
has the following construction:—'I have night to screen
me; yet unless thou love me, let them find me here. It
were better that they ended my life at once, than to
have death delayed, and to want thy love.'

7 I.e. farewe'll attention to forms.

8 This Shakespeare found in Ovid's Art of Love; per-
haps in Marlowe's translation:—

'For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,

And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.'

With the following beautiful antithesis to the above
lines (says Mr. Douce) every reader of taste will be
gratified. It is given *memoriter* from some old play,
the name of which is forgotten:—

'When lovers swear true faith, the listening angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heaven,
And wait their vows to the eternal throne.'

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver¹⁰ all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens.¹¹ Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay, but a little, I will come again. [Exit

Rom. O, blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,¹²
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

9 To be distant, or shy.

10 This image struck Pope:—

'The moonbeam trembling falls,

And tips with silver all the walls.'

And in the celebrated simile at the end of the eight
liad:—'And tips with silver every mountain's head.'

11 So in The Miracles of Moses, by Drayton, 1604:—
'— lightning ceaselessly to burn,

Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

And being gone, doth suddenly return

Ere you could say precisely what it was.'

The same thought occurs in A Midsummer Night's
Dream.

All the intermediate lines from 'Sweet, good night!' to
'Stay but a little,' &c. were added after the first im-
pression in 1597.

12 In Brooke's Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet,
she uses nearly the same expressions:—

'If your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,
If wedlock be the end and mark, which your desire
hath found,

Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,
The quarrel eke that long ago between our households
grew,

Both me and mine I will all whole to you to take,
And following you whereso you go, my father's house
forsake:

But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit
You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's
dainty fruit,

You are beguill'd, and now your Juliet you beseech
To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her
likes.'

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite :
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world :

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come anon :— But if thou mean'st not well.

I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come :—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle¹ back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

Else would I tear the cave² where echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name ;

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name ;

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !³

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone ;

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

1 The *tassel*, or tiercel, (for so it should be spelt,) is the male of the *goshawk*, and is said to be so called because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Tardif, in his book of Falconry, says that the tiercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the *third* a male ; hence called *tiercelet*, or the *third*. According to the old books of sport the falcon *gentle* and tiercel *gentle* are birds for a prince.

2 This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton :—'A shout that tore hell's concave.'

3 The quarto of 1597 puts the cold, distant, and formal appellation *Madam*, into the mouth of Romeo.—The two subsequent quartos and the folio have 'my niece,' which is a palpable corruption ; but it is difficult to say what word was intended. 'My sweet,' is the reading of the second folio.

4 In the folio and the three later quartos these four lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo and once to the Friar.

5 'Flecked' is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of the fourth Æneid :—

'Her quivering cheekes flecked with deadly stain.'

So in the old play of The Four Prentices :—

'We'll fleck our white steeds in your Christian blood.'

6 This is the reading of the second folio. The quarto of 1597 reads :—

'From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.'

The quarto of 1599 and the folio have 'burning wheels.'

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !—

'Would, I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,⁷

Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;

And flecked⁸ darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :⁹

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this osier cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.⁷

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;⁸

What is her burying grave, that is her womb :

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find ;

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace⁹ that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give ;

Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine power :

For this, being smelt, with that part¹⁰ cheers each

part ;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still !¹¹

In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;

And, where the worse is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;

7 So Drayton, in the eighteenth Song of his Polyol-

bion, speaking of a hermit :—

'His happy time he spends the works of God to see,

In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,

Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.

And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* small,

Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,

He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.'

Shakspeare has very artificially prepared us for the part Friar Lawrence is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. The passage was, however, suggested by Arthur Brooke's poem.

8 'Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.'

Lucretius.

'The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.'

Milton.

'Time's the king of men,

For he's their parent, and he is their grave.'

Pericles.

9 Efficacious virtue.

10 I.e. with its odour. Not, as Malone says, 'with the olfactory nerves, the part that smells.'

11 So in Shakspeare's Lover's Complaint :—

'—terror and dear modesty

Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.'

Our poet has more than once alluded to these opposed

foes. So in Othello :—

'Yea, curse his better angel from his side.'

See also his forty-fourth Sonnet. He may have re-

membered a passage in the old play of King Arthur,

1587 :—

'Peace hath three foes encamp'd in our breaste,

Ambition, wrath, and envie'

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art uprousd by some distemp'rance ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's wo.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou
been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy :
Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded : both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence
then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me off for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

1 This apparent false concord occurs in many places,
not only of Shakspeare, but of all old English writers.
It is sufficient to observe that in the Anglo-Saxon and
very old English the third person plural of the present
tense ends in *eth*, and often familiarly in *es*, as might be
exemplified from Chaucer and others. This idiom was
not worn out in Shakspeare's time, who must not there-
fore be tried by rules which were invented after his
time. We have the same grammatical construction in
Cymbeline :—

'His steeds to water at those springs

On challic'd flowers that lies.'

And in Venus and Adonis :—

'She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes

Where lo ! *two lamps* burnt out in darkness lies.'

Again in a former scene of this play :—

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.'

2 'It is incumbent upon me, or it is of importance to
me to use extreme haste.' So in King Richard III. :—

'It stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes,' &c.

3 The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white
mark, at which the arrows were direct, was fastened
by a black pin, placed in the centre of it. To hit this
was the highest ambition of every marksman. So in
No Wit like a Woman's, a comedy by Middleton, 1657 :

'They have shot two arrows without heads,

They cannot suck it in the but yet ; hold out, knight,

And I'll cleave the black pin in the midst of the white.'

So in Marlowe's Tamburlaine :—

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.*

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble that run
fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Street. Enter BENVOLIO and
MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot
through the ear with a love-song ; the very pin
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft :
And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats,⁴ I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, dis-
tance, and proportion ; rests me his minion rest,
one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very
butcher of a silk button,⁵ a duellist, a duellist ; a
gentleman of the very first house,—of the first
and second cause :⁶ Ah, the immortal passado ! the
punto reverso ! the hay !⁷

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting
fantasies, these new tuners of accents !—*By Jesu,*
a very good blade !—a very tall man—a very
good where !—Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
grandsire,⁸ that we should be thus afflicted with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *par-*
donnez-moy, who stand so much on the new form,
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench ?⁹ O,
their *bons*, their *bons* !

* For kings are clouts that every man shoots at.

Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to *cleave*.*

4 *Tybert*, the name given to a cat in the old story-
book of Reynard the Fox. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*.

* *Tho'* you were *Tybert*, prince of long-tailed cats.

Again, in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, by Nash :

'Not *Tybert* prince of cats.'

5 So in the Return from Parnassus :—

'Strikes his poinard at a *button's* breadth.'

The phrase also occurs in the *Fantaisies* de Brusca-
ville, 1612, p. 191 :—*'Un coup de mousquet sans four-*

chette dans le sixieme bouton.'

6 i. e. a gentleman of the first rank, or highest emi-
nence, among these duellists ; and one who understands
the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the
first cause, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to
fight. The Clown, in *As You Like It*, talks of the *se-*

venth cause in the same sense.

7 All the terms of the fencing school were originally
Italian : the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first
used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hay*, you have it,
used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. Our fencers
on the same occasion cry out *ha* !

8 Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose
sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here
complained of.

9 During the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of
great 'boulstered breeches,' (See Strutt's *Manners and*
Customs, vol. iii. p. 86 ; Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. p. 78,
Appendix ; vol. ii. Appendix, note 17,) it is said that it
was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, holdings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so,¹ but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.² You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou has most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.³

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O, single-soled⁴ jest, solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,⁵ I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;⁶ it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,⁷ that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning

for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me stop in my tale against the hair.⁸

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.⁹

Mer. 'Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,¹⁰ fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick¹¹ of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,¹²

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

of the House of Commons, to make room for those monstrous protuberances, without which those who stood on the new form could not sit at ease on the old bench.

1 A gray eye appears to have meant what we now call a blue eye. He means to admit that Thisbe had a tolerable fine eye.

2 The slop was a kind of wide-kneed breeches, or rather trowsers.

3 Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea, that Romeo wore pinked pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. It was the custom to wear ribands in the shoes formed in the shape of roses or other flowers. Thus in *The Masque of Gray's Inn*, 1614:—'Every masker's pump was fastened with a flower suitable to his cap.'

4 Malone and Steevens have made strange work with their conjectures of the meaning of *single-soled*. I have shown, (in a former note,) that *single* meant *simple*, silly. *Single-soled* had also the same meaning:—'He is a good senglill soule, and can do no harm; est doli nescius non simplex.'—*Horman's Vulgaria*.

5 One kind of horserace, which resembled the flight of wild geese, was formerly known by this name.—Two horses were started together, and which ever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasant kept up here. 'My wit fails,' says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, 'Switch and spurs, switch and spurs.' To which Mercutio rejoins,

'Nay, if thy wits run the wild goose chase,' &c. Burton mentions this sport, *Anat. of Melan.* p. 266, edit. 1632.—See also the article *Chase* in Chambers's Dictionary.

6 The allusion is to an apple of that name.

7 Soft stretching leather, kid leather.

8 This phrase, which is of French extraction, *a contre poil*, occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*:—'Merry against the hair.'

9 The business of Peter carrying the Nurse's fan, seems ridiculous to modern manners, but it was formerly the practice. In *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, 'The mistress, must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*.' So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—'To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.'

10 i.e. 'God give you a good even.' The first of these contractions is common in our old dramas. So in *Brome's Northern Lass*:—'God you good even, sir.'

11 So in *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act I. Sc. 4:—

'And made an evening at the nootidie prick,' i.e. the point of noon. A prick is a point, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So in *Bright's Character*, or *Arte of Short Writing*, 1588:—'If the worde end in ed, as I loved, then make a prick in the character of the word on the left side.'

12 Hoar, or hoary is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. These lines seem to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have this stage direction: 'He walks by them [i.e. the Nurse and Peter] and sings.'

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.¹

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?²

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirts; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, if faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,⁴

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

1 The burthen of an old song. See Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. 3.

2 *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguey* is now. So in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:—

'Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy *roperye*.'

3 By *skains-mates* the old lady probably means *swaggering companions*. A *skain*, or *skein*, was an Irish knife or dagger, a weapon suitable to the purpose of ruffling fellows. Green, in his *Quip* for an Upstart Courtier, describes 'an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skeine*, like a brewer's bung knife.'

4 I. e. like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. A stair, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was once common to both kingdoms.

5 So in Arthur Brooke's poem:—

'A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young, Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue.'

6 The Nurse is represented as a prating, silly creature; she says that she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him whether rosemary and Romeo do not both begin with a letter: he says, yes, an

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady,—lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,⁵—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard: but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man: but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?⁶

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden. Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highest hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many foign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O, God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O, Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave awhile:—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou had'st my bones, and I thy

news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

R. She, whom we must suppose could not read, thought he mocked her, and says, No, sure I know better, R is the dog's name, your's begins with some other letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which dogs make when they snarl. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, '*R is the dog's letter, and hirrth in the sound.*' 'Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.'

Luci.

7 The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

'—should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth

O, how she comes! Tell me, gentle nurse,

What says my love?

The greatest part of this scene is likewise added since that edition. Shakspeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto too valuable to be lost. He has, therefore, inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary, in Act v.:

'As violently as hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.'

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this I did know before;

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. Faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest?

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, god's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrie for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.¹

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act, That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can, It cannot countervail the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight: Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

¹ This scene is exhibited in quite another form in the first quarto, 1597. But it is hardly worth exhibiting here in its original state. The reader may see it in the variorum Shakspeare, or in the play as published by Steevens among the twenty quartos.

² So in Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

'These violent vanities can never last.'

³ 'He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap.'—*Johnson.*

⁴ This passage originally stood thus:—

'Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed,

See where she comes!—

So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;

Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power!'

Then love-devouring death do what he dare. It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,¹ And in their triumph die! like fire and powder, Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, And in the taste confounds the appetite: Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so; Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.²

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:³

A lover may bestride the gossamers⁴

That idle in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit,⁵ more rich in matter than in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their worth;⁶

But my true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make

short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A public Place. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;

The day is hot,¹ the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;

For now these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his

⁵ See King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6.

⁶ Conceit here means *imagination*. Vide Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4.

⁷ So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.'

⁸ It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. In Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth of England, 1583, b. ii. c. xix. p. 70, it is said:—'And commonly every yeere, or each second yeere, in the beginning of sommer or afterwards, (*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly,*) even in the calme time of peace, the prince with his council chooseth out,' &c.

new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!¹

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee simple? O, simple!²

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort!³ what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to the field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain am I none; Therefore farwell. I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

*A la stoccata*⁴ carries it away. [*Draws.*]

Tybalt. you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats,⁵ nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher⁶ by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

1 I.e. thou wilt endeavour to restrain me by prudential advice from quarrelling.

2 This and the foregoing speech have been added since the first quarto, with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one.

3 To comprehend Mercutio's captious indignation, it should be remembered that a *consort* was the old term for a set or company of musicians.

4 The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.

5 Alluding to his name. See Act ii. Sc. 4.

6 Warburton says that we should read *pitché*, which signifies a coat or covering of skin or leather; meaning the scabbard. A *pitché* or leathern coat seems to have been the common dress of a carman. The old copy reads—*scabbard*.

7 After this the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:—

—A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasanly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the

Rom. Draw, Benvolio:

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame Forbear this outrage:—Tybalt—Mercutio—The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.⁷ I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me:

I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses! [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman:—O, sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd⁸ the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;⁹

This but begins the wo, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,¹⁰

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct!¹¹ now:—

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company;

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbleing in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses!

As for the jest, 'You shall find me a grave man,' it was better in old language than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his *Elegy* upon Chaucer:—

'My master Chaucer now is grave.'

In Sir Thomas Overbury's description of a Sexton, Characters, 1616, we have it again:—'At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him be found never so idle-pated, hee is still a grave drunkard.'

⁸ We never use the verb *aspire*, without some particle, as *to* and *after*. There are numerous ancient examples of a similar use of it with that in the text thus Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*:—

'Until our bodies turn to elements,

And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.'

So in Chapman's version of the ninth *Iliad*:—

—and *aspird* the god's eternal feats

⁹ This day's unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.

¹⁰ 'Respective lenity' is 'considerative gentleness.'

¹¹ Conduct for conductor.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:

Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O, noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O, my brother's
child!

Unhappy sight! ah, me, the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,²

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O, cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice³ the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one ~~haz~~ beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo, he cries aloud,

Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter ~~than~~ his

tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal ~~part~~,

1 In the first quarto, 'O! I am fortune's slave.'—
Shakespeare is very fond of alluding to the *mockery* of
fortune. Thus we have in Lear:—'I am the natural fool
of fortune.' And in Timon of Athens:—'Ye fools of for-
tune.' In Julius Caesar the expression is, 'He is but
fortune's knave.' Hamlet speaks of 'the fools of nature.'
And in Measure for Measure we have 'merely thou art
death's fool.' See Pericles, Act iii. Sc. 2.

2 As thou art *just* and *upright*. So in King Richard
III.—'And if King Edward be as true and just.'

3 Nice here means *silly*, *trifling*, or *unwont*.

4 The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though pro-
duced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems
to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant
perhaps to show how the best minds, in a state of faction
and discord, are distorted to criminal partiality.—
Johnson.

5 The sentiment here enforced is different from that
found in the first edition, 1597. There the Prince con-
cludes his speech with these words:—
'Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;

Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

6 The poet probably remembered Marlowe's King
Edward II. which was performed before 1593:—

'Gallop apace, bright Phoebus, through the skies,

And duskie night in rusty iron car;

Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,

That I may see that most desired day.'

There is also a passage in Barnabe Riche's Farewell
to the Militarie Profession, 1533, which bears some
resemblance to this.

7 Here ends this speech in the original quarto. The
rest of the scene has likewise received considerable
alterations and additions.

8 A great deal of ingenious criticism has been bestowed
in endeavouring to ascertain the meaning of this
expression. Dr. Warburton thought that the *run-away*
in question was the *sun*; but Mr. Heath has most com-
pletely disproved this opinion. Mr. Stevens consi-
ders the passage as extremely elliptical, and regards the

And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,

Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent the loss of mine:

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,

Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.⁴

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House. *Enter*
JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,⁵

Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a wagoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.⁶

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

That run-away's eyes may wink:⁷ and Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties:⁸ or, if love be blind,

It best agrees with night.—Come, civil⁹ night,

night as the *run-away*; making Juliet wish that its
eyes, the stars, might retire, to prevent discovery. Mr.
Justice Blackstone can perceive nothing *optative* in the
lines, but simply a *reason* for Juliet's wish for a cloudy
night; yet, according to this construction of the passage,
the grammar is not very easily to be discovered.—

Whoever attentively reads over Juliet's speech will be
inclined to think, or even to be altogether satisfied, that
the whole *tenor* of it is *optative*. With respect to the
calling night a *run-away*, one might surely ask how it
can possibly be so termed in an *abstract point of view*?
Is it a greater fugitive than the morning, the noon, or
the evening? Mr. Stevens lays great stress on Shak-
speare's having before called the night a *run-away* in
the Merchant of Venice:—

'For the close night doth play the *run-away*.'

But there it was already far advanced, and might there-
fore with great propriety he said to *play the run-away*;
here it was not begun. The same remark will apply to
the passage cited from the Fair Maid of the Exchange.
Where then is this *run-away* to be found? or can it be
Juliet herself? She who has just been secretly married
to the enemy of her parents might with some propriety
be termed a *run-away from her duty*; but she had not
abandoned her native pendency. She therefore invokes
the night to veil those rites which she was about to per-
form, and to bring her Romeo to her arms in darkness
and silence. The lines that immediately follow may
be thought to favour this interpretation; and the whole
scene may possibly bring to the reader's recollection an
interesting part in the beautiful story of Cupid and
Psyche.—*Douce.*

9 So in Marlowe's Hero and Leander:—

'—dark night is Cupid's day.'

Milton, in his Comus, might have been indebted to
Shakespeare:—

'Virtue can see to do what virtue would

By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the flat sea sunk.'

10 *Civil* is grave, solemn.

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,¹
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,²

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish³ sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news: and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the
cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O, Romeo! Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:⁴
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!⁵—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O, courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd: and is Tybalt dead?

1 These are terms of falconry. An *unmann'd hawk* is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* is fluttering or beating the wings as striving to fly away.

2 'Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,'
King John.

3 Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*:—

'Hide me from day's garish eye.'
Hence also 'Till civil-suited morn appear.' *Garish* is gaudy, glittering.

4 In Shakspeare's time the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling.

5 See what is said of the basilisk, *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

6 See *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 1.

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O, God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O, serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!⁷

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *acqua vita*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him.

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth⁸ thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.⁹

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-
band:

All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I, then?—

Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me; I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished:

That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.¹⁰ Tybalt's death

Was wo enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour wo delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's dead*,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern¹¹ lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death

Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

7 The same image occurs in *Machbeth*:—
'— look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.'

The succeeding line has its parallel in *King John*:—

'Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.'

8 To *smooth* is to flatter, to *speak fair*; it is here metaphorically used for to mitigate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo's name would be now mentioned.

9 So in *The Tempest*:—

'— I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.'

10 I. e. is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.

11 *Modern* is trite, common. So in *As You Like It*:—
'Full of wise saws, and modern instances'

In that word's death; no words can that wo sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:

He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR
LAURENCE AND ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death: do not say—banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,

And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death misterr'd: calling death banishment,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O, deadly sin! O, rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy,¹ and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives:² and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,³

More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly

They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,

But—banished—to kill me; banished?

1. The quarto, 1597, reads 'This is mere mercy,' i. e. absolute mercy.

2 From this and the foregoing speech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite:—

'Heaven is not but where Emily abides,
And where she's absent all is hell besides.'

3 Validity is again employed to signify worth, value, in the first scene of King Lear. By courtship, courtesy, courtly behaviour is meant.

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,

To mangle me with that word—banishment?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a

word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,⁴

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom:

It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.⁵
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not

feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thy-
self. [*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mistlike, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay awhile: stand up;
[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What willfulness is this?—I come, I come.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O, holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O, woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady⁶ to our cancell'd love?

4 So in the poem of Romeo and Juliet, the Friar says:—

'Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,
But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.'

5 The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in The Winter's Tale:—

'— can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?'⁷

i. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state he is in?

6 The epithet conceal'd is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady; so that

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:¹
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill beseeching beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself;
Why rail'st thou on thy birth,² the heaven, and
earth?

Since, birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:³
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,⁴
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.⁵
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

the sense is, 'My lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world.'

1 Shakspeare has here followed the poem:—

'Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art,
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.'

For mainly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly
placed;

So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.'

2 Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the Friar, as described in the poem, he is made to do so. Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of this scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The lines from *Why rail'st thou on my birth*, &c. to *thy own defence*, are not in the first copy; they are formed on a passage in the poem.

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.⁶

Nurse. O, Lord, I could have staid here all the night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night! and here stands all your state;⁷

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell: good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Capulet's House. Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.*

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow:

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate⁸ tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone!—O' Thursday be it, then:—

3 So in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 3:—

'And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.'

And in Barnabe Riche's Farewell:—'Knowing that you should otherwise have used me than you have, you should have digressed, and swerved from your kind.'

4 To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, instead of locks with flints, as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they carried their powder. The same allusion occurs in Humour's Ordinary, an old collection of English Epigrams:—

'When she his flask and touch-box set on fire,

And till this hour the burning is not out.'

5 And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

6 Much of this speech has also been added since the first edition.

7 The whole of your fortune depends on this.

8 *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a *bold word*, and venture to promise you my daughter.—Johnson.

'Witness this desperate tender of mine honour.'

Weakest goes to the Wall. .606.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night.¹

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV. Juliet's Chamber.² Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:³
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,⁴
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.⁵

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;⁶
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes;⁷
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up⁸ to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

1 The latter part of this scene is a good deal varied from the first quarto.

2 The stage direction in the first edition is, 'Enter Romeo and Juliet at a Window.' In the second quarto, 'Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.' They appeared, probably, in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See Malone's Account of the Ancient Theatres, in vol. iii. of Boswell's edition of Shakspeare.

3 This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observable that the nightingale, if undisturbed, sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. [As almost all birds sing only during the period of incubation, this may be accounted for; the male bird sings near where the female is sitting.] What Eustathius has observed relative to a fig-tree mentioned by Homer, in his twelfth *Odyssey*, may be applied to the passage before us.—These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality?—*Steevens.*

4 Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edition, p. 109:—'The moon, then full, (not thinking scorn to be a torch-bearer to such beauty,) guided her steps.'

5 The quarto, 1597, reads:—
'Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go [so] soon.'
The succeeding speech, I think, (says Mr. Boswell,) is better in the same copy:—

'Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die;
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so—
What says my love? let's talk, 'tis not yet day.'

6 *A division*, in music, is a variation in melody upon some given fundamental harmony.

—grataque feminis
Imbelli cithara carmina dividens.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,⁹

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O, God! I have an ill-divining soul.¹⁰

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O, fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures¹¹ her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love:

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

7 The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying, that the toad and the lark had chang'd eyes. This tradition was expressed in a rustic rhyme:—

'To heav'n I'd fly,

But that the toad beguild me of mine eye.'

The sense of the passage is, the lark, they say, has chang'd eyes with the toad, and now I would they had chang'd voices too, since the lark's song serves but to separate us. The croak of the toad would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure.

8 The *hunts-up* was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burthen of hunting ballads. Puttenham says that one Gray grew into good estimation with the Duke of Somerset for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was the *hunts up*, the *hunts up*. One of these ballads is given by Mr. Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 192. According to Cotgrave, the *Reveille* or morning song to a new married woman, was called the *hunts up*. So Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*—

'But *hunts up* to the morn, the feather'd sylvans sing.
And in his third Eclogue:—

'Time plays the *hunts up* to thy sleepy head.'

9 'Illa ego quæ fueram te decedente puella,

Protrinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.'

Ovid, *Epist. I.*

10 This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance peculiarly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:—

'My mind misgives me,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
From this night's revels.'

Steevens.

11 *Procures for brings.*

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,¹

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,² what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county³ Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

¹ 'Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover.'—*Johnson*.

² Thus the first quarto. The subsequent quartos and the folio less intelligibly read:—

'Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram.'

³ *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker. —*Johnson*. Bishop Lowth uses it in his Letter to Warburton, p. 101:—'And may I not hope then for the honour of your lordship's animadversions? In good time: when the candid examiner understands Latin a little better; and when your lordship has a competent knowledge of Hebrew.'

⁴ *County*, of *countie*, was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle*. So Baret, 'a *countie* or an *earle*, comes un *comte*,' and 'a *countie* or *cardome*, comitatus.' Fairfax very frequently uses the word.

⁵ Thus the quarto 1597. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read 'the earth doth drizzle dew, which is philosophically true; and so perhaps the poet wrote, for in The Rape of Lucrece he says:—

'But as the earth doth weep, the sun bring set.'

Malone.

Stevens adds:—'When our author, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, says, "And when she [i. e. the moon] weeps, weeps every little flower," he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself drizzles dew. This

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew; But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now, a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Ever more showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,

Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessing,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have;

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—

And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!¹

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blessing,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

passage sufficiently explains how the earth, in the quotation from The Rape of Lucrece, may be said to weep.' That Shakespeare thought it was the air, and not the earth, that drizzled dew, is evident from many passages in his works. So in King John:—

'Before the dew of evening fall.'

⁶ The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* more than once:—

'His sighs are stopp'd, and stopp'd is the conduit of his tears.'

⁷ Capulet, as Stevens observes, uses this as a nickname. The hyphen is wanting in the old copy. 'Chop-logic' is he that when his master rebuketh his servaunt for his defaults, he will give him xx words for one, or elles he will bydde the devyls paternoster in scyence.—*The xxiij Orders of Knaves*, bk. 1.

⁸ Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakespeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call *Aeneas hedge-brat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech. Nay, in the interlude of The Repentance of Mary Magdalene, 1567, she says to one of her attendants:—

'Horeson, I beshrewe your heart, are you here?'

And that we have a curse in having her :

Out on her, hiding !¹

Nurse.

God in heaven bless her !—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad ; Day, night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd : and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, (as they say,) with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—*I'll not wed, I cannot love,*²

I am too young—I pray you, pardon me ;—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise ;

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief ?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;

Or, if you do not, make my bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, God !—O, nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself ?—

What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse.

'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo

Is banish'd ; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman !³

Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green,⁴ so quick, so fair an eye,

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

¹ Base woman.

² There is a passage in the old play of *Wily Beguiled*, pointed out by Malone, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily Beguiled* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year.

³ The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. The picture is not, however, an original, the nurse in the poem exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture. Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse*, has copied, in this respect, the character of his nurse from Shakespeare.

⁴ Perhaps Chaucer has given to Emetrius, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour :—
'His nose was high, his eyin bright citryn.'

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first : or if it did not,

Your first is dead : or 'twere as good he were,

As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse.

From my soul too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul.

Amen !

Nurse.

To what ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O, most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare

So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE AND PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;

And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.¹

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears ;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society :

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd.²

[*Aside.*]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday

next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri.

That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron. Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakespeare :—

'——— oh vouchsafe

With that thy rare green eye,' &c.

⁵ The meaning of Paris is clear, he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage ; there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste : but the words the poet has given him import the reverse, and seem rather to mean *I am not backward in restraining his haste*. I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. The poet has hastily fallen into similar inadvertencies elsewhere. In the first edition the line ran :—

'And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.'

⁶ To *slow* and to *foreslow* were anciently in common use as verbs :—

'——— will you o'erflow

The fields, thereby my march to *slow*.'

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?¹

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion :—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast
done so,

Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past
help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;

It strains me past the compass of my wits :

I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :

If in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join d my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,²

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel ; or, behold

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire,³ arbitrating that

Which the commission⁴ of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself ;

Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower ;

Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;

Or shut me nightly⁵ in a charnel-house,

1 Juliet means *vespers*, there is no such thing as *evening mass*. *Masses*, (as Fynes Moryson observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting.

2 The seals of deeds formerly were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in King Richard II. the Duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal.

3 i. e. shall decide the struggle between me and my distress.

4 *Commission* may be here used for *authority* : but it is more probable that *commission* is the word intended.

5 The quarto 1597 reads—

'Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

Where roaring bears and savage lions roam.'

In the text the 4to. of 1599 is followed, except that it has

'or hide me nightly.'

6 Thus the 4to 1599 and the folio : the 4to. 1597 reads,

I think, with more spirit :—

'To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife

'To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo.' *Boswell.*

7 Instead of the remainder of this scene the 4to 1597

has only these four lines :—

'And when thou art laid in thy kindred's vault,

I'll send in haste to Mantua to thy lord ;

And he shall come and take thee from thy grave.

Jul. Friar, I go ; be sure thou send for my dear

Romeo.'

O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless-skulls,
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me mo
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.⁶

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;

When presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat :

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each part depriv'd of supple government,

Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,⁷

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,⁸

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;

And hither shall he come ; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo hear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame ;

If no unconstant toy,⁹ nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O, tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prospe-
rours

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House. En-
ter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servant.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.¹⁰

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.¹¹

8 The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face uncovered (which is not mentioned by Painter,) Shakespeare found particularly described in The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet :—

'Another use there is, that whosoever dies,
Borne to the church, with open face upon the bier he
lies,

In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding sheet.'

Thus also Ophelia's Song, in Hamlet :—

'They bore him bare-faced on the bier.'

9 If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. The expressions are from the poem.

10 Capulet has in a former scene said :—

'— We'll keep no great ado :—

'— we'll have some half a dozen friends.'

The poet has made him alter his mind strangely, or had forgotten what he had made him say before. (See Act iii. Sc. iv.) Malone observes that the former scene was of the poet's own invention, and that he here recollected the poem :—

'— he myndes to make for him a costly feast.'

11 This adage is found in Puttenham's *Art of English* Poesie, 1589 :—

'As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke :

A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick'

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit Servant.*]
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift¹ with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;

And gave him what becom'd² love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.³

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exit JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber. *Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

1 i. e. confession.

2 *Becomed* for *becoming*; one participle for another, a frequent practice with Shakespeare.

3 Thus the folio and the quartos 1599 and 1609: The oldest quarto reads, perhaps more grammatically:—

'All our whole city is much bound unto.'

4 This speech received considerable additions after the first copy was published.

5 This stage direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto of 1597 reads:—'*Knife*, lie thou there.'

'*Daggers*, or, as they were more commonly called, *knives*, (says Mr. Gifford,) were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so worn in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell.—*Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. v. p. 221.

6 This idea was probably suggested to the poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

La. Cap.

Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exit LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!⁴—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a Dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;⁵

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring⁶ in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;⁷—

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,⁸

Environd with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall. *Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.

7 To *fester* is to corrupt. So in King Edward III. 1599:—

'Lilies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.'

This line also occurs in the ninety-fourth Sonnet of Shakespeare. The play of Edward III. has been ascribed to him.

8 The *mandrake*, (says Thomas Newton in his *Herbal*) has been idly represented as 'a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath been convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder, and that they had the same in such dampish and funeral places where the salde convicted persons were buried,' &c. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:—

'I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,
And am grown mad with it.'

9 i. e. distracted.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.¹ [*Exit Nurse.*]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

La. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.²

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere
now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt³ in
your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exit LADY CAPULET.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson!
ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight.

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what ho;—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the
Bed. *Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb! why, lady;—he, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest.⁴
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, in faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

1 The room were the pastry was made.

2 This speech, which in the old copies is attributed to the Nurse, should surely be given to Lady Capulet.—The Nurse would hardly call her lordly master a *cot-quean*, or reply to a speech addressed to her mistress. Beside that, she had been sent for spices, and is shortly after made to re-enter. I have therefore made the necessary change.

3 The animal called the *mouse-hunt* is the martin, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. 'Cat after kinde, good *mouse-hunt*,' is one of Heywood's proverbs.

4 Nashe, in his *Terrors of the Night*, quibbles in the same manner on this expression:—'You that are married and have wives of your owne, and yet hold too nere friendship with your neighbours, *set up your rests*, and that the night will be an ill neighbour to *your rest*, and that you shall have as little peace of minde as the rest.'

5 Shakspeare has here followed the old poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet in this scene clamorous in his grief. In the poem Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:—

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O, lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O, heavy day!

La. Cap. O, me, O, me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accurs'd time! unfortunate old man.

Nurse. O, lamentable day!

La. Cap. O, woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O, son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face?

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O, wo! O, woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O, day! O, day! O, day! O, hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:
O, woful day, O, woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

'But more than all the rest the father's heart was so
Smit with the heavy newe, and so shut up with sudden
wo,

That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,
Ne yet to speak, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints
to keep.'

6 Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, has the same thought
more coarsely expressed:—

'Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.'

He has the same thought in his *Wonderful Year*:—

'Death rudely lay with her, and spoiled her of her
maidenhead in spite of her husband.'

7 The quarto of 1597 continues the speech of Paris
thus:—

'And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurs'd, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am,

Born to the world to be a slave in it:

Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

Oh, heavens! Oh, nature! wherefore did you make me

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?

In the text the edition of 1599 is here followed. The

Nurse's exclamatory speech is not in the first quarto.

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrow!—

O, love! O, life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now

To murder murder our solemnity?—

O, child! O, child!—my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was—her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married long;

But she's best married, that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,¹

Turn from their office to black funeral;

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;²

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;

And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,
and Friar.]

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be

gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up; put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* Nurse.]

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be

amended.

Enter PETER.³

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's*

ease; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays

1 Instead of this and the following speeches the first

quarto has only a couplet:—

'Let it be so; come, woful sorrow-mates,

Let us together taste this bitter fate.'

The enlarged text is formed upon the poem.

2 See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 2.

3 From the quarto of 1599 it appears that the part of

Peter was originally performed by William Kempe.

4 This is the burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant*

New Ballad of Two Lovers:—

'Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe.'

5 A *dump* was formerly the received term for a grave

or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental.

It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A *merry*

dump is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the

mouth of Master Peter. That it was a sad or dismal

strain, perhaps sometimes for the sake of contrast and

effect mixed up with livelier airs, appears from Caven-

dish's *Metrical Visions*, p. 17:—

'What is now left to help me in this case?

Nothing at all but *dumpe* in the dance,

Among dead men to tryppe on the trace.'

6 A pun is here intended. A *gleekman*, or *glegman*,

is a minstrel. To give the *gleek* meant also to pass a

jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous; a

gleek being a *jest* or *scoff*.

7 'Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are

designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural ex-

planations given by us painful editors of ancient au-

thors.'—*Steevens*.

—*My heart is full of woe.*⁴ O, play me some merry
dump,⁵ to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:⁶

I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger

on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll

re you, I'll fa you; Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. 'Pray you, put up your dagger, and put

out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-

beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-

ger:—Answer me like men!⁷

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound⁸—

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver*

sound? What say you, Simon Catling?⁹

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet

sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians

sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-

post?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer:

I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*,

because such fellows as you have seldom gold for

sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;

tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. *A Street.* *Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,¹⁰

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.¹¹

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to

think;)

8 This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, to be

found in the *Paradice of Dainty Devices*, fol. 31, b.

Another copy of this song is to be found in *Percy's*

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

9 This worthy takes his name from a small lutestring

made of catgut. His companion the fiddler from an

instrument of the same name mentioned by many of

our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument

of mirth:—

'When the merry bells ring round,

And the joyful *rebeck's* sound.'

10 Thus the first quarto. The folio reads:—

'If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep.'

The sense appears to be, If I may repose any confidence

in the flattering visions of the night. Otway reads:—

'If I may trust the flattery of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.'

11 'These three last lines are very gay and pleasing.

But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary

cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness?

Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncer-

tain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many

consider as certain foretokens of good and evil.'—*John-*

son.

The poet has explained this passage a little further

on:—

'How oft, when men are at the point of death,

Have they been merry? which their keepers call

A lightning before death.'

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,¹
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,²
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you;
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:³
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins⁴
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caldif wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.

¹ Shakespeare seems to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As You Like It*:—

'By this sad Hero—

Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,' &c.

² Shakespeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the groundwork of this tragedy.

³ See Sackville's description of misery in the Induction to the *Mirror of Magistrates*:—

'His face was leane and some deal plnde away,

And eke his hands consumed to the bones.'

⁴ We learn from Nashe's *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop:—'He made an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or *dried alligator*.' Stevens was informed that formerly when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only; and had met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from the metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, plate iii. It seems that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. sometime before the physicians parted with their ember-headed canes and solemn periwigs.

⁵ The quarto of 1597 reads:—

'Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.'

The quartos of 1599 and 1609:—

'Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes.'

As I remember, this should be the house;
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man—I see, that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,⁵
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.⁶

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there I must use thee.

[Exit Rom.]

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua; What says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order to associate me,⁷

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

⁶ Stevens thinks that Shakespeare may have remembered the following passage in the *Pardoner's Tale* of Chaucer, v. 12794:

'The Potecary answered, thou shalt have

A thing, as wisely God my soule save,

In all this world this n'is no creature,

That ete or dronke hath of this confection,

Not but the mounce of a corne of whete,

That he ne shall his lif anon forlete;

Ye, sterve he shall, and that in lesse while

Than thou wilt gon a pas not but a mile:

This poison is so strong and violent.'

⁷ Each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatio Notabilis* de Seleborne, a curious record printed in White's *Natural History* of Selborne, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, 'ne auspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur.' There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. So in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1552:—

'Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies,

And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise

That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,

But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one

Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out,

In mind to take some friar with him to walk the town

about.'

Shakespeare, having occasion for Friar John, has departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona instead of Mantua.

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,¹ but full of charge,
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;²
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Church Yard : in it a Monument
belonging to the Capulets. Enter PARIS, and his
Page, bearing Flowers and a Torch.*

Par. Give me my torch, boy : Hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridal bed :

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,³
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites ?
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.⁴

[*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch,
Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

¹ i. e. was not wantonly written on a trivial or idle
matter, but on a subject of importance.

² Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the
speech, the first quarto reads only :—

'Lest that the lady should before I come
Be wak'd from sleepe, I will hie
To free her from that tomb of miserie.'

³ The folio has these lines :—

'Sweet flow'r, with flow'r's thy bridal bed I strew ;
O wo ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water I will nightly dew ;
Or, wanting that, with tears disill'd by moans ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.'

In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in
the quarto of 1597.

⁴ Thus in Drayton's Polyolbion :—

'But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly
Do muffle him again.'

The word was not deemed unpoetical by Milton ; the
Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it :—

'Unmuffle, ye faint stars,' &c.
muffle was a part of female dress

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :

But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring ; a ring that I must use

In dear⁵ employment : therefore hence, be gone :—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :

The time and my intents are savage-wild ;

More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him :—

[*Advances.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obeys, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Heap not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !

By heaven, I love thee better than myself :

For I come hither arm'd against myself :

Stay not, begone ;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,⁶

And do attack thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight.*]

Page. O, lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith I will :—Let me peruse this face ;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,

He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :

Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave—

A grave ? O, no ; a lantern,⁷ slaughter'd youth,

⁵ That is, in action of importance. The sense of the
word *dear* has been explained. So Ben Jonson, in his
Catiline, Act i. :—

'Put your known talents on so dear a business.'

⁶ I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. do
part. So Constance, in *King John*, says :—

'No, I defy all counsel, all redress.'

⁷ A lantern may not, in this instance, signify an en-
closure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in an-
cient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round
or octagonal turret, full of windows, by means of which
cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated. See
the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster.

A *presence* is a public room, which is at times the
presence-chamber of a sovereign. This thought, ex-
travagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his *Blurt*
Master Constable :—

'The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes
Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
In Paris Louvre.'

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death; O, how may I¹
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:²
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;³
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night⁴
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;⁵
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct,⁶ come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's
there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

1 The first quarto reads, 'But how,' &c. This idea very frequently occurs in our old dramas. So in the Second Part of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:—

'I thought it was a lightning before death,
Too sudden to be certain.'

2 So in Sidney's Arcadia, b. iii. :—'Death being able to divide the soules, but not the beauty from her body.' And in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1594:—

'Decay'd roses of discoloured cheeks
Do yet retain some notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits fair within her face.'

3 Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 463, speaking of the power of beauty, tells us:—

'But of all the tales in this kinde, that is most memorable of Death himselfe, when he should have stroken a sweet young virgin with his dart, he fell in love with the object.'

4 In The Second Maiden's Tragedy, recently printed from a MS. in the Lansdown collection, monuments are styled the 'palaces of death.'

5 See note 4, p. 160.

6 Conduct for conductor. So in a former scene:—
'And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.'

7 This accident was reckoned ominous. So in King Henry VI. Part III.:—

'For many men that stumbe at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.'
And in King Richard III. Hastings, going to execution, says:—

'Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumbe.'
This was one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon
me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,⁸
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? [*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood! Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.⁹ [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*]

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest.

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet!—[*Noise again.*] I dare
stay no longer.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—

O, churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm!¹⁰

is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer (book viii.) represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

9 In the alteration of this play, now exhibited on the stage, Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who perhaps, without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes.

10 Shakspeare has been arraigned for making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance, and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. He had undoubtedly never read the Italian novel, or any literal translation of it; and has in this particular followed the old poem, or an older drama on the subject. Be this as it may—Augustus Schlegel remarks, that 'the poet seems to have hit upon what was best. There is a measure of agitation, beyond which all that is super-added becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already saturated mind. In case of the cruel reunion of the lovers for an instant, Romeo's remorse for his overhasty self-murder, Juliet's despair over her deceitful hope, at first cherished, then annihilated, that she was at the goal of her wishes, must have deviated into caricatures. Nobody surely doubts that Shakspeare was able to represent these with suitable force; but here every thing soothing was welcome, in order that we may not be frightened out of the melancholy, to which we willingly resign ourselves, by too painful discords. Why



ROMEO & JULIET.

Act V. Scene III.



I Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise !—then I'll be brief.—O, happy dagger ! [*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*] This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself :*] there rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

I Watch. The ground is bloody ; Search about the churchyard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;
And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

I Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

I Watch. A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they 'so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo, Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

I Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;

And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

I Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, Heavens !—O, wife ! look how our daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo ! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is misseathed in my daughter's bosom.²

should we heap still more upon accident, that is already so guilty ? Wherefore shall not the tortured Romeo quietly

“ Shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From his world-wearied flesh ? ”

He holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish.

¹ Thus the quarto of 1599. That of 1597 reads :

‘ Ay, noise ? then must I be resolute,

Oh, happy dagger ! thou shalt end my fear,

Rest in my bosom ; thus I come to thee.’

² The words, ‘ for lo ! his house is empty on the back of Montague,’ are to be considered parenthetical. It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind the back. So in *Humor's Ordinarie* :—

‘ See you yon huge bum dagger at his back ?’

And in *The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art*, 1570 :—

La. Cap. O, me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;³
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath ;
What further wo conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O, thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?⁴

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death : Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief,⁵ for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :

I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come at this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,

Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :

But, when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.

All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this

‘ Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,
And thy dagger handsomly at thy backe.

³ After this line the quarto of 1597 adds :—

‘ And young Benvolio is deceased too.’

⁴ So in the Tragedy of Darius, 1603 :—

‘ Ah me ! malicious fates have done me wrong.’

Who came first to the world, should first depart.

It not becomes the old to over-live the young ;

This dealing is preposterous and over-thwart.’

⁵ ‘ It is to be lamented that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew.’—*Johnson.*

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet. In this poem, (which is printed in the Variorum Editions of Shakspeare) the bodies of the dead are removed to a public scaffold ; and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance is introduced in *Hamlet* near the conclusion.

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's the Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen!—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

1 Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman in Act iii. Sc. 4; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth act, describes him as 'a gentleman of princely parentage;' and after he is killed, Romeo says:—

—Let me peruse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.'

2 The quarto of 1597 reads, 'A gloomy peace.' To *gloom*, is an ancient verb, used by Spenser and other old writers.

3 This line has reference to the poem from which the fable is taken; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity.

4 Shakspeare, in his revision of this play, has not effected the alteration by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes. The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his *Satires*, 1598, says:—

'Luscu, what's play'd to-day? faith, now I know;
I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.'

The concluding lines may have been formed on the last couplet of the old poem:—

—among the monuments that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight
Than is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.'

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming² peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:³
For never was a story of more wo,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.⁴ [Exeunt.]

THIS play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him*. Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play and died in his bed*, without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gayety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has with great subtlety of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations.* His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.†

JOHNSON.

* A. W. Schlegel has answered this remark at length, and, as I think, satisfactorily, in a detailed criticism upon this tragedy, published in the *Horen*, a journal conducted by Schiller in 1794—1795, and made accessible to the English reader in Ollier's *Literary Miscellany*, Part I. In his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* (vol. ii. p. 135, Eng. translation,) will be found some further sensible remarks upon the 'conceits' here stigmatized. It should be remembered that *playing on words* was a very favourite species of wit combat with our ancestors. 'With children, as well as nations of the most simple manners, a great inclination to playing on words is often displayed; [they cannot therefore be both *puerile* and *unnatural*: If the first charge is founded, the second cannot be so.] In *Homer* we find several examples; the *Books of Moses*, the oldest written memorial of the primitive world, are, it is well known, full of them. On the other hand, poets of a very cultivated taste, or orators like Cicero, have delighted in them. Whoever, in Richard the Second, is disgusted with the affecting play of words of the dying John of Gaunt, on his own name, let him remember that the same thing occurs in the *Ajax* of Sophocles.' S. W. S.

† This quotation is also found in the Preface to Dryden's *Fables*:—'Just John Littlewit, in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit.'—*Spectator*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE original story on which this play is built may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. It was from Belleforest that the old black letter prose 'Hystorie of Hamblet' was translated; the earliest edition of which, known to the commentators, was dated in 1608; but it is supposed that there were earlier impressions.

The following passage is found in an Epistle, by Thomas Nashe, prefixed to Greene's Arcadia, which was published in 1599:—'I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our rival translators. It is a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Novertint*, [i. e. the law] whereunto they were born, and busie themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse, if they should have neede; yet English *Seneca*, read by candle-light, yeelds many good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth: and if you entreat him faire in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, Handfuls of tragical speeches. But O, grief! *Tempus edax verum*—what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops, will in continuance be drie; and *Seneca*, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage.'

It is manifest from this passage that some play on the story of Hamlet had been exhibited before the year 1599. Malone thinks that it was not Shakspeare's drama, but an elder performance, on which, with the aid of the old prose History of Hamblet, his tragedy was formed.

In a tract, entitled 'Wits Miserie, or the World's Madnesse, discovering the incarnate Devils of the Age,' published by Thomas Lodge in 1596, one of the devils is said to be 'a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet, revenge*.' But it is supposed that this also may refer to an elder performance.

Dr. Percy possessed a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which had been Gabriel Harvey's, who had written his name and the date, 1598, both at the beginning and end of the volume, and many remarks in the intermediate leaves; among which are these words:—'The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's *Venus* and *Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, have it in them to please the wiser sort.' Malone doubts whether this was written in 1598, because *translated Tasso* is named in another note; but it is not necessary that the allusion should be to Fairfax's translation, which was not printed till 1600: it may refer to the version of the first five books of the Jerusalem, published by R. C. [arew] in 1594.

We may therefore safely place the date of the first composition of Hamlet, at least as early as 1597; and, for reasons adduced by Mr. George Chalmers, we may presume that it was revised, and the additions made to it in the year 1600.

The first entry on the Stationers' books is by James Roberts, July 26, 1602; and a copy of the play in its first state, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, in 1603, has recently been discovered. As in the case of the earliest impressions of Romeo and Juliet, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, this edition of Hamlet appears to have been either printed from an imperfect manuscript of the prompt books, or the playhouse copy, or stolen from the author's papers. It is next to impossible that it can have been taken down during the representation, as some have supposed was the case with the other two plays.

The variations of this early copy from the play of Hamlet, in its improved state, are too numerous and striking to admit a doubt of the play having been subsequently revised, amplified, and altered by the poet. There are even some variations in the plot; the principal of which are, that Horatio announces to the Queen Hamlet's unexpected return from his voyage to England; and that the Queen is expressly declared to be innocent of any participation in the murder of Hamlet's

father, and privy to his intention of revenging his death. There are also some few lines and passages, which do not appear in the revised copy. The principal variations are noticed in the course of the notes.*

It again issued from the press in 1604, in its corrected and amended state, and in the title-page is stated to be 'newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy.' From these words Malone had drawn the natural conclusion that a former less perfect copy had issued from the press; but his star was not propitious; he never saw it. Though it is said to have formed part of the collection of sir Thomas Hanmer, it only came to light at the commencement of the present year, [1925:] too late, alas! even to gratify the enthusiasm of his zealous friend, that worthy man, James Boswell; upon whom devolved the office of giving to the world the accumulated labours of Malone's latter years, devoted to the illustration of Shakspeare.

The character of Hamlet has been frequently discussed, and with a variety of contradictory opinions. Johnson and Steevens have made severe animadversions upon some parts of his conduct. A celebrated writer of Germany, has very skillfully pointed out the cause of the defects in Hamlet's character, which unfit him for the dreadful office to which he is called. 'It is clear to me (says Goëthe) that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. All his obligations are sacred to him; but this alone is above his powers! An impossibility is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe how he shifts, turns, hesitates, advances and recedes! how he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity.†

Dr. Akenside suggested that the madness of Hamlet is not altogether feigned; and the notion has of late been revived. Dr. Ferriar, in his Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions, has termed the state of mind which Shakspeare exhibits to us in Hamlet,—as the consequence of conflicting passions and events operating on a frame of acute sensibility,—*latent lunacy*.

It has often occurred to me (says Dr. F.) that Shakspeare's character of Hamlet can only be understood on this principle:—He feigns madness for political purposes, while the poet means to represent his understanding as really (and unconsciously to himself) unhinged by the cruel circumstances in which he is placed. The horror of the communication made by his father's spectre, the necessity of belying his attachment to an innocent and deserving object, the certainty of his mother's guilt, and the supernatural impulse by which he is goaded to an act of assassination abhorrent to his nature, are causes sufficient to overwhelm and distract a mind previously disposed to "weakness and to melancholy," and originally full of tenderness and natural affection. By referring to the play, it will be seen that his real insanity is only developed after the mock play. Then, in place of a systematic conduct, conducive to his purposes, he becomes irresolute, inconsequent; and the plot appears to stand unaccountably still. Instead of striking at his object, he resigns himself to the current of events, and sinks at length ignobly under the stream.‡

* There are some singular variations in the names of the Dramatis Personæ. *Corambis* and *Montano* are the names given to the *Polonius* and *Reynaldo* of the revised play; for *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestiern* we have *Rosencraft* and *Gilderstone*; and *Osrick* is merely designated a *Braggart Gentleman*.

† William Meister's Apprenticeship, b. iv. ch. 13.

‡ Essay on the Theory of Apparitions, p. 111-116.

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd¹ up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach² in't: which is no other,
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage³ in the land.

⁴ [Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort,⁵ that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question⁶ of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy⁷ state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
* * * * *

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,⁸
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen⁹ coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.¹¹—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[Cock crows.

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Johnson explains it, 'full of spirit, not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience,' and has been hitherto uncontradicted.

1 i. e. *snapped up* or *taken up* hastily. 'Scroccare is properly to do any thing at another man's cost, to *shark* or *shift* for any thing. Scroccolone, a cunning shifter or *sharker* for any thing in time of need, namely for *victuals*; a tall treacher-man, *shifting up and down* for *belly* cheer.' The same word also signifies to *snap*. This word has not yet lost its force in vulgar conversation.

2 *Stomach* is used for *determined purpose*.

3 *Romage*, now *apelt rummage*, and in common use as a verb, though not as a substantive, for making a thorough ransack or search, a busy and tumultuous movement.

4 All the lines within crotchets in this play are omitted in the folio of 1623. The title-pages of the quartos of 1604 and 1605 declare this play to be 'enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copie.'

5 i. e. fall in with the idea of, suit, accord.

6 i. e. theme, or subject.

7 i. e. victorious; the *palm* being the emblem of victory. Chapman, in his Middle Temple Masque, has *high-palm'd hearts*.

8 A line or more is here supposed to be lost.

9 i. e. the moon.

10 Not that night-wand'ring pale and watry star.

Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

11 *Omen* is here put by a figure of speech for *predicted event*.

12 The person who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subject to its malignant influence. Among the reasons for supposing the death of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, (who died young, in 1594,) to

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,¹²
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,¹³
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring¹⁴ spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.¹⁵
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,¹⁶ nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious¹⁷ is the time.

Hor. So I have heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn,¹⁸ in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.* Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

have been occasioned by witchcraft, is the following:—'On Friday there appeared a tall man, who twice crossed him swiftly; and when the earl came to the place where he saw this man he fell sick.'—Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, vol. iii. p. 49.

Johnson remarks that the speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions.

12 Thus in Macbeth—

'As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress.'

And in King John—

'Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven.'

13 'And now the cocke, the morning's trumpeter,

Play'd hunts-up for the day-star to appear.'

Drayton.

14 'The extravagant and erring spirit.' 'Extra-vagans, wandering about, going beyond bounds.' Thus in Othello:—'To an extravagant and wheeling stranger.'

—Erring is *erraticus*, straying or roving up and down.

15 This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus, giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius of Tyanna, says, 'that it vanished with a little gleam as soon as the cock crowed.' There is a Hymn of Prudentius, and another of St. Ambrose, in which it is mentioned; and there are some lines in the latter very much resembling Horatio's speech. Mr. Douce has given them in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*.

16 i. e. no fairy blasts, or strikes. Thus in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 4—

'And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle.'

See note on that passage.

17 It has already been observed that *gracious* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *graced*, *favoured*. Vide note on As You Like It, Act i. Sc. 2.

18 First quarto, 'sun'

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;¹
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,²
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleague³ with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands⁴ of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait⁵ herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these related articles allow.⁶

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.⁷
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;

1 Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

'With an auspicious and a dropping eye.'

The same thought occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:—
'She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband,
another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled.' There
is an old proverbial phrase, 'To laugh with one eye,
and cry with the other.'

2 i. e. grief.

3 i. e. united to this strange fancy of, &c.

4 The folio reads, *bonds*; but *bands* and *bonds* sig-
nified the same thing in the poet's time.

5 *Gait* here signifies *course, progress*. *Gait* for
road, way, path, is still in use in the north. We have
this word again in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act
v. Sc. 2:—

'Every fairy takes his *gait*.'

6 The folio reads, 'More than the scope of these
dilated articles allow.' I have not scrupled to read *re-*
lated, upon the authority of the first quarto, as more in-
telligible. Malone says, 'the poet should have written
allows;' but the grammar and practice of Shakespeare's
age was not strict in the concordance of plural and sin-
gular in noun and verb: and numerous examples might
be adduced from his contemporaries to prove this. The
question is, Are the writers of that time to be tried by
modern rules of grammar, with which they were not
acquainted? Stevens, with a sweeping assertion,
which no one conversant with MSS. of the time will
allow, would attribute all such inaccuracies to illiterate
transcribers or printers. We have Malone's assertion,
that such *errors* are to be met with in almost every
page of the first folio. The first quarto reads:—

'—no further personal power

To business with the king

Than those *related* articles do shew.'

7 The various parts of the body enumerated are not
more *allied, more necessary* to each other, than the
throne of Denmark (i. e. the king) is bound to your
father to do him service.

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow
leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.⁸

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.⁹

[*Aside.*]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.¹⁰

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids¹¹

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
seems.

'Tis not alone my inkly cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.¹²

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your na-
ture, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But you must know your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his;¹³ and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term.

8 In the first quarto this passage stands thus:—

'King. With all our heart, Laertes, fare thee well.

Laer. I in all love and dutie take my leave. [*Exit.*']

The king's speech may be thus explained:—'Take an
auspicious hour, Laertes; be your time your own, and
thy best virtues guide thee in spending of it at thy will.'
Johnson thought that we should read, 'And my best
graces.' The editors had rendered this passage doubly
obscure by erroneously placing a colon at *graces*.

9 'A little more than kin, and less than kind.' This
passage has baffled the commentators, who are at issue
about its meaning; but have none of them rightly ex-
plained it. A contemporary of the poet will lead us to
its true meaning. *A little more than kin* has been
rightly said to allude to the double relationship of the
king to Hamlet, as uncle and step-father, his *kindred*
by blood and *kindred* by marriage. By *less than kind*
Hamlet means *degenerate* and *base*. 'Going out of
kinde, (says Baret,) which goeth out of *kinde*, which
doth or worketh dishonour to his kindred. Degener;
fortignant.—*Alcearic*, K. 59. 'Fortigner, (says Cot-
grave,) to degenerate, to grow out of *kind*, to differ in
conditions with his ancestors.' That *less than kind* and
out of *kind* have the same meaning, who can doubt?

10 It is probable that a quibble is intended between *sun*
and *son*. The old spelling is *sonne*.

11 i. e. with eyes cast down.

'—Vail your regard

Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said a maid.'

Measure for Measure, vol. i.

12 'My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.'

King Richard II.

13 i. e. your father lost a father, (your grandfather,) *which*
lost grandfather also lost his father. The first
quarto reads, 'That father dead, lost his.'

To do obsequious sorrow.¹ But to persevere
In obstinate condolement;² is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;³
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing⁴ woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love,⁵
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart⁶ toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend⁷ you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unford⁸ accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse⁹ the heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POLO-
NIUS, and LAERTES.]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve¹⁰ itself into a dew!

1 *Obsequious* sorrow is dutiful, observant sorrow. Shakespeare seems to have used this word generally with an allusion to *obsequies*, or funeral rites.

2 *Condolement* for grief.

3 'It shows a will most undisciplined towards heaven.'

4 *Unprevailing* was used in the sense of *unavailing* as late as Dryden's time. 'He may often prevail himself of the same advantages in English.'—*Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, 1st ed.

'And dyvers noble victoryes, as the history doth express,

That he atcheyv'd to the honour of the town,
Could not him prevail whan Fortune lyst to frown.'

Metrical Visions by G. Cavendish, p. 81.

5 This was a common form of figurative expression. The Ghost, describing his affection for the Queen, says:—

'To me, whose love was of that dignity.'

6 *I. e. dispense, bestow.* Thus Dryden:—

'High state and honours to others impart,

But give me your heart.'

7 *To bend* is to incline. 'The moeste parte bende to, &c.: In hoc consilium inaxime inclinant,' &c.—*Bartol.*

8 The quarto of 1603 reads:—

'The rouse the king shall drink unto the prince.'

A *rouse* appears to have been a deep draught to the health of any one, in which it was customary to empty the glass or vessel. Its etymology is uncertain; but I suspect it to be only an abridgement of *carouse*, which is used in the same sense. See *Peacham's Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 194.

Carouse, seems to have come to us from the French, who again appear to have derived it from the German *gar-auss*, to drink all out: at least so we may judge from the following passage in Rabelais, B. lii. Prologue:—'Enfans, beuvez a plein godets. Si bon ne vous semble, laissez le. Je ne suis de ces Importuns litte-lores, qui par force, par outrage, et violence contraignent les gentils compagnons trinquer, boire caraus, et altaux.'

The reader may consult Mr. Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 240.

9 *To resolve* had anciently the same meaning as to *dissolve*. 'To thaw or resolves that which is frozen;

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon¹¹ 'gainst self-slaughter! O, God! O,
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in na-
ture,

Possess it merely.¹² That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion¹³ to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem¹⁴ the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is wo-
man!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O, heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,¹⁵
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
with you.

regelo.—The snow is resolved and melted. To till the ground, and resolve it into dust.—*Cooper*. This is another word in a Latin sense; but it is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

10 The old copy reads, *canon*; but this was the old spelling of *canon*, a law or decree.

11 *I. e. absolutely, solely, wholly.* *Mere, Lat.*

12 *Hyperion*, or *Apollo*, always represented as a model of beauty.

13 *I. e. deign to allow.* This word being of uncommon occurrence, it was changed to *permitted* by Rowe; and to *let even* by Theobald. Steevens had the merit of pointing out the passage in Golding's *Ovid*, which settles its meaning:—

'—Yet could he not beteems

'The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme'

'—nulla tamen alite verti

Dignatur, nil quæ possit sua fulmine ferre.'

Rowe has an elegant imitation of this passage:—

'I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring

Too rough to breathe upon her.'

The word occurs again in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i. Sc. 2.

14 'Oh heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason.' Mr. Gifford, in a note on *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 149, is of opinion that we should read, 'discourse and reason.' It has, however, been shown by several quotations that 'discourse of reason' was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time; and, indeed, the poet again uses the same language in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2:

'—is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason—

—can qualify the same.'

In the language of the schools, 'Discourse' is that rational act of the mind by which we deduce or infer one thing from another. *Discourse of reason* therefore may mean *ratiocination*. Brutes have not this *reasoning faculty*, though they have what has been called *instinct* and *memory*. Hamlet opposes the *discursive* power of the intellect of men to the *instinct* of brutes in Act iv. Sc. 4, which may tend to elucidate his present meaning; if the reader has any doubts. The first quarto reads, 'a beast devoid of reason.' We have *discourse of thought*, for the *discursive range of thought*, in *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

And what make you¹ from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so:

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it trustor of your own report

Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats²

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would, I had met my dearest³ foe in heaven,

Or⁴ ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye,⁵ Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,⁶

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armed to point, exactly, cap-à-pé,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd⁷

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them, the third night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes; I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

1 i.e. what do you. Vide note on Love's Labour's
Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3.

2 It was anciently the custom to give an entertainment
at a funeral. The usage was derived from the
Roman *cena funeralis*; and is not yet disused in
the North, where it is called an *arvel* supper.

3 See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

4 This is the reading of the quarto of 1604. The first
quarto and the folio read, 'Ere I had ever.'

5 — himself behind

Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.⁸

Rape of Lucrece.

Chaucer has the expression in his Man of Lawe's
Tale:—

'But it were with thilke *eyen* of his *mind*,

Which men mowen see when they ben blinde.'

And Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Love's Triumphs:—

'As only by the *mind's eye* may be seen.'

And Richard Rolle, in his Speculum Vitae, MS. speak-
ing of Jacob's Dream:—

'That Jacob sawe with *gostly eye*.'

i.e. the eye of the mind or spirit.

6 The first quarto, 1603, has:—

'In the dead *vast* and middle of the night.'

suffer the following note to stand as I had written it
previous to the discovery of that copy.

We have 'that *vast* of night' in The Tempest, Act I.

Sc. 2. Shakespeare has been unjustly accused of in-

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;⁸

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not

His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver⁹ up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell
a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.¹⁰

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable¹¹ in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue;

I will requite your loves: So, fare you well;

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.]

tending a quibble here between *waist* and *waste*. There
appears to be nothing incongruous in the expression; on
the contrary, by 'the *dead waste* and *middle* of the
night,' I think, we have a forcible image of the void
stillness of midnight.

7 The folio reads, *bestill'd*.

8 'It is a most inimitable circumstance in Shakespeare
so to have managed this popular idea, as to make the
Ghost, which has been so long obstinately silent, and of
course must be dismissed by the morning, begin or ra-
ther prepare to speak, and to be interrupted at the very
critical time by the crowing of a cock. Another poet,
according to custom, would have suffered his ghost
tamely to vanish, without contriving this start, which is
like a start of guilt: to say nothing of the aggravation
of the future suspense occasioned by this preparation to
speak, and to impart some mysterious secret. Less
would have been expected if nothing had been prom-
ised.'—T. Warton.

9 That part of the helmet which may be lifted up,
Mr. Douce has given representations of the beaver, and
other parts of a helmet, and fully explained them in his
Illustrations, vol. i. p. 443.

10 'And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white.'

Shakespeare's Twelfth Sonnet.

11 The quarto of 1603 reads *tenible*. The other quar-

tos, *tenable*. The folio of 1623 *treble*.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *A Room in Polonius' House. Enter*
LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews,² and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel³ doth besmirch⁴
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of the whole state;⁵
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list⁶ his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd⁷ importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest⁸ maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:

1 This is the reading of the quarto copy. The folio has—

‘—sweet, not lasting,
The suppliance of a minute.’

It is plain that *perfume* is necessary to exemplify the idea of *sweet not lasting*. ‘The suppliance of a minute’ should seem to mean *supplying* or *enduring* only that short space of time, as transitory and evanescent. The simile is eminently beautiful: it is to be regretted that it should be obscured by an unusual word.

2 I. e. sinews and muscular strength. Vide note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act III. Sc. 2.

3 *Cautel* is cautious circumspection, subtlety, or deceit. Minshew explains it, ‘a crafty way to deceive.’ Thus, in a Lover's Complaint:—

‘In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Appled to *cauteles*, all strange forms receives.’

And in Coriolanus:—

‘—be caught by *cautelous* baits and practice.’

4 ‘The virtue of his will,’ means his virtuous intentions.

5 *Besmirch* is besmeared, or sully.

6 ‘The safety and health of the whole state.’ Thus the quarto of 1604. In the folio it is altered to ‘The sanctity,’ &c., supposing the metre defective. But *safety* is used as a triassyllable by Spenser and others. Thus Hall, in his first Saure, b. iii.:

‘Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis self should swear her safety.’

7 ‘If with too credulous ear you listen to his songs.’

8 Licentious.

9 I. e. the most cautious, the most discreet. In Green's Never too Late, 1616:—‘Love requires not chastity, but that her soldiers be *chary*.’ And again:—‘She lives chaste enough that lives *charily*.’ We have *charyness* in The Merry Wives of Windsor; and *unshury* in Twelfth Night, Act III. Sc. 4.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart; But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless⁹ libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.¹⁰

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing with you;

[Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.¹¹ Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;¹²
But do not dull thy palm¹³ with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,¹⁴ but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man:
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief¹⁵ in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.¹⁶
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,

9 *Reckless*, or negligent; *Omissus animus*.—*Baret*.
10 I. e. regards not his own lesson. In The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599, we have:—‘Take heed, is a good read.’ And in Sternhold, Psalm i.:

‘Blest is the man that hath not lent
To wicked rede his ear.’

11 I. e. mark, imprint, strongly infix. In Shakspeare's 122d Sonnet:—

‘—thy tables are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory.’

12 The old copies read, ‘with hoops of steel.’

13 ‘But do not dull thy palm.’ This figurative expression means, ‘do not blunt thy feeling by taking every new acquaintance by the hand, or by admitting him to the intimacy of a friend.’

14 I. e. judgment, opinion; *censura*, Lat. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II.:

‘The king is old enough to give his censure.’

15 The quarto of 1603, reads:—

‘Are of a most select and generall chief in this.’

The folio:—

‘Are of a most select and generous cheff,’ in that. The other quartos give the line:—

‘As of a most select and generous, cheefe in that.’
‘Or of a most select and generous, cheefe in that.’

Malone has tried to torture the passage into a meaning, by supposing an allusion to the chief or upper part of a shield in heraldry. But the redundancy of the line, and discrepancy of the copies, evidently show it to be corrupt. The simple emendation by omitting of *a*, and the proper punctuation of the line, make all clear. ‘The nobility of France are most select and high-minded (generous) chiefly in that; chief being an adjective used adverbially. We have *generous* for high minded, noble, in Othello, and in Measure for Measure.

16 I. e. thrift, economical prudence

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell; my blessing season¹ this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.²

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *[Exit LAERTES.]*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,

Unsuited³ in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.⁴

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love, In honourable fashion.⁵

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.⁶ I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows:⁷ these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making,—

You must not take for fire. From this time, Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments⁸ at a higher rate,

Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether⁹ may he walk,

Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,¹⁰

Not of that die which their investments show,

But more implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

The better to beguile. This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *The Platform. Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager¹¹ air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off within.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse.

Keeps wassel,¹² and the swaggering up-spring¹³ reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,¹⁴

Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:

They clepe¹⁵ us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase

11 *Eager* was used in the sense of the French *aigre*, sharp.

12 The origin of the word *wassel* is thus related by Geoffrey of Monmouth:—“On Vortigern's first interview with Rowena, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said to him, Lord king, *was hel*, i. e. be health, or health be to you! Vortigern, unacquainted with the Saxon language, inquired the meaning of these words, and being told that he should answer them by saying *Drinc heil*, he did so, and commanded Rowena to drink; then taking the cup from her hand, he kissed the damsel and pledged her. From that time the custom remained in Britain that whoever drank to another at a feast said *Was hel*, and he that immediately after received the cup answered *Drinc heil*.” The story is also told in the Metrical Chronicle of Robert of Brunne. “To keep *wassel*, was to devote the time to festivity. Vide *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2. *To wake*, signified to revel at night. Vide Florio in voce *Veggia*.”

13 I take *upspring* here to mean nothing more than *up start*. Steevens, from a passage in Chapman's *Alphonsus*, thought that it might mean a *dance*.

14 This and the following twenty-one lines are omitted in the folio. They had probably been omitted in representation, lest they should give offence to Anne of Denmark.

15 *Clepe*, call, clypian, Sax. The Danes were indeed proverbial as drunkards, and well they might be, according to the accounts of the time. “A lively French traveller, being asked what he had seen in Denmark, replied, “Rien de singulier sinon qu'on y chante tous les jours le *Roi doit*,” alluding to the French mode of celebrating Twelfth Day.” See De Brieux *Origines de quelques Coutumes*, p. 56. “Heywood, in his *Philocthonista*, or *The Drunkard Opened*, &c. 1635, 4to. speaking of what he calls the vinosity of nations, says of the Danes, that they have made a profession thereof from antiquity, and are the first upon record that brought their wassel bowls and elbowe deepe healthes into this land.”—*Douce*. Roger Ascham, in one of his *Letters*,

1 ‘To season, for to infuse,’ says Warburton. ‘It is more than to infuse, it is to infix in such a manner that it may never wear out,’ says Johnson. But hear one of the poet's contemporaries:—‘To season, to temper wisely, to make more pleasant and acceptable.’—*Baret*. This is the sense required, and is a better commentary than the conjectures of the learned critics, Warburton and Johnson, could supply. Thus in Act ii. Sc. 1, Polonius says to Reynaldo, ‘You may season it in the charge.’ And in a former scene Horatio says:—

‘Season your admiration for a while.’

2 Wait.

3 i. e. *untried, inexperienced*.

4 Shakespeare makes Polonius play on the equivocal use of the word *tender*, which was anciently used in the sense of *regard* or *respect*, as well as in that of *offer*. The folio reads, ‘roaming it thus?’ and the quarto, ‘wrong it thus.’

5 Ophelia uses *fashion* for *manner*; and Polonius equivocates upon the word, taking it in its usual acceptation, for a *transient practice*.

6 This was a proverbial phrase. There is a collection of epigrams under that title: the woodcock being accounted a witless bird, from a vulgar notion that it had no brains. ‘Springes to catch woodcocks’ means ‘arts to entrap simplicity.’

7 ‘How prodigal the tongue lends the heart vows,’ 4to. 1603.

8 i. e. ‘be more difficult of access, and let the suits to you for that purpose be of higher respect, than a command to parley.’ How Johnson could conceive *entreatments* to signify *company, conversation*, I am at a loss to imagine.

9 i. e. with a *longer line*; a horse fastened by a string to a stake, is *lithered*: figuratively, with *more licence*.

10 i. e. panders: *Brokage* and *to broke* was anciently to deal in business of an amatory nature by procurement. Thus in *A Lover's Complaint*:—

‘Know *vows* are ever *brokers* to defiling.’

Soil our addition;¹ and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole² of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,³
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,⁴—
Their virtues else, (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure⁵ take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of bale
Doth all the noble substance often doubt⁶
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,⁸
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable⁹ shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,¹⁰
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel¹¹
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,¹²
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

says, 'The Emperor of Germany, who had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' See also Howel's Letters, 8vo. 1726, p. 236. Muffet's Health's Improvement, 4to. 1635, p. 294. Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ, 8vo. 1804, vol. i. p. 349.

1 i. e. characterize us by a swinish epithet.

2 i. e. spot, blemish.

3 *Complexion* for *humour*. By *complexion* our ancestors understood the constitutions or affections of the body.

4 i. e. the influence of the planet supposed to govern our birth, &c.

5 i. e. judgment, opinion.

6 The last paragraph of this speech stands in the quarto editions thus:—

————— the dram of *eale*
Doth all the noble substance of a *doubt*
To his own scandal.⁷

Steevens reads:—

————— The dram of *base*

Doth all the noble substance often *dout* [i. e. do out.]
To his own scandal.⁷

Malone proposed:—

————— The dram of *base*

Doth all the noble substance of *worth* *dout*
To his own scandal.⁷

I see no reason why *dout* should be substituted for *doubt*. The editors have unwarrantably made the same substitution in King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 2, and then cite it as a precedent. Mr. Boswell has justly observed, that *to doubt* may mean to bring into *doubt* or *suspicion*; many words similarly formed are used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Thus *to fear* is to create fear; *to pale* is to make pale; *to cease* is to cause to cease, &c. I have followed the emendation in other respects, though I have ventured to read *bale* (i. e. evil) instead of *base*, as nearer to the reading of the first edition.

7 Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to consist of three parts. When he first sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation:—

'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!'

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself,

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;¹³
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself;
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it. [*lord,*

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles¹⁴ o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,¹⁵
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys¹⁶ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets¹⁷ me:

I say, away;—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.¹⁸

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

and determines that, whatever it be, he will venture to address it:—

'Be thou a spirit of health,' &c.

This he says while his father's spirit is advancing; he then, as he had determined, speaks to him, and calls him:

————— Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me?

[*Johnson.*

8 'Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost?

Com'st thou from heaven, where bliss and solace

dwell?

Or from the air cold-engendering coast?

Or from the darksome dungeon-hold of hell?

[*Acrostus, or After Wit, 1604.*

9 *Questionable* must not be understood in its present acceptance of *doubtful*, but as *conversable*, inviting question or conversation; this was the most prevalent meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

10 Quarto 1603—*interr'd.*

11 It appears from Olaus Wormius, cap. vii. that it was the custom to bury the Danish kings in their armour.

12 Frame of mind.

13 'I do not estimate my life at the value of a pin.'

14 i. e. overhangs his base. Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i.—'Hills lift up their beetle brows, as if they would overlook the pleasantness of their under prospect.'—The verb *to beetle* is apparently of Shakespeare's creation.

15 'To deprive your sovereignty of reason,' signifies to take from you or dispossesses you of the command of reason. We have similar instances of raising the idea of virtues or qualities by giving them rank, in Banquo's 'royalty of nature'; and even in this play we have 'nobility of love,' and 'dignity of love.'

16 i. e. whims.

17 'Villains, set down the corse, or by St. Paul

I'll make a corse of him that disobeya.'

[*King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 1.*

To let in old language is to hinder, to stay, to obstruct; and still a current term in leases and other legal instruments.

18 Marcellus answers Horatio's question, 'To what issue will this come?' and Horatio also answers himself with pious resignation, 'Heaven will direct it.'

SCENE V. *A more remote Part of the Platform.**Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.*

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come, When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,¹
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burn'd and purg'd away.² But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;³

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:⁴
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,

Ham. O, heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.⁵

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,⁶

1 The first quarto reads:—

'Confin'd in flaming fire.'

The spirit being supposed to feel the same desires and appetites as when clothed in the flesh, the pains and punishments promised by the ancient moral teachers are often of a sensual nature. Chaucer in the *Persones Tale* says, 'The misse of hell shall be in defeaute of mete and drinke.'

'Thou shalt lye in frost and fire,

With sickness and hunger,' &c.

The Wyll of the Devyll, blk. l.

2 Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into 'the punition of the saulis in purgatory.' Dr. Farmer thus compressed his account:—'It is a nedeful thyng to suffer panis and torment;—sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter, and in the fire uther sum: thus the mony vices,

Contrakkit in the corpis be done away
And purgit.'

3 'How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
stued

In the distraction of this madding fever.'

Sh. Son. 108.

4 Vide note on *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii. Sc. 2. It is *porpentine* in the old editions in every instance. *Fretful* is the reading of the folio; the quartos read *fearful*. The *irascible* nature of the animal is noted in a curious passage of the *Speculum Vitæ*, by Richard Rolle, MS.:—

'That beest is felle and sone is wrath,
And when he is greved he wol do scathe;
For when he tenes [angers] he launches out felly
The sharpe pinnes in his body.'

5 There is an allusion to the ghost in this play, or in an older one of the same name, by Lodge, in his *Wit's Miserie and the World's Madness*, 1596. He describes one of his Devils, by name Hate Virtue, as 'a foule

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,⁷
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O, wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure⁸ hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon⁹ in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd¹⁰ like eager¹¹ droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;¹¹
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

lubber, who looks as pale as the vizard of the Ghost, which cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet*, *revenge*.'

6 The folio reads—*rats* itself. &c. In the *Humorous Lieutenant*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we have:—

'This dull root pluck'd from Lethe's flood.'

Oway has a similar thought:—

'—like the coarse and useless dunghill weed
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.'

7 Quarto 1603—*heart*.

8 This is also a Latinism, *securus*, quiet, or unguarded.

9 *Hebenon* may probably be derived from *henbane*, the oil of which, according to Pliny, dropped into the ears, disturbs the brain: and there is sufficient evidence that it was held poisonous by our ancestors. In *Anton's Satires*, 1606, we have:—

'The poison'd *henbane*, whose cold juice doth kill.'

And Drayton, in his *Baron's Wars*, p. 51:—

'The poisoning *henbane* and the mandrake dread.'
The French name comes near in sound, *hannebane*. It is, however, possible that poisonous qualities may have been ascribed to *ebony*; called *ebene*, and *ebeno*, by old English writers. Marlowe, in his *Jew of Malta*, speaking of noxious things, says:—

'—The blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of *hebon*, and cocus' breath.'

The French word *hebenon*, which would be applied to any thing made from *ebony*, comes indeed very close to the *hebenon* of Shakspeare. In confirmation of my conjecture, I find the newly discovered quarto, 1603, reads—*hebona*.

10 In Sc. iv. we have *eager* air for sharp biting air. *Eger*, (says Baret,) *sower*, sharp, acidus, aigre.

11 Quarto, 1603, *deprived*. I have elsewhere remarked that to *despatch* and to *rid* were synonymous in Shakspeare's time.

Unhousel'd,¹ disappointed,² unanel'd;³
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head;
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:⁴
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O, earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe.⁵ Remember thee?
 Yea, from the tables of my memory⁶
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yea, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:⁷

It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,——

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Illo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.⁸

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

1 *Unhousel'd* is without having received the sacrament. Thus in Hormanni *Vulgaria*, 1519:—'He is departed without ehryste and housyll.' And in *Speculum Vitæ*, MS. it is a sin—

'To receive nat once in the years
Housel and schrifte with conscience clere.'

2 *Disappointed* is the same as *unappointed*, and may be explained *unprepared*. A man well furnished for an enterprise is said to be well *appointed*. In Measure for Measure, Isabella addresses her brother, who is condemned to die, thus:—

'Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed.'

3 *Unanel'd* is without extreme unction. Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, edit. 1824, p. 324:—'Then we began to put him in mind of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to *aneal* him.' 'The fyfth sacrament is *anoynting of seke men*, the whiche oyle is halowed of the byshop, and mynystred by preestes that ben of lawfull age, in grete peryll of dethe: in lyghtnes and abatynge of theyr sikenes, yf God wyll that they lyve; and in *forgyveynge of theyr venyal synnes and releasyng of theyr payne*, yf they shal deye.'—*The Feestyval*, fol. 171.

4 *Uneffectual*, i. e. shining without heat. The use of *to pale* as a verb is rather unusual, but not peculiar to Shakspeare. It is to be found in Chaucer and our elder writers.

5 I. e. in this head confused with thought.

6 Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. i:—

And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
 And keep no tell-tale in his *memory*.'

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be aceret,——

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:

You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—

For every man hath business, and desire,

Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,

Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,

'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick,⁹ but there is, Ho ratio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.¹⁰

'Tables or books, or registers for memorie of things,' were then used by all ranks, and contained prepared leaves from which what was written with a silver style could easily be effaced.

7 The quarto 1603 has—'Now to the words.' By 'Now to my word,' Hamlet means now to my motto, my word of remembrance; or as it is expressed by King Richard III. *word of courage*. Steevens asserted that the allusion is to the military watchword. A word, motto, or motto, was any short sentence, such as is inscribed on a token, or under a device or coat of arms. It was a common phrase. See Ben Jonson's Works, by Mr. Gifford, vol. ii. p. 102.

8 This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. Thus in Tyro's *Roaring Megge*, 1598:—

'Yet ere I journe, Ile go to see the kye,

Come, come, bird, come: pox on you, you can mute.'

9 Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakspeare for making the Danish prince swear by *St. Patrick*, by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland. It is, however, more probable that the poet seized the first popular imprecation that came to his mind, without regarding whether it suited the country or character of the person to whom he gave it.

10 The custom of swearing by the sword, or rather by the cross at the upper end of it, is very ancient. In the *Soiloquy of Roland*, addressed to his sword, the cross which the guard and handle form is not forgotten:—'Capulo eburneo candidissime, cruce aurea splendidissime,' &c.—*Turpini de Gestis Carol. Mag. cap. 21*. The name of Jesus was not unfrequently inscribed on the handle. The allusions to this custom are very

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Hic ei ubique! then we'll shift our ground :—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know* ;—or, *We could, an if we*

would ;—or, *If we list to speak* ;—or, *There be, an*

if they might ;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—This not to do,

swear ;¹

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friendship to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint ;—O, cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Polonius' House. Enter*
POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers³ are in Paris ;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

numerous in our old writers, and Warburton has noticed it in Bartholinus De Causis Contempt. Mort. apud Danos. Simon Maloi, in his very curious book *Dierum Canicularium*, mentions that the ancient Germans swore by the sword and death. Leonato, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 3, says :—

Thou'lt swear by this sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding."

1 The quarto 1604 reads—'this do swear.' The construction of this passage is rather embarrassed, but the sense is sufficiently obvious without explanation.

2 'Shakespeare has riveted our attention to the ghost by a succession of forcible circumstances : by the previous report of the terrified sentinels,—by the solemnity of the hour at which the phantom walks,—by its martial stride and discriminating armour, visible only *per incertam lunam*, by the glimpses of the moon,—by its long taciturnity, by its preparation to speak, when interrupted by the morning cock,—by its mysterious reserve throughout its first scene with Hamlet,—by his resolute departure with it, and the subsequent anxiety of his attendants,—by its conducting him to a solitary angle of the platform, by its voice from beneath the earth,—and by its unexpected burst on us in the closet.

What company, at what expense ; and finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it : Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him ;

As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*

And, in part, him ;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him ;—but, you may say, not well :*

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild ;

Addicted so and so ;—and there put on him

What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing,⁴ swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing :—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency ;

That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so

quantly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty ;

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind ;

A savageness⁵ in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence ;

Good sir, or so ;⁶ or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—*He does—*

What was I about to say ?—*By the mass, I was*

about to say something :—*Where did I leave ?*

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay marry ;*

He closes with you thus :—*I know the gentleman ;*

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then ; with such, or such ; and, as you say,

There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in his rouse ;

There falling out at tennis : or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Hamlet's late interview with the spectre must in particular be regarded as a stroke of dramatic artifice. The phantom might have told his story in the presence of the officers and Horatio, and yet have rendered itself as inaudible to them as it afterwards did to the queen. But suspense was the poet's object : and never was it more effectually created than in the present instance. Six times has the royal semblance appeared, but till now has been withheld from speaking. For this event we have waited with impatient curiosity, unaccompanied by lassitude, or remitted attention.—*Steevens.*

3 *l. e. Danes.* Warner, in his *Albion's England*, calls Denmark *Danske*.

4 'The cunning of fencers is now applied to quarrelling : they think themselves no men, if for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valour upon some bodies fleshe.'—*Gosson's Schole of Abuse*, 1579.

5 'A wildness of untamed blood, such as youth is generally assailed by.'

6 So, for so forth, as in the last act :—'Six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so.'

(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) or so forth.

See you now ;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,¹
By indirections find directions out ;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son : You have me, have you not ?

Reg. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Reg. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.²

Reg. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Reg. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved³ to his ankle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,⁴
And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love ;
Whose violent property foredoes⁵ itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

1 i. e. by tortuous devices and side essays. 'To assay, or rather essay, of the French word *essayer*, *tentare*,' says Barlet.

2 i. e. In your own person, personally add your own observations of his conduct to these inquiries respecting him.

3 Hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the letters or gyves round the ancles.

4 i. e. his breast. 'The bulk or breast of a man, thorax, la poitrine.'—Barlet. Thus in King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 4, Clarence says:—

' ————— but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth,—
But smother'd it within my panting bulk.'

Malone cites this, and the following passage, and yet explains it *all his body* !—

' ————— her heart
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.'

Shakespeare. *Lucrece*.

5 To *foredo* and to *undo* were synonymous. Thus in *Othello* :—

' That either makes me or foredoes me quite.'

6 To quote, is to *note*, to *mark*. Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

' Yea, the illiterate

Will quote my loathed trespass in my looks.'

This word in the quarto is written *coted*, which was the old orthography of *quoted*.

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted⁶ him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.⁷ Come, go we to the king ;
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.⁸
Come.⁹ [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.* Enter King,
Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not¹⁰ the exterior nor the inward man
Remembers that it was : What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream¹¹ of : I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him :
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,¹²

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time : so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,¹³
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry,¹⁴ and good will,
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,¹⁵
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,¹⁶
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,¹⁷
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

7 This is not the remark of a weak man. It is always the fault of a little mind made artful by long commerce with the world. The quartos read, 'By heaven, it is as proper,' &c.

8 'This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret,) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet.' Johnson, whose explanation this is, attributes the obscurity to the poet's 'affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet.' There would surely have been more affectation in deviating from the universally established custom.

9 Folio omits *come*.

10 Quarto—*sith* nor.

12 Quarto—*haviour*.

13 This line is omitted in the folio.

14 Gentry for *gentle courtesy*. 'Gentlemanliness or gentry, kindness, or natural goodness. Generositas.'—Barlet.

15 Supply and profit is aid and advantage.

16 i. e. over us.

17 Folio omits *but*.
18 There is no ground for the assertion that this metaphorical expression is derived from bending a bow. See Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii. Sc. 3. Hamlet in a future scene says:—

'They fool me to the very top of my bent.'
i. e. to the utmost of my inclination or disposition.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz;

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, Amen!

[*Exeunt* ROS. *GUIL.* and some Attendants.
Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail¹ of policy so sure
As it hath² us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit³ to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our overhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Pol. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand,⁴—sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give the assay⁵ of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;⁶

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack:

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Gives a Paper.*

1 i. e. the trace or track. Vestigium. It is that vestige, whether of footmarks or scent, which enables the hunter to follow the game.

2 Folio—as I have.

3 Folio—news. By fruit dessert is meant.

4 i. e. deluded, imposed on, deceived by false appearances. It is used several times by Shakspeare; Macbeth, Act iii. Sc. 1; Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. Sc. 1; Cymbeline, Sc. ult.

5 Malone refers to the custom of taking the assay of wine, &c. before it was drunk by princes and other great persons, to ascertain that it was not poisoned. But the expression in the text has nothing to do with that custom. To give the assay of arms, is 'to attempt or essay any thing in arms, or by force. Acting arms.' I have to request the reader's patience for this superfluous note, but it is really sometimes impossible to resist exposing such mistakes.

6 That is, the king gave his nephew a feud or fee in land of that annual value. The quartos read three score thousand.

7 i. e. to inquire. 'Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is acciden-

tal, it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate⁷
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,

That we find out the cause of this effect;

Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect, defective, comes by cause:

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise.

—To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most

beautified⁸ Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a

vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.⁹

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads.*

Doubt, that the sun doth move:

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have

not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,

O, most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst

this machine is to him, Hamlet

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

tal, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositaries of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel: but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and fall into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.—Johnson.

8 Vile as Polonius esteems the phrase, from its equivocal meaning, Shakspeare has used it again in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

—Seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape, &c.

Nash, in his dedication of Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594:—'To the most beautified Lady Elizabeth Cary.' It is not uncommon in dedications and encomiastic verses of the poet's age.

9 See note on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 1. Formerly the word these was usually added at the end of the superscription of letters. The folio reads:—'These in her excellent white bosom these.'

King. But how hath she
 Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I fain would prove so. But what might
 you think,
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book;
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 What might you think? no, I went round² to work,
 And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;³
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,⁴
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
 that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
 [Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
 together,
 Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
 Be you and I behind an arras then;
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

1 'If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb.'
 That is 'If I had acted the part of *depository* of their
 secret loves, or given my heart a *hint* to be mute about
 their passion.' The quartos read—'given my heart a
working;' and the modern editors follow this reading:
 I prefer the reading of the folio. 'Connivencia, a wink-
 ing at; a surference: a feigning not to see or know.'
 The pleonasm, *mute and dumb*, is found in the Rape
 of Lucrece:—

'And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb*.'
 2 Plainly, roundly, without reserve. Polonius, in
 the third act, says, 'be round with him.'

3 This was changed to *sphere* in the 4to. 1632. and
 that reading is followed by the modern editions. 'Out
 of thy *star*,' is placed above thee by *destiny*. We
 have *fortune's star* in a former scene. Aumerle in
 King Richard III. says:—

'Shall I so much dishonour my fair *stars*?
 4 'The ridicule of this character is here admirably
 sustained. He would not only be thought to have dis-
 covered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have
 remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his
 sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician
 could have done; when all the while the madness was
 only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a
 man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small
 politicians, that he could find—

'Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.'
Warburton.
 5 i. e. *accost*, address him. See Twelfth Night, Act
 i. Sc. 3.

6 The old copies read—'being a good kissing car-
 ron.' The emendation is Warburton's, who has accom-
 panied it with a long comment, in which he endeavours
 to prove that Shakespeare intended the passage as a
 vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil
 to abound in the world. He observes that Shakespeare
 'had an art not only of acquainting the audience with

Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
 comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
 I'll board⁵ him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exit* KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.
 How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
 is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
 dog, being a god, kissing carrion,⁶—Have you a
 daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is
 a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,⁷—
 friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harp-
 ing on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first;
 he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far
 gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffered much ex-
 tremity for love: very near this. I'll speak to him
 again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue⁸ says
 here, that old men have gray beards: that their
 faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber,
 and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful
 lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of
 which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently
 believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus
 set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I
 am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method
 in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my
 lord?

what his actors say, but what they think.' This emen-
 dation, and the moral comment on it, delighted Dr. John-
 son, who says, 'that it almost sets the critic on a level
 with the author!' There was certainly much ingenuity
 in the emendation (which is unquestionably right) as
 well as in the argument, but the latter appears totally
 irrelevant and strained, and certainly was rather intend-
 ed to show the skill and ingenuity of the critic than to
 raise the character of the poet, or display his true mean-
 ing. Warburton pointed out the same kind of expres-
 sion in Cymbeline:—'Common-kissing Titan.' And
 Malone has adduced the following passage from the
 play of King Edward III. 1596, which Shakespeare had
 certainly seen:—

'The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
 The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss.'

7 The folio reads—'Conception is a blessing, but not
 as your daughter may conceive.' Steevens thinks that
 there is a play upon words here, as in the first scene of
 King Lear:—

'Kent. I cannot conceive you, sir.
 Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could.'

But the simple meaning may be, 'though conception
 in general be a blessing, yet as your daughter may
 chance to conceive that it may be a calamity, every
 thing being so corrupt or sinful in the world;' he there-
 fore counsels Polonius not to let his daughter 'walk
 i' the sun,' i. e. be too much exposed to the corrupting
 influence of the world. The abrupt transitions and ob-
 scurities of Hamlet's language are intended to give
 Polonius a notion of his insanity.

8 By 'the satirical rogue' Warburton will have it
 that Shakespeare means Juvenal, and refers to a pas-
 sage on old age in his tenth satire. Dr. Farmer states
 that there was a translation of that satire by Sir John
 Beaumont, but is uncertain whether it was printed in
 Shakespeare's time. The defects of age were, however,
 a common topic of moral reflection.

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.¹

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir!

[To POLONIUS.
[Exit POLONIUS.]

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true.² [Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.³

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars'

shadows:⁴ Shall we to the court? for, by my fay,⁵ I cannot reason.

Ros. *Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.] But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?⁶

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [Aside. —if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me to be a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,⁷ why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten⁸ entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted⁹ them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: [the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;¹⁰] and

7 To have an eye of any one is to have an inkling of his purpose, or to be aware of what he is about. It is still a common phrase. The first quarto has:—'Nay, then I see how the wind sets.'

8 'Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold.'

Merchant of Venice.

9 See Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5.

10 To cote is to pass alongside, to pass by:—

'—Marry, presently coted and outstript them.'

Return from Parnassus

'With that Hippomenes coted her.'

Golding's Ovid, Metam. ii.

It was a familiar hunting term, and its origin from

a cote, French, is obvious.

11 The first quarto reads:—'The clown shall make them laugh that are tickled in the lungs.' The words as they now stand are in the folio. The meaning appears to be, the clown shall make even those laugh whose lungs are tickled with a dry cough, or huskiness;

1 This speech is abridged thus in the quartos:—

'I will leave him and my daughter. My lord,

I will take my leave of you.'

2 All within crotchets is wanting in the quarto copies.

3 Shakspeare has accidentally inverted the expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is the dream of a shadow. 'Thus also Sir John Davies:—
Man's life is but a dreame, nay, less than so,
A shadow of a dreame.'

4 'If ambition is such an unsubstantial thing, then are our beggars (who at least can dream of greatness) the only things of substance, and monarchs and heroes, though appearing to fill such mighty space with their ambition, but the shadows of the beggars' dreams.' Johnson thought that Shakspeare designed 'a ridicule of those declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty.'

5 See note on the Induction to Taming of a Shrew,

6 See note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3.

the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy² of children, little eyases,³ that cry out on the top of the question,⁴ and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?⁵ Will they pursue the quality,⁶ no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre⁷ them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.⁸

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is

by his merriment shall convert even their coughing into laughter. The same expression occurs in Howard's *Defensive* against the Poysen of supposed Prophecies, 1620, folio:—'Discovering the moods and humours of the vulgar sort to be so loose and tickle of the sear.'⁹

1 In the first quarto copy this passage stands thus:—

'Ham. How comes it that they travel? do they grow restle?

'Gil. No, my lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

'Ham. How then?

'Gil. 'Faith, my lord, *novelty* carries it away, for the principal publicke audience that came to them, are turned to private plays, and to the humour of children.'

By this we may understand what Hamlet means in saying 'their inhibition comes of the late innovation,' i. e. their prevention or hinderance comes from the late innovation of *companies of juvenile performers*, as the children of the revels, the children of St. Paula, &c.—They have not relaxed in their endeavours to please, but this (brood) airy of little children are now the fashion, and have so abused the common stages as to deter many from frequenting them. Thus in Jack Drum's *Entertainment*, or *Hasquill* and Catherine, 1601:

'I sawe the children of Powles last night,
And troth they pleased me preutie prettie well,
The apes in time will do it handsomely.

'Pla. 'Faith,

I like the audience that frequentheth there
With much applause: a man shall not be chokt
With the stench of garlic, nor be pasted
To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.

'Bra. 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope
The boys will come one day in great request.'

2 i. e. a brood.

3 i. e. young nestlings; properly young unfledged hawks.

4 Question is speech, conversation. The meaning may therefore be, they cry out on the top of their voice.

5 i. e. paid.

6 i. e. profession. Mr. Gifford has remarked that 'this word seems more peculiarly appropriated to the profession of a player by our old writers.' But in *Measure for Measure*, Angelo, when the *Bawd* and *Tupster* are brought before him inquires what *quality* they are of. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the

King of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths⁹ at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Blood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply¹⁰ with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.¹¹

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too, —at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you; When Roscius was an actor in Rome, —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord

Ham. Buz, buz!¹²

Pol. Upon my honour, —

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass, —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral [tragic-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,¹³ scene indivisible, or poem unlimited:—Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor

Outlaws speak of men of our quality. And Sir Thomas Eliot, in his *Platonic Dialogue*, 1534:—'According to the *profession* or *qualitee*, wherein men have opinion that wisdom doth rest, so ought to be the form of living, countenance, and gesture.' He is speaking of *philosophers*.

'No longer than they can sing,' i. e. no longer than they keep the voices of boys, and sing in the choir.

7 i. e. set them on, a phrase borrowed from the setting on a dog. Thus in King John:—

'Like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.'

8 i. e. carry all the world before them: there is perhaps an allusion to the *Globe* theatre, the sign of which is said to have been Hercules carrying the globe.

9 First copy, 'mops and moes.' Folio, 'mowes.'

10 'Let me comply with you in this garb.' Hammer, with his usual temerity, changed *comply* to *compliment*, and Steevens has contented himself with saying that he means 'to compliment with,' here and in a passage in the fifth act, 'He did comply with his dug before he sucked it,' where that sense would be even more absurd. He evidently never looked at the context. Hamlet has received his old schoolfellows with somewhat of the coldness of suspicion hitherto, but he now remembers that this is not courteous: He therefore rouses himself to give them a proper reception, 'Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me embrace you in this fashion: lest I should seem to give you a less courteous reception than I give the players, to whom I must behave with at least exterior politeness.' That to *comply* with was to *embrace*, will appear from the following passages in Herrick:—

—witty Ovid, by

Whom Corinna sits, and doth comply,
With iv'ry wrists, his laureat head, and steep
His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.'

11 The original form of this proverb was undoubtedly 'To know a hawk from a *heronshaw*,' that is, to know a hawk from the *heron* which it pursues. The corruption is said to be as old as the time of Shakespeare.

12 Surely the commentators need not have expended their ingenuity on this common interjection.

13 The words within crotchets are not in the quartos.

Plautus too light for the law of writ¹ and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephthah*, Judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.²

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*.—The first row of the pious chanson³ will show you more; for look, my abridgment⁴ comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all;—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valenced⁵ since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By—r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.⁶ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.⁷—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Player. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million;⁸ 'twas caviare to the general;⁹ but it was, (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play: well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines,¹⁰ to make the mat-

ter savoury: nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection;¹¹ but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—
The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The ragged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse.
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now he is total gules; horribly trick'd¹²
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks; So proceed you.*

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Player. Anon he finds him

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack¹³ stand still*

1 *Writ* for *writing*, a common abbreviation, which is not yet obsolete: we still say holy *writ*, for the sacred writings. I should not have noticed this, but that there have been editors who thought that we should read, 'the law of *writ*.' The quarto of 1603 reads, 'for the law *hath* writ.' The modern editions have pointed this passage in the following manner:—'Scene indivisible, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of *writ*, and the liberty, these are the only men.' I have adhered to the pointing of the quarto, because it appears to me that the *law* and the *liberty* of *writing* relates to Seneca and Plautus, and not to the players.

2 An imperfect copy of this ballad, of 'Jephthah, Judge of Israel,' was given to Dr. Percy by Steevens. See *Reliques*, ed. 1794, vol. i. p. 159. There is a more correct copy in Mr. Evan's *Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 7, ed. 1810.

3 *Pious chanson* is the reading of the first folio; three of the quartos read *pious*; and the newly discovered quarto of 1603, '*the godly ballad*;' which puts an end to controversy upon the subject. The *first row* is the first column. Every one is acquainted with the form of these old carols and ballads.

4 The folio reads, 'abridgments come.' My *abridgment*, i. e. who come to abridge my talk.

5 i. e. fringed with a beard.

6 A *chopine*, a kind of high shoe, or rather clog, worn by the Spanish and Italian ladies, and adopted at one time as a fashion by the English. Coriarte describes those worn by the Venetians as some of them 'half a yard high.' Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, complains of this fashion, as a monstrous affectation, 'wherein our ladies imitate the Venetian and Persian ladies.' That the fashion was originally of oriental origin seems very probable: there is a figure of a Turkish lady with *chopines* in *Sandy's Travels*; and another of a Venetian courtesan in the *Habit Antichi*, &c. di Cesare Vecellio.

Chapin is the Spanish name; and Cobarruvias countenances honest Tom Coriarte's account of the preposterous height to which some ladies carried them. He tells an old tale of their being invented to prevent women's gadding, being first made of wood, and very heavy;

and that the ingenuity of the women overcame this inconvenience by substituting *cork*. Though they are mentioned under the name of *cioppini* by those who saw them in use in Venice, the dictionaries record them under the title of *zoccoli*. Cobarruvias asserts that they were made of *zapino* (deal) in Italy, and not of cork; and hence their name. But the Spanish doctors differ about the etymology. Perhaps Hamlet may have some allusion to the *boy* having grown so as to fill the place of a tragedy heroine, and so assumed the *colturnus*; which Puttenham described as 'high corked shoes, or pantofles, which they now call in Spaine and Italy *shoppini*.'

7 The old gold coin was thin and liable to crack. There was a *ring* or circle on it, within which the sovereign's head, &c. was placed; if the crack extended beyond this ring, it was rendered uncurrent: it was therefore a simile applied to any other debased or injured object. There is some humour in applying it to a *cracked voice*.

8 The quarto of 1603 *vulgar*.

9 'Twice *caviare* to the general.' *Caviare* is said to be the pickled roes of certain fish of the sturgeon kind, called in Italy *caviale*, and much used there and in other Catholic countries. Great quantities were prepared on the river Volga formerly. As a dish of high seasoning and peculiar flavour it was not relished by the *many*, i. e. the general. A fantastic fellow, described in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, is said to be learning to eat macaroni, periwinkles, French beans, and *caviare*, and pretending to like them.

10 'There were no *sallets* in the lines.' The force of this phrase will appear from the following passage, cited by Steevens, from A Banquet of Jest, 1665:—'For *junkets*, joci, and for *sallets*, sales.' 'Sal, *Salle*, a pleasant and merry word, that maketh folke to laugh, and sometimes pricketh.'—*Baret*.

11 i. e. impeach the author with *affectation* in his style. In Love's Labour's Lost, Nathaniel tells the Pe-dant that his reasons have been 'witty without *affectation*.'

12 *Gules*, i. e. *red*, in the language of heraldry: to *trick* is to colour.

'With man's blood *paint* the ground; *gules*, *gules*.' *Timon of Athens*.

13 The *rack* is the clouds, formed by vaporous exha-

*The bold winds speechless,¹ and the orb below
As hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour, for'd for proof² eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away your power :
Break all the spokes and felloes from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends !*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
'Pr'ythee, say on :—He's for a jig,³ or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps :—say on : come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah wo ! had seen the mobled⁴
queen*—

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning
the flames*

*With bisson⁵ rheum ; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounc'd :*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs :
The instant burst of clamour that she made,⁶
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch⁷ the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour,
and has tears in his eyes.—'Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the
rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be
well used ; for they are the abstract, and brief chrono-
nicles of the time : After your death you were bet-
ter have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while
you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

lation. Johnson has chosen this passage, and one in
Dryden of the same import, to exemplify the word
which he explains, 'the clouds as they are driven by
the winds.'

1 'Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth.'

Venus and Adonis.

2 'He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry.' *Giga*, in
Italian, was a fiddle, or crowd ; *gigaro*, a fiddler, or
minstrel. Hence a *jig*, (first written *gigge*, though pro-
nounced with a *g* soft, after the Italian), was a ballad,
or ditty, sung to the fiddle. 'Frouola, a countrie *gigge*,
or round, or country song or wanton verse.' As these
itinerant minstrels proceeded, they made it a kind of
farical dialogue ; and at length it came to signify a
short merry interlude :—'Farce, the *jigg* at the end of
an entrelude, wherein some pretie knaverie is acted.'
There are several of the old ballads and dialogues call'd
Jigs in the Harleian Collection. Thus also, in the
Fatal Contract, by Heintjes :—

'—we'll hear your *jiggs*,

How is your *ballad* titled ?

3 The folio reads *mobled*, an evident error of the
press, for *mobled*, which means *muffled*. The queen
is represented with 'a clout upon her head, and a blan-
ket wrapt round her, caught up in the alarm of fear.'
We have the word in Ogilby's Fables :—

'*Mobled* nine days in my considering cap.'

And in Shirley's Gentleman of Venice :—

'The moon doth *mobble* up herself.'

4 *Bisson* is blind. *Bisson rheum* therefore is blind-
ing tears.

5 'Would have made *milch* the burning eye of hea-
ven.' By a hardy poetical license, this expression
means, 'Would have *filled with tears* the burning eye
of heaven.' To have 'made *passion* in the gods' would
have been to move them to *sympathy* or *compassion*.

6 'The plays of Shakspeare, by their own power,
must have given a different turn to acting, and almost

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better : Use
every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape
whipping ? Use them after your own honour and
dignity : The less they deserve, the more merit is in
your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play to-
morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend ; can you
play the murder of Gonzago ?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could,
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or six-
teen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't ?
could you not ?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord ; and look
you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friend
[To Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night : you
are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord !

[Exit ROS. and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Ay, so, good bye to you :—Now I am
alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing ?
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue⁸ for passion,
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal peak,
Like John a-dreams,⁹ unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,

new-created the performers of his age. Mysteries, mo-
ralities, and interludes, afforded no materials for art to
work on, no discriminations of character, or varieties of
appropriated language. From tragedies like Cambyes,
Tamburlaine, and Jeronimo, nature was wholly banish-
ed ; and the comedies of Gammer Gurton, Comoe Con-
dycyons, and The Old Wives' Tale, might have had
justice done to them by the lowest order of human beings.

'Sanctus his animal, mentisque capacius altis, was
wanting when the dramas of Shakspeare made their
first appearance ; and to these we were certainly in-
debted for the excellent actors who could never have im-
proved so long as their sensibilities were unawakened,
their memories burthened only by pedantic or puritanical
declamation, and their manners vulgarised by plea-
santry of as low an origin.'—Steevens.

7 The folio reads *warm'd*, which reading Steevens
contended for : he was probably moved by a spirit of
opposition ; for surely no one can doubt, who considers
the context, that *wann'd* is the poet's word. Indeed, I
question whether *his visage warm'd*, for *his face suf-
fused*, would have entered into the mind of a writer
or the comprehension of a reader or auditor in Shak-
speare's time.

8 I.e. the *hint* or *prompt word*, a technical phrase
among players ; it is the word or sign given by the
prompter for a player to enter on his *part*, to begin to
speak or act. 'A prompter (says Florio,) one who
keeps the booke for the plaiers, and teacheth them, or
schollers their *kue*, i. e. their *part* ; and this will explain
why it is used in other places, as in Othello, for *part* :—

'Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.'

9 *John a-dreams* or *John a-droynes*, was a common
term for any *dreaming* or *droning* simpleton. There is
a story told of one *John a-droynes*, a Suffolk simpleton,
who played the Devil in a stage play, in the Hundred
Merry Tales. And there is another foolish character of
that name in Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra. *Un-
pregnant* is not quickened or properly impressed with.

A damn'd defeat¹ was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless²
villain!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,³
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brains!⁴ Humph! I
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,⁵
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him⁶ to the quick; if he do blench,⁷
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative⁸ than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of conference⁹
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be soundest;
But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

1 *Defeat* here signifies *destruction*. It was frequently used in the sense of *undo* or *take away* by our old writers. Thus Chapman in his *Revenge for Honour*—

'That he might meantime make a sure defeat
On our good aged father's life.'

2 *Kindless* is unnatural.

3 The first folio reads thus:—

'Oh vengeance!'

Who? What an ass am I? I sure this is most brave,
That I the sonne of the Deere murdered.'

The quarto of 1604 omits 'Oh vengeance,' and reads, 'a deere murdered.' The quarto of 1602, 'that I the son of my dear father.'

4 It seems extraordinary that Mason and Steevens could ever conceive that there was any allusion here to the nautical phrase, *about ship*. 'About my brains' is nothing more than 'to work my brains.' The common phrase, to go about a thing, is not yet obsolete. Falstaff humours the equivocal use of the word in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'No quips now, Pistol, indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift.' Steevens's quotation from Heywood's *Iron Age* should have taught him better:—

'My brain about again! for thou hast found
New projects now to work on.'

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.¹⁰

Queen.

Did you assay him

To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught¹¹ on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol.

'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront¹² Ophelia:

Her father, and myself (lawful espials,¹³)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen.

I shall obey you:

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph.

Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow¹⁴ ourselves:—Read on this book;
[To OPHELIA.

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness.¹⁵—We are oft to blame in this,—

'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er

The devil himself.

King.

O, 'tis too true! how smart

A lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

Than is my deed to my most painted word:

O, heavy burden!

[Aside.

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exit King and POLONIUS.

5 A number of instances of the kind are collected by Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*.

6 To tent was to probe, to search a wound.

7 To blench is to shrink or start. Vide *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2.

8 i. e. more near, more immediately connected. The first quarto reads, 'I will have sounder proofs.'

9 Folio—circumstance.

10 'Slow to begin conversation, but free enough in answering our demands.'

11 i. e. reached, overtook.

12 i. e. meet her, encounter her; *affrontare*, Ital. See *Winter's Tale*, Act v. Sc. 1.

13 'Lawful espials'; that is lawful spies. 'An espiall in warres, a scoutwatche, a beholder, a viewer.'—*Baret*. See *King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. 4*. An *espy* was also in use for a *spy*. The two words are only found in the folio.

14 'Bestow ourselves' is here used for *hide* or *place* ourselves. We have the word in the same sense in a subsequent scene:—

'Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.'

We now use *stow*. One of our old dictionaries makes a discrimination between the acceptations of the word, thus:—'To bestow, or lay out; to bestow, or give; to bestow, or place.'

15 Quarto—lowliness.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;¹⁰
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith¹¹ and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,¹²
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons¹³
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did:

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

1 'This mortal coil;' that is, 'the tumult and bustle of this life.' It is remarkable that under *garbuglio*, which has the same meaning in Italian as our *coil*, Florio has 'a pecke of troubles'; of which Shakespeare's 'sea of troubles' is only an aggrandized idea.

2 i. e. the consideration. This is Shakespeare's most usual sense of the word.

3 Time, for the time, is a very usual expression with our old writers. Thus in Ben Jonson's Every Man Out of his Humour:

'Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of time.'

4 Florio—'the poor man's contumely.'

5 The allusion is to the term *quietus est*, used in settling accounts at exchequer audits. Thus Webster in his Dutchess of Malfy:—

'You had the trick in audit time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your *quietus*.'

And, more appositely, in Sir Thomas Overbury's character of a *Franklin*:—'Lastly to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not feare his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.'

6 'Bodkin was the ancient term for a small dagger.'

7 Packs, burdens.

8 Though to *grunt* has been degraded in modern language, it appears to have conveyed no vulgar or low image to the ear of our ancestors, as many quotations from the old translations of the classics would show. 'Loke that the places about thee be so in silence that thy courage and mynde gronte nor groudge nat.' *Paynel's Translation of Erasmus de Contempti Mundi*. The fact seems to be, that to *groan* and to *grunt* were convertible terms. 'Swayne would for love *groymeth*.'—*Horman's Vulgaria*. And Chaucer in The Monk's Tale:—

'But never gront he at no stroke but on.'

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.¹⁴

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in;¹⁵ imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in; What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where¹⁶ but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell!¹⁷ Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings¹⁸ too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance;¹⁹ Go to; I'll no more of it: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit HAMLET.*]

9 Mr. Douce points out the following passages in Cranmer's Bible, which may have been in Shakespeare's mind:—'Afore I goe thither, from whence I shall not turne againe, even to the lande of darkness, and shadowe of death; yea into that darke cloudie lande and deadly shadow wherens no order, but terrible feare as in the darkness.'—*Job*, c. x. 'The way that I must goe is at hande, but whence I shall not turne againe.'—*Is.* c. xvi.

—Weep not for Mortimer,
That scorne the world, and as a traveller
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.'

Marlowe's *King Edward II.*

10 'I'll not meddle with it,—it makes a man a coward'
—*King Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4. And again:—
'O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.'

Id. Act v. Sc. 3.

11 Quartos—*pitch*.

12 Folio—*away*.

13 'This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts.'—*Johnson*.

14 i. e. 'your honesty should not admit your beauty to any discourse with her.' The first quarto reads:—
'Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.'
That of 1604:—'You should admit no discourse to your beauty.'

15 'Than I have thoughts to put them in.' To put 'a thing into thought' is 'to think on it.'

16 Folio—*way*.

17 Folio—*Go, farewell*.

18 The folio, for *paintings*, has *prattlings*; and for *face* has *pace*.

19 'You mistake by wanton affection, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.'

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,²⁰
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune¹ and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy:² O, wo is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,³
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries distant,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet, I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My Lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round⁴ with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the same. Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines.⁵ Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to

tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings:⁶ who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing 'Termagant';⁷ it out-herods Herod: 'Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.⁸ Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance,⁹ o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question¹⁰ of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

standing gentlemen of the ground; and Shirley, 'grave underlanders.'

¹ No shows, no dance, and what you most delight in, Grave underlanders, here's no target-fighting.

² Sir W. Cornwallis calls the ignorant *earthlings*. 'I have not been ashamed to adventure mine ears with a ballad-singer,—the profit to see *earthlings* satisfied with such coarse stuffe,' &c.—*Essay* 15. ed. 1623.

³ *Termagant* is the name given in old romances to the tempestuous god of the Saracens. He is usually joined with *Mahound* or *Mahomet*. Hall mentions him in his first Satire:—

'Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty *Mahound* and great *Termagant*.'

⁴ *Pressure* is impression, resemblance.

⁵ i. e. approval, estimation. Vide *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

⁶ The quarto, 1603, '*Point* in the play then to be observed.' Afterwards is added, 'And then you have some again that keeps one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparel; and gentlemen quotes his jests down in their tables before they come to the play, as thus:—*Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge; and you owe me a quarter's wages; and your beer is sour*, and blabbering with his lips: And thus keeping in his cinque a pace of jests; when, God knows, the warme Clown cannot make a jest unless by chance, as the blind man catcheth a hare: Masters, tell him of it.'—This passage was evidently levelled at the particular fool of some injudicious player contemporary with the poet

²⁰ 'Speculum consuetudinis.'—*Cicero*. The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.

¹ Quarto.—*time*.

² *Ecstasy* is alienation of the mind. Vide *Tempest*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

³ To *disclose* was the ancient term for *hutching* birds of any kind; from the Fr. *esclos*, and that from the Lat. *exclusus*. I believe to *exclude* is now the technical term. Thus in the Boke of St. Albans, ed. 1496:—'For to speke of hawkes; fyrst they ben egges, and afterwarde they ben *dysclosed* hawkyes.' And 'comynly goshawkes ben *disclosyd* as soone as the choughs.'

⁴ See note on Act li. Sc. 2.

⁵ Have you never seen a stalking stamping player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heels.—*The Puritan*, a Comedy. The first quarto has, 'I'd rather hear a town-bull bellow, than such a fellow speak my lines.'

⁶ The first quarto reads, 'of the ignorant.' Our ancient theatres were far from the commodious elegant structures which later times have seen. The *pit* was, truly, what its name denotes, an unfloored space in the area of the house, sunk considerably beneath the level of the stage; and, by ancient representations, one may judge that it was necessary to elevate the head very much to get a view of the performance. Hence this part of the audience were called *groundlings*. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, calls them 'the under-

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant¹ hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment² are so well co-mingled,³
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pray thee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.⁴ Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;⁵
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure⁶ of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish:
I eat the air, promise-crammed; You cannot feed
capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
these words are not mine.

1 Pregnant, quick, ready.

2 According to the doctrine of the four humours, desire and confidence were seated in the blood, and judgment in the phlegm, and the due mixtures of the humours made a perfect character. — Johnson.

3 Quarto, 1604 — 'co-meddl'd.'

4 Vulcan's stithy is Vulcan's workshop or smithy; stith being an anvil.

5 Here the first quarto has: —

'And if he do not blench and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
Horatio, have a care, observe him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eyes shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration

That shall appear in him, but I shall note it.'

6 i. e. judgment, opinion.

7 A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1582. Malone thinks that there was an English play on the same subject, previous to Shakespeare's. Cæsar was killed in Pompey's portico, and not in the Capitol: but the error is at least as old as Chaucer's time.

8 This Julius to the Capitolie wente
Upon a day, that he was wont to gon,
And in the Capitolie anon him hente
This false Brutus and his other soon,
And sticket him with bodkins anon
With many a wound,¹ &c.

Chaucer's *Monkes Tale*, v. 14621.

I have cited this passage to show that Chaucer uses *bodkin* for dagger, like Shakespeare.

9 l. e. 'they wait upon your sufferance or will.' — Johnson would have changed the word to *pleasure*; but Shakespeare has again used it in a similar sense in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1: —

'Go,

And think my patience more than thy desert
Is privilege for thy departure hence.'

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord, — you played
once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'
the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital
a calf there. — Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay⁹ upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O, ho! do you mark that? [To the King.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S Feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant contrary⁹ matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids'
legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker.¹⁰ What should
a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheer-
fully my mother looks, and my father died within
these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear
black, for I'll have a suit of sables.¹¹ O, heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build
churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking
on, with the hobby-horse;¹² whose epitaph is, *For,
O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The Dumb Show¹³ follows.

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the
Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels,
and makes show of protestation unto him. He
takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck:
lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she,
seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a
Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours
poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen
returns: finds the King dead, and makes pas-*

9 This is the reading of the quarto 1603. The quarto 1604 and the folio read *country*.

10 It may here be added that a *jig* sometimes signified a sprightly dance, as at present. In addition to the examples before given, take the following from Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*: — 'O Giacompo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a *jig-maker*, Sannazar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist to me.' — Act ii. Sc. 2.

11 i. e. a dress ornamented with the rich fur of that name, said to be the skin of the sable martin. By the statute of apparel, 24 Hen. VIII. c. 13, it is ordained that none under the degree of an earl may use sables. — Bishop, in his *Blossoms*, 1577, speaking of extravagance, says, that a thousand ducates were sometimes given for a face of sables. But Hamlet meant to use the word equivocally.

12 The *hobby-horse*, whose omission in the morris dance is so pathetically lamented in many of our old dramas, in the very words which Hamlet calls his epitaph, was long a distinguished favourite in the May Games. He was driven from his station by the Puritans, as an impious and Pagan superstition; but restored after the promulgation of the Book of Sports. The *hobby-horse* was formed of a pasteboard horse's head, and probably a light frame made of wicker-work to form the hinder parts; this was fastened round the body of a man, and covered with a footcloth, which nearly reached the ground, and concealed the legs of the performer; who displayed his antic equestrian skill, and performed various juggling tricks, *weigh-hie-ing* or neighing, to the no small delight of the bystanders.

13 This dumb show appears to be superfluous, and even incongruous; for as the murder is there circumstantially represented, the King ought to have been struck with it then, without waiting for the dialogue.

sionate action. *The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but, in the end, accepts his love.* [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho;¹ it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.²

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord,—

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

But, wo is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer, and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:

For women fear too much, even as they love;³

And women's fear and love hold quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

And as my love is siz'd,⁴ my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant⁵ powers their functions leave to do;

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind

For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!

1 *Miching malicho* is lurking mischief, or evil doing. To *mich*, for to skulk, to lurk, was an old English verb in common use in Shakspeare's time; and *malicho* or *malhecho*, misdeed, he has borrowed from the Spanish. Many stray words of Spanish and Italian were then affectedly used in common conversation, as we have seen French used in more recent times. The quarto spells the word *mallico*. Our ancestors were not particular in orthography, and often spelt according to the ear.

2 The conversation with Ophelia, as Steevens remarks, cannot fail to disgust every modern reader. It was, no doubt, such as was current in society in that age, which had not yet learnt to throw a veil of decency over corrupt manners. Yet still I think that such discourse would not have been put into the mouth of Hamlet by the poet, had he not meant it to mark the feigned madness of Hamlet the stronger from its inconsistency with his character as a prince and polished gentleman.

3 *Cart*, car, or chariot, were used indiscriminately for any carriage formerly. Mr. Todd has adduced the following passage from the Comical History of Alphonsus, by R. G. 1399, which, he thinks, Shakspeare meant to burlesque:—

'Thrice ten times Phœbus with his golden beames
Hath compassed the circle of the skie;
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workmen hir'd,
And fill'd her barnes with fruitful crops of corne,
Since first in priesthood I did lead my life.

Such love must needs be treason in my breast;

In second husband let me be accus'd!

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances,⁷ that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;

But, what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;⁸

Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures⁹ with themselves destroy;

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons¹⁰ him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills and fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's¹¹ cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite, that blinks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,— 'To Oph.

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

4 This line is omitted in the folio. There appears to have been a line omitted in the quarto which should have rhymed to this.

5 Cleopatra expresses herself much in the same manner for the loss of Antony:—

'—our size of sorrow

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it.'

6 i. e. active.

7 *Instances* are motives. See note on King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2.

8 'But thought's the slave of life.'—King Henry IV. Part I.

9 i. e. their own determinations, what they enact.

10 See note on Act i. Sc. 3. 'This quaint phrase (says Steevens), *infests* almost every ancient English composition.' Why *infests*? Surely it is as forcible and intelligible as many other metaphorical expressions retained in the language. It has been remarked that our ancestors were much better judges of the powers of language than we are. The Latin writers did not scruple to apply their verb *condire* in the same manner.

11 *Anchor's* for *anchoret's*. Thus in Hall's second Satire, b. iv.:

'Sit seven years pining in an anchor's cheyre,
To win some patched shreds of minivere.'

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence in't the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap.¹ Marry, how? Tropically.² This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name,³ his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king,

Oph. You are as good as a chorus,⁴ my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake⁵ your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable fables, and begin. Come;—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds⁶ collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*]

Ham. He poisons him in the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

1 'The mouse-trap,' i. e.

2 '—the thing

In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.'

3 First quarto—*tropically*. It is evident that a pun was intended.

4 'Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife, Baptista;' all the old copies read thus. Yet in the dumb show we have, 'Enter a King and Queen;' and at the end of this speech, 'Lucianus, nephew to the King.' This seeming inconsistency, however, may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the image of the murder of the duke of Vienna, or in other words, founded upon that story, the poet might make the principal person in his fable a king. Baptista is never used singly by the Italians, being uniformly compounded with *Giam* and *Giovanni*. It is needless to remark that it is always the name of a man.

5 The use to which Shakespeare put the chorus may be seen in King Henry V. Every motion or puppet-show was accompanied by an interpreter or showman. Thus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'O excellent motion: O exceeding puppet!

Now will he interpret for her.'

6 The first quarto:—'So you must take your husband.' Hamlet puns upon the word *mistake*: 'So you *mis-take* or *take* your husbands *amiss* for better and worse.' The word was often thus misused for any thing done wrongfully, and even for privy stealing. In one of Baastard's Epigrams, 1598, cited by Steevens—

'—none that seeth her face and making,

Will judge her stol'n but by *mistaking*.'

7 'Midnight weeds.' Thus in Macbeth:—

'Root of hemlock, digg'd in't the dark.'

8 See note on As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 1.

9 To turn Turk, was a familiar phrase for any violent change in condition or character.

10 'Provincial roses, on my razed shoes.' Provincial was erroneously changed to *Provencal*, at the suggestion of Warton. Mr. Douce rectified the error by show-

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,⁷

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk⁸ with me), with two provincial roses on my razed⁹ shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry¹⁰ of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.¹¹

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O, Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very very—peacock.¹²

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning, —

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—come, some music; come, the recorders.¹³—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.¹⁴

Enter ROSENCRANZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir, —

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good, my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me

ing that the *Provincial* roses took their name from *Provins*, in Lower Brie, and not from *Provence*. *Razed* shoes are most probably embroidered shoes. The quarto reads, *rac'd*. To *race*, or *rase*, was to *stripe*.

10 'A cry of players.' It was usual to call a pack of hounds a cry; from the French *meute de chiens*: it is here humorously applied to a troop or company of players. It is used again in Coriolanus: Menenius says to the citizens, 'you have made good work, you and your cry.' In the very curious catalogue of The Companies of Bestys, given in The Booke of St. Albans, many equally singular terms may be found, which seem to have exercised the wit and ingenuity of our ancestors; as a *thraue* of throsers, a *scull* or *sheal* of monks, &c.

11 The players were paid not by salaries, but by shares or portions of the profit, according to merit. See Malone's Account of the Ancient Theatres, *passim*.

12 'A very, very—peacock.' The old copies read *paiock*, and *paioche*. The peacock was as proverbially used for a proud fool as the lapwing for a silly one. 'Pavonegiare, to court it, to brave it, to peacockise it, to wantonise it, to get up and down fondly, gazing upon himself as a peacock does.'—*Florio, Ital. Dict.* 1593. Theobald proposed to read *padock*; and in the last scene, Hamlet bestows this opprobrious name upon the king. Mr. Blakeway has suggested that we might read *puttock*, which means a base degenerate hawk, a kite; which Shakespeare does indeed contrast with the eagle in Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 2:—

'I chose an eagle, and did avoid a puttock.'

13 'The recorders.' See note on a Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. Sc. 1. It is difficult to settle exactly the form of this instrument: old writers in general make no distinction between a flute, a pipe, and a recorder; but Hawkins has shown clearly, from a passage in Lord Bacon's Natural History, that the flute and the recorder were distinct instruments.

14 *Perdy* is a corruption of the French *par Dieu*.

a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment : if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseased : But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but to the matter ; My mother, you say, —

Ros. Then thus she says : Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother ! — But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my lord, what is your cause of distemper ? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*, — the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the Recorders : — let me see one. — To withdraw with you.¹ — Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,² as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.³

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages⁴ with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ? You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

1 'To withdraw with you.' Malone added here a stage direction [*Taking Guild, aside.*] Steevens thinks it an answer to a motion Guildenstern had used, for Hamlet to withdraw with him. I think that it means no more than 'to draw back with you,' to leave that scent or trail. It is a hunting term, like that which follows.

2 'To recover the wind of me.' This is a term which has been left unexplained. It is borrowed from hunting, as the context shows ; and means, to take advantage of the animal pursued, by getting to the windward of it, that it may not scent its pursuers. 'Observe how the wind is, that you may set the net so as the hare and wind may come together ; if the wind be sideways it may do well enough, but never if it blow over the net into the hare's face, for he will scent both it and you at a distance.' — *Gentleman's Recreation.*

3 Hamlet may say with propriety, 'I do not well understand that.' Perhaps Guildenstern means, 'If my duty to the king makes me too bold, my love to you makes me importunate even to rudeness.'

4 The *ventages* are the holes of the pipe. The *stops* means the mode of stopping those ventages to produce

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. — They fool me to the top of my bent.⁵ — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends. [*Exit Ros. GUIL. HOR. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night ; When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day⁶

Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother, —

O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom ;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural :

I will speak daggers to her,⁷ but use none ;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :

How in my wordssoever she be shent,⁸

To give them seals, never, my soul, consent ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the same.* *Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. I like him not : nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ; I your commission will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you : The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide : Most holy and religious fear it is, To keep those many many bodies safe, That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound, With all the strength and armour of the mind, To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more That spirit, upon whose weal⁹ depend and rest The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone : but, like a gulf, doth draw What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls, Each small annexment, petty consequence, Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;

For we will fetters put upon¹⁰ this fear, Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUIL.*]

notes. Malone has made it the 'sounds produced,' Thus in King Henry V. Prologue : —

'Rumour is a pipe —

And of so easy and so plain a stop.'

5 See notes on Act ii. Sc. 2.

6 The quarto reads : —

'And do such business as the bitter day,' &c.

7 'They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but bodkins.' — *Return from Parnassus.* In the *Aulularia* of Plautus a phrase not less singular occurs : —

'Me' Quia miri miseri cerebrum excutunt.

Tua dicta sorori : lapides loquuntur.' Act ii. Sc. 1.

8 To *shend* is to *injure*, whether by reproof, blows, or otherwise. Shakspeare generally uses *shent* for reproof, threatened with angry words. 'To give his words seals' is therefore to carry his punishment beyond reproof. The allusion is to the sealing a deed to render it effective. The quarto of 1603 : —

'I will speak daggers ; those sharp words being spent, To do her wrong my soul shall ne'er consent.'

9 Folio reads 'spirits.'

10 Quarto — 'about.'

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras! I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial,² should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage.³ Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[Exit POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;⁴
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature: and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched state! O, bosom, black as death!
O, limed⁵ soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well!

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:⁶
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary,⁷ not revenge.
He took my father grossly full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?

1 See King Henry IV. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.

2 *Matres omnes filios*

In peccato adjuvantes, auxilium in paterna injuria
Solent esse.—*Mer. Heaut.* Act v. Sc. 2.

3 Warburton explains of *vantage*, 'by some opportunity of secret observation.' I incline to think that
'of *vantage*,' in Shakespeare's language, is for *advantage*,
commodi causa.

4 i. e. 'though I was not only willing, but strongly inclined to pray, my guilt prevented me.'

5 i. e. caught as with birdlime.

6 'That would be scann'd'—that requires consideration, or ought to be estimated.

7 The quarto reads, *base and silly*.

8 Shakespeare has used the verb to *hent*, to take, to lay hold on, elsewhere; but the word is here used as a substantive, for *hold* or *opportunity*.

9 Johnson has justly exclaimed against the horrible nature of this desperate revenge; but the quotations of the commentators from other plays contemporary with and succeeding this, show that it could not have been so

But, in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or, in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes.⁹ My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. *[Exit.]*

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.¹⁰
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Another Room in the same. Enter Queen and POLONIUS.*

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home
to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with;

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood be-
tween

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.

'Pray you, be round with him.¹¹

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS hides himself.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
fended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat?

[Draws.]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.]

Pol. [Behind.] O, I am slain.
[Falls, and dies.]

horrifying to the ears of our ancestors. In times of less civilization, revenge was held almost a sacred duty; and the purpose of the appearance of the ghost in this play is chiefly to excite Hamlet to it. The more fell and terrible the retributive act, the more meritorious it seems to have been held. The King himself in a future scene, when stimulating Laertes to kill Hamlet, says, 'Revenge should have no bounds.' Macon has observed that, horrid as this resolution of Hamlet's is, 'yet some moral may be extracted from it, as all his subsequent misfortunes were owing to this savage refinement of revenge.'

10 First quarto:—

'No king on earth is safe, if God's his foe.'

11 The folio here interposes the following speech:—

'*Ham. [Within]* Mother, mother, mother.'

The circumstance of Polonius hiding himself behind the arras and the manner of his death are found in the old black letter prose *History of Hamblet*.

Queen. O, me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

[Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth POLO-
NIUS.

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.¹

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To POLONIUS.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands; Peace; sit you down.

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there;² makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.³

Queen. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?⁴

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station⁵ like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

¹ There is an idle and verbose controversy between Steevens and Malone, whether the poet meant to represent the Queen as guilty or innocent of being accessory to the murder of her husband. Surely there can be no doubt upon the matter. The Queen shows no emotion at the mock play when it is said—

'In second husband let me be accurst,

None wed the second but who kill'd the first.'—and now manifests the surprise of conscious innocence upon the subject. It should also be observed that Hamlet never directly accuses her of any guilty participation in that crime. I am happy to find my opinion, so expressed in December, 1823, confirmed by the newly discovered quarto copy of 1603; in which the Queen in a future speech is made to say—

'But, as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder.'

² ———— takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,' &c. One would think by the ludicrous gravity with which Steevens and Malone take this figurative expression in a literal sense, that they were unused to the language of poetry, especially to the adventurous metaphors of Shakspeare. Mr. Boswell's note is short and to the purpose. 'Rose is put generally for the ornament, the grace of an innocent love.' Ophelia describes Hamlet as—

'The expectancy and rose of the fair state.'

³ The quarto of 1604 gives this passage thus:—

'Heaven's face does glow

O'er this solidity and compound mass

With heated visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.'

⁴ The index, or table of contents, was formerly placed at the beginning of books. In Othello, Act ii. Sc. 7, we have—'an index and obscure prologue to the history of foul and lustful thoughts.'

⁵ It is evident from this passage that whole length pictures of the two kings were formerly introduced. Station does not mean the spot where any one is placed, but the act of standing, the attitude. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

'Her motion and her station are as one.'

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what fol-
lows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.⁶ Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten⁷ on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? [Sense,⁸ sure you
have,

Else could you not have motion: But, sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference.] What devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?

[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.¹⁰

O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine¹¹ in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire:¹² proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more:

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and grain'd¹³ spots

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseam'd¹⁴ bed;

Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty; —

Queen. O, speak to me no more;

These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Without this explanation it might be conceived that the compliment designed for the attitude of the King was bestowed on the place where Mercury is represented as standing.

⁶ Here the allusion is to Pharaoh's dream. Genesis, xli.

⁷ I. e. to feed rankly or grossly: it is usually applied to the fattening of animals. Marlowe has it for 'to grow fat.' *Bat* is the old word for *increase*; whence we have *battle*, *batten*, *butful*.

⁸ *Sense* here is not used for *reason*; but for *sensation*, *feeling*, or *perception*: as before in this scene:—
'That it be proof and bulwark against sense.'

Warburton, misunderstanding the passage, proposed to read *notion* instead of *motion*. The whole passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

⁹ 'The hoodwinke play, or hoodman blind, in some place, called *blindmanbuff*.'—*Barlet*. It appears also to have been called *blind hob*. It is *hob-man blind* in the quarto of 1603.

¹⁰ I. e. could not be so dull and stupid.

¹¹ *Mutine* for *mutiny*. This is the old form of the verb. Shakspeare calls *mutineers mutines* in a subsequent scene; but this is, I believe, peculiar to him: they were called *mutineers* anciently.

¹² Thus in the quarto of 1603:—

'Why, appetite with you is in the wane,
Your blood runs backward now from whence it came;
Who'll chide hot blood within a virgin's heart,

When shall dwell within a matron's breast?

¹³ 'Grain'd spots'; that is, dyed in grain, deeply imbed.

¹⁴ I. e. greasy, rank, gross. It is a term borrowed from falconry. It is well known that the *seam* of any animal was the fat or tallow; and a hawk was said to be *enseamed* when she was too fat or gross for flight. By some confusion of terms, however, 'to *enseam* a hawk' was used for 'to purge her of glut and grease;' by analogy it should have been *unseam*. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The False One*, use *inseamed* in the same manner:—

'His lechery *inseamed* upon him.'

It should be remarked, that the quarto of 1603 reads *in-custuous*; as does that of 1611

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice¹ of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

*Enter Ghost.*²

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious
figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion,³ lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit⁴ in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,⁵
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.⁶—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern affects:⁷ then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

1 i.e. 'the low mimic, the counterfeit, a dizard, or common vice and jester, counterfeiting the gestures of any man.'—*Fleming*. Shakspeare afterwards calls him a *king of shreds and patches*, alluding to the party-coloured habit of the *vice* or fool in a play.

2 The first quarto adds, 'in his night-gown.'

3 'Laps'd in time and passion.' Johnson explains this—'That having suffered time to slip and passion to cool, let's go by,' &c. This explanation is confirmed by the quarto of 1603:

'Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge slip by.'

4 *Conceit*, for *conception*, *imagination*. This was the force of the word among our ancestors. Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

'And the conceited painter was so nice.'

5 'The hair is excrementitious; that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up,' &c. So *Macbeth*—

'—my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't.'

6 *Capable for susceptible, intelligent*, i.e. would excite in them capacity to understand. Thus in *King Richard III.*—

'—O 'tis a parlous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.'

7 'My stern affects.' All former editions read—'My stern effects.' *Effects*, for *actions*, *deeds*, *effected*, says *Malone*. We should certainly read *effects*, i.e. dispositions, affections of the mind: as in that disputed passage of *Othello*—'the young affects in me defunct.' It is remarkable that we have the same error in *Measure for Measure*, *Act iii. Sc. 1.*—

'—Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon.'

Dr. Johnson saw the error in that play, and proposed to read *effects*. But the present passage has escaped observation. The 'pious action' of the ghost could not

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there. look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy⁸
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reward; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost⁹ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pury times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb¹⁰ and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this:]¹¹
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on:] Refrain to-night;¹²
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: [the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either quell the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

alter things already effected, but might move Hamlet to a less stern mood of mind.

8 This speech of the queen has the following remarkable variation in the quarto of 1603:—

'Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief:
But as I have a soul, I swear to heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But, Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
And for my love forget these idle fits.'

9 'Do not by any new indulgence heighten your former offences.'

10 i.e. *bow*. 'Courber, Fr. to bow, crook, or curb.' Thus in *Pierce Plowman*:—

'Then I *courbid* on my knees.'

11 'That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this,' &c.
This passage, which is not in the folio, has been thought corrupt. *Dr. Thirly* proposed to read, 'Of habit's evil.' *Steevens* would read, 'O habit's devil.' It is evident that there is an intended opposition between *angel* and *devil*; but the passage will perhaps bear explaining as it stands:—'That monster custom, who devours all sense (feeling, or perception) of devilish habits, is angel yet in this,' &c. This passage might perhaps have been as well omitted, after the example of the editors of the folio; but, I presume, it has been retained upon the principle which every where guide the editors, 'To lose no drop of that immortal man.'

12 Here the quarto of 1603 has two remarkable lines:—
'And, mother, but assist me in revenge,
And in his death your infancy shall die.'

13 'The next more easy,' &c. This passage, as far as *potency*, is also omitted in the folio. In the line:—

'And either quell the devil, or throw him out.'

The word *quell* is wanting in the old copy. *Malone* inserted the word *curb*, because he found, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 'And curb this cruel devil of his will.' But the occurrence of *curb* in so opposite a sense just before, is against his emendation.

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me;¹
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;²
And let him, for a pair of reechy³ kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.⁴ 'Twere good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,⁵
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,⁶ in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.⁷

Ham. I must to England;⁸ you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. [There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,⁹—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar:¹⁰ and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
[This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:¹¹
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in*
POLONIUS.

1 'To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand.'

2 *Mouse*, a term of endearment formerly. Thus Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*:—'Pleasant names may be invented, bird, mouse, lamb, puss, pigeon,' &c.

3 i. e. *reechy* or *fumant*; teekant, as Florio calls it. The King has been already called the *bloat* king, which hints at his intemperance. In Coriolanus we have the *reechy* neck of a kitchen wench. *Reechy* and *reechy* are the same word, and always applied to any vaporous exhalation, even to the fumes of a dunghill.

4 The hint for Hamlet's feigned madness is taken from the old Historie of Hamblett already mentioned.

5 For *paddock*, a *mead*, see Macbeth, Act i. Sc. 1: and for *gib*, a *cat*, see King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

6 *To try conclusions* is to put to proof, or try experiments. See Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 2. Sir John Suckling possibly alludes to the same story in one of his letters:—'It is the story after all of the jackanapes and the partridges; thou starrest after a beauty till it be lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starrest after that till it is gone too.'

7 The quarto of 1603 has here another remarkable variation:—

'Hamlet, I vow by that Majesty
That knows our thoughts and looks into our hearts,
I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
What stratagem so'er thou shalt devise.'

8 The manner in which Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England is not developed. He expresses surprise when the king mentions it in a future scene; but his design of passing for a madman may account for this.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heavens:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.¹²—
[*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN,*
who go out.

Ah,¹³ my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend!¹⁴

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O, heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept, short restrain'd, and out of haunt,¹⁵

This mad young man: but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral¹⁶ of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

9 This and the eight following verses are omitted in the folio.

10 *Hoist* with his own *petar*. *Hoist* for *hoised*. *To hoise* was the old verb. A *petar* was a kind of mortar used to blow up gates.

11 It must be confessed that this is coarse language for a prince under any circumstances, and such as is not called for by the occasion. But Hamlet has purposely chosen gross expressions and coarse metaphors, throughout the interview with his mother, perhaps to make his appeal to her feelings the more forcible. Something may be said in extenuation. The word *guts* was not anciently so offensive to delicacy as it is at present; the courtly Lyly has used it in his *Mydas*, 1592; Stanyhurst often in his translation of Virgil, and Chapman in his version of the sixth Iliad:—

'— in whose *guts* the king of men imprest

His ashen lance.'

In short, *guts* was used where we now use *entrails*.

12 This line does not appear in the folio, in which Guildenstern and Rosencrantz are not brought on the stage at all.

13 Quarto—Ah, *mine own* lord.

14 Thus in Lear:—

'— he was met e'en now,
As mad as the vex'd sea.'

15 Out of *haunt* means out of *company*. '*Frequentia*, a great *haunt* or *company* of folk.' Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'Dido and her Sichæus shall want troops,

And all the *haunt* be ours.'

And in Romeo and Juliet:

'We talk here in the public *haunt* of men.'

16 Shakespeare, with a licence not unusual among his contemporaries, uses *ore* for *gold*, and *mineral* for *mine*. Bullokar and Blount both define '*or* or *ore*, *gold*; of a golden colour.' And the Cambridge Dictionary, 1594, under the Latin word *mineralia*, will show how the English *mineral* came to be used for a mine. Thus also in The Golden Remaines of Hales of Eton, 1698:—'Controversies of the times, like spirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour nothing is done.'

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done : [so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,¹
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.²—O, come away !
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.* Enter

HAMLET.

Ham. ——— Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.*
Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !] But soft !³—what noise ?
who calls on Hamlet ? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !
—what replication should be made by the son of a
king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's counte-
nance, his rewards, his authorities.⁴ But such offi-
cers do the king best services in the end : He keeps
them, like an ape doth nuts,⁵ in the corner of his
jaw ; first mouthed to be last swallowed : When he
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.⁶

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is
not with the body.⁷ The king is a thing—

GUIL. A thing, my lord ?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide fox,
and all after.⁸ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.* Enter

King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the
body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose !
Yet must not we put the strong law on him :
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

1 The *blank* was the *mark* at which shots or arrows
were directed. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II.
Sc. 3 :—

' Out of the *blank* and *level* of my aim.'

2 The passage in brackets is not in the folio. The
words 'So, haply, slander,' are also omitted in the
quartos ; they were supplied by Theobald. The addition
is supported by a passage in *Cymbeline* :—

' ——— No, 'tis *slander*,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth bely
All corners of the world.'

3 'But soft,' these two words are not in the folio.

4 Here the quarto, 1603, inserts 'that makes his
liberty your storehouse, but,' &c.

5 The omission of the words '*doth nuts*,' in the old
copies, had obscured this passage. Dr. Farmer pro-
posed to read 'like an *ape* an *apple*.' The words are
now supplied from the newly discovered quarto of 1603.

6 'He's but a *sponge*, and shortly needs must leese,
His wrong got juice, when greatness' fist shall
squeeze

His liquor out.

Marston, Sat. vii.

7 Hamlet affects obscurity. His meaning may be
The king is a *body* without a *kingly soul*, a thing—of

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we
fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat ourselves
for magots ; Your fat king, and your lean beggar,
is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table ;
that's the end.

[*King.* Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of
that worm.]

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may
go a progress¹⁰ through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your
messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other
place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not
within this month, you shall nose him as you go up
the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness : Therefore prepare thyself ;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,¹¹
The associates tend,¹² and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King.

King.

Ham.

Ay, Hamlet.

Good.

King. So is it, if thou know'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But,
come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother ; Father and mother is man
and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my
mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

nothing.' Johnson would have altered '*Of nothing*' to
Or nothing ; but Steevens and Farmer, by their superior
acquaintance with our elder writers, soon clearly showed,
by several examples, that the text was right.

8 '*Hide fox, and all after.*' This was a juvenile
sport, most probably what is now called *hoop*, or *hide*
and seek ; in which one child hides himself, and the
rest run *all after*, seeking him. The words are not in
the quarto.

9 '*Alas, Alas !*' This speech and the following one of
Hamlet, are omitted in the folio.

10 A *progress* is a *journey*. Steevens says 'it alludes
to the royal journeys of state, always styled *progresses*.'
This was probably in Shakespeare's mind, for the word
was certainly applied to those periodical journeys of the
sovereign to visit their noble subjects, but by no means
exclusively. Sir William Drury, in a Letter to Sir
Nicholas Throckmorton, among the Conway papers,
tells him he is going 'a little *progress* to be merry
with his neighbours.' And that popular book of John
Bunyan's, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, is surely not the
account of a regal 'predatory excursion.'

11 i. e. in modern phrase 'the wind *serves*,' or is right
to aid or help you on your way.

12 i. e. attend.

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard ;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night ;
Away ; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,²
And thou must cure me : Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.³

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Plain in Denmark.* Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye.³
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

[*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these ?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who
Commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ;

1 To *set* formerly meant to *estimate*. There is no ellipsis, as Malone supposed. 'To *set*te, or tell the price; *astimare*.' To *set* much or little by a thing, is to *estimate* it much or little.

2 'I would forget her, but a fever she Reigns in my blood.' *Love's Labour's Lost*.

3 The folio reads :—

'Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.'

4 The quarto reads—*craves*.

5 *Eye for presence*. In the Regulations for the establishment of the Queen's Household, 1627 :—'All such as doe service in the queen's eye.' And in the Establishment of Prince Henry's Household, 1610 :—'All such as doe service in the prince's eye.' It was the formula for the royal *presence*.

6 The remainder of this scene is omitted in the folio.

7 l. e. *profit*.

8 See note on Act i. Sc. 2. It is evident that discursive powers of mind are meant ; or, as Johnson explains it, 'such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future.' Since I wrote the former note, I find that Bishop Wilkins makes *ratiocination* and *discourse* convertible terms.

9 *Craven* is recreant, cowardly. It may be satisfactorily traced from *crant*, *creant*, the old French word for an act of submission. It is so written in the old metrical romance of Ywaine and Gawaine (Ritson, vol. i. p. 133) :—

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market⁷ of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,⁸
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven⁹ scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* :
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince ;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw :
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,¹⁰
And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds : fight for a plot !¹¹
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,¹²
To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*
Enter Queen and HORATIO.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate ; indeed, distract ;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says, she
hears,

There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her
heart ;

Spurns enviously¹³ at straws ; speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,

'Or yelde the til us als *creant*.'

And in Richard Cœur de Lion (Weber, vol. ii. p. 203) :—

'On knees he fel down, and cryde, "*Creant*,"'

It then became *cravant*, *cravent*, and at length *craven*.
It is superfluous to add that *recreant* is from the same
source.

10 'Excitements of my reason and my blood.'
Provocations which excite both my reason and my pas-
sions to vengeance.

11 A *plot* of ground. Thus in The Mirror for Magis-
trates :—

'Of ground to win a *plot*, a while to dwell,
We venture lives, and send our souls to hell.'

12 *Continent* means that which comprehends or en-
closes. Thus in Lear :—

'Rive your concealing continents.'

And in Chapman's version of the third Iliad :—

'— did take

Thy fair form for a *continent* of parts as fair.'

'If there be no fulnesse, then is the *continent* greater
than the content.'—Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*,
1633, p. 7.

13 *Envy* is often used by Shakspeare and his contem-
poraries for *malice*, *spite*, or *hatred* :—

'You turn the good we offer into *envy*.'

King Henry VIII.

See Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1. Indeed '*en-
viously*, and spitefully,' are treated as synonymous by
our old writers.

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection;¹ they aim² at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods, and gestures yield
them,
Indeed, would make one think, there might³ be
thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.⁴
Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in.⁵ [*Exit HORATIO.*]
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:⁶
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*⁷

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know,
From another one?

*By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*⁸ [*Singing.*]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay; 'pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady. [*Sings.*]

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. 'Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow. [*Sings.*]

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded⁹ all with sweet flowers;
*Which bewept to the grave¹⁰ did go,
With true love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield¹¹ you! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter!¹² Lord, we know what we

are, but know not what we may be. God be at
your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. 'Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,¹³

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,

And dupp'd¹⁴ the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end
on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,¹⁵

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

[*He answers.*]

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think,
they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother
shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good
counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies;
good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.
[*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close! give her good watch, I
pray you. [*Exit HORATIO.*]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O, Gertrude, Gertrude,¹⁶
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whis-
pers,

bly induced our Saviour to transform her into that bird
for her wickedness.' The story is related to deter chil-
dren from illiberal behaviour to the poor.

13 The old copies read:—

'To-morrow 'tis Saint Valentine's day.'

The emendation was made by Dr. Farmer. The origin
of the choosing of Valentines has not been clearly de-
veloped. Mr. Douce traces it to a Pagan custom of the
same kind during the Lupercalia feasts in honour of
Pan and Juno, celebrated in the month of February by
the Romans. The anniversary of the good bishop, or
Saint Valentine, happening in this month, the pious
early promoters of Christianity placed this popular cus-
tom under the patronage of the saint, in order to erad-
icate the notion of its pagan origin. In France the *Valen-
tinian* was a moveable feast, celebrated on the first
Sunday in Lent, which was called the *jour des bran-
dons*, because the boys carried about lighted torches on
that day. It is very probable that the saint has nothing
to do with the custom; his legend gives no clue to any
such supposition. The popular notion that the birds
choose their mates about this period has its rise in the
poetical world of fiction.

14 'To dup is to do up, as to don is to do on, to doff to
do off,' &c. Thus in *Damon and Pythias*, 1592:—'The
porters are drunk. will they not *dup* the gate to-day?'
The phrase probably had its origin from *doing up* or
lifting the latch. In the old cant language to *dup* the
gyger was to open the door. See *Harman's Caveat for
Curaeors*, 1575.

15 *Saint Charity* is found in the *Martyrology* on the
first of August. 'Roma passio sanctarum virginum
Fidel, Spei, et *Charitas*, quæ sub Hadriano principe
martyrium coronam adeptæ sunt.' Spenser mentions her
in *Ecolg.* v. 235. *By gis* and *by cock* are only corrup-
tions, or rather substitutions, for different forms of
imprecation by the sacred name.

16 In the quarto 1603 the King says:—

'Ah, pretty wretch! this is a change indeed:

O time, how swiftly runs our joys away?

Content on earth was never certain bred,

To-day we laugh and live, to-morrow dead.'

1 To collection, that is, to gather or deduce conse-
quences from such premises. Thus in *Cymbeline*,
Act v. Sc. 5:—

whose containing
Is so from sense to hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it.'

See note on that passage.

2 The quartos read—*yawn*. To aim, is to guess.

3 Folio—*would*.

4 Unhappily, that is, mischievously.

5 The three first lines of this speech are given to Ho-
ratio in the quarto.

6 Shakespeare is not singular in his use of 'amiss as a
substantive. Several instances are adduced by Stee-
vens, and more by Mr. Nares in his Glossary. 'Each
toy,' is each trifle.

7 'There is no part of this play in its representation
on the stage more pathetic than this scene; which, I sup-
pose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has
to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at
all, seem to produce the same effects. In the latter
[case] the audience supply what is wanting, and with
the former they sympathize.—Sir J. Reynolds.

8 These were the badges of pilgrims. The cockle
shell was an emblem of their intention to go beyond
sea. The habit being held sacred, was often assumed as
a disguise in love adventures. In *The Old Wife's Tale*,
by Peele, 1595:—'I will give thee a palmer's staff of
ivory, and a scallop shell of beaten gold.'

9 Garnished. 10 Quarto—ground.

11 See *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 6.

12 This (says Mr. Douce) is a common tradition in
Gloucestershire, and is thus related:—'Our Saviour
went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and
asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop
immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake
for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who,
insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced
it to a very small size. The dough, however, imme-
diately began to swell, and presently became of a most
enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried
out, Heugh, heugh, heugh, which owl-like noise proba-

For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but
greenly,¹

In hugger-mugger² to inter him : Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment ;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France :
Feeds on his wonder,³ keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece,⁴ in many places
Gives me superfluous death ! *[A noise within.]*

Queen Alack ! what noise is this ?⁵

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers ?⁶ Let them guard the door :
What is the matter ?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord ;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers ! The rabble call him lord ;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry !
O, this is counter,⁸ you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. *[Noise within.]*

Enter LAERTES, armed ; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king ?—Sirs, stand you all
without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the Door.]

Laer. I thank you :—keep the door.—O, thou vile
king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

1 *Greenly is unskillfully, with inexperience* —
2 *i. e. secretly.* 'Clandestinare, to hide or conceal by
stealth, or in hugger mugger.'—*Florio.* Thus in
North's translation of Plutarch :—'Antonius, thinking
that his body should be honourably buried, and not in
hugger mugger.' Pope, offended at this strange phrase,
changed it to *private*, and was followed by others.
Upon which Johnson remarks :—'If phraseology is to
be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross
by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost :
we shall no longer have the words of any author : and
as these alterations will be often unskillfully made, we
shall in time have very little of his meaning.'

3 The quarto reads :—'Keeps on his wonder.' The
folio :—'Feeds on this wonder.'

4 A murdering-piece, or murderer, was a small piece
of artillery ; in French *meurtriére*. It took its name
from the loop-holes and embrasures in towers and
fortifications, which were so called. The port-holes
in the fore-castle of a ship were also thus denominated.
'*Meurtriére, c'est un petit canonnière, comme celles
des tours et murailles, ainsi appelle, parceque tirant par
celle d'un desceur, ceux auxquels on tire sont facilement
meurtis.*'—*Ficot.* 'Visiere meurtriére, a port-hole for
a murdering-piece in the fore-castle of a ship.'—*Cot-
grave.* Case shot, filled with small bullets, nails, old
iron, &c. was often used in these murderers. This
accounts for the raking fire attributed to them in the text,
and in Beaumont and Fletcher's Double Marriage :—
'—like a murdering-piece, aims not at me,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.'

5 The speech of the queen is omitted in the quartos.
6 *Switzers*, for royal guards. The Swiss were then,
as since, mercenary soldiers of any nation that could
afford to pay them.

7 The meaning of this contested passage appears to
me this : 'The rabble call him lord ; and (as if the
world were now but to begin, as if antiquity were for-
got, and custom were unknown) this rabble, the ratifiers
and props of every idle word, cry *Choose we*, &c.'

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims
me bastard ;

Cries, cuckold, to my father ; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched⁹ brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?—
Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person ;
There's such divinity doth hedge¹⁰ a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed ;—Let him go, Ger-
trude ;—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled
with :

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !

Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit !

I dare damnation : To this point I stand,—

That both the worlds I give to negligence,¹¹

Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty

Of your dear father's death, it's writ in your revenge,

That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser ?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms ;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,

Repeat them with my blood.¹²

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly¹³ in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce¹⁴

As day does to your eye.

8 Hounds are said to run counter when they are upon
a false scent, or hunt it by the heel, running backward
and mistaking the course of the game. See Comedy of
Errors, Act iv. Sc. 2.

9 *Unsmirched* is unsoiled, spotless. See Act i. Sc. 3.

10 Quarto 1603—*wall.* Mr. Boswell has adduced the
following anecdote of Queen Elizabeth as an apposite
illustration of this passage :—'While her majesty was
on the Thames, near Greenwich, a shot was fired by
accident, which struck the royal barge, and hurt a
waterman near her. The French ambassador being
amazed, and all crying Treason, Treason ! yet she,
with an undaunted spirit, came to the open place of the
barge, and bade them never fear, for if the shot were
made at her, they durst not shoot again : such majesty
had her presence, and such boldness her heart, that she
despised fear, and was, as all princes are, or should be,
so full of divine fullness, that guiltie mortalitie durst
not behold her but with dazzled eyes.'—*Henry Chettle's
England's Mourning Garment.*

11 'But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer.'—*Macbeth.*

12 The folio reads *politician* instead of *pelican*. This
fabulous bird is not unfrequently made use of for pur-
poses of poetical illustration by our elder poets : Shak-
speare has again referred to it in King Richard II. and
in King Lear :—

'Twas this flesh begot these *pelican* daughters.'

In the old play of King Lear, 1603, it is also used, but
in a different sense :—

'I am as kind as is the *pelican*,

That kills itself to save her young ones' lives.'

13 Folio—*sensible.*

14 *Pierce* is the reading of the folio. The quarto has
'pear, an awkward contraction of *appear*. I do not
see why *appear* is more intelligible. Indeed *as level* is
here used for *direct*, Shakespeare's usual meaning of
the word, the reading of the quarto, preferred by John-
son and Stevens, is less proper

Danes. [Within.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O, rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O, heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine¹ in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call
him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel² becomes it! it
is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
'pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.³

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and
remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—
there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we
may call it, herb of grace⁴ O' Sundays:—you may

¹ 'Nature is fine in love.' The three concluding lines of this speech are not in the quarto. The meaning appears to be, Nature is refined or subtilised by love, the senses are rendered more ethereal, and being thus refined, some precious portions of the mental energies fly off, or are sent after the beloved object; when bereft of that object, they are lost to us, and we are left in a state of mental privation:—

'Even so by love the young and tender wit,
Is turn'd to folly.'

'Love is a smoke, rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being urg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else?—a madness,' &c.

² The *wheel* is the *burthen* of a ballad, from the Latin *rota*, a *round*, which is usually accompanied with a burthen frequently repeated. Thus also in old French, *rotuerie* signified such a *round* or *catech*, and *rotuenge*, or *rotuenge*, the *burthen* or *refrain* as it is now called. Our old English term *refrette*, 'the foot of the ditty, a verse often interlaced, or the burden of a song,' was probably from *refrain*; or from *refresteler*, to pipe over again. It is used by Chaucer in The Testament of Love. This term was not obsolete in Cotgrave's time, though it would now be as difficult to adduce an instance of its use as of the *wheel*, at the same time the quotation will show that the *down* of a ballad was another term for the *burthen*. 'Refrain, the *refret*, burthen, or *down* of a ballad.' All this discussion is rendered necessary, because Steevens unfortunately forgot to note from whence he made the following extract, though he knew it was from the preface to some black letter collection of songs or sonnets:—'The song was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced with the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject matter thereof.' Thus also Nicholas Breton, in his *Toyes for Idle Head*, 1577:—

'That I may sing full merrily

Not heigh ho *whee*, but care away.'

It should be remembered that the old musical instrument called a *rote*, from its *wheel*, was also termed *vielle*, quasi *wheel*. It must surely have been out of a mere spirit of controversy that Malone affected to think that the spinning-wheel was alluded to by Ophelia.

³ Our ancestors gave to almost every flower and plant its emblematic meaning, and like the ladies of the east, made them almost as expressive as written language, in their hieroglyphical sense. Perdita, in The Winter's Tale, distributes her flowers in the same manner as Ophelia, and some of them with the same meaning. In The Handfull of Pleasant Delities, 1584, recently reprinted in Mr. Park's *Heliconia*, we have a ballad called 'A Nosesale alwaies sweet for Lovers to send for Tokens,' where we find:—

wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought⁴ and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [Sings.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God 'a mercy on his soul!⁵

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O, God?

King. Laertes, I must commune⁶ with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,

'Rosemarie is for remembrance

Betweene us day and night;

Wishing that I might alwaies have

You present in my sight.'

Rosemarie had this attribute because it was said to strengthen the memory, and was therefore used as a token of remembrance and affection between lovers, and was distributed as an emblem both at weddings and funerals. Why *pansies* (pensees) are emblems of thoughts is obvious. *Fennel* was emblematic of *flattery*, and 'Dare fienochio, to give fennel,' was in other words 'to flatter, to dissemble,' according to Florio. Thus in the ballad above cited:

'Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing 'tis sure.'

Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, says:—

'The columbine, in tawny often taken,
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken.'

Rue was for *ruth* or *repentance*. It was also commonly called *herbgrace*, probably from being accounted 'a present remedy against all poison, and a potent auxiliary in exorcisms, all evil things fleeing from it.' By wearing it with a difference (an heraldic term for a mark of distinction) Ophelia may mean that the queen should wear it as a *mark of repentance*; herself as a *token of grief*. The *daisy* was emblematic of a *dissembler*:—'Next them grew the *dissembling daisy*, to warne such light of love wenches not to trust every fair promise that such amorous batchelors make.'—*Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier*. The *violet* is for *faithfulness*, and is thus characterised in The Lover's Nosegale.

⁴ *Thought*, among our ancestors, was used for *grief*, *care*, *pensiveness*. 'Curarum volvere in pectore. He will die for sorrow and thought.'—*Baret*. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'Cleopatra. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think and die.'

⁵ Poor Ophelia in her madness remembers the ends of many old popular ballads. 'Bonny Robin' appears to have been a favourite, for there were many others written to that tune. The editors have not traced the present one. It is introduced in *Eastward Hoe*, written by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, where some parts of this play are apparently burlesqued. Hamlet is the name given to a foolish footman in the same scene. I know not why it should be considered an attack on Shakespeare; it was the usual license of comedy to sport with every thing serious and even sacred. Hamlet Travestie may as well be called an invidious attack on Shakespeare.

⁶ The folio reads *common*, which is only a varied or topography of the same word. 'We will devise and *common* of these matters.'—*Baret*.

And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.¹

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral.²
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,³—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the same.* Enter
HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors,⁴ sir;
They say, they have lettefs for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's
a letter for you, sir: it comes⁵ from the ambassador
that was bound for England; if your name be Ho-
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] *Horatio, when thou shalt have
overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the
king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two
days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment
gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we
put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I
boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our
ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have
dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew
what they did; I am to do a good turn for them.
Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair
thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly
death. I have words to speak in thine⁶ ear, will make
thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore⁷
of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee
where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold
their course for England: of them I have much to
tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.
Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.* Enter
King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful⁸ and so capital in nature,

1 Thus in the quarto, 1603:—

² *King.* Content you, good Laertes, for a time,
Although I know your grief is as a flood,
Brim full of sorrow; but forbear a while,
And think already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapless son.

³ *Laer.* You have prevail'd, my lord, a while I'll strive
To bury grief within a tomb of wrath,
Which once unheard, then the world shall hear
Laertes had a father he held dear.

⁴ *King.* No more of that, ere many days be done
You shall hear that you do not dream upon.

2 Folio—*burial*.

3 The funerals of knights and persons of rank were
made with great ceremony and ostentation formerly.
Sir John Hawkins, (himself of the order,) observes that
'the sword, the helmet, the gauntlet, spurs, and tabard,
are still hung over the grave of every knight.'

4 Quarto—*sea-faring men.* 5 Folio—*it came.*

6 Folio—*your.*

7 *The bore* is the caliber of a gun. The matter, (says
Hamlet,) would carry heavier words.

As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender⁹ bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces;¹⁰ so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,¹¹
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,¹²
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must
not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,¹³
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now?¹⁴ what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This is to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.¹⁵

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]
[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am
set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg
leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first ask-
ing your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my
sudden and more strange return.* Hamlet.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule to me to a peace.¹⁶

9 Quarto—*Criminal.* Greatness is omitted in the
folio.

10 I.e. the 'common race of the people.' We have
the general and the million in other places in the same
sense.

11 'Would, like the spring which turneth wood to
stone, convert his fetters into graces:' punishment
would only give him more grace in their opinion. The
quarto reads *work for would*.

12 '—my arrows

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind.'
'Light shafts cannot stand in a rough wind.'—*As
chan's Toxophilus*, 1589, p. 57.

13 'If praises may go back again.' 'If I may praise
what has been, but is now to be found no more.'

14 'Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam

Jupiter?' *Persius*, Sat. i.

15 *How now* is omitted in the quarto: as is *letters* in
the next speech.

16 This hemistich is not in the folio.

16 First folio omitting *Ay, my lord, reads, If so you'll
not o'er-rule me to a peace.*

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking¹ at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it,—I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall : And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ; But even his mother shall uncharge the practice, And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd ;

The rather, if you could devise it so,

That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much, And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him, As did that one ; and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege.²

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears, Than settled age his sables and his weeds, Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—

I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,

And they can well on horseback : but this gallant

Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;

And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,

As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd

With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,⁴

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;

And gave you such a masterly report,

For art and exercise in your defence,⁵

And for your rapier most especial,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,

If one could match you : the scrimers⁶ of their

nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,

That he could nothing do, but wish and beg

from the 'Governal of Helth,' wherein he takes *sythes*

(times) to signify *sighs*. Shakspeare in King Henry VI. has 'blood-consuming sighs.' And in Fenton's

Tragical Discourses : 'Your scorching sighs that have already drained your body of his wholesome humours.' The reading of the old copies, which I have

restored, had been altered in the modern editions to 'a spendthrift sigh,' without reason. Mr. Blakeway

justly observes, that 'Sorrow for neglected opportunities and time abused seems most aptly compared to the sigh of a spendthrift—good resolutions not carried into effect are deeply injurious to the moral character. Like sighs, they hurt by easing, they unburden the mind and satisfy the conscience, without producing any effect upon the conduct.'

¹⁰ 'He being remiss.' He being not vigilant ; or incautions.

¹¹ i. e. unblunted, to *bate*, or rather 'to rebate, was to make dull. *Acieim ferre hebetare.*' Thus in Love's Labour's Lost we have—

'That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge'

And in Measure for Measure :—

'—rebate and blunt his natural edge.'

¹² *Pass of practice* is an insidious thrust. Shakspeare, in common with many of his contemporaries, always uses *practice* for art, deceit, treachery.

¹³ Ritson has exclaimed with just indignation and abhorrence against the villainous assassin-like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot : he observes, 'There is more occasion that he should be pointed out for an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are led to respect and admire in some preceding scenes.' In the old quarto of 1603 this contrivance originates with the king—

in a word,

Thy *plurisy* of goodness is thy ill.'

Massinger's Unnatural Combat.

⁹ Johnson says it is a prevalent notion 'that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers.' Steevens makes a ludicrous mistake in the quotation

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.

Now, out of this,—

Laer.

What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart ?

Laer.

Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father ;

But that I know, love is begun by time ;

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it :

And nothing is at a like goodness still ;

For goodness, growing to a plurisy,⁹

Dies in his own too-much : That we would do,

We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,

As there are tongues, as hands, as accidents ;

And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,¹⁰

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer :

Hamlet comes back ; What would you undertake,

To show yourself in deed your father's son

More than in words ?

Laer.

To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber :

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,

And wager o'er your heads : he, being remiss,¹¹

Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils : so that, with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated,¹² and in a pass of practice,¹³

Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing from death,

That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point

With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,

It may be death.¹⁴

1 To check, to hold off, or fly from, as in fear. It is a phrase taken from falconry :—'For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk, which comes now so fair to the fist, may to-morrow check at the lure'—*Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606.

2 'Of the unworthiest siege,' of the lowest rank : *siege* for seat or place :—

'—I fetch my birth From men of royal *siege*.' *Othello*.

3 i. e. *implying* or *denoting* gravity and attention to health. If we should not rather read *wealth* for *health*.

4 'That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks.'

5 That I, in *imagining* and *describing* his feats, &c.

6 Science of defence, i. e. fencing.

7 *Scrimers*, fencers, from *escrimeur*, Fr. This unfavourable description of French swordsmen is not in the folio.

8 'But that I know love is begun by time,' &c. 'As love is begun by time, and has its gradual increase, so time qualifies and abates it.' *Passages of proof* are transactions of daily experience. The next ten lines are not in the folio.

9 *Plurisy* is *superabundance* ; our ancestors used the word in this sense, as if it came from *plus*, *pluris*, and not from *pleura*. The disease was formerly thought to proceed from too much blood flowing to the part affected :—

'—in a word, Thy *plurisy* of goodness is thy ill.' *Massinger's Unnatural Combat*.

9 Johnson says it is a prevalent notion 'that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers.' Steevens makes a ludicrous mistake in the quotation

from the 'Governal of Helth,' wherein he takes *sythes*

(times) to signify *sighs*. Shakspeare in King Henry VI. has 'blood-consuming sighs.' And in Fenton's

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King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape : If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd : therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof : '—Soft, let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning's,²
I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As makes your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd³ him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,⁴
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?⁵

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One wo doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt⁶ the
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,⁷
That liberal⁸ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambling to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide ;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;⁹

As one incapable¹⁰ of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd¹¹
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pul'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet¹²
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,

'When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foils shall a keen rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poison,
That if it draws but the least dram of blood
In any part of him, he cannot live.'

1 If this should *blast in proof*, as fire arms sometimes
burst in proving their strength.

2 *Cunning* is skill.

3 The quarto reads *prefar'd* ; the folio *prepar'd*. The
modern editors read *preferr'd*, but I think without good
reason.

4 *A stuck* is a thrust. *Stoccata*, Ital. Sometimes
called a *staccado* in English.

5 'But stay, what noise?' these words are not in
the folio.

6 *Ascaunt*, thus the quarto : the folio reads *aslant*.
Ascaunce is the same as *askew*, sideways, overthwart ;
a travers, Fr.

7 The ancient botanical name of the *long purples* was
testiculis morionis, or *orchis priapiscus*. The *grosser*
name to which the queen alludes is sufficiently known
in many parts of England. It had kindred appellations
in other languages. In Sussex it is said to be called
dead men's hands. Its various names may be seen in
Lye's Herbal, 1579, or in *Cotgrave's Dictionary*.

8 *i. e. licentious*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act
iv. Sc. 1, and Othello, Act ii. Sc. 1.

9 The quarto reads 'snatches of old lauds,' *i. e.*
hymns. Hymns of praise were so called from the psalm
Laudate Dominum.

10 *i. e. unsusceptible* of it. See note 10, p. 496.

11 *Indu'd* was anciently used in the sense of *endowed*
with qualities of any kind, as in the phrase, 'a child
indu'd with the grace and dexterity that his father had.'
Shakespeare may, however, have used it for *habited*,
accustomed.

12 Thus the quarto 1603 :—

'Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears,
Revenge it must yield this heart relief,
For wo begets wo, and grief hangs on grief.'

The woman will be out.¹³—Adieu, my lord !

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this folly drowns¹⁴ it. [*Exit.*]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :

How much I had to do to calm his rage !

Now fear I, this will give it start again ;

Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Church Yard. Enter Two Clowns,*
with Spades, &c.

1 *Cl.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Cl.* I tell thee she is ; therefore make her
grave straight :¹⁵ the crowner hath set on her, and
finds it Christian burial.

1 *Cl.* How can that be unless she drowned her-
self in her own defence ?

2 *Cl.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Cl.* It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point : If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act ; and an act hath three
branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform ;¹⁶
Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Cl.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Cl.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ;
good ; here stands the man ; good : If the man go
to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill
he, he goes ; mark you that : but if the water
come to him, and drown him, he drowns not him-
self : Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death,
shortens not his own life.

2 *Cl.* But is this law ?

1 *Cl.* Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Cl.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Cl.* Why, there thou say'st : And the more
pity ; that great folks shall have countenance in
this world to drown or hang themselves more than
their even-Christian.¹⁷ Come, my spade, there is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and
grave-makers : they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Cl.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Cl.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

13 Thus in *King Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 6 :—

'But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gave me up to tears.'

14 The folio reads—*doubts* it.

15 How Johnson could think that any particular mode
of making Ophelia's grave was meant I cannot imagine.
Nothing is so common as this mode of expression :
straight is merely a contraction of *straightway*, imme-
diately. Numerous examples are to be found in Shak-
speare ; one may suffice from this very play : in Act iii.
Sc. 4. Polonius says :—

'He will come *straight*.'

And Malone cites from G. Herbert's *Jacula Prudentium*,
1651 :—'There is no churchyard so handsome that a
man would desire *straight* to be buried there.'

16 Warburton says that this is a ridicule on scholastic
divisions without distinction ; and of distinctions without
difference. Shakespeare certainly aims at the legal sub-
tleties used upon occasion of inquests. Sir John Haw-
kins points out the case of Dame Hales, in Plowden's
Commentaries. Her husband Sir James drowned him-
self in a fit of insanity (produced, as it was supposed,
by his having been one of the judges who condemned
Lady Jane Grey,) and the question was about the for-
feiture of a lease. There was a great deal of this law
logic used on the occasion, as whether he was the
agent or *patient* ; or in other words, (as the clown
says,) whether he went to the water, or the water came
to him. Malone thinks because Plowden was in law
French that Shakespeare could not read him ! and yet
Malone has shown that Shakespeare is very fond of
legal phraseology, and supposes that he must have
passed some part of his life in the office of an attorney.

17 *Even-Christian*, for *fellow-Christian*, was the old
mode of expression ; and is to be found in Chaucer and
the Chroniclers. Wickliffe has *even-servant* for *fellow-
servant*. The fact is, that *even*, *like*, and *equal* were
synonymous.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.¹

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.²

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

2 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Vaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,³

*Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* *But age, with his stealing steps
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician,

¹ This speech and the next, as far as *arms*, is not in the quarto.

² 'Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.' This was a common phrase for giving over or ceasing to do a thing, a metaphor derived from the *unying* of oxen at the end of their labour. Thus in a *Dittie of the Workmen of Dover*, preserved in the additions to *Holinshed*:—

'My bow is broke, I would unyoke,
My foot is sore, I can worke no more.'

These pithy questions were doubtless the fireside amusement of our rustic ancestors. Steevens mentions a collection of them in print, preserved in a volume of scarce tracts in the university library at Cambridge, D. 5. 2. 'The innocence of these *demandes joyous* (he says) may deserve a praise not always due to their delicacy.'

³ The original ballad from whence these stanzas are taken is printed in *Tottel's Miscellany*, or '*Songes and Sonnettes*' by Lord Surrey and others, 1557. The ballad is attributed to Lord Vaux, and is printed by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of Antient Poetry*. The *ohs* and the *ahs* were most probably meant to express the interruption of the song by the forcible emission of the grave digger's breath at each stroke of the mattock. The original runs thus:—

'I lothe that I did love;
In youth that I thought sweet:
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.'

'For age with stealing steps
Hath claude me with his crouch;
And lusty youth away he leaps,
As there had bene none such.'

4 The folio reads—*ore-offices*

which this ass now o'erreaches;⁴ one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's;⁵ chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats⁶ with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* *A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits⁷ now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce⁸ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,⁹ his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,¹⁰ to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance¹¹ in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine sir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.* [*Sings.*]

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

5 '—My lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.'

Timon of Athens, Act I.

6 The skull that was my lord such-a-one's is now my lady Worm's.

7 *Loggets*, small logs or pieces of wood. Hence *loggets* was the name of an ancient rustic game, in which a stake was fixed in the ground at which *loggats* were thrown; in short, a ruder kind of quoit play.

8 *Quiddits* are quirks, or subtle questions: and *quillets* are nice and frivolous distinctions. The etymology of this last foolish word has plagued many learned heads. I think that Blount, in his *Glossography*, clearly points out *quodlibet* as the origin of it. Bishop Wilkins calls a *quillet* 'a frivolousness'; and Coles, in his *Latin Dict. res frivola*. I find the quarto of 1603 has *quirks* instead of *quiddits*.

9 See *Comedy of Errors*, Act I. Sc. 2. note.

10 Shakspeare here is profuse of his legal learning. *Riton*, a lawyer, shall interpret for him:—'A recovery with *double voucher*, is the one usually suffered, and is so called from two persons (the latter of whom is always the common crier, or some such inferior person,) being successively *voucher*, or called upon to warrant the tenant's title. Both *fines* and *recoveries* are fictions of law, used to convert an estate tail into a fee simple. Statutes are (not acts of parliament,) but statutes *merchant*, and staple, particular modes of *recognizance* or acknowledgment for securing *debts*, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land. *Statutes* and *recognizances* are constantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchase deed.'

11 'Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,' omitted in the quarto.

12 A quibble is intended. *Deeds* (of parchment) are called the common *assurances* of the realm

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,¹ or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three² years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,³ that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.⁴

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born:⁵ he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.⁶

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that scarce will hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once, This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

1 'To speak by the card,' is to speak precisely, by rule, or according to a prescribed course. It is a metaphor from the seaman's card or chart by which he guides his course.

2 Seven, quarto, 1603.

3 Picked is curious, over nice. Thus in the Cambridge Dict. 1594:—'Conquisitus, exquisite, and picked, perfite, fine, dainty, curious.' See King John, Act I. Sc. 1.

4 'Look you, here's a scull hath been here this dozen year, let me see, ay, ever since our last King Hamlet slew Fortinbras in combat: young Hamlet's father, he that's mad.' Quarto of 1603. It will be seen that the poet places this event thirty years ago in the present copy. See the next note by Sir William Blackstone.

5 By this scene, it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-three years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a very young man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenburgh. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first.—Blackstone.

6 Nimirum insanus paucis videatur; eo quod

Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

Horat. Sat. 3, Lib. ii.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber,⁸ and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour⁹ she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Throws down the Scull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious¹⁰ Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!¹¹
But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners, following;
King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo¹² its own life. 'Twas of some estate.¹³
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

*1 Priest.*¹⁴ Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards,¹⁵ flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,¹⁶

7 Folio—jeering.

8 Quarto—table.

9 Favour is countenance, complexion.

10 Imperial is substituted in the folio. Vide Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. Sc. 5.

11 A flaw is a violent gust of wind. See Coriolanus, Act v. Sc. 3.

12 To fordo is to undo, to destroy. Thus in Othello:—
'—This is the night

'That either makes me or fordoes me quite.'
'Would to God it might be leful for me to fordoe myself, or to make an end of me.'—Acolastus, 1529.

13 Estate for rank. Estates was a common term for persons of rank.

14 Quarto—Doctor.

15 Shards, does not only mean fragments of pots and tiles, but rubbish of any kind. Baret has 'shardes of stones, fragmentum lapidis;' and 'shardes, or pieces of stones broken and shattered, rubbel or rubbish of old houses.' Our version of the Bible has preserved to us potsherds; and I have heard bricklayers, in Surrey and Sussex, use the compounds tile-sherds, slate-sherds, &c.

16 i. e. garlands. Still used in most northern languages, but no other example of its use among us has

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem,¹ and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!²—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering Flowers*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble wo
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O, my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

yet offered itself. It is thought that Shakespeare may have met with the word in some old history of Hamlet, which furnished him with his fable. The editor of the first folio changed this unusual word for *rites*, a less appropriate word. Warburton boldly substituted *chants*, and Mr. Alexander Chalmers affirms that this is the true word.

1 A *requiem* is a mass sung for the rest of the soul of the dead. So called from the words—

'Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,' &c.

part of the service.

2 '—tumulo fortunataque favilla

Nascentur violæ?' *Persius*, Sat. i.

3 The quarto of 1603 reads:—'*Wilt drink up vessels?*' and instead of *Ossa*, *Ossell*. Some of the commentators have supposed that by *essil* Hamlet means *vinegar*. But surely the strain of exaggeration and rant of the rest of the speech requires some more impossible feat than that of drinking up vinegar. What river, lake, or firth Shakespeare meant to designate is uncertain, perhaps the Issel, but the firth of *Lyse* is nearest to his scene of action, and near enough in name. What the late editors meant by their strange contraction of *wouldst* I know not. Mr. Gifford observes that they appear none of them to have understood the grammatical construction of the passage. *Woo't* or *woot'o*, in the northern counties, is the common contraction of *wouldst thou*, and this is the reading of the old copies.—This sort of hyperbole Malone has shown was common with our ancient poets:—
'Come, drink up Rhine, Thames, and Meander dry.'

Eastward Hoe, 1609.

'Else would I set my mouth to Tygris streams,
And drink up overflowing Euphrates.'

Greene's Orlando Furioso 1599

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself,

Woo't drink up esile,³ eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou't mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen.

This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,⁴

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham.

Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon

him.—

[*Exit HORATIO.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

[*To LAERTES.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Hall in the Castle. Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see
the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines⁵ in the bilboes.⁶ Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do palpe:⁷ and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor.

That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown⁸ scarf'd about me, in the dark

Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;

Finger'd their packet: and, in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again: making so bold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,

A royal knavery; an exact command,—

4 See note on Act iii. Sc. 1. The golden couplets alludes to the dove only laying two eggs. The young nestlings when first disclosed are only covered with a yellow down, and the mother rarely leaves the nest, in consequence of the tenderness of her young.

5 i. e. mutineers. See King John, Act ii. Sc. 2.

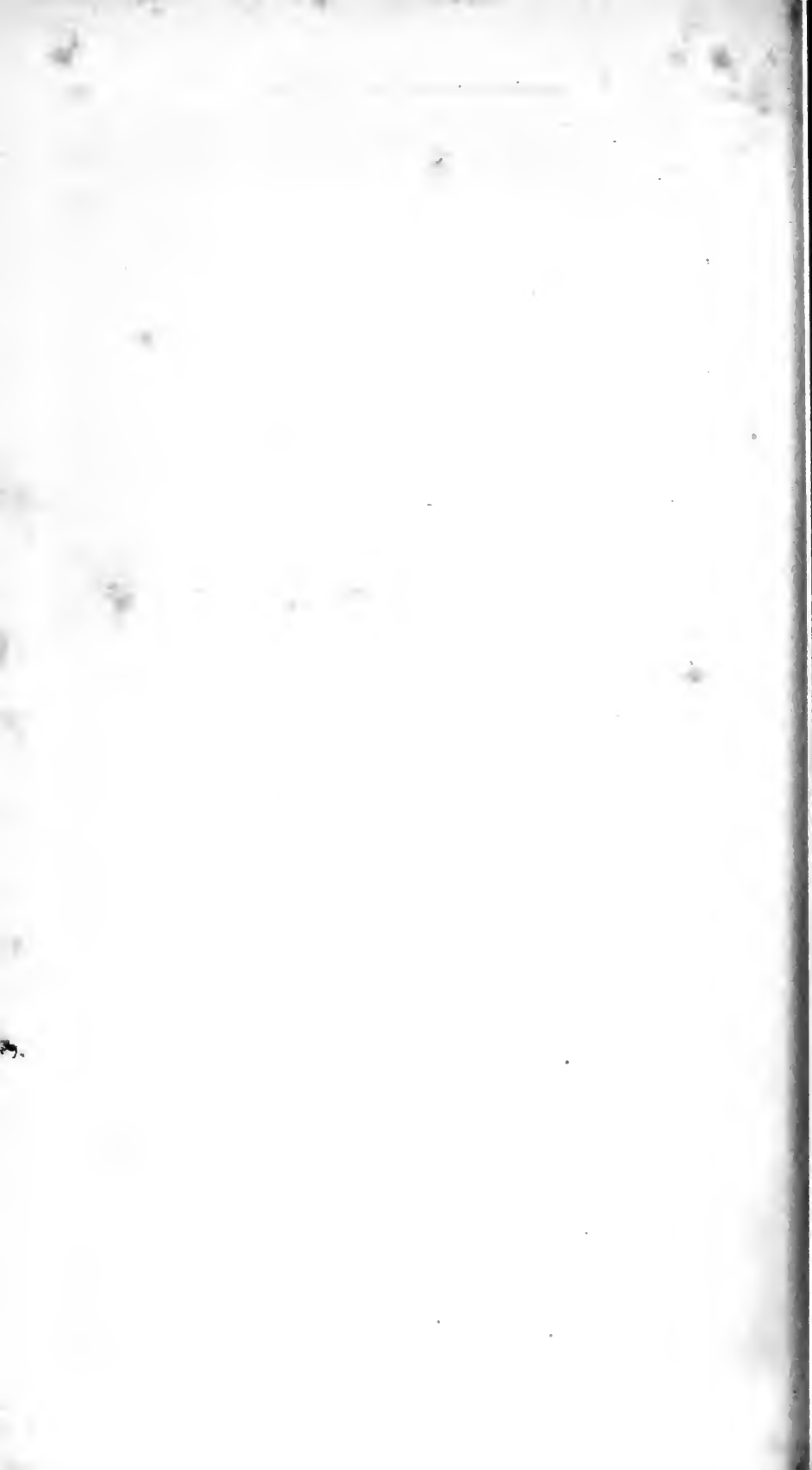
6 The bilboes were bars of iron with fetters annexed to them, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, in Spain, where implements of iron and steel were fabricated. To understand Shakespeare's allusion, it should be known that as these fetters connected the legs of the offenders very closely together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The bilboes are still shown in the Tower, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada.

7 To palpe was to fade or fall away; to become, as it were, dead, or without spirit: from the old French *passer*. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'I'll never follow thy palpe'd fortunes more.'

8 Malone has told us that the sea-gown appears to have been the usual dress of seamen in Shakespeare's time; but not a word of what it was like. 'Eclavine,' (says Cotgrave), a sea-gowne, a coarse high-collared and short-sleeved gowne, reaching to the mid-leg, and used mostly by seamen and sailors.'





Larded with many several sorts of reasons,—
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs¹ and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise,² no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or³ I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist⁴ do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service:⁵ Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma⁶ 'tween their amities;
And many such like ases of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debate further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shirving time allow'd.⁷

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our seaflight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this?

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
upon?⁸

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;

1 'With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life.'—
'With such causes of terror arising from my character
and designs.' Bugs were no less terrific than goblins.
We now call them bugbears.

2 '—on the supervise, no leisure bated.' The
supervise is the looking over; no leisure bated means
without any abatement or intermission of time.

3 'Or,' for ere, before. See *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

4 Statists are statesmen. Blackstone says, that 'most
of our great men of Shakspeare's time wrote very bad
hands; their secretaries very neat ones.' This must be
taken with some qualification; for Elizabeth's two most
powerful ministers, Leicester and Burleigh, both wrote
good hands. It is certain that there were some who did
write most wretched scrawls, but probably not from
affectation; though it was accounted a mechanical and
vulgar accomplishment to write a fair hand. The worst
and most unintelligible scrawls I have met with, are
Sir Richard Sackville's, in Elizabeth's time; and the
miserable scribbling of Secretary Conway, of whom
James said they had given him a secretary that could
neither write nor read.

5 Yeoman's service I take to be good substantial
service. The ancient yeomen were famous for their
staunch valour in the field; and Sir Thomas Smyth
says, they were 'the stable troop of footmen that affraide
all France.'

6 '—stand a comma 'tween their amities.' This is
oddly expressed, as Johnson observes: but the meaning
appears to be, 'Stand as a comma, i.e. as a note of con-
nexion between their amities, to prevent them from
being brought to a period.'

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm; and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from Eng-
land,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count⁹ his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace: who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.¹⁰

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost thou know this
water-fly?¹¹

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
vice to know him: He hath much land and fertile;
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a cough; but, as I
say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Os. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the
head.

Os. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, sir, 'tis very cold: the wind
is northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and
hot; or my complexion—

Os. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,¹²—
as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his ma-
jesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great
wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his Hat.]

Os. Nay, good my lord; for my ease in good
faith,¹³ Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes:
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most ex-
cellent differences,¹⁴ of very soft society, and great
showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is
the card¹⁵ or, calendar of gentry, for you shall find
in him the continent¹⁶ of what part a gentleman
would see.

7 'Not shirving-time allow'd.' That is, without
allowing time for the confession of their sins.

8 'Beshink thee, does it not become incumbent upon
me to requite him,' &c. Vide note upon King Richard
II. Act II. Sc. 3. This passage and the three following
speeches are not in the quartos.

9 '—I'll count his favours.' Rowe changed this
to 'I'll court his favour;' but there is no necessity for
change. Hamlet means, 'I'll make account of his
favours,' i.e. of his good will; for this was the general
meaning of favours in the poet's time.

10 The quarto of 1603—'Enter a braggart Gentle-
man.'

11 In *Troilus and Cressida*, Thersites says, 'How the
poor world is pestered with such water-flies; dimi-
natives of nature.' The gnats and such like ephemeral
insects are not inapt emblems of such busy triflers as
Osric.

12 'Exceedingly, my lord; 'tis very sultry.'

'—igniculum brumæ si tempore poscas
Accipit endromidem; si dixeris æstuo, sudat.'

Juvenal

13 The folio omits this and the following fourteen
speeches; and in their place substitutes, 'Sir, you are
not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his
weapon.'

14 i.e. distinguishing excellencies.

15 'The card or calendar of gentry.' The general
preceptor of elegance; the card (chart) by which a
gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which
he is to order his time.

16 You shall find in him the continent of what part a

Ham. Sir, his defilement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth¹ and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.²

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue! You will do't, sir, really.³

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.⁴—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.⁵

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed⁶ he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned,⁷ as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,⁸ and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

gentleman would see." *You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation.* Perhaps we should read, 'You shall find him the continent.'

1 *Dearth*, according to Tooke, is 'the third person singular of the verb to *dere*; it means some cause which dereth, i. e. maketh dear; or hurteth, or doth mischief.' That *dearth* was, therefore, used for *scarcity*, as well as *deariness*, appears from the following passage in a MS. petition to the council, by the merchants of London, 6 Edw. VI.: speaking of the causes of the *deariness* of cloth, they say, 'This detriment cometh through the *dearth* of wool, the procurers whereof being a few in number for the augmentation of the same.'—*Conway Papers*.

2 This speech is a ridicule of the Euphuism, or court jargon of that time.

3 'Is it not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.' This interrogatory remark is very obscure. The sense may be, 'Is it not possible for this fantastic fellow to understand in plainer language? You will, however, imitate his jargon admirably, really, sir.' It seems very probable that 'another tongue, is an error of the press for 'mother tongue.'

4 'If you did, it would not tend much toward proving me or confirming me.'—What Hamlet would have added we know not; but surely Shakespeare's use of the word *approve*, upon all occasions, is against Johnson's explanation of it—'to recommend to approbation.' There is no inconsistency in the commentators; they rarely look at the prevalent sense of a word in the poet, but explain it many ways, to suit their own views of the meaning of a passage.

5 'I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him, &c.' I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom.

6 *Meed* is *merit*. Vide King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 1.

7 'Impawned.' The folio reads *imponed*. Pignare, in Italian, signifies both to *impon* and to *lay a wager*. The *stakes* are, indeed, a *gage* or *pledge*.

8 *Hangers*, that part of the belt by which the sword was suspended.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin⁹ ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german¹⁰ to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits;¹¹ he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit. *Ham.* Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing¹² runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply¹³ with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he, (and many more of the same bevy,¹⁴ that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune, of the time, and outward habit of encounter;¹⁵ a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and, through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;¹⁶ and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

9 'The margin.' The gloss or commentary in old books was usually on the *margin* of the leaf.

10 i. e. more a *kin*. 'Those that are *german* to him, though fifty times removed, shall come under the hangingman.'—*Winter's Tale*.

11 The conditions of the wager are thus given in the quarto of 1603:—

'Marry, sir, that young Laertes in twelve venies At rapier and dagger, do not get three odds of you.'

12 'This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.' Horatio means to call Osrice a raw, unfledged, foolish fellow. It was a common comparison for a forward fool. Thus in *Mere's Wits Treasury*, 1598:—'As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head, as soon as she is hatched,' &c.

'Forward lapwing, He flies with the shell on his head.' *Vittoria Corombona*.

13 'He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.' See Act ii. Sc. 2.

14 The folio reads, 'mine more of the same bevy.'—*Mine* is evidently a misprint, and more likely for *marie* (i. e. many) than *mine*. The quarto of 1604 reads, 'many more of the same breed.'

15 'Outward habit of encounter' is exterior politeness of address.

16 'A kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions,' &c. The folio reads, *fond* and *winnowed*.—The corruption of the quarto, '*prophaned* and *trennowed*,' is not worth attention; and I have no doubt that *fond* in the folio should be *fanned*, formerly spelt *fan'd*, and sometimes even without the apostrophe. *Fanned* and *winnowed* are almost always coupled by old writers, for reasons that may be seen under those words in *Baret's Alvearie*. So Shakespeare himself, in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—

'Distinction with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away.'

The meaning is, 'These men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carries them through with the most light and inconsequential judgments; but if brought to the trial by the slightest breath of rational conversation, the

*Enter a Lord.*¹

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,——

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,² as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves,—knows;—what is't to leave betimes.³ Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. This presence⁴ knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness: If't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

bubbles burst; or, in other words, display their emptiness.⁵

¹ All that passes between Hamlet and this Lord is omitted in the folio.

² i.e. misgiving, a giving against, or an internal feeling and prognostic of evil.

³ Since no man, of aught he leaves,—knows;—What is it to leave betimes? This is the reading of the folio; the quarto reads, 'Since no man has aught of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes.' *Has* is evidently here a blunder for *knows*. Johnson thus interprets the passage:—'Since no man knows aught of the state which he leaves, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should we be afraid of leaving life betimes?' Warburton's explanation is very ingenious, but perhaps strains the poet's meaning farther than he intended. 'It is true that by death we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it; and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon we lose them.' This argument against the fear of death has been dilated and placed in a very striking light by the late Mr. Green.—See *Diary of a Lover of Literature, Ipswich*, 1810, 4to. p. 230.—Shakspeare himself has elsewhere said, 'the sense of death is most in apprehension.'

⁴ i.e. the king and queen.

⁵ This line is not in the quarto.

⁶ i.e. unwounded. This is a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though nature is satisfied, yet he will

Sir, in his audience.⁶

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot my arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer.

I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour, I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungorg'd:⁶ But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play.— Give us the foils; come on.

Laer.

Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer.

You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds⁷ o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:— But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups⁸ of wine upon that table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the battlements their ordinance fire: The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an union⁹ shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;— And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham.

One.

Laer.

No.

Ham.

Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer.

Well,—again.

ask advice of older men of the sword, whether artificial honour ought to be contented with Hamlet's apology.

⁷ The king had wagered *six Barbary horses to a few rapiers, poniards, &c.*; that is, about twenty to one.—These are the odds here meant. The odds the King means in the next speech were *twelve to nine* in favour of Hamlet, by Laertes giving him three.

⁸ Stoup is a common word in Scotland at this day, and denotes a pewter vessel resembling our wine measures; but of no determinate quantity; for there are *gallon-stoups, pint-stoups, mutchkin-stoups, &c.* The vessel in which water is fetched or kept is also called a *water-stoup*. A stoup of wine is therefore equivalent to a *pitcher* of wine.

⁹ An union is a precious pearl, remarkable for its size. 'And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicacies here at Rome, &c. call them unions, as a man would say singular, and by themselves alone.' To swallow a pearl in a draught seems to have been common to royal and mercantile prodigality. Thus in the second part of 'If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody':—

'Here sixteen thousand pound at one clap goes,
Instead of sugar. Gresham drinks this pearl
Unto the queen his mistress.'

According to Rondeletus, pearls were supposed to have an exhilarating quality. 'Uniones quæ a conchis, &c. valde cordiale sunt.' Under pretence of throwing a pearl into the cup, the King may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet subsequently asks him tauntingly, 'Is the union here?'

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound ; and Cannons shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit ; What say you ? [*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses¹ to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : You do but

dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afeard, you make a wanton² of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides ;—How is it, my

lord ?

Osr. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,

Osrice ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear

Hamlet !

The drink, the drink ;—I am poison'd ! [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :

Treachery ! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet ; Hamlet, thou art slain ;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated,³ and envenom'd : the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me : lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again : Thy mother's poison'd ;

I can no more ; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too !—Then, venom, to thy work.⁴

[*Stabs the King.*]

Osr. and Lords. Treason ! treason !

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned

Dane,

Drink off this potion :—Is the union here ?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd ;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee ;

Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.*]

Hor. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee

I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu !—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time (as this fell sergeant,⁵ death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st ; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it ;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven, I'll have it.—

O, God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and Shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this !

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from

Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;

The potent poison quite o'ercrows⁶ my spirit ;

I cannot live to hear the news from England :

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,

Which have solicited,⁷—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ;—Good night,

sweet prince ;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !

Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,

and others.

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it, you would see ?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc !⁸—O, proud

death !

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes, at a shot,

So bloodily hast struck ?

1 Amb. The aight is dismal ;

And our affairs from England come too late :

The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :

Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you ;

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump⁹ upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies

High on a stage be plac'd to the view ;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,

How these things came about : So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;¹⁰

1 l. e. the queen drinks to thy good success.

2 l. e. you trifle or play with me as if I were a child.

3 See note on Act iv. Sc. 7.

4 In the quarto of 1603 :—

'The poison'd instrument within my hand'

Then venom to thy venom ; die, damn'd villain :

Come, drink, here lies thy union here. [*King dies.*]

5 A sergeant was a bailiff or sheriff's officer. Shakspere, in his 74th Sonnet, has likened death to an arrest :—

—when that fell arrest,
Without all bail shall carry me away.'

And Joshua Silvester, in his *Dubartas* :—

'And death, sergeant of the eternal Judge,
Comes very late,' &c

6 To overcrown, is to overcome, to subdue. 'These noblemen laboured with tooth and nail to overcrown, and consequently to overthrow one another.'—*Holinshed's History of Ireland.*

7 'The occurrents which have solicited—the occurrences or incidents which have incited.' The sentence is left unfinished.

8 'This quarry cries on havoc !' To cry on, was to exclaim against. I suppose when unfair sportsmen destroyed more game than was reasonable, the censure was to call it havoc.—*Johnson.*

Quarry was the term used for a heap of slaughtered game. See *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

9 It has been already observed that *jump* and *just*, or *exactly*, are synonymous. Vide note on Act i. Sc. 1

10 'Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts' Of saw-

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on' by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it.
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory² in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
chance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after
which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.*]

The following scene in the first quarto, 1603, differs
materially from the revised play, that it has been
thought it would not be unacceptable to the reader:—

Enter Horatio and the Queen.

Hor. Madam, your son is safe arrived in Denmarke,
This letter I even now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap'd the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the winds,
He found the packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himself betray'd to death,
As at his next conversion with your grace
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen. Then I perceive there's treason in his looks,
That seem'd to sugar o'er his villanies:
But I will sooth and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous;
But know not you, Horatio, where he is?

Hor. Yes, madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the city
To-morrow morning.

Queen. O fail not, good Horatio, and withal com-
mend me.

A mother's care to him, bid him a while

guinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator
was instigated by concupiscence or 'carnal stings.' The
allusion is to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother,
previous to his incestuous union with Gertrude.

1 i. e. instigated, produced. Instead of 'forced
cause,' the quartos read, 'for no cause.'

2 i. e. some rights which are remembered in this
kingdom.

Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Fail in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, never make doubt of that:
I think by this the news be come to court
He is arriv'd: observe the king, and you shall
Quickly find, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his mind.

Queen. But what became of Gilderstone and Ros-
sencraft?

Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,
And in the packet there writ down that doom
To be perform'd on them 'pointed for him:
And by great chance he had his father's seal,
So all was done without discovery.

Queen. Thanks be to Heaven for blessing of the
prince.

Horatio, once again I take my leave,
With thousand mother's blessings to my son.

Hor. Madam, adieu!

IF the dramas of Shakspeare were to be characterised,
each by the particular excellence which distinguishes
it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Ham-
let the praise of variety. The incidents are so nume-
rous, that the argument of the play would make a
long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified
with merriment and solemnity: with merriment that
includes judicious and instructive observations; and
solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the
natural sentiments of man. New characters appear
from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting
various forms of life and particular modes of con-
versation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes
much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills
the heart with tenderness, and every personage pro-
duces the effect intended, from the apparition that in
the first Act chills the blood with horror, to the top in
the last, that exposes affection to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against
objections. The action is indeed for the most part in
continual progression; but there are some scenes
which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned
madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause;
for he does nothing which he might not have done
with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman
most when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness,
which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an in-
strument than an agent. After he has, by the strata-
gem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no
attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected
by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the
exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neces-
sity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be
formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes
with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shown little regard to
poetical justice, and may be charged with equal ne-
glect of poetical probability. The apparition left the
regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which
he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him
that was required to take it; and the gratification which
would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a
murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia,
the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story is taken from the collection of Novels, by
Gio Giral di Cinthio, entitled Hecatommithi, being
the seventh novel of the third decad. No English
translation of so early a date as the age of Shakspeare
has hitherto been discovered: but the work was trans-
lated into French by Gabriel Chappuy, Paris, 1594.
The version is not a faithful one: and Dr. Farmer
suspects that through this medium the novel came
into English.

The name of Othello may have been suggested by
some tale which has escaped our researches, as it oc-
curs in Reynold's God's Revenge against Adultery,
standing in one of his arguments as follows:—'She
marries Othello, an old German soldier.' This history
(the eighth) is professed to be an Italian one; and here
also the name of Iago occurs. It is likewise found in

S P

The History of the famous Euodanus, Prince of Den-
mark; with the strange Adventures of Iago, Prince of
Saxonia, &c. 1605. It may indeed be urged, that these
names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but
every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style
and method in which the work of honest John Rey-
nolds is composed, will acquit him of the slightest
familiarity with the scenes of Shakspeare.—*Steevens.*

The time of this play may be ascertained from the
following circumstances:—Selymus the Second formed
his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571.
This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon
that island after it came into the hands of the Vene-
tians, (which was in 1473,) wherefore the time must
fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from
the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet

at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus; then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570; which is therefore the true period of this performance.—See Knolle's History of the Turks, p. 338, 346, 367.—*Read.*

The first edition of this play, of which we have any certain knowledge, was printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkly, to whom it was entered on the Stationers' Books, October 6, 1621. The most material variations of this copy from the first folio are pointed out in the notes. The minute differences are so numerous, that to have specified them would only have fatigued the reader. Walkly's Preface will follow these Preliminary Remarks.

Malone first placed the date of the composition of this play in 1611, upon the ground of the allusion, supposed by Warburton, to the creation of the order of baronets. [See Act iii. Sc. 4, note.] On the same ground Mr. Chalmers attributed it to 1614; and Dr. Drake assigned the middle period of 1612. But this allusion being controverted, Malone subsequently affixed to it the date of 1604, because, as he asserts, 'we know it was acted in that year.' He has not stated the evidence for this decisive fact: and Mr. Boswell was unable to discover it among his papers; but gives full credit to it, on the ground that 'Mr. Malone never expressed himself at random.' The allusion to Pliny, translated by Philemon Holland, in 1601, in the simile of the Pontic Sea; and the supposed imitation of a passage in Cornwallis's Essays, of the same date, referred to in the note cited above, seem to have influenced Mr. Malone in settling the date of this play. What is more certain is, that it was played before King James at court, in 1613; which circumstance is gathered from the MSS. of Vertue the Engraver.

'If (says Schlegel) Romeo and Juliet shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day, Othello is, on the other hand, a strongly shaded picture; we might call it a tragical Rembrandt.'

Should these parallels between pictorial representation and dramatic poetry be admitted,—for I have my doubts of their propriety,—this is a far more judicious ascription than that of Stevens, who, in a concluding

note to this play, would compare it to a picture from the school of Raphael. Poetry is certainly the pabulum of art; and this drama, as every other of our immortal bard, offers a series of pictures to the imagination of such varied hues, that artists of every school might from hence be furnished with subjects. What Schlegel means to say appears to be, that it abounds in strongly contrasted scenes, but that gloom predominates.

Much has been written on the subject of this drama; and there has been some difference of opinion in regard to the rank in which it deserves to be placed. For my own part I should not hesitate to place it on the first. Perhaps this preference may arise from the circumstance of the domestic nature of its action, which lays a stronger hold upon our sympathy; for overpowering as is the pathos of Lear, or the interest excited by Macbeth, it comes less near to the business of life.

In strong contrast of character. In delineation of the workings of passion in the human breast, in manifestations of profound knowledge of the inmost recesses of the heart, this drama exceeds all that has ever issued from mortal pen. It is indeed true that 'no eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming catastrophe in Othello,—the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity.'

WALKLY'S PREFACE TO OTHELLO,

ED. 1622, 4to.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English proverbe, '*A blew coat without a badge*;' and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon me: To commend it, I will not; for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Author's name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it the generall censure. Yours,
THOMAS WALKLY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor:

CASSIO, his Lieutenant;

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, *Servant to Othello.*

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, a Courtesan, *Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street. Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly, That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse, As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:— If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

1 To *cap* is to salute by taking off the cap: it is still an academic phrase. The folio reads, 'Off-capp'd.'

2 *Circumstance* signifies *circumlocution*.

3 And therefore without circumstance, to the point, Instruct me what I am?

The Picture, by Massinger.

4 Iago means to represent Cassio as a man merely conversant with civil matters, and who knew no more of a squadron than the number of men it contained. He afterwards calls him 'this counter-caster.'

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man, I know my price, I am worth no worse a place: But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,³ Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war; And, in conclusion, nonsuits My mediators; for, certes, says he, I have already chose my officer. And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,⁴ One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

4 The folio reads, *dambd*. This passage has given rise to much discussion. Mr. Tyrwhitt thought that we should read, 'almost damn'd in a fair life;' alluding to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those 'of whom all men speak well.' I should be contented to adopt his emendation, but with a different interpretation:—'A fellow almost damn'd (i. e. lost from luxurious habits) in the serene or equable tenor of

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,¹
Wherein the togged consuls² can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof;
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster;³
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of
service;
Preferment goes by letter,⁴ and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd⁵
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
casher'd;

Whip me such honest knaves:⁶ Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws⁷ to peck at: I am not what I sm.

Rod. What a full fortune⁸ does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,

his life.' The passage as it stands at present has been said by Stevens to mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man 'very near being married.' This seems to have been the case in respect to Cassio. Act iv. Sc. 1, Iago speaking to him of Bianca, says, 'Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her.' Cassio acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds—'This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her love and self flattery, not out of my promise.' Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally alludes to it in his present conversation with Roderigo.—Mr. Boswell suspects that there may be some corruption in the text.

1 i. e. theory. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 3.

2 The rulers of the state, or civil governors. The word is used in the same sense in Tamburlaine:—

'Both we will reign the consuls of the earth.'
By togged is meant peaceable, in opposition to warlike qualifications, of which he had been speaking. The word may be formed in allusion to the adage, 'Cedant arma togæ.' The folio reads, 'tongued consuls,' which agrees better with the words which follow:—'mere prattle, without practice.'

3 It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters. To this the poet alludes in Cymbeline, Act v. —'It sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters.'

Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,

As when, by¹⁰ night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio!
ho!

Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown:

Your heart is burst,¹¹ you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome!
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering¹² draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.¹³

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because
we come to do you service, you think we are ruf-

4 i. e. by recommendation.

5 'Do I stand within any such terms of propinquity to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him?' The first quarto has assign'd.

6 Knave is here used for servant, but with a sly mixture of contempt.

7 Outward show of civility.

8 This is the reading of the folio. The first quarto reads 'does.'

9 Full fortune is complete good fortune: to owe is to possess. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'—not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Caesar.'

And in Cymbeline:—

'Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.'

10 'By night and negligence,' means 'in the time of night and negligence.' Nothing is more common than this mode of expression: we should not hesitate at the expression, 'By night and day.'

11 i. e. is broken.

12 That is, 'intoxicating draughts.' In Hamlet, this king is said to be 'marvellous distemper'd with wine.' See King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2.

13 That is, we are in a populous city, mine is not a lone house, where a robbery might easily be committed. Grange is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; *grangia*; Lat. from *grangum*: but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a grange. So in Measure for Measure:—'At the moor'd grange resides this dejected Mariana.'

fians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews' neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for Germans.²

Bra. What profane³ wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.⁴

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

[If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter At this odd-even⁵ and dull watch o' the night, Transported—with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,— To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance,⁶ We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That, from⁷ the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant⁸ and wheeling stranger, Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:] If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper;—call up my people:— This accident is not unlike my dream, Belief of it oppresses me already:— [Exit, from above.]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produc'd, (as, if I stay, I shall,) Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,— However this may gall him with some check,⁹ Cannot with safety cast¹⁰ him! for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, (Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls, Another of his fathom they have not, To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is, indeed, but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

1 Nephews here mean grand-children. See King Henry VI. Part I. and King Richard III.

2 i. e. horses for relations. A gennet is a Spanish or Barbary horse.

3 A profane wretch is an unlucky or a wicked one.

4 Faire la bete a deux dos is a French proverbial expression, which needs no explanation. See the notes to any edition of Rabelais, or Le Roux's Dictionnaire Comique.

5 This odd-even appears to mean the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. So in Macbeth:

“What is the night?”

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

6 i. e. your approbation.

7 That is, in opposition to or departing from the sense of all civility. So in Twelfth Night:—

“But this is from my commission.”

And in The Mayor of Queenborough, by Middleton, 1661:—

“But this is from my business.”

8 Extravagant is here again used in its Latin sense, for wandering. Thus in Hamlet:—“The extravagant and erring spirit.” Sir Henry Wootton thus uses it:—“These two accidents, precisely true, and known to few, I have reported as not altogether extravagant from my purpose.” Parallel, etc. between Buckingham and

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is: And what's to come of my despised time,¹¹ Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!— With the Moor, sayst thou?—Who would be a father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are

Bra. O, heaven!—How got she out!—O, treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds By what you see them act.—Is there not charms,¹² By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call; I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.— On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. Another Street. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, Yet do I hold it very stuff¹⁴ o' the conscience, To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,¹⁵

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir, Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,— That the magnifico¹⁶ is much belov'd; And hath, in his effect, a voice potential¹⁷ As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;

Essex.—In is here used for on, a common substitution in ancient phraseology. Pope and others, not aware of this, altered it, and read, ‘To an extravagant’ &c.

9 i. e. some rebuke.

10 That is, dismiss him, reject him.

11 Despised time is time of no value: time in which

‘There's nothing serious in mortality; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere drags Are left this vault to brag of.’

So in Romeo and Juliet:—

“—expire the term

Of a despised life clos'd in my breast.”

12 ‘Is there not charms,’ &c. means is there not such a thing as charms? The second folio reads, ‘Are there not,’ &c.

13 i. e. may be illuded or deceived.

“wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleeper.” Macbeth.

14 This expression to common readers appears harsh. Stuff of the conscience, is substance or essence of the conscience. Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense, and in a manner yet more harsh in Macbeth:— ‘Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.’

15 ‘Of whom is this said?—Of Roderigo.’ Steevens

16 The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called magnifico, i. e. magnificoes. See Ben Jonson's Volpone.

17 i. e. as mighty, as powerful: as double, means as strong, as forcible, as double in effect as that of the dogs, whose voice of course carried great away with it, and who is said to have had extraordinary privileges, influencing every court and council of the state.

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;¹ and my demerits²
May speak, unbonneted,³ to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoues'd⁴ free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.⁵ But, look! what lights come
yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a Distance, and certain Officers
with Torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!⁶
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste⁷ appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls⁸ rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,⁹
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

1 'Men who have sat upon royal thrones.' So in Grafton's Chronicle, p. 443:—'Incontinent, after that he was placed in the royal siege,' &c.

2 *Demerits* has the same meaning in Shakespeare as *merits*. *Mereo* and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. '*Demerit*, (says Bullokar,) a *dessert*; also, (on the contrary, and as it is most commonly used at this day,) *ill-deserving*.'

3 Mr. Fuseli (and who was better acquainted with the sense and spirit of Shakespeare?) explains this passage as follows:—'I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my *merits*, that *unbonnetted*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune,' &c. At Venice, the *bonnet*, as well as the toge, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day.

4 i. e. *unsettled*, free from domestic cares.

5 Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on the *riches of the sea*. The expression seems to have been proverbial. Thus in Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:—

'— he would not lose that privilege

For the sea's worth.'

So in King Henry V. Act i.—

'— As rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea,
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.'

6 So in Measure for Measure:—

'The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost!'

7 These words were ordinarily written on the covers of letters or packets requiring the most prompt and speedy conveyance. Often reduplicated thus:—'*Haste, haste, haste, post-haste*'

8 See note 2, p. 515

9 *Quests* are here put for *messengers*; properly it signified *searchers*. Vile Cotgrave, in *questeur*.

10 A *carrack*, or *carrick*, was a ship of great burthen, a Spanish galleon; so named from *carico*, a lading, or freight.

11 In the third scene of the third act, Iago says:—

'Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

'*Oth.* From first to last.'

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here? [*Exit.*]

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carrack;¹⁰

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of
Night, with Torches and Weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;¹¹
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled¹² darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur our general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.¹⁴

[Judge me the world, if 'tis not ross in sense,¹⁵

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That waken motion:¹⁶—I'll have it disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]

Cassio's seeming ignorance might therefore only be affected, in order to keep his friend's secret till it became publicly known.

12 i. e. be *cautious*, be *discreet*.

13 Sir W. Davenant uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630:—

'The curld and silken nobles of the town.'

Again:—

'Such as the *curled* youth of Italy.'

It was the fashion of the poet's time for lusty gallants to wear 'a *curled* bush of frizzled hair.' See *Hall's Satires*, ed. 1824, book iii. sat. 5. Shakespeare has in other places alluded to the fashion of curling the hair among persons of rank and fashion. Speaking of Tarquin, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, he says:—

'Let him have time to tear his *curled* hair.'

And Edgar, in *Lear*, when he was 'proud in heart and mind,' *curled* his hair. Turnus, in the twelfth *Æneid*, speaking of *Æneas*, says:—

'*fedare in pulvere* crines

Vibratos calido ferre.'

14 'Of such a thing as thou: a *thing* to *fear* (i. e. *terrible*), not to delight.' So in the next scene:—

'To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on.'

15 The lines in crotchets are not in the first edition, 4to. 1622.

16 The old copy reads, 'That *weaken* motion.' The emendation is Hamner's. *Motion* is elsewhere used by our poet precisely in the sense required here. So in *Measure for Measure*:

'— one who never feels

The wanton stings and *motions* of the sense.'

And in a subsequent scene of this play:—'But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.' So in *A Mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1603:—

'And in myself snoth up adulterous *motions*.'

To *waken* is to incite, to *stir up*. We have in the present play, '*waken'd* wrath.' And in Shakespeare's 117th Sonnet, '*waken'd* hate.' Brabantio afterwards asserts:—

'That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood
He wrought upon her.'

For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans,¹ shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Council Chamber.—*
The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a Table;
Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition² in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim³ reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now; the business?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason;⁴ 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question⁵ bear it,
[For that it stands not in such warlike brace,⁶
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of
this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage,⁷ a danger profitless.]

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes,
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they restem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.⁸

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—
Marcus Lucchese, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish⁹ him post-post-haste
despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor,

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.¹⁰
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRABANTIO*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon
me;

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care¹¹

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

⁶ I.e. in such *state of defence*. To arm was called
to *trace* on the armour. The seven following lines
were added since the first edition in quarto, 1622.

⁷ To *wa'e* is to *undertake*. 'To *rage* law (in the
common acceptation) seems to be to *follow*, to *urge*,
drive on, or prosecute the law or law-suits; as to *wage*
war is *præ'iar*, *beltare*, to drive on the war, to fight in
battels as warriors do.—*Blount's Glossograph*.

⁸ 'He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this in-
telligence.'

⁹ I.e. 'desire him to make all possible haste.' The
folio reads:—

'Write from us to h'm, post, post-haste, dispatch.'

¹⁰ It was part of the policy of the Venetian state
to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. 'By
lande they are served of straungers, both for generals,
for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because
theyr lawe permiteth not any Venetian to be capitaine
over an armie by lande; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's ex-
ample.'—*Thomas's History of Italy* p. 32. See also
Contarini's Republic of Venice, by Lawkenor, 1599,
and Howell's Letters, sect. i. let. xxviii.

¹¹ '—juvenumque produs
Publica cura. Hor.

Steevens would read this line thus:—
'Rais'd me from bed; nor doth the general care—'
omitting *Hath* and *my*, which he considers playhouse
interpolations; by which, he says, the metre of this
tragedy is too frequently deranged.

¹ This passage has been completely misunderstood.—
Pagan was a word of contempt; and the reason will
appear from its etymology:—'*Paganus*, villanus vel
incultus. Et derivatur a pagus quod est villa. Et qui-
cunque habitat in villa est *paganus*. Præterea qui-
cunque est extra civitatem Dei, i.e. ecclesiasticus, dicitur
paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*.'—*Ortus Vocabulorum*,
1538. I know not whether *pagan* was ever used to
designate a clown or rustic; but *paganical* and *paganian-
lian*, in a kindred sense, were familiar to our elder
language. Malone thinks that 'Brabantio is meant to
allude to the common condition of all blacks, who come
from their own country both *slaves* and *pagans*;' and
that he uses the word in contempt of Othello. If he is
suffered to escape with impunity, we may expect to see
all our offices of state filled up by the *pagans* and bond-
slaves of Africa.'

² *Composition* for *consistency*. It has been before
observed that *news* was considered of the plural number
by our ancestors.

³ *Aim* is *guess*, conjecture. The quarto reads, 'they
aim reports.' The meaning appears to be, 'In these
cases where *conjecture* tells the tale.'—*Aim* is again
used as a substantive in Julius Cæsar:—

'What you would work me to, I have some *aim*.'
⁴ 'Bring it to the test, examine it by reason, it will
be found counterfeit.'

⁵ That he may carry k with *less dispute*, with di-
minished opposition.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:¹
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,²
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguild your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.³

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [To OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending⁴
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action⁵ in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself: Yet, by your gracious pa-

tience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what

charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.⁶

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself;⁷ And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—

1 By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the Code Della Promissione del Malefico, cap. xvii. *Dei Malefici et Herbarie*. Shakespeare may not have known this; but he was well acquainted with the edicts of James I. against

—practisers
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.⁷

2 This line is not in the first quarto.

3 'Though our own son were the man exposed to your charge or accusation.'

4 The *main*, the *whole* unextenuated. 'Frans causæ non satis honesta est,' is a phrase used by Quintilian. A similar expression is found in Tamburlaine, 1599;—

'The man that in the forehead of his fortunes
Beares figures of renown and miracle.'

Again in Troilus and Cressida:—

'So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action.'

5 The folio reads, 'soft phrase of peace.'

6 'Their dearest action'; that is, as we should say in modern language, their *best exertion*.

7 The word *with*, supplied in the second folio, is wanting in the older copies. Malone contends that it is merely an elliptical form of expression, and that the early copies are right.

8 Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal* instead of the *neutral* pronoun.

9 Open proofs, external evidence.

10 I. e. weak show of slight appearance. *Modern* is frequently used for *trifling*, *slight*, or trivial, by Shakespeare. The first quarto reads:—

'These are thin habits, and poor likelyhoods
Of modern seemings you prefer against him.'

11 The sign of the fictitious creature so called. See Troilus and Cressida, Act. v. Sc. 5.

12 This line is wanting in the first quarto.

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment main'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,⁹
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming;¹⁰ do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,¹¹
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,¹²
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.]

And till she come, as truly¹³ as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field:
Of hair-breadth scapes 'tween the imminent deadly

breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance¹⁴ in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres¹⁵ vast, and deserts wild,¹⁶

13 The first quarto reads, as *faithful*: the next line is omitted in that copy.

14 The first quarto reads:—

'And with it all my travel's history.'

By 'my portance in my travel's history,' perhaps, is meant, my carriage or behaviour in my travels, as described in my narration of them. Portance is a word used in Coriolanus:—

'—took from you

The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion,' &c.

15 I. e. caverns; from *antrum*, Lat. Warburton observes that Rymer ridicules this whole circumstance; and Shaftesbury obliquely sneers at it. 'Whoever (says Johnson) ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were magnified by her timidity.'

16 The quarto and first folio read, 'desarts idle'; the second folio reads, 'desarts wilde'; and this reading was adopted by Pope; at which Dr. Johnson expresses his surprise.

Mr. Malone taxes the editor of the second folio with ignorance of Shakespeare's meaning; and *idle* is triumphantly reinstated in the text. It does not seem to have occurred to the commentators that *wild* might add a feature of some import, even to a desert; whereas *idle*, I. e. *sterile*, leaves it just as it found it, and is (without a pun) the *idest* epithet which could be applied. Mr. Pope, too, had an ear for rhythm; and as his reading has some touch of Shakespeare, which the other has not, and is besides better poetry, I should hope that it would one day resume its proper place in the text.—Gifford. Notes on *Sejanus*. Ben Jonson's Works vol.

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.¹ These things

to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently:² I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore³—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing

strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd

me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,

iii. p. 14.—I have followed the suggestion of Mr. Gifford, and restored the reading of the second folio; convinced by his reasoning, and believing that *idle* might easily be substituted for *wilde*, in the earlier copies, by a mere typographical error.

1 Nothing excited more universal attention than the accounts brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana, in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation—

—whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

See his Narrative in Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. iii. ed. 1600, fol. p. 652, et seq. and p. 677, &c. A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages, in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, &c. A copy of one of the plates is given in the variorum editions of Shakspeare. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the poet's time.

2 *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. *Intensive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing, says Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616.

3 To *accer upon faith or honour* was considered swearing, equally with a solemn appeal to God. See Whitaker's Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 457.

4 i. e. 'let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.'—Sir J. Rey-
nolds.

I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself;⁴ and lay a

sentence,
Which as a grise,⁵ or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd,⁶ that smiles, steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the
ear.⁷

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you: And though we have
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
more safer voice on you; you must therefore be
content to slubber⁸ the gloss of your new fortunes
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down:⁹ I do agnize¹⁰

5 *Grise* or *greese* is a *step*; from *gres*, French. The
word occurs again in Timon of Athens:—

—'for every *grise* of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below.'

Ben Jonson, in his Sejanus, has *degrees* in the same
sense:—

'Whom when we saw lie spread on the *degrees*.'

6 This is expressed in a common proverbial form, in
Love's Labours Lost:—

'Past cure is still past care.'

7 i. e. 'that the wounds of sorrow were ever cured
by the words of consolation.' *Pierced* is here used for
penetrated. Spenser has employed the word in the
same figurative sense, Faerie Queene, b. vi. c. 9:—

'Whose senseful words *empierst* his hart so neare

That he was rapt with double ravishment.'

8 To *slubber* here means to *obscure*. So in Jero-
nimo, 1605, first part:—

'The evening too begins to *slubber* the day.'
The latter part of this metaphor has already occurred
in Macbeth:—

—'golden opinions—'

Which should be worn now in their *newest* gloss.'

9 A *driene* bed is a bed for which the feathers have
been selected by *driene*g with a fan, which separates
the light from the heavy.

10 To *agnize* is to acknowledge, confess, or avow.
Thus in a Summarie Report, &c. of the Speaker rela-
tive to Mary Queen of Scots, 4to. 1585:—'A repentant
convert *agnizing* her Majesty's great mercie,' &c. It
sometimes signified 'to know by some token, to admit,
or allow.'

A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition.¹
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;²
And let me find a charter in your voice,³
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes⁴
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality⁵ of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interm shall support.
By his dear absence; Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords—beseech you, let her
will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;⁶
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For' she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,⁸

1 'I desire that proper disposition be made for my wife, that she may have a fit place appointed for her residence, and such allowance, accommodation, and attendance as befits her rank.' *Exhibition for allowance* has already occurred in King Lear, and in The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

2 Thus in the quarto 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the same epithet, reads:—

'——— Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear.'
i. e. a propitious ear.

3 That is, 'let your favour privilege me.'

4 By her 'downright violence and storm of fortunes' Desdemona means, the bold and decisive measure she had taken, of following the dictates of passion, and giving herself to the Moor, regardless of her parent's displeasure, the forms of her country, and the future inconveniences she might be subject to, by 'tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, in an extravagant and wheeling stranger, of here and every where.' This was truly taking her fortunes by storm.

5 Quality here, as in other passages of Shakespeare, means profession. 'My heart is so entirely devoted to Othello, that I will even encounter the dangers of his military profession with him.' The quarto reads, 'My heart's subdued even to the utmost pleasure of my lord.'

6 Stevens reads, at the suggestion of Sir T. Hamner—

'Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction.'

Malone reads *disjunct* instead of *distinct*. In the Bondman of Massinger we have a passage evidently copied from this speech of Othello:—

'——— Let me wear
Your colours, lady, and though youthful heats,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since buried in me, while I live,
I am a constant lover of your mind.' &c.

Mr Gifford observes that, 'as this shows how Shakespeare's contemporaries understood the lines, it should, I think, with us be decisive of their meaning.'—The

That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!⁹

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall cur commission bring to you:
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted¹⁰ beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to
see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee;

I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;

And bring them after in the best advantage.¹¹

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction;

To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

admirers of Shakespeare cannot but recollect with dismay the prodigious mass of conjectural criticism accumulated on this simple passage, as well as the melancholy preface with which it terminates; that after all 'it will probably prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy.' I confess I see little or rather no occasion for either: nor can I possibly conceive why, after the rational and unforced explanation of Johnson, the worthless reveries of Theobald, Toller, &c. were admitted.—*Affects* occur incessantly in the sense of passions, affections: *young affects* are therefore perfectly synonymous with *youthful heats*. Othello, like Timon, was not an old man, though he had lost the fire of youth; the critics might therefore have dismissed their concern for the lady, which they have so delicately communicated for the edification of the rising generation. Mr. Gifford suggests that Shakespeare may have given *affect* in the singular to correspond with *heat*. *Affect* is also used for *passion*, in an Elegy on the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt, by Lord Surrey:—

'An eye whose judgment none *affect* could blinde,
'Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile.'

Dr. Johnson's explanation is:—'I ask it not (says Othello) to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.' Upton had previously changed *my*, the reading of the old copy, to *me*; but he has printed *affects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun.

7 i. e. cause.

8 Thus the folio; except that, instead of *active instruments*, it has *off'd instrument*. The quarto reads 'And feather'd Cupid foils,' &c. *Speculative instruments*, in Shakespeare's language, are the eyes; and *active instruments*, the hands and feet. To *act* is to close up. The meaning of the passage appears to be, 'When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them.'

9 The quarto reads *reputation*.

10 Delighted for delighting.

11 i. e. fairest opportunity.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years!¹ and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen,² I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry: why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance³ of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted⁴ lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect,⁵ or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;⁶ I say, put money in thy purse. In cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;⁷—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.⁸ She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change,

she must; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring⁹ barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money;—I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted:¹⁰ thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse;¹¹ go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow—Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rodrigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODRIGO.]

Thns do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,¹²
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere auspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety.¹³ He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume¹⁴ up my will;
A double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person; and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false,
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

1 The quarto reads 'as acerb as coloquintida.' The poet had the third chapter of St. Mauehew's Gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on *locusts* and wild honey. Mr. Douce observes, that 'there is another phrase of the same kind, viz. to exchange herb John for coloquintida. It is used in Osborne's Memoirs of James I. and elsewhere. The pedantic Tomlinson, in his translation of Renodæus's *Dispensatory*, says, that many superstitious persons call mugwort St. John's herb, wherewith he circumcinding his foins on holidays. Shakspeare, who was extremely well acquainted with popular superstitions, might have recollected this circumstance, when, for reasons best known to himself, he chose to vary the phrase by substituting the *luscious locusts* of the Baptist. Whether these were the fruit of the tree so called, or the well known insect, is not likely to be determined. It is said that the insect *locusts* are considered a delicacy at Tonquin. Bullein says that 'coloquintida is most bitter.'—*Bulwarke of Defence*, 1579.

9 Erring is the same as *erraticus* in Latin. So in Hamlet:

'Th' extravagant and erring spirit.'

And in As You Like It:—

'—how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage.'

10 This adjective occurs again in Act iii.:'—*hearted throne*.'

11 i. e. march.

12 Woodcock was the general term for a foolish fellow. Iago is more sarcastic, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird of almost the same shape.

13 That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. 'He holds me well,' is, he entertains a good opinion of me.

14 The first quarto reads 'to make up.'

1 That Iago means to say he was but twenty-eight years old, is clearly ascertained by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, ['and since I could distinguish,' &c.] when he began to make observations on the characters of men. Waller, on a picture which was painted for him in his youth by Cornelius Jansen, and which is now in the possession of his heir, has expressed the same thought: 'Anno ætatis 23; *picta rix primo*.'—In the novel, on which Othello is founded, Iago is described as a young handsome man.

2 A *Guinea-hen* was a cant term for a woman of easy virtue.

3 The folio reads 'if the brain;' probably a mistake for *beam*.

4 So in A Knack to Know an Honest Man, 1596:—

'—Virtue never taught thee that,
She sets a bit upon her bridled lusts.'

See also As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 4:—

'For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself.'

5 A *sect* is what the gardeners call a cutting.

6 I have already observed that *defeat* was used for *disfigurement* or *alteration* of features: from the French *défaire*. *Favour* means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character.

7 *Sequestration* is defined to be 'a putting apart, a separation of a thing from the possession of both those that contend for it.' It is not therefore necessary to suppose any change requisite in the text. In another passage of this play we have 'a sequester from liberty.' So in Romeo and Juliet:—

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die.'

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport Town in Cyprus.* *A Platform. Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven² and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,³
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,⁴
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous

main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,⁵
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance,
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?
3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese:⁶ Michael Cassio,
Lientenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

1 All the modern editors, following Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of Othello lies during four Acts: but this could not have been Shakespeare's intention; *Nicosia*, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the centre of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta*; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, 'near which (says Knolles) standeth an old castle, with four towers, after the ancient manner of building.' To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs. Centhis, in the novel, makes no mention of any attack on Cyprus by the Turks; but they took the island from the Venetians in 1570. By mentioning Rhodes as likely to be attacked by the Turks, the historical fact is disregarded; for they were in quiet possession of that island, and had been masters of it since the year 1522; and from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament.

2 The quarto reads:—
'twixt the haven and the main;
and Malone adopts that reading. Perhaps the poet wrote 'the heavens.' A subsequent passage may serve to show that the folio affords the true reading:—

'Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw our eyes out for brave Othello:
Even till we make the main and the ethereal blue
An indistinct regard.'

3 The quarto of 1622 reads 'when the huge mountainess,' the letter *s*, which perhaps belongs to *mountaine*, having wandered at press from its place. In a subsequent scene we have:

'And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high'
And in Troilus and Cressida:—

'The strong ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts.'

4 The elder quarto reads 'the banning shore.'

5 The constellation near the polar star. The next

Man. I am glad on't: 'tis a worthy governor.
3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven, he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;⁸
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.⁹

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?
4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand racks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
[Guns heard.]

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath schiev'd a maid
That paragon description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quinks of blazoning pens,¹⁰
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.¹¹—How now? who has
put in?

line alludes to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear. The 4to. 1622 reads 'ever-fired pole.'

6 The old copy reads 'a Veronese;' whether this signified a ship fitted out by the people of Verona, who were tributary to the Venetian republic, or designated some particular kind of vessel, is not yet fully established. But as *Veronese* has not hitherto been met with elsewhere, the former is most probably the true explanation.

7 A full soldier is a complete one. See Act I. Sc. 1, 8 i. e. of allowed and approved expertness.

9 The meaning seems to be, 'Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, by excess of apprehension, stand in confidence of being cured.' A parallel expression occurs in Lear:—

'This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,
Which if convenience will not allow
Stand in hard cure.'

10 Thus in Shakespeare's 103d Sonnet:—
'—a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.'

11 This is the reading of the quartos: the folio has:
'And in the essential vesture of creation
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.'

By the essential vesture of creation the poet means her outward form, which he in another place calls 'the muddy vesture of decay.' If the reading of the folio be adopted, the meaning would be this: She is one who excels all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist.—Flecko, in his discourse on the English Stage, 1664, speaking of painting, mentions 'the stupendous works of your great ingeniars.' And Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

'No, Silius, we are no good ingeniars,
We want the fine arts.'

An *ingeniur* or *ingeniuer* undoubtedly means an artist or painter; and is perhaps only another form of *ingit*, *neer* anciently used for any kind of artist or artificer

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd¹ to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal² natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!³
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*
2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.⁴—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

[*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she show you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

1 'Traitors ensteeped' are merely traitors concealed under the water.

2 *Mortal* is deadly, destructive.

3 'The riches of the ship is come on shore.' Shak-
speare uses *riches* as a singular in his eighty-seventh
Sonnet:—

'And for that riches, where is my deserving?'

4 The first quarto reads, 'So speaks this voice.'

5 That is, When you have a mind to do injuries, you
put on an air of sanctity. In Puttenham's *Art of Poesie*,
1589, we have almost the same thoughts:—'We limit
the comely parts of a woman to consist in four points;
that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the
church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as
the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to
King Edward the Fourth.' There is something similar
in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1603; and it is
alluded to in the *Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607.

6 i. e. censorious.

7 A similar thought occurs in *The Puritan*:—'The
excuse stuck upon my tongue like ship-pitch upon a
mariner's gown.'

8 The quarto reads—*hit*.

9 The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of

Saints in your injuries,⁵ devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, lie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago.

No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O, gentle lady, do not put me to't;

For I am nothing, if not critical.⁶

Des. Come on, assay;—There's one gone to the
harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,⁷
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Wellprais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.⁸

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast
thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O, heavy ignorance!—thou praisest
the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed!⁹ one, that, in the
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself?¹⁰

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;

Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;

Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;

She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,

Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:

She, that in wisdom never was so frail,

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;¹¹

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,

See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.¹²

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—
Do not learn of him, Emilia; though he be thy
husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
profane and liberal¹³ counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish
him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay,
well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will
I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon

Iago, is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606.

10 The sense is this—one that was so conscious of her
own merit, and of the authority her character had with
every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to
vouch for her. This was some commendation. And
the character only of clearest virtue; which could force
malice, even against its nature, to do justice.—*Warbur-*
ton. To put on is to provoke, to incite.

11 That is to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare.
See Queen Elizabeth's *Household Book* for the forty-
third year of her reign:—'Item, the master cookes have
to see all the *sa'mons' tails*, &c. p. 296.

12 i. e. 'to suckle children and keep the accounts of
the household.' These expressions are only instances of
the want of natural affection, and the predominance
of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows
himself to be possessed of, where he says 'O! I am
nothing, if not critical.'

13 *Liberal* is licentious

her, do; I will gyve¹ thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantship, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet agsin your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!

[Trumpet.] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior.²

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy;³ for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,⁴

[Kissing her.

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do your old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd⁵ in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion⁶ and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master⁷ to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exit OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and
Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say)
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them,—list me.
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of

guard:⁸—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus,⁹ and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first
loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her
fantastical lies: And will she love him still for
prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her
eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have
to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull
with the act of sport, there should be,—again to
inflammate it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—
loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners,
and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:
Now, for want of these required conveniences, her
delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to
heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor;
very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her
to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as
it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who
stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as
Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further con-
scionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil
and humane seeming, for the better compassing of
his salt and most hidden loose affection? why,
none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a
finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp
and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage
never present itself: A devilish knave! besides,
the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those
requisites in him, that folly and green minds¹⁰ look
after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman
hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of
most blessed condition.¹¹

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is
made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would
never have loved the Moor; Blessed pudding! Didst
thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?
didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by his hand; an index,¹² and ob-
scure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.
They met so near with their lips, that their breaths
embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderi-
go! when these mutualities so marshal the way,
hard at hand comes the master and main exercise,
the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be
you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice.
Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't
upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far
from you: Do you find some occasion to anger
Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting¹³ his
discipline; or from what other course you please,
which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden¹⁴ in choler;
and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you:
Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that,
will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose

¹ To gyve is to fetter, to shackle. The first quarto reads—'I will catch you in your own courtesies.' It may be as well to observe that *courtship* is the same as *courtesy*, i. e. complimentary or courtly behaviour. To play the sir, is to show good breeding and gallantry.

² This phrase was introduced by our copiers of the French sonnetiers. Ronsard frequently calls his mistresses *guerrieres*; and Southern, his imitator, is not less prodigal of the same appellation. Thus in his fifth sonnet:—

'And my fair warrior, my light shines in thy fair eyes.'

³ So Cherea in The Eunuch of Terence, Act iii. Sc. 5:—

Proh Jupiter!

Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum in-
terfici.

Ne vita aliqua hoc gaudium contamineat ægritudine.'

⁴ Thus in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion:—

'I pr'ythee chide, if I have done amiss,
But let my punishment be this and this.'

[Kissing the Moor.]
Marlowe's play was written before that of Shak-
speare, who might possibly have acted in it.

⁵ i. e. much solicited by invitation. So in The Letters
of the Paston Family, vol. i. p. 299:—'At the which

wedding I was with myn hostes, and also desyryd by
ye jentylman himselfe.'

⁶ Out of method, without any settled order of dis-
course.

⁷ The master is a distinct person from the pilot of a
vessel, and has the principal care and command of the
vessel under the captain, where there is a captain; and
in chief where there is none. Dr. Johnson confounded
the master with the pilot, and the poet himself seems to
have done so. See the first line of Scene 2, Act iii.

⁸ That is, the place where the guard musters.

⁹ On thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to
a wiser man.

¹⁰ Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed.

¹¹ Qualities, disposition of mind.

¹² It has already been observed that *indexes* were for-
merly prefixed to books.

¹³ Throwing a slur upon his discipline. So in Trol-
lus and Cressida, Act i. Sc. 3:—

'In taint of our best man.'

¹⁴ Sudden is precipitately violent. So Malcolm, de-
scribing Macbeth:—

'I grant him bloody—
Sudden, malicious.'

qualification¹ shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer² them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even³ with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy as strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace⁴ For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,⁵ For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.⁶

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street. Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere⁷ perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices⁸ are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the Isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Johnson has erroneously explained this. *Qualification*, in our old writers, signifies *appeasement*, *pacification*, *assuagement* of anger. 'To appease and qualify one that is angry; tranquillum facere ex irato.'—*Baret*.

² To advance them.

³ Thus the quarto 1622. The folio—till I am even³ with him: i. e. till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

⁴ 'If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, bear the putting on,' &c. This is the reading of the folio, which, though it has a plain and easy sense, would not do for the commentators, and the quarto of 1622 reading *crush*, they altered it to *trash*, signifying to *impede*, to *keep back*, a meaning the very converse of that required by the context; to say nothing of the wretched jingle of *trash* and *trash*; which Stevens is pleased to consider 'much in Shakspere's manner.' The fact is, to *trace* means neither more nor less than to *follow*, the appropriate hunting term; the old French *tracer*, *tracher*, *trasser*, and the Italian *tracciare* having the same meaning. Stevens is sadly put to it to explain how *keeping* Roderigo back and *putting* him on can quadruple, and all is doubt and perplexity. Bishop Hall, in the third satire of his fifth book, uses *trace* for to *follow*—

'Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorn thou to live, if others live beside;
And *trace* proud Castile, that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy.'

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outstrip discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: To-morrow with our earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DESDEMONA.*]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night. [*Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast⁹ us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.¹⁰

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified¹¹ too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

⁵ 'In the rank garb,' which has puzzled Stevens and Malone, is merely 'In the right down, or straight forward fashion.' In *As You Like It*, we have 'the right butterwoman's rank to market.' And in *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he 'doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the garb (i. e. assumes the fashion) quite from his nature.' Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.*—'You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel.' The folio reads—'In the right garb.'

⁶ 'An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution.'—*Johnson*.

⁷ Mere is entire.

⁸ All rooms, or places in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared or served out.

⁹ i. e. dismissed us, threw us off, or rid himself of our company. The herald has just informed us that there was full liberty of feasting, &c. till eleven. So in *The Witch*, by Middleton—

'She cast off

My company betimes to-night, by tricks,' &c.

¹⁰ In this and the seven short speeches preceding, the decent character of Cassio is most powerfully contrasted with that of the licentious Iago.

¹¹ Silly mixed with water.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,

Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out-
ward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,¹
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
It consequence do but approve my dream.²
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and
Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse³
already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as
I am a soldier.⁴

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (inneed)
they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink,
ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drink-
ing?⁵

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your
Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the
next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
justice.⁶

Iago. O, sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a sight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down:

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the
other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his
place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's

¹ As quarrelsome as the discordia semina rerum; as
quick in opposition as fire and water.—*Johnson.*

² Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination
may be termed a dream.

³ See *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2, note 8, p. 472.

⁴ If Montano was Othello's predecessor in the
government of Cyprus (as we are told in the *Personæ
Dramatis*) he is not very characteristically employed in
the present scene, where he is tipping with people
already flustered, and encouraging a subaltern officer,
who commands a midnight guard, to drink to excess.—
Stephens.

⁵ Thus the quarto 1622. The folio has—*exquisite*.
This accomplishment is likewise mentioned by Beau-
mont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:—

'Lod. Are the Englishmen

Such stubborn drinkers?

'Piso. — not a leak at sea

*Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old*

Able to knock a Dane down.'

Henry Peacham, in his *Complait Gentleman*, 1622, p.
193, has a section entitled 'Drinking the Plague of our

above all; and there be souls that must be saved
and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the gen-
eral, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's
have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive
us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business.
Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my
ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left
hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well
enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think,
then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's set
the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologe a double set,⁷
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit RODERIGO.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft⁸ infirmity;
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within—Help! help!*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen⁹ bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

English gentry, in which he says:—'Within these fiftie
or threecore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see
a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the
most sober and temperate of any other in the world.
But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Nether-
lands, about the time of Sir John Norris his first being
there, the custom of drinking and plegding healthes
was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch
be their owne judges, if we equall them not; yea, I
think, rather excell them.'

⁶ I. e. drink as much as you do. See *King Henry
IV. Part II. Act v. Sc. 2.*

⁷ If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the
clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours.—
The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient
writers: Chaucer often uses it. So in the *Devil's
Charter*, 1607:—

—My gracious lord,

By Seato's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven.'

⁸ Rooted, settled.

⁹ I. e. a *wickered* bottle, and so the quarto reads.

Men. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk!

[*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Rod. who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*]

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death—he dies.¹

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter,² and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitting men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would, in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?³

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,

That you unlance your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion,⁴ for the name

Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now offends me:—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity⁵ be sometime a vice;

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

1 The first quarto omits the words—he dies, and has *zounds* at the commencement of the line. Montano may be supposed to say—*he dies*, i. e. *he shall die*, offering to renew the fight upon finding himself severely hurt. Othello, in the very next speech, says:—*‘He dies upon his motion.’*

2 i. e. on our station. ‘This short note might have saved the long disquisitions of Ritson, Henley, and Malone, about the precise meaning of a word which, in the military language of the present day at least, seems to have no very precise meaning. The meaning given above seems the leading signification, for the principal camp guard of a regiment is called the *quarter guard*; but a regiment in quarters has no such guard. I wonder that Mr. Steevens, who had been in the militia, did not exercise his judgment on this passage.’—*Pye*.

3 i. e. you have thus forgot yourself.

4 Throw away and squander your valuable character. Opinion for reputation or character occurs in other places.

5 Care of one's self

Oth. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collid,

Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd⁶ in this offence,

Though he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court of guard and safety!⁷

'Tis monstrous.⁸—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affi'd,⁹ or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago.

Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help;

And Cassio following with determin'd sword,¹¹

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather.

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,

I ne'er might say before: when I came back,

(For this was brief,) I found them close together,

At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,

From him that fled, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth.

I know, Iago

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter

Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—

I'll make thee an example.

Des.

What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon;—Lead him off.¹²

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

6 *Collid* is blackened, as with smut or coal, and figuratively means here *obscured, darkened*.

7 Convicted by proof.

8 The old copies read:—

‘In night, and on the court and guard of safety.’

Malone made the necessary transposition, which he justifies by irrefragable proof; but Steevens obstinately opposed the emendation, and retained the old mumpkin in the text out of a spirit of contradiction!

9 *Monstrous* is here used as a trisyllable, as it is again in *Macbeth*, Act iii. Sc. 6.

10 *Affined* is ‘bound by proximity of relationship,’ but here it means ‘related by nearness of office.’ In the first scene it is used in the first of these senses:—

‘If I, in any just term, am affi’d

To love the Moor.’

11 The old copy reads:—

‘And Cassio following him with determin’d sword.’ The word *him* seems to have crept in from the compositor’s eye glancing on the word in the next line.

12 Malone thinks that the words—‘Lead him off’ were originally a marginal stage direction, as it was common to express them in imperative terms:—*Play music—Ring the bell—Lead him off; &c.*

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood; a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it sir,—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement³ of her parts and graces:—confess

yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint⁴ between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay⁵ worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and sometimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

Iago. And what's he, then, that says,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free,⁶ I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful⁸ As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,⁹ Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,¹⁰ As I do now: For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence¹¹ into his ear,— That she repeals¹² him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft?

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee; And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio; Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:¹³ Content thyself awhile.—By the mass,¹⁴ 'tis morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.— Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

1 Thrown off, dismissed in his anger.
2 I. e. talk idly, utter all you know. From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto 1622.

3 The old copies read—*devotement*, an error arising from a single letter being turned upside down. Theobald made the correction.

4 Thus the folio. The quarto 1622 reads—*this brawl*.

5 Bet or wager.

6 I. e. *liberal*. Such as honest openness or frank good will would give. There may be such a contraction of the word *probable* as that in the next line, but it has not yet been met with elsewhere. Churchyard has many abbreviations equally violent.

7 *Inclining* here signifies *compliant*.

8 Corresponding to *benigna*. Liberal, bountiful as the elements, out of which all things were produced.

9 *Parallel course* for course level or even with his design.

10 When devils mean to *instigate* men to commit the most atrocious crimes, they *prompt* or *tempt* at first with heavenly shows, &c.

11 *Pestilence* for *poison*.

12 I. e. *recalls* him, from the Fr. *rappeler*.

13 The *blossoming* or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that the fruits of it would soon be *ripe*.

14 The folio reads—*In troth*, an alteration made in the play-house copy by the interference of the master of the revels.

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*] Two things are
to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
I'll set her on :

Myself, the while, to draw¹ the Moor apart,
And bring him jump² when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife ; Ay, that's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle. Enter CASSIO
and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow,
general.³ [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been
at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?⁴

1 Mus. How, sir, how !

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instru-
ments ?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail,

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that
I know. But, masters, here's money for you ; and
the general so likes your music, that he desires you
of all loves,⁵ to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to't again : but, as they say, to hear music,
the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away : Go ; vanish into air ; away.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear
you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillet.⁶ There's a
poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her,
there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of
speech : Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I
shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

1 Some modern editions read—'Myself the while will draw.' But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect sentence was intended. Iago is ruminating upon his plan.

2 I. e. just at the time. So in *Hamlet* :—

'Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour.'

3 It was usual for friends to serenade a new married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a morning song to bid them good-morrow. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5. Ritson's note about the *vaite* is nothing to the purpose.

4 So in *The Merchant of Venice* :—'The bagpipe sings i' the nose.' Rabelais somewhere speaks of 'a blow over the nose with a Naples cowl-staff.' The allusion is obvious.

5 I. e. for love's sake. We have this adjuration again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

6 See *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. i. p. 506. note 8.

7 In consequence of this line a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.'

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ;⁸ but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it ;
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he
loves you ;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,⁹
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. 'Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.¹⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle. Enter
OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And, by him, do my duties to the state :¹¹
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't ?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before the Castle. Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do ; I know, it grieves my
husband,

As if the case¹² were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir,¹³ I thank you : You do love my lord :
You have known him long ; and be you well
assur'd,

He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,
That policy may either last so long,¹⁴
Or feed upon such nice and watery diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

was a Venetian is proved by a speech in the third scene of this act, and by what he says in the fifth act, after having stabbed Roderigo :—

'Iago. Alas, my dear friend and countryman Roderigo !

'Gra. What, of Venice ?

'Iago. Yes.'

All that Cassio means to say in the present passage is, I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in one of my own countrymen.

8 I. e. the displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

9 This line is wanting in the folio.

10 This speech is omitted in the first quarto.

11 Thus the quarto 1622. Folio—'to the senate.'

12 Folio reads—'As if the cause were his.'

13 Thus the quarto of 1622. The folio reads—'I know't. I thank you.'

14 'He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.'—*Johnson.*

To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame,¹ and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot
think it,

That he would steal away so guiltilylike,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my
lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,

His present reconciliation² take ;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,

That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,³

I have no judgment in an honest face :

I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me ;

I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other
time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;—

I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not

Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best,⁴) is not almost a fault

To incur a private check : When shall he come ?

¹ Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them
from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes.—So in Cart-
wright's *Lady Errant* :—

‘ We'll keep you
As they do hawks, watching until you leave
Your wildness.’

And in Davenant's *Just Italian* :—

‘ They've watch'd my hardy violence so tame.’

² i. e. ‘take his present atonement,’ or *submission*.
The words were formerly synonymous.

³ *Cunning* here signifies *knowledge*, the ancient
sense of the word.

⁴ The severity of military discipline must not spare
the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may
afford a wholesome example.

⁵ So *hesitating*, in such doubtful suspense. So in
Lyly, *Euphues*, 1590.—‘ Neither stand in a *mamering*
whether it be best to depart or not.’ The quarto 1622
reads—*muttering*.

⁶ See Act I. Sc. 2. ⁷ i. e. of *weight*.

⁸ ‘The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally
understood. It is now in some parts of England a term

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so *mammering*⁵ on. What Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you,⁶ and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize⁷ and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing ;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to
thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come :—Be it as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit with EMILIA.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch !⁸ Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.⁹

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
lady,

Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last : Why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted
with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed :—Discern'st thou aught
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ?

Oth. Think my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say but now—Thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife ; What did'st not like ?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'st, *Indeed ?*

of the fondest and softest tenderness. It expresses the ut-
most degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which
perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness,
and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona
as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by
her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power,
calls her *Excellent wretch* ! It may be expressed, ‘Dear,
harmless, helpless excellence.’—*Johnson*. Sir W. Da-
venant, in his *Cruel Brother*, uses the word twice with
the same meaning :—‘*Excellent wretch* ! with a timo-
rous modesty she stifteth up her utterance.’

⁹ I think with Malone, that Othello is meant to say,
‘Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be re-
duced to its primitive chaos. ‘So in Venus and Adonis :—

‘For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.’

Shakspeare's meaning is more fully expressed in *The*
Winter's Tale :—

‘It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith,—and then
Let nature crush the sides of the earth together
And mar the seeds within’

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost :
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements,¹ working from the
heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, 'would, they might seem
none!²

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.³
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ?⁴ who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets,⁵ and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,

1 Thus the earliest quarto. The first folio reads—
'close dilations.' Which Johnson says was intended
for 'cold delations, i. e. occult and secret accusations,
working involuntary from the heart. The second folio
reads—'cold dilations,' which Warburton explains
'cold, keeping back a secret,' which men of phlegmatic
constitutions, whose arts are not swayed or governed by
their passions, we find can do: while more sanguine
tempers reveal themselves at once, and without re-
serve.' Upon says *dilations* comes from the Latin
dilationes, delayings, pauses.

2 I believe the meaning is, 'would they might no
longer seem or bear the shape of men.'—Johnson.

3 'I am not bound to do that which even slaves are
not bound to do.' So in Cymbeline:—

— O, Pisanio,
Every good servant does not all commands,
No bond but to do just ones.'

4 — No perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.'

Rape of Lucrece.

5 'Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure
conceptions and uncharitable surmises will not some-
times enter into it; hold a session there, as in a regular
court, and "bench by the side" of authorised and law-
ful thoughts.' In the poet's thirtieth sonnet we find the
same imagery:—

'When to the sessions of sweet silent thoughts
I summon up remembrance of things past.'

A leaf is also called a *law day*. 'This court, in whose
manor soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and
commonly held every half year,' it was a meeting of the
hundred 'to certify the king of the good manners and
government of the inhabitants,' &c.

6 I. e. conjectures. Thus the quarto 1622. The folio
reads:

— and of my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not, that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceals,
Would take no notice.'

7 The sacred writings were perhaps in the poet's
thoughts: 'A good name is rather to be chosen than
great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold.'—
Proverbs, xxii. 1.

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses : and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceals,⁶
You'd take no notice ? nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ;⁷ 'tis something,
nothing :

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands ;⁸

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make⁹
The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O, misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich and rich enough ;
But riches, fineless,¹⁰ is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ! why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate¹¹ and blown surmises,

8 'Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine nuper Ofelli
Dicitur, erit nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii.' Horat. Sat. lib. ii. 2.
So in Camden's Remaines, 1605, p. 107:—

'Nunc mea, mox huius, sed postea nescio cuius.'
9 The old copy reads *mock*. The emendation is
Hamer's. Steevens attempted to justify the old read-
ing ; but his arguments are not convincing ; and the
slight alteration of the text renders it much more clear,
elegant, and poetical, and has been so well defended by
Malone and others, that I have not hesitated to adopt it.
The following passages have been adduced in con-
firmation of Hamer's reading. At the end of the third
Act, Desdemona remarks on Othello's jealousy:—

'Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.'
To which Emilia replies:—
'But jealous fools will not be answer'd so,
They are not jealous ever for the cause,
But jealous, for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.'

10 I. e. endless, unbounded. Warburton observes
that this is finely expressed—*winter producing no
fruits*.

11 No instance of this word has elsewhere occurred.
It appears to me to be intended to convey the meaning
of *whispered*, or *made out of breath*. *Sufflation* is
interpreted by Phillips, 'a puffing up, a making
to swell with blowing.' In Plautus we have, '*Sufflati*
nescio quid uxore ;' which Cooper renders, 'He hath
whispered somewhat in his wives ears, whatsoever it
be.' He also translates 'Rumoris nescio quid *affla-*
rat, a certain brute or rumour come to my hearing.'
Though I do not agree with the following explanation,
I think it right to lay it before the reader:—'It seems to
me, (says Mr. Todd,) that all the critics have over-
looked the meaning of the passage. *Exsufficates* may
be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon,
an ancient form of exorcising ; and, figuratively, to
spit out in abhorrence or contempt. See Du Cange, in
v. *exsufflare*. *Exsufficate* may thus signify *contem-*
ptible; and Othello may be supposed to mean, that he
would not change the noble designs, that then employed
his thoughts, for *contemptible* and *despicable* surmises.'
Johnson's Dict. in v. *Exsufflate*.

Matching thy inference.¹ 'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company, Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well; Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;² Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt; For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago; I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason To show the love and duty that I bear you With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound, Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof. Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio; Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure: I would not have your free and noble nature, Out of self-bounty,³ be abus'd; look to 't: I know our country disposition well; In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.⁴

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you; And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks, She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then; She that, so young, could give out such a seeming, To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,⁵—He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon, For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has. I hope you will consider, what is spoke Comes from my love;—But I do see you are mov'd:—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech To grosser issues,⁶ nor to larger reach, Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord, My speech should fall into such vile success⁷

1 i. e. such as you have mentioned in describing the torments of jealousy.

2 A passage in Ali's Well that Ends Well is perhaps the best comment on the sentiments of Othello:—"I have those good hopes of her education promises: his disposition she inherits; which makes fair gifts fairer." *Gratior a pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.*

3 Self bounty for inherent generosity.

4 This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence.—The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shown that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue.—*Johnson.*

5 An expression from falconry: to seal a hawk is to sew up his eyelids. *Close as oak* means as close as the grain of oak.

6 Issues for conclusions.

7 Success here means consequence or event; as success, in Italian. So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 39, ed. 1613:—"Straight my heart misgave me some evil success." And in *The Palace of Pleasure*:—"Fearing lest their case would sort to some pitiful success."

8 Will for inclination or desire. A rank will is a lustful inclination.

9 'You shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady.'

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:— I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches, Of her own clime, complexion, and degree; Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends: Foh! one may smell, in such, a will⁸ most rank, Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—

But pardon me; I do not, in position,

Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms,

And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,

doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:

And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,

(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,) Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceive him and his means:⁹

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment!¹⁰

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,

(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,) And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.¹¹

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit!¹²

Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,¹³

Though that her jesses!¹⁴ were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have:¹⁵—Or, for I am declin'd

10 i. e. press hard his readmission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for the admission of soldiers.

11 Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion.

12 Learned for experienced. The construction is,

'He knows with an experienced spirit all qualities of human dealings.'

13 Haggard is wild, and therefore libertine. A haggard falcon was a wild hawk that had preyed for herself long before she was taken; sometimes also called a *ramage falcon*. From a passage in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, it appears that haggard was a term of reproach, sometimes applied to a scanton:—'Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stew's.' So in *Shakerley Marmion's Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

'Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,

I'll trust a wanton haggard in the wind.'

Again:—

'For she is ticklish as any haggard,

And quickly lost.'

14 Jesses are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.—'The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was let down the wind, and from that time shifted for herself and preyed at fortune.' This was told to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Clark. So in the *Spanish Gipsie*, 1653:

—That young lannerd (i. e. hawk)

Whom you have such a mind to; if you can whistle her

To come to fist, make trial, play the young falconer.'

15 Men of intrigue. Chambering and wantonness are mentioned together in the Scriptures.

Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague¹ is fated to us,
When we do quicken.² Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous³ islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not
well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin⁴ is too little;

[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exit OTH. and DES.*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,⁵
And give 't Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

1 One of Sir John Harington's Epigrams will illustrate this forked plague:—

'Actæon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre
Was plagued with *horns*; his dogs did him devour;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written.'

2 i. e. when we begin to live.

3 'The generous islanders' are the islanders of rank, distinction; *generosi*, Lat. This explanation however (as Stevens observes) may be too particular; for *generous* also signified *valiant*, of a *brave spirit*.

4 In the north of England this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word occurs in *Macbeth*, Julius Caesar, and other of these plays.

5 That is, copied. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona; but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a early humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in Sc. iv.

'This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was probably introduced by the poet to render Emilia less unamiable. It is remarkable that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress; which she might easily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story if he refused to restore it. But this would not have served the plot.—In Cinthio's Novel, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle without the knowledge of his wife.'—Malone.

'This observation is very just; it is particularly striking in the representation; neither is the concluding

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage,⁶ I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:⁷—

Enter OTHELLO,

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandra-
gora,⁸

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'st⁹ yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
rack.—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
lust?¹¹

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

apology to be admitted, as there is no reason why Emilia should be present when Othello demands the handkerchief.—*Pye.*

6 That is, I am being *opportunely* here, took it up.

7 'Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.' The folio reads, 'Be not *unknown* on't.'—This word occurs in the Life of Ariosto, subjoined to Sir John Harington's translation of the Orlando Furioso, p. 418, ed. 1607:—'some say he was married to her priville, but durst not be *acknowne* to it.' Again, in *Cornelia*, a tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, 1594:—

'Our friend's misfortune doth increase our own.'

Cic. But ours of others will not be *acknowne*.

8 Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. 'Jealousy, (says he,) with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur,' &c.

— I did say so;

Look where he comes!

i. e. I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation.—*Steevens.*

9 The mandrake has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act. I. Sc. 6.

10 i. e. *possessedst*.

11 A similar passage to this, and what follows it, is found in *The Witch*, by Middleton. In the same drama there is also a scene between Francisca and her brother Antonio, when she first excites his jealousy, which has several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between Iago and Othello on the same subject. It is more than probable that Middleton was the imitator.

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not rob'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers¹ and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!²
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,³
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!⁴
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Taking him by the Throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,⁵
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, wou upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;⁶
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O, grace, O, heaven, defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!⁷
O, monstrous world! Take note, take note. O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

1 The vilest of the camp. *Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers. According to the old ordinances of war, a soldier who lost any part of his arms by negligence or play, was to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made 'some *abject pioneer*.'

2 There are some points of resemblance between this speech and the following lines in a poem of George Peele's. 'A Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces, Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, 1589:—

'Change love for arms; gyrt to your blades, my boyes:
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trumpe,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shriekes of men, the princelie courser's ney.'

3 In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum*, Shakespeare, as usual, paints from life; those instruments, accompanying each other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years; but at length revived in the war before the last by the British guards under order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before Maestricht in 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the allies with whom they served. This instrument accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture, painted 1523, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, representing the siege of Pavia by the French King, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In the diary of King Henry's siege of Bolloigne, 1544, (Rymer, Foed. xv. p. 33,) mention is made of *drommes* and *vifflours* marching at the head of the king's army. The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at shows and processions. At a stately masque on Shrove Tuesday,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied!

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living⁹ reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O, monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;¹⁰
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.¹¹

1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry of 'a *drum* and *fife*, apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnettes'; and at the Inner Temple celebration of Christmas (described by Leigh in his *Accidence of Armory*, 1576,) 'We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noise of *drum* and *fife*.' It will hardly be necessary to state that this note is abridged from one by Thomas Warton, whose passion for the spirit-stirring instruments to which it relates is upon record. The remainder of his note is an attempt to derive the word whistler from *vifflour*, a fife; but it is probable that it had another origin.

4 Davenant in his *Albiovine*, and Fletcher in his *Prophetess*, have each of them imitated this passage of Othello.

5 The quarto of 1522 reads, '*man's* eternal soul.'—Perhaps an opposition was designed between *man* and *dog*.

6 I. e. all tenderness of nature, all pity; the sense in which *remorse* is most frequently used by Shakespeare.

7 A similar image is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*; where the Moor says:—

Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face.'

8 So in Pericles:—

'If *fires* be hot, *knives* sharp, or *waters* deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.'

9 A *living reason* is a reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise and conjecture; a reason that convinces the understanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited to the life.

10 Some *foregone conclusion* is some *former experience*. *Conclusion* is used for *experiment* or *trial* in several other places of these plays.

11 The old quarto gives this line to Iago, as well as the two which follow; in the folio it is given to Othello.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:¹
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow⁴ cell!
Yield up, O, love, thy crown, and hearted throne,⁵
To tyrannous hate! I swell, bosom, with thy fraught;⁶
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,⁷
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable⁸ and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond⁹ marble heaven,¹⁰
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution¹⁰ of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,¹¹
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

1 Iago says, 'Yet we see nothing done;' as an oblique and secret mock of what Othello had before said,—*Give me the ocular proof.*

2 The quarto reads, 'Now do I see 'tis true.'

3 So in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—
'Are these your fears? thus blow them into air.'

This was perhaps caught from Horace:—
'Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.'

4 *Hollow*, which has been stigmatized by Warburton as a poor unmeaning epithet, gives the idea of what Milton calls—

— the void profound
Of unessential night.

Or the *inane profundum* of Lucretius. It is used indeed in Milton himself. *Paradise Lost*, b. i. v. 314:—

'He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

5 The heart on which thou wast enthroned. So in Twelfth Night:—

'It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.'

See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. Sc. 1, *ab init.*

6 i. e. *swell*, because the fraught thou art charged with is of poison.

7 From the word *Like to marble heaven*, inclusively, is not found in the quarto 1622. Pope thinks that it would be better omitted, as an unnatural excursion in this place. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge upon this subject from the second book and unnumbered chapter of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601:—
'And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis; but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus.' Mr. Edwards conceived this simile might allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impress Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian sea, with this motto, *Sine refluxu*.

8 *Capable* seems to be here used for *capacious*, com-

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bound-
teous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx; O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clow. I dare not say, he lies nny where.

Des. Why, man?

Clow. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
lies is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.¹²

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges; and for me to
devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by
report?

Clow. I will catechize the world for him; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.¹³

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him
have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will
be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes.¹⁴ And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

prehenſive. Nashe, in his *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592, employs the word in the same manner:—'Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a capable name, of gods, of men, of devils.'

9 This expression occurs in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:—

'Now by the marble face of the welkin,' &c.

So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:—

'And pleas'd the marble heavens.'

10 The first quarto reads *excellency*. By *execution* Shakespeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

'Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute.'

And in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'In fellest manner execute your arms.'

11 Shakespeare always uses *remorse* for *pity* or *commiseration*. 'Let him command whatever bloody business, and in me it shall be an act not of cruelty but of pity or commiseration to obey him.' The quarto reads, 'What bloody business ever.'

12 This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto.

13 i. e. and by them, *when answered*, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the answer is in character.

14 *Cruzadoes* were not current, as it should seem, at Venice, though they certainly were in England, in the time of Shakespeare; who has here again departed from the strict propriety of national costume. It appears from *Rider's Dictionary* that there were three sorts of cruzadoes: one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great cruzado of Portugal. They were of gold, and weighed from two pennyweights six grains, to two pennyweights sixteen grains, and differed in value from six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings. The sovereigns who struck these coins were Emanuel and his son John of Portugal. Mr. Douce has given the figure of them in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.



Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moist; This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.¹

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen² rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer,³ and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or mad a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

¹ Warburton thought that this was a satirical allusion to the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. Sir William Blackstone supports him in this supposition, and has pointed out a similar allusion in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. But if the play was written in 1602, as Malone presumes, this is a sufficient refutation. Warburton has a further conceit, that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men distinguished themselves by their *steel*; and that by *hands* those courtiers were pointed at, who served her inglorious successor by their *gold*. This is too fanciful to require an answer.—Steevens observes, that 'the absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the utter want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspeare at the badge of honours instituted by a prince whom he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court this very piece was acted in 1613, are strong arguments against the propriety of Warburton's explanation.'

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So in *The Tempest*—

'Mir. My husband then?

P'er. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in it.'

'The hearts of old, (says Othello,) dictated the union of hands, which formerly were joined with the hearts of the parties in them; but in our modern marriages hands alone are united, without hearts.'

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy,⁴ which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.⁵

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-gives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.⁶

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;——

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. In sooth,
You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit OTHELLO.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband,

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,

² The folio reads 'sorry.' Rider explains *sullen* by *acerbis*, Latin.

³ A *charmer*, for an *enchanter*, is of common occurrence in the Psalms. So in Perkins's Discourse on Witchcraft, 1610:—'By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charm*ers, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women,' &c.

⁴ The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; yet this fanciful medicine held a place in the druggists' shops till lately. It was much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

⁵ The quarto reads 'with the skilful conserves,' &c. So in *The Microcosmos* of John Davies of Hereford, 4to 1605:—

'Mummy made of the mere hart of love.'

⁶ This and the following short speech are omitted in all the ancient editions but the first quarto. The singular phraseology, 'talk me of Cassio,' is illustrated in a note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act i. Sc. 2.

⁷ The folio reads 'the office of my heart:' the words were, however, synonymous. Thus Baret:—'*Dutie*, office, dutie of behaviour in honestie and reason: *officium*.' So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

—his goodly eyes—now turn

The office and devotion of their view,' &c.

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so must be my benefit;¹
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up² in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not now my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour,³ as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank⁴ of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so.—Something, sure, of
state,— [*Exit IAGO.*]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,⁵
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so:
For let our finger ache, and it indues⁶
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, (unhandsome warrior⁷ as I am),
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

1 'Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,
Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.'

2 Here again is a strange discordance of opinion in
the commentators on the meaning of *shut myself up*,
which evidently signifies no more than 'confine my-
self.' One of the old quartos reading 'shoot myself
up,' by mistake, Mason absurdly contends for that
reading.—'To fortune's alms' means waiting patiently
for whatever bounty fortune, or chance, may bestow
upon me. We have the same uncommon phrase in
King Lear:—

'——— Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms.'

3 i. e. In countenance.

4 To stand within the blank is to stand in the direct
range or in the immediate course; to have his dis-
pleasure directed toward her.

5 Some undeveloped treason.

6 I have elsewhere observed that to *indue* was used
formerly where we now use to *imbue*. Ophelia, in
Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 7, is said to be 'indued unto that
element.' Malone has well explained the meaning of

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;

But I shall, in a more continuant time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.⁹

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to! woman,

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous, now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my cham-
ber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,

(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't: and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?¹⁰

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Castle. *Enter OTHELLO.* and *IAGO.*

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What?

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoris'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,

An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:¹¹

the passage:—'Let but our finger ache, and this sen-
sation so gets possession of, and is so infused into the
other members, as to make them all partipate of the
pain.'

'—— totumque infusa per artus,

Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.'

7 i. e. the nuptial feast. 8 See Act II. Sc. 1.

9 i. e. copy this work in another handkerchief. See
Act III. Sc. 3. So in Middleton's *Women beware Women*:—

'——— she intends

To take out other works in a new sampler.'

Again in the Preface to Holland's *Pliny*, 1601:—'Nico-
phanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to an-
tique pictures, partly to exemplify and take out pat-
terns, after that in long continuance of time they were
decayed.'

10 This and the following speech are wanting in the
first quarto.

11 'We must suppose that Iago had been applying
cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the
parties had been even found in bed together, there
might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of
their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Ro-
bert D'Arbrissel, and his nuns.'—*Warburton.*

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts,¹ and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being
hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have for-
got it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,²—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied³ them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unsware.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on
her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's
falsome.—Handkerchief,—confession,—handker-
chief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.⁴
—First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I
tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in
such shadowing passion, without some instruction.⁵
It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—
Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!
—Handkerchief!—O, devil!—*[Falls in a Trance.]*

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

1 The *devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them: Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votararies*, is referred to:—This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the devyll with, &c. See also Fabian's *Chronicle*, Part iv. ch. 141.

2 The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.

3 i.e. having by their own importunacy *overcome* the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness, *gratified her desires*. Mariana tells Angelo, in Measure for Measure:—

'And did *supply* thee as thy garden house.'
Theobald thought that *supplied* should be *suppled*, i.e. 'made her *pliant* to his desires.'

4 This proverbial saying is used in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

'Blame us not, but the proverbe—*Confess and be hanged.*'

And in one of the old collections there is an epigram on it—All that remains of this speech, from *to confess*, is wanting in the quarto.

5 'The starts and broken reflections in this speech (says Warburton) have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies.'

There is a difference of opinion between the commentators, some thinking with Warburton that the words 'Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago.

No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth; and, *by* and by,

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago.

I mock you! no, by heaven;

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous
city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago.

Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,

May draw with you; there's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is
better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago.

Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.⁶
Whilst you were here, ere while mad⁷ with your
grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave¹⁰ yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;¹¹

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience:

Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

Oth.

Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

passion, without some instruction, allude to his own feelings: others that they advert to the story about Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. I must confess that I incline to the latter opinion: 'Nature would not express such *adumbrations of passion* without some *former experience*.' I think this view of the passage confirmed by these words in a former scene:—

'Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a *foregone conclusion*.'

For (as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes) 'Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance.'

6 *Unproper for common*. So in *The Mative*, a collection of Epigrams and Satires:—

'Rose is a fayre, but not a *proper* woman
Can any creature *proper* be that's common?'

7 In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue: a Latin sense. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Though Page be a *secure* fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,' &c.

8 i.e. within the *bounds* of patience.

9 The folio reads 'o'erwhelmed with your grief.'

10 *Hide* yourself in a private place.

11 Congreve might have had this passage in his memory when he made Lady Touchwood say to Maskwell, 'Ten thousand meanings lurk in each corner of that various face.'

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*OTHELLO withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: It is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's
plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter!—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish¹ jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think 't'faith she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [Aside.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?²
[Aside.
Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer!³ I pr'y-
thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [Aside.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me!⁴ Well. [Aside.
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she
is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love
and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[Aside.

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the
seabank with certain Venetians; and thither comes
this bauble; by this hand,⁵ she falls thus about my
neck;—

Oth. Crying, O, dear Cassio! as it were: his
gesture imports it. [Aside.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me;
so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew!⁶ marry, a per-
fumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting
of me?

¹ Unbookish for ignorant.

² Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*
brought *Roman* into his thoughts. 'What (says he)
you are triumphing as great as a Roman?'

³ A common woman, with whom any one may be
familiar.

⁴ I. e. 'have you numbered my days?' To score is
to tale or tell, to number, or mark as on a tally. But
perhaps it only means, 'have you marked me?' as
beasts are scored or marked when purchased for slaugh-
ter. The old quarto reads 'have you stored me?'

⁵ The folio omits 'by this hand'; and reads 'thither
comes the bauble and falls me thus' &c.

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you!
What did you mean by that same handkerchief,
you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take
it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely
piece of work, that you should find it in your cham-
ber, and not know who left it there! This is some
minx's token, and I must take out the work!
There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you
had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now?
how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.
[Aside.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you
may: an you will not, come when you are next
prepared for. [Exit.

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I
would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see bow he
prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it
him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A
fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned
to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.⁷

O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she
might lie by an emperor's side, and command him
tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So
delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician!
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!⁸

Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She is the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And
then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it,
Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
her patent to offend;⁹ for, if it touch not you, it
comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes!—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago: this night:—
I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and
beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very
good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his under-
taker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.

⁶ Shakespeare has alluded to the lust of this animal
in *King Lear*. He tells Iago that Bianca is as lewd, but
of a better scent, the *polecats* being a very stinking
animal.

⁷ This thought, which counteracts the pathos, occurs
again in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc. 3:—

————— throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts.'

⁸ ————— when she hath sung,

The tiger would be tame.' *Venus and Adonis*

⁹ 'Why then give sin a passport to offend?'

Tragedy of King Edward III. 1596.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my

lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone² them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice;

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much,

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O, devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:³—

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,——

Des. My lord?

1 The quarto reads 'God save the worthy general.' Malone says that the reply of Othello does not relate to what Lodovico has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he salutes him. Steevens, on the contrary, thinks that 'The distracted Othello, considering his happiness in this world at an end, readily catches at the idea of future felicity suggested by the words *Save you, general*.' He adds, 'If it be urged that the words only mean *preserve you in this world*, my sense of the passage will not be much weakened; as our protection, even here, depends on the Almighty.'—In *Measure for Measure* (Act ii. Sc. 2) two replies of Angelo to similar salutations from Isabel are equally equivocal.

2 i. e. make them one, *reconcile* them.

3 'If women's tears could impregnate the earth.' By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon, v. iii. p. 70, edit. 1740. Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals, whose tears are proverbially fallacious. 'It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too.' Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, 'Crocodile lachrymæ, crocodile teares, to signifye such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm.'—*Bullockar's Expositor*, 1616.

To fall, in this passage, is a verb active.

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn,⁴ and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O, well painted passion!

I am commanded home:⁵—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!

Exit DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and monkeys.⁶

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my

censure.

What he might be,—if what he might, he is not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I

knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe

him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

Exit.

SCENE II.' A Room in the Castle. *Enter.*

OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Ycs, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

4 So in King Henry VI. Part I.

'Done like a Frenchman; turn and turn again.'

5 The quarto reads, 'I am commanded here.'

6 In this exclamation Shakspeare has shown great

art. Iago in the first scene, in which he endeavours to

awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident

proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells him it

were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it,

though they should be as prime as goats, as hot as mon-

keys. These words, we may suppose, still ring in the

ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his

wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic excla-

mation: 'Iago's words were but too true; now, indeed,

I am convinced that they are as hot as goats and

monkeys.'

7 There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place

of this scene. What Othello says in an early part of it

to Emilia—'Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,'—

and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, de-

cisively point out a room in Othello's Castle as the place

of the scene; and compel us to place the interlocutors

there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and

Iago's address to Desdemona, 'Go in and weep not.'

The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this in-

stance, as in many others, were content, from want of

scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and the

same time, as the outside and inside of a house. See

the Historical Account of the English Stage, &c. [Bos-

well's edition of Malone's Shakspeare, vol. iii.]—Malone.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest, Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch hath put this in your head, Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy; the purest of their wives! Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore, A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets: And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

[To EMILIA.]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.¹

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep? Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect,

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him, Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head; Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes; I should have found in some part of my soul A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me A fixed figure, for the time of scorn,² To point his slow unmoving finger at,— O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: But there, where I have garner'd³ up my heart; Where either I must live, or bear no life;⁴ The fountain from the which my current runs, Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads To knot and gender in!⁵—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!⁷

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles, That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,⁸ Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee.—Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, Made to write whore upon? What committed?⁹

Committed!—O, thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,¹⁰

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it: What committed!—

Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,¹¹

From any other foul unlawful touch,

Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth.

I cry your mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

5 'Whereby we do exist or cease to be.' *Lear*

6 So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made A cistern for scald snakes.'

7 'At such an object do thou, patience, thyself change colour; at this do thou, even thou, rosy cherub as thou art, look grim as hell.' The old copies have, 'I here look grim as hell.' I was written for ay; and here was an evident error of the press for there. Theo baid made the correction.

8 The quarto reads:—

'O thou black weed, why art so lovely fair? Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee.'

9 This and the three following lines are not in the first quarto. The peculiar sense in which committed is here used may be gathered from King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 14:—'Commit not with man's sworn spouse.' It is so used by many of our old writers, and comes from the transgression, being a violation of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

10 So in the Merchant of Venice:—

'Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind.'

11 This expression is from Sacred Writ:—'To possess his vessel in sanctification.'

1 The quarto reads 'of her sex.'

2 This line is not in the folio.

3 Rowe reads 'the hand of scorn,' an elegant and satisfactory emendation; and it is to be wished that there was sufficient authority to admit it into the text. Steevens thinks the old reading right, saying, that Othello takes his idea from a clock: 'To make me (says he) a fixed figure (on the dial of the world) for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at'—adjoining many similar expressions in defence of it, as 'the hour of death,' 'the day of judgment,' 'the moment of evil;' and in King Richard the Third:—

'Had you such leisure in the time of death?'

The folio reads and moving instead of unmoving. To me there seems to be no objection in 'slow moving;' about which Malone and Mason make difficulties. The epithet derives support from Shakspeare's 104th Sonnet:—

'Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand, Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived; So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand, Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.'

The finger of the dial was the technical phrase. And in The Comedy of Errors we have—

'Time's deformed [i. e. deforming] hand.'

4 I. e. treasured up.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam,

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer I have none, But what should go by water.¹ 'Pr'ythee, to-night Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet. How have I been behav'd, that he might stick The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?²

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks: He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewor'd her, Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar in his drink Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.³

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches, Her father and her country, and her friends, To be call'd—where? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,⁵ Some base notorious⁶ knave, some scurvy fellow:—O, heaven, that such companions⁷ thou'dst unfold;

1 This and the following speech are not in the quarto.

2 There are some lines on the death of Queen Elizabeth, in Camden, also to be found in Decker's Wonderful Yeare, 1603, which conclude with a similar conceit:—

'I think the barge-men might with easler thighs Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes: For how-so-ere, thus much my thoughts have scann'd, Shad come by water, had she come by land.'

3 This is the reading of the quarto: which Dr. Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio—on my least misuse.

4 A callet is a trull, a drab. The word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his Remedy of Love. Harington uses it in his translation of Ariosto, 1591:—

'And thus this old ill-favour'd spiteful callet.' In a note he says, 'Callet is a nick-name used to a woman;' and that in Irish it signifies a witch. The etymology of the word is yet to seek.

5 The quarto has, 'some outrageous knave.'

6 Some notorious knave is here used for some knave worthy to be noted, or branded to everlasting infamy.

7 It has been already observed that *companions* was a term of contempt.

8 'Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.'

And put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascal naked through the world, Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.⁸

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was, That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,⁹ And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O, good Iago, What shall I do to win my lord again? Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:¹⁰

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, Either in discourse of thought,¹¹ or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense, Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did, And ever will,—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly, Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn,

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.¹²

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

And the great messengers of Venice stay:¹³

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance;¹⁴ but I find none.

9 Iago, in a former scene, speaks of Roderigo as of one 'Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward.'

10 The quarto omits the rest of this speech.

11 'Discourse of thought' is the 'discursive range of thought.' Pope changed it to 'discourse or thought.' I have shown in a former page that the old reading is the poet's mode of expression. So in Davies's Epigrams, v. In *Plurimos*:—

'But since the diuell brought them thus together, To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder, Why presently, as soone as they came thither, The selfe same diuell did them part asunder.'

Steevens thought Pope's alteration defensible, because the Liturgy mentions three modes of committing sin—'in thought, word, and deed.'

12 This was the phraseology of the time. 'To complain, to make a quarrel, to chide with one for a thing. Expostulare et queri.' Again:—'Is it best to chide with him or take him up for this displeasure or wrong?'

13 So Shakspeare's 11th Sonnet:—

'O for my sake do you with fortune chide.'

14 Thus the quarto. The folio poorly reads:—

'The messengers of Venice stay the meat.'

15 The folio reads *acquaintance*. *Acquittance* is *re-*

quital. So in King Henry V.:—
'And shall forge the office of our hand
Sooner than 'quittance of desert and merit'

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.¹ But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.²

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot,³ and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste:⁴ about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

¹ 'Shakespeare knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this snipe on his sagacity and shrewdness.'—*Malone*.

² To devise engines seems to mean to contrive instruments of torture, &c. So in King Lear:—

'—like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature.'

³ The folio reads 'a harlotry.' Shakespeare has the expression, 'a peevish self-will'd harlotry,' in two other places.

⁴ i. e. the night is wasting away. So in Julius Cæsar:—

'Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.'

⁵ The quarto of 1623 reads 'good faith.'

⁶ Mad must here be accepted as meaning wild, unruly, fickle. As a constant mind meant a firm or sound one, inconstancy would of course be considered a species of madness.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O.—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[Exit OTH. LOD. and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent. He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara; She was in love; and, he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. 'Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here,—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing all a green willow; [Singing.]

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

'Pr'ythee, his thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next—Hark! who is it that knocks?

⁷ From *I have much to do, to Nay, that's not next*, was inserted after the first edition in quarto, 1623, as was likewise the remaining part of the song. Desdemona means to say—I have much to do to do any thing but hang my head, &c. 'This (says Dr. Johnson) is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play: the rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification or ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thought, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it.—The ballad, in two parts, printed from the original in black letter in the Pepys's collection, is to be found in Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. i. p. 192.

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.¹

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch? Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.²—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—That there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price

For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring;³ nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many To the vantage,⁴ as would store the world they play'd for.

But I do think, it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps;⁵ Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us, Or scant our former having⁶ in despite: Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense⁷ like them: they see, and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is; And doth affection breed it? I think it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?

1 This couplet is not in the original ballad, which is the complaint not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman.

2 This as well as the following speech is omitted in the first quarto.

3 A joint-ring was anciently a common token among lovers. See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 544. Their nature will be best understood by a passage in Dryden's Don Sebastian:—

—a curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close as not to be perceived;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:

—and, in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was placed.

4 i. e. to boot, over and above. The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto.

5 So in Shakspeare's 142d Sonnet:—

'Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents.'

6 Our former allowance of expense.

7 Sense is here used, as in Hamlet, for sensation, or sensual appetites.

8 The old copy reads, 'their ills instruct us so.'

It is so too; And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.⁸

Des. Good night, good night; Heaven me such usage⁹ send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street. Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—

'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,¹⁰

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain:¹¹ Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd¹² from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and takes a pass at CASSIO.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou think'st;

I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws and wounds RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the Leg,¹³ and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

[*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'Tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O, brave Iago, honest, and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,

9 'Such uses' is the reading of the folio; but the first quarto has 'such usage,' which Dr. Johnson prefers, I think, without reason.

10 A quat, in the midland counties, is still used for a pimple, which by rubbing is made to smart, or rubbed to sense. Roderigo is called a quat by the same mode of speech as a low fellow is now termed in low language a scab. To rub to the sense is to rub to the quick. This explanation by Dr. Johnson had previously appeared in the British Magazine, 1748, p. 425. So in The Devil's Law Case, 1623:—'O yong quat! incontinence is plagued in all the creatures of the world.' The word is also used in Decker's Gul's Hornbook.

11 The quartos read 'my game.'

12 'That I foob'd him out of.' To bob is to cheat or deceive with a false tale. So in Turberville's Songs and Sonnets:—

'When wedding day was doon,
To play her pranks, and bob the foole,
The strowish wife begoon.'

13 Iago maims Cassio in the leg, in consequence of what he had just heard him say; from which he supposed that his body was defended by some secret armour.

And your fate hies¹ apace ;—Strumpet, I come :
Forth² of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted ;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho ! no watch ! no passage ?³ murder ! murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help !

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O, wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans :—it is a heavy⁴ night :
These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? whose noise is this, that
cries on murder ?⁵

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cas. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done
this ?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O, treacherous villains !—
What are you there ? come in, and give some help.
[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]

Rod. O, help me here !

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O, murderous slave ! O, villain !

[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

Rod. O, damn'd Iago ! O, inhuman dog !—
O ! O ! O !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these
bloody thieves ?

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !

What may you be ? are you of good, or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy ; Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Cassio ?

Iago. How is it, brother ?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !—
Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho ? who is't that cry'd ?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd ?

Bian. O, my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !
O, Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

Iago. O, notable strumpet !—Cassio, may you
suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you ?
Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus : I have been
to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter :⁶ So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence !

Bian. Alas, he faints :—O, Cassio ! Cassio !
Cassio !

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.⁷

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come ;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no ?

Alas ! my friend, and my dear countryman,⁸

Roderigo ? no :—Yes, sure ; O, heaven ! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice ?

Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

Gra. Know him, ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a chair !

Gra. Roderigo ?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he :—O, that's well said ;—the
chair :— [A Chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend : What malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BIANCA.] What, look you pale ?—O,
bear him out o' the air.—

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen :⁹—Look you pale, mis-
tress ?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?¹⁰—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon :—

Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.¹¹

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter ; what's the mat-
ter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath been set on in the dark.

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd ;

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :¹²—

What, do you shake at that ?

¹ Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read 'And your *unblest* fate hies.'

² The folio reads 'for off'; the quarto reads *forth* off, i. e. out of. So in King Richard III.—

³ I clothe my naked villany

With odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ.

And in Hamlet :—

⁴ Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.

Again, in Jonson's Volpone :—

⁵ Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

⁶ No passengers? nobody going by? So in the Comedy of Errors :—

⁷ Now in the stirring passage of the day.

A passenger anciently signified a *passage-boat* or ves-
sel, and could not therefore be used in its modern sense
without an equivocal.

⁸ I. e. a *thick* cloudy night.

⁹ This phrase, to *cry on*, for *cry out on*, has already
occurred in Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2.

¹⁰ This speech is not in the first quarto.

¹¹ Thus the folio. The quarto 1622 reads—to bear a
part in this.

¹² This passage incontestably proves that Iago was
meant for a *Venetian*.

⁹ Thus the folio. The quarto reads—Stay you, good
gentlewoman. It seems probable that Iago addresses
Lodovico and Gratiano, who are going away to assist
Cassio, and to see him properly taken care of. The
subsequent appeal and address of Iago to them appears
to confirm this supposition. Malone follows the quarto,
and defends the reading of it.

¹⁰ The quarto, instead of *gastness*, reads *features*,
and instead of *stare*, in the next line, has *stirre*.

¹¹ So in Hamlet :—

¹² For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak,
With most miraculous organ.

In the second scene of the preceding act Iago in-
forms Roderigo that Cassio was to sup with Bianca ;
that he would go to him there, and bring him away
between twelve and one. Indeed Cassio had himself
told Iago that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had
promised to meet him at her house. We must suppose,
therefore, that this consummate villain thought it more
secure to waylay him, as we find he does, without
actually joining him at supper time. Otherwise Bianca
would surely have answered :—

'Why, you well know
He supp'd,' &c.

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray;—This is the night, [*Aside.* That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in Bed asleep. A Light burning. Enter OTHELLO.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!²—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his Sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!³

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,⁴

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light relume.⁵ When I have pluck'd

thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*]

O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears; This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

Steevens suggests that as the former line is imperfect, some such words may have been accidentally omitted. His other supposition, 'perhaps the poet was unwilling that Bianca should say, in the presence of Iago's wife, that he too had been of the supper party,' is much less probable.

1 To *for do* is to *undo*, to *ruin*, to *destroy*. So in *Hamlet*:—

'— Did with desperate hand
For do its own life.'

2 Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself the *cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received.

3 The old copy gives this line thus:—

'Put out the light, and then put out the light.'

The present regulation of the passage, by which so much beauty and spirit is added to it, was proposed by Mr. Upton, but it is to be found in *Ayre's Life of Pope*; it may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus explains it:—

'The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally excites.'

Dr. Farmer treats this as a refinement of Warburton's, observing that to *put out the light* was a phrase for *to kill*. Malone stoutly combats on the same side, but his arguments have not convinced me, and I have therefore followed Warburton's arrangement. Mr. Boswell would have done so if he could have used his own discretion. 'I have felt bound, (says he) to print

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—Heaven forbid!—I would not kill thy soul.'

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I

know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for lov-

ing.⁸—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and

gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; Thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his

hand.

O, perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—

(A murder which I thought),—a sacrifice:⁹

I saw the handkerchief.

the text according to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if Warburton's explanation be an error, it is *demptus per vim*, I for one am very sorry to part with it. Broken sentences, as Mr. Malone has more than once observed, are very much in our poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit.

4 Thus the quarto. The folio reads—put out *thy light*. Steevens adopted the present reading for the sake of the measure, and to avoid the useless repetition of the word *light*.

5 Thus the folio. The first quarto—*returne*: the second quarto—*re-lumine*.

6 This image seems to be derived from Scripture:—*'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.'*

7 Davenant has borrowed this thought in his *Law of Lombardy*:—

'I am not fraught with the devil's spleen; I would not hurt *thy soul*.'

Othello seems to have been a favourite with his author; for he has bestowed on him that piety he has refused to Hamlet.—*Steevens.*

8 This thought is likewise found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Euridice*, by H. L. 1597:—

'Unnatural, that kill where you should kiss.'

And in King Richard III.:

'It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.'

9 'This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice*

Des. He found it, then ;
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.¹

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets, then,—What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,² my great
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to
my face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.³

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.⁴ [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord ! what ho !
my lord ! my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?—Not dead ? not yet
quite dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.⁵

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak
a word with you.

Oth. Yes ;—'tis Emilia :—by and by.—She's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death :
The noise was high.—Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? Were't good ?
I think, she stirs again :—No.—What's the best ?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :
O, insupportable ! O, heavy hour !⁷
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon : and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak
with you,

O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee : O, come in, Emilia :—

with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.—*Johnson.* There is a second attempt at explanation by
Johnson, adopting the reading of one of the quartos—
'thou dost stone thy heart,' still less successful than the
above. The obvious sense of the passage is—'Thou dost
harden my heart, and mak'st me now call what I intend
to do,—and which I before thought murder,—a sacrifice
only.' The difficulty consists in the inverted phrase—
'a murder which I thought'—being parenthetical. The
passage has been hitherto absurdly pointed. Johnson
exclaims—'I am glad that I have ended this dreadful
scene. It is not to be endured.'

1 The quarto 1622 reads :—

'That he hath—us'd death.'

2 This thought appears to have been common :—

'Know, Caesar, had I now as many lives

As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,

I would,' &c. *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*,
produced in 1611 :—

'—but if all

My hairs were lives, I would be engaged
In such a cause.'

3 The first quarto omits this speech.

4 After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds
an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the
sacred name thrice repeated. The statute of the 3d of
James I. c. 21, against the profane use of the name of
God, &c. was highly necessary, for many of the old
plays abound in the most wanton and shocking profa-

Soft,—by and by :—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee now ?
[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What ? now ?

Emil. But now, my lord !

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont ;
And makes men mad.⁸

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Vene-
tian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd !

And Cassio kill'd ?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

Emil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Emil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—

Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !

Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
this deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :

Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Emil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so ; I must needs report the
truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly,⁹ and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.¹⁰

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Oth. Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity ; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,¹¹

I'd not have sold her for it.

nations of a name which never ought to be mentioned
in such an irreverend manner on the stage.

5 It is supposed that some theatrical direction has
been omitted, and that, when Othello says, 'So, so,' he
then stabs her. After the repetition of wounds, Desde-
mona might speak again with propriety, and yet very
soon expire.

6 *Filius unicus adolescentulum*

Habeo : ah ! quid dixi habere me ? imo habui,
Chreme.⁷ *Terent. Heautont.*

7 Stevens seems to think the use of the epithet *heavy*
hour here unusual. Surely there is nothing more com-
mon. *Heavy, sad, and grievous* are synonymous with
all our old writers.

8 'On my fayth I thinke the moone be at the full,
For frantique fancies be then most plentiful.'

The Play of the Wether, by John Heywood.

9 *Folly* signifies here, as in the sacred writings, wan-
tonness, unchastity. See Deuteronomy, xxii. 21. So in
the Rape of Lucrece :—

'Her sad behaviour feeds his culture folly.'

10 i. e. as *unstable*, as deceitful. In Genesis, xlix.
Jacob applies a similar term to Reuben :—'Thou wast
light as water.'

11 Pliny informs us that Ptolemy Philadelphus had a
statue of his wife Arsinoe, made of one *topas*, four cu-
bits in length.—*Hist. Nat. b. xxxvii. c. 8.* Dr. Clarke,
in his Lectures on Mineralogy, says he used *topas* and
chrysolite as synonymous terms. Perhaps Shakspeare
alludes to this story.—*Plumtree.*

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;¹
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance,² woman! I say,
thy husband!—

Emil. O, mistress, villany hath made mocks with
love!³—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman.
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest, Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt.⁴ O, gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou beest a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie: an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your
tongue.⁵

¹ The folio reads—that told me on her first.

² The quarto reads—iteration. The two next
speeches are omitted in that copy.

³ Villany hath taken advantage to play upon the
weakness of a violent passion.

⁴ More can I bear than you dare execute.

This line, from the Second Part of King Henry VI.
is one of those attributable to Shakspeare, and explains
Emilia's sentiment. There is a similar idea in King
Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.

⁵ To charm is to conjure, to enchant, to lay or still
as with a charm. So in King Henry V.:

‘——— Charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass.’

Pliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant
exclamation before any charm was applied. From this
circumstance the phrase to charm a tongue, may
have originated. So in The Tempest:—

‘Hush, be mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.’

⁶ This line, and the six following speeches, are
wanting in the first quarto.

⁷ That is, at the instant when she gave Desdemona's
handkerchief to Iago: for even then Emilia appears to
have suspected it was sought after for no honest pur-
pose, and therefore asks her husband—‘What will you
do with it?’ &c. See Act iii. Sc. 2.

⁸ So in Shakspeare's 144th Sonnet:—

‘——— My female evil

Tempteth my better angel from my side.’

⁹ The first and the second folio both read—repro-
bance.

¹⁰ Dr. Johnson thinks that this and other passages in
the play seem to suppose a longer space comprised in
the action of this play than the scene includes. Mr.
Tollet has adduced several instances in support of this
opinion, as that in Act iii. Sc. 3:—

Emil. I will not charm my tongue: I am bound
to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.⁶

All. O, heavens, forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O, villany!

I thought so then;—'Pll kill myself for grief.—

O, villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!—[*Rising.*

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,⁷

And fall to reprobation.⁸

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed;⁹ Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.¹⁰

Emil. O, heaven! O, heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace,
sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal¹² as the air;

¹¹ I slept the next night well, was free and merry,

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.'

On Othello's wedding night, he and Cassio embarked
from Venice, where Desdemona was left under the
care of Iago. They all met at Cyprus; and since their
arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the
night of the celebration of their nuptials. What night

was there to intervene between Cassio's kisses and
Othello's sleeping the next night well? Iago has said,
‘I lay with Cassio lately,’ which he could not well

have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than
is represented in the play; nor could Cassio have kept
away for the space of a whole week from Bianca.

Stevens obviates one objection, by supposing that what
Othello mentions might have passed before he was
married to Desdemona, when Cassio went between

them, and that a thousand times is only an aggravated
term for many times. The difficulties started by Mr.
Tollet he is unable to explain.

¹² Othello tells his wife, Act iii. Sc. 4:—

‘——— That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give.’

This passage, therefore, has been censured as an over-
sight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh
proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief,
as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in
order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions
it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

—Stevens.

¹² The folio reads—

‘I'll be in speaking liberal as the north.’

The quarto 1622—‘liberal as the air.’ The text is
formed out of the two copies. Liberal here means free.
So in Jeronimo, l. e. the first part of The Spanish
Tragedy, 1605:—

‘Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea.’

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil.

I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab his Wife.*]

Fie!

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago.

Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago.

Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen;

O, murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*]

Oth.

Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,

But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*]

Oth.

I am not valiant, neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword:—

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil.

What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music:¹—*Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*Dies.*]

Oth.

I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;²

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*]

If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth.

Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth.

Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop:³—But, O, vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very seamark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—

1 The meaning appears to be:—'Has not heaven one supernatural bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain?'

2 So in the Merchant of Venice:—

'—he makes a swanlike end,

Fading in music.'

3 The particular name of the ice-brook may be determined from several passages in Martial. (See lib. i. ep. 50, lib. iv. ep. 55.) It was undoubtedly the brook or rivulet called *Salo* (now *Xalon*) near *Bilbills* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the icy quality of the waters they were supposed to be indebted for their stubborn temper. See also *Justin*, l. 44. It should be remembered that Spain was famous for producing the best sword blades.

Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd wench!⁴

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—

O, Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a Chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet⁵—but that's a fable;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.⁶

Lod. O, thou Othello, that was once so good,

Fall'n in the practice⁷ of a cursed slave,

What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, ye know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here, another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo,

Oth. O, villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,⁸

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber.

And he himself confess'd, but even now,

That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O, fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

4 Thus in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1:—

'—Cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment.'

5 This and the six preceding lines are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a girl or young woman. It is so used in our old version of the Scriptures, and by many of our early writers.

6 To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven.

7 The same thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live.'

8 In the *snare*, by the *stratagem*.

9 The first quarto reads—'in the nick.'

Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am;¹ nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean,² threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood;
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk³
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O, bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but
this, [*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O, Spartan dog,⁴
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this udd; [*To IAGO.*]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure⁵ of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight abroad; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

THE beauties of this play impress themselves so
strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they
can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery
openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and cre-
dulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his
affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in
his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his
resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once

of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity
of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of
innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and
her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are
such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as,
I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer.
The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's
conviction, and the circumstances which he employs
to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that though it
will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself,
that he is a *man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but
pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the
extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined
with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it
misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is
conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last
hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be
very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their
justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevo-
lent and honest, ruined only by his want of stubborn-
ness to resist an insidious invitation. Rodrigo's sus-
picious credulity, and impatient submission to the
cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which
by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong
picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires
to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as
we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to
commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at
atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy,
varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting
the progression of the story; and the narrative in the
end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is
necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding
incidents been occasionally related, there had been
little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrup-
ulous regularity. JOHNSON.

To Dr. Johnson's admirable and nicely discriminative
character of Othello, it may seem unnecessary to make
any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our
commentaries on this transcendent poet, with the fine
eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has
pronounced on him, with a particular reference to this
tragedy, perhaps the *most perfect* of his works:—

In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ scilicet scriptoribus]
accessio quæ in Philosophiæ erat Poetica facultas:
neque sane quisquam adhuc Poesin ad fastidium summa
ac culmen evertit, nisi qui prius in intima Philosophia
artis suæ fundamenta jecerit.

Quod si quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc pœseos ge-
nere excelluisse, qui nunquam habiti sunt Philosophi,
ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; sciat is,
me rem ipsam quærere, non de vulgari opinione, aut
de verbo laborare: qui autem tantum ingenio conse-
cutus est, ut naturas hominum, vinque omnem hu-
manitatis, causasque eas, quibus aut incitatur men-
tis impetus aut retunditur, penitus perspectas
habeat, ejusque omnes motus oratione non modo ex-
plicit, sed effingat planèque oculis subjiciat; sed
excitet, regat, commoveat, moderetur; eum, etsi
disciplinæ instrumento munus adjutum eximie
tamen esse Philosophum arbitrari. Quo in genere
affectum zelotypiæ, ejusque causas, adjuncta, pro-
gressiones, effectus, in una Shakspeari nostri fabula,
copiosus, subtilius, accuratius etiam veriusque pertrac-

and the facility with which they would part with them,
a circumstance to which two succeeding poets have
alluded:—

So the unskilful Indian those bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems,
Among the waves scatters.

Hubington—to Castara weeping.

Thus also in The Woman's Conquest, by Sir Robert
Howard:—

Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I'll cast away
Than Indians do a pearl, that never did know,
Its value.

Shakspeare himself connects India with pearls in
Troilus and Cressida:—

Her bed is India, where she lies a pearl.

It is here figuratively used for a fair woman. I conclude
with Mr. Boswell, that the arguments are strong in
favour of Indian, the reading of the earliest copy.

3 It is said that it was immediate death for a Christian
to strike a Turk in Aleppo.

4 The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among
those of the most fierce and savage kind.

5 i. e. judgment, the sentence.

1 Thus the folio. The quarto reads:—'Speak of them
as they are.'

2 The quarto 1622 reads—*Indian*. The folio has
Judean. Warburton, Theobald, and Dr. Farmer think
that the allusion is to Herod, who in a fit of blind
jealousy threw away such a jewel in his wife Mariamne.
Steevens admits the reading *Judean*, but thinks the
allusion is not to the story of Herod, on account of the
epithet *base*; and because 'the simile appears almost
too opposite to be used on the occasion, and would be
little more than bringing the fact into comparison with
itself.' He thinks that the allusion is to the story of a
Jew, who not being able to find a purchaser for a very
large pearl at an immoderate price, publicly threw it
into the sea at Venice. Malone once objected to *Judean*
on account of the wrong accent, but subsequently
changed his opinion, and thought the word *tribe*
strongly favoured that reading. To this Mr. Boswell
replies, that the word *tribe* was never alone peculiarly
applicable to the Jews, but meant a *kindred*, and is con-
stantly used at this day in speaking of a peculiar race
or set of *Indians*. That the early travellers are full of
descriptions of 'the pearled treasures' of the Indians,
who may be called *base* on account of their ignorance,

tari existimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philosophorum scholis in simili argumento, est unquam disputatum. [Frælectio prima, edit. 1763, p. 8.]—*Malone*.

If by 'the most perfect' is meant the *most regular* of the foregoing plays, I subscribe to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if his words were designed to convey a more exalted praise, without a moment's hesitation I should transfer it to Macbeth.

It is true that the domestic tragedy of Othello affords room for a various and forcible display of character. The less familiar groundwork of Macbeth (as Dr. Johnson has observed) excludes the influence of peculiar dispositions. That exclusion, however, is recompensed by a loftier strain of poetry, and by events of higher rank; by supernatural agency, by the solemnities of incantation, by shades of guilt and horror deepening in their progress, and by visions of futurity selected in aid of hope, but eventually the ministers of despair.

Were it necessary to weigh the pathetic effusions of these dramas against each other, it is generally allowed that the sorrows of Desdemona would be more than counterbalanced by those of Macduff. Yet if our author's rival pieces (the distinct property of their subjects considered) are written with equal force, it must still be admitted that the latter has more of originality. A novel of considerable length (perhaps amplified and embellished by the English translator of it) supplied a regular and circumstantial outline for Othello; while a few slight hints collected from separate narratives of Holinshed, were expanded into the sublime and awful tragedy of Macbeth.

Should readers, who are alike conversant with the appropriate excellences of poetry and painting, pronounce on the reciprocal merits of these great productions, I must suppose that they would describe them as of different pedigrees. They would add, that one was of the school of Raphael, the other from that of Michael Angelo; and that if the steady Sophocles and Virgil should have decided in favour of Othello, the remonstrances of the daring Æschylus and Homer would have claimed the laurel for Macbeth.

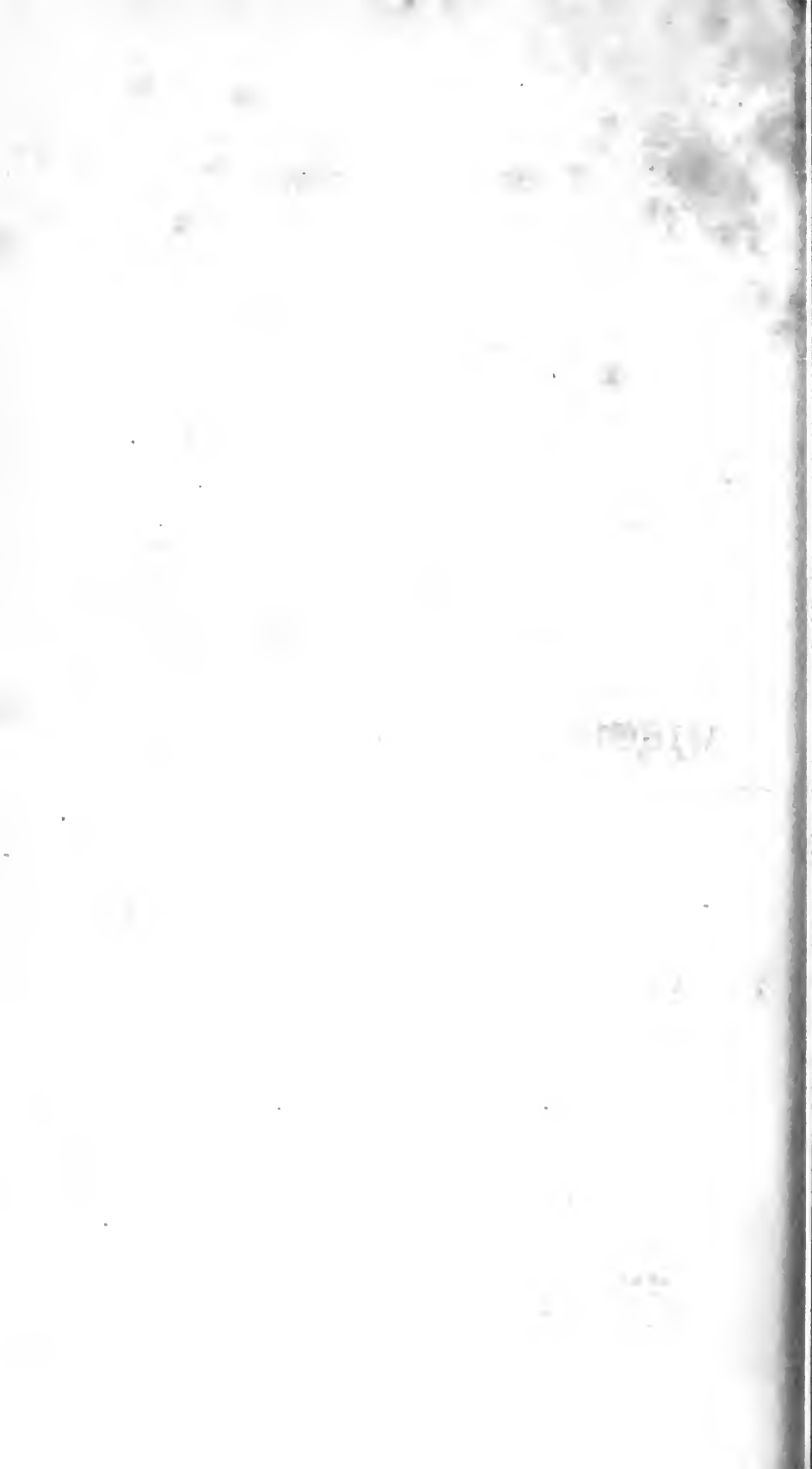
To the sentiments of Dr. Lowth respecting the tragedy of Othello, a general eulogium on the dramatic works of Shakspeare, imputed by a judicious and amiable critic to Milton, may not improperly be subjoined:—

There is good reason to suppose (says my late friend the Rev. Thomas Warton) that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poetarum*, a book published by his nephew, Edward Philips, in 1675. It contains criticisms far above the taste of that period. Among these is the following judgment on Shakspeare, which was not then I believe the general opinion:—'In tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleases with a certain *wild and native elegance*.'—*Milton's Minor Poems*, p. 194, *Note on b. Allegro*.

What greater praise can any poet have received, than that of the author of *Paradise Lost*?

STEVENS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

The Epistle.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.—*Ovid.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE :

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden : only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content ; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are ;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses :

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety ;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls its balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens ; (O, how quick is love !)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips :
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'miss ;
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace :
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies :
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
Rain added to a river that is ran,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy ;
'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and dreadful god of war ;
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;
 Yet hath been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;
 Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-ru'd, I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain,
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
 (Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine ;—
 What see'st thou in the ground ? hold up thy head ;
 Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies :
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then wink again,
 And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight ;
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be tasted ;
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for
 thee ;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
 Mine eyes are grey,¹ and bright, and quick in turning ;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me thro' the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me ;
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft,
 Narcissus, so, himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use ;
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
 beauty ;

Thou wast begot,—to get, it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
 His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,—
 Sourcing his cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of love ;
 The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind ?
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone ?
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,
 And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :
 And were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth
 O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this ?
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
 Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred ;
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause :
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound :
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
 Graze on my lips ; and, if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes, obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
 Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

1 'Mine eyes are grey.' What we now call *blue* eyes, were, in Shakespeare's time, called *grey* eyes, and were considered as eminently beautiful.—*Malone*.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
Pity,—(she cries) some favour,—some remorse;—
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thun-
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth, [der];
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, Lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And this I do, to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wher' he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as to she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, if see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love, by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage.
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage,
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels:
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tend'r'r cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them,
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began;
O, fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steal it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
O ! learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished ?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate :
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What ! canst thou talk, quoth she, hast thou a tongue ?
O, would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing !
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep-sore-wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible,
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible :
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
For from the still'tory of thy face excell'ng [ing.
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smell-

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double lock the door ?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :—
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her !
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;

He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
Would never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illum'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O, where am I ? quoth she, in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O, thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure !

O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.
Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing,
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone ?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double ;
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years ;
Before I know myself seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late ;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.

Good night, quoth she ; and ere he says *adieu*.

The honey fee of parting tender'd is :
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;

Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought ;
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glue'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;

1 'To drive infection from the dangerous year.'—I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome.—*Steevens*.

2 'Say for non-payment that the debt should double.'—It was once usual when a sum of money, secured by bond, remained unpaid at the prescribed time, to leave the lender at liberty to recover twice the amount.—*Malone*.

Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willet :
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck.
 Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring,
 And yields at last to every light impression ?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd :
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart ;
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?
 He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheek ; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her although he mount her ;
 That worse than Tantalus³ is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,³
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw :
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing :

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 Fie, fie, he says, you crush me ; let me go ;
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere
 this,
 But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
 O, be advis'd : thou know'st not what it is
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tusches never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;

His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret ;
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
 Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his cruel tusches slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
 Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
 But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread !)
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
 Come not within his danger by thy will ;
 They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends ;
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Did'st thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
 Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill* ;
 Distemp'ring gentle love in his desire,
 As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
 This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,
 This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy, [bring,
 That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth he
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That tremble at the imagination ?
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And fear doth teach it divination :
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
 How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits through the which he goes,
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
 And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot-scent snuffing hounds are driven to doubt ;
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,

³ Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes.
 —An allusion to a picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny,
 in which some grapes were so well represented, that
 birds lighted on them to pick at them.—*Stevens.*

To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;
 Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.
 Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbed wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.
 Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every wo.
 Where did I leave ?—No matter where, quoth he ;
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent. Why, what of that ? quoth she :
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends ;
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall :—
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.
 But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.
 Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
 Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.
 And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature ;
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad in chances, and much misery ;
 As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
 The narrow-eating sickness, whose attain'd
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.
 And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.
 Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night,
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.
 What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.
 So in thyself thyself art made away ;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butcher sire, that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.
 Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme ;
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.
 If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there ;
 Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bed chamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.
 What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase, O, strange excuse !
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.
 Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.
 Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain ;
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun :
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
 Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.
 More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.
 With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venns' eye ;
 Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the morning clouds contend :
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.
 Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.
 And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
 Ah me ! she cries, and twenty times, wo, wo !
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.
 She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty ; [dote ;
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in wo,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.
 Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.
 For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?
 She says, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;
 And would say after her, if she said no.
 Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,

And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,
The Sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O, thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn:
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy, who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she uttreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another answer him;
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad sighs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death,)

Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath, [mean,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead,—O, no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it;—
O, yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ehon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weep-
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [ing?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye; [row;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sor-
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As striving who should best become her grief,
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well!
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O, hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and wo are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear.
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;

And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate :
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O, Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves ;
Trifles, unwatched with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cap with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound :
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light,
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank : whose wound lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ! what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep :
And straight in pity of his tender years, ^{tears.}
They both would strive who first should dry his

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him :
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told :
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
The strongest body shall it make most weak ;
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;
Perverse it shall be, where it shews most toward ;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustible matter is to fire ;

('To tread the measures.'—The measures was a very stately dance, and, therefore, was peculiarly suited to elders, if they engaged at all in such kind of amusement.—Malone.

Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath.
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death.

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.
Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)

For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
There shall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Meets to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The Epistle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Argument.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, (for his extensive pride surnamed Superbusces,) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom ; went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife ; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, (though it were late in the night,) spinning amongst her maids ; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disorders. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the deed, and manner of the vile deed ; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieg'd Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state :
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O, happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun !
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thirsty ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vaunt
His high pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O, rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame :
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right :
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
The sovereignty of either being so great
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless sho securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secresies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so, greets heaven for his success

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there ;
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night ;
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight ;
And every one to rest himself betakes, [wakes.
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, [ing :
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain—
Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age,
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour, in fell battle's rage ;
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious soul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect
The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
And, for himself, himself he must forsake
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
Toslanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm
But honest Fear, bewich'd with lust's foul charm
Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise :
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine !
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed [weed.
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !
True valour still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,¹
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote ;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wait a week ?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own :
The worst is but denial, and reproving :
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation,
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes ;
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd
Fore'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth,
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage ;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies ?

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforce'd, retires his ward ;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
Night-wandering weasels shriek, to see him there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies ;
And gripping it, the needl his finger pricks :
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial ;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

¹ 'Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive.'—
In the books of heraldry, a particular mark of disgrace
is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those per-
sons were anciently distinguished, who 'discourteously
used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will.'—*Ma-
lone*

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the snaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves, and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, her eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again, hy Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side, to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head intombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admird of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with bl...
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust, by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for, standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worsen taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes;
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who, o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehemence prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace.)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends ;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul, [breed ;
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong furl of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed ;
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of thy obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot :
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
threat,

In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle dust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place ;
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended,
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended ;
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me :
Thou look'st not like wilt deceive ; do not deceive me :
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans,

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee :
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me, [name.
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king ?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove ;
If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book.
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shalt learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou black'st reproach against long-lived laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in woe.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
Their own transgressions partially they smother :
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal ;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he ; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king !
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :
The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee ;
Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies :
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again ;
This forced league doth force a further strife ;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain :
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight ;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination !
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels ; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual :
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain ; [stealeth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there ;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;
He faintly sies, sweating with guilty fear ;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away :
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day :
For day, quoth she, night's escapes doth open lay ;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher !

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my curcleless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time !
Or, if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would detain ;
Her twinkling handmaids, too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again :
So should I have copartners in my pain :
And fellowship in wo doth wo assuage,
As palmers' chat make short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels,¹ tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I, Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted;
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attainment of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O, unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O, unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd on Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows, [knows!
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long,
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity,
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath:
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilt thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Misshappen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight, [snare;
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are.
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is, to find the nate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinat proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust thy glittering golden towers:

1 'Feast-finding minstrels.' Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts.—Stevens.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees :
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passions strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more ;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good :
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows ;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts !
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !
(My restless discord knows no stops nor rests ;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests :)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear :
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright my eye :
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds ;
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly ;
Or one incompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twin were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whose love of either to myself was nearer ?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred table spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul
Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ;
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will ;¹
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.
Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece's cheeks unto her maid seem as
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow ;
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty ;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why ? her face wore sorrow's livery :)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with wo.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress's sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smart ;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts :

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they formed as marble will ;

¹ 'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will.'—The overseer of a will was designed as a check upon the executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his executors, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as his overseers.—Steevens.

The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd !
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hid
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong ;
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread ;
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining ;
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, [raining ?
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace ! quoth Lucrece ; if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will ;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill :
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t' afford,
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see),
Some present speed, to come and visit me :
So I commend me from our house in grief ;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her wo,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [fashion
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of wo doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.
Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
*At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste :*¹
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villen courtesies to her low ;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye,
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom ! God wot, 'twas defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
So wo hath wearied wo, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy ;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.
In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble

¹ At Ardea, to my lord, with more than haste.—
About a century and a half ago, all our letters that re-
quired speed were superscribed, *With post post haste*.
—Malone.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'n'ing, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
The scalps of many almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear; [red;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy [field,
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is staid.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty wo:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome wo;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places, [faces.
When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their

This picture she advis'dly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.'

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds ;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds :
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose deed hath made herself, herself detest :
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;
Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining :
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though wo be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent ;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others detriment ;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company ;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black :
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky ;
These water galls in her dim element
Foretel new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazed in her sad face he stares :
Her eyes, though sold in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins : What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand ?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of wo :
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending ;
In me more woes than words are now depending ;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say :
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword ;
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :
So should my shame still rest upon record ;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damnd up with wo,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arras across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so :
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless wo of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood by raining slaketh.
My wo too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
To drown one wo, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past ; the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die :
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those, that came with Collatine,
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine :
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms : [harmes
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O, speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compell'd stain?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: *He, he*, fair lords, 'tis *he*,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood,
Rare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a wat'ry rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be, that should survive,
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine: O, mine she is,
Replies the husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Wo, wo, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd,
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their wo,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is wo the cure for wo? [deeds?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations:
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS, AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,

WISHETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.*

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel.
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel,
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own buduriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this the golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame,
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Lose but their show; their substance still lives
sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-mast pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on, diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.

* i. e. Thomas Thorpe, in whose name the Sonnets were first entered in Stationers' Hall.

Mark. how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of these hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; [vertest.
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty
cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

3 X

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrif:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy;
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling, [zeth.
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls ama-
And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing,
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in three time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say [heart ;
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;

Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
press'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd ;
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit ;
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ; [me.
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night bright, and her old face new.
Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven.
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the even

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :)
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That thou I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, ununs'd to flow.
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-beanoan'd moan.
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many now is thine alone :
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day, [cover ;
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And, though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare ;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence ;
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewail'd guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entied in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me.

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine but thine shall be the praise

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one;
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with apites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth:
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her;
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And, losing her, my friend bath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unexpected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed,
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee, [me]
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not step my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter, then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recur'd
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 Mine heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes),
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other;
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away, art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move.
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast, [part]
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
 For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
Against that time do I ensconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ; —
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ?
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses ;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves ; Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse disills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity [room
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite ;
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Or call it winter, which being full of care, [rare.
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those :
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time :
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,¹
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eye-lids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, wherof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

¹ 'Show me your image in some antique book.'—
It was an ancient custom to insert real portraits among
the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscrip-
tions under them.—*Steevens*.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage:
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O, fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall times's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping away disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
(Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head:
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And hum as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

¹ 'Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head.'
In our author's time, the false hair, usually worn
perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy
colour. Hence the epithet, *golden*.—*Malone*.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you wo.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due:
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure:
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Some time all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took,
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name;
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy minds imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity,
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb, on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance,

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame?
But since your worth, (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, (such virtue hath my pen,) [men.
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.
I think good thoughts whilst others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praise'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory;
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in, for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wo;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;
 And other strains of wo, which now seem wo,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

S Y

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee?
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd! was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play;

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide; — [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy band,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou, too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth no lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
I love not less, though less the show appear: [ing;
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Uncertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing odd, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's free case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :
 That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again ;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view ;
 God'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 Made old offences of affections new : [dear,
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake, do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection ;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyss I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out :
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true m'n'l thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble ;
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
 O, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
 E'en those that said I could not love you dearer ;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings :
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;
 Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ;
 Love is a babe : then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out cut e'en to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear purchas'd right ;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight,
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;
 E'en so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing,
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured,
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of wo might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No,—I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist:
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd,
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see do lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
 gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
 showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;
 For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds,¹ knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's sickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O, thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,¹
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

¹ 'Which is not mix'd with seconds.'—*Seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted.—*Steevens*.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she, bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear,
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torrent thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gail;
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And wilt to boot, and will in overplus:
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill:
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be:
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not?
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd,
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
 might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love to tell me so;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know;) *;*
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
 wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted:
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who lives unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving;
 O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving.
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents;
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLIH.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I, thy babe, chace thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
 The better angel is a man right fair;
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate,*
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet;
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away;
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying—*not you.*

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's are;
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forget
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou, that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou low'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes!
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be lov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my great body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast
 I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
 Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Of did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters,
 Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd wo had pelleted in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd wo,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend:
 Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
 To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
 Some in her threaded fillet still did bide,
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
 Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs *all*.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.¹

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But wo is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face!
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise wasawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affection's wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
That horse his melle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes!

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

1 'With sleided silk, feat and affectedly
Enswath'd and sealed to curious secrecy.'

Anciently, the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the seals of letters, to connect them more closely.—Steevens.

But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids themselves made fairer by their place;
Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd from him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd,
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry—it is thy last.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city.
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame is me remains,
By how much less of me their reproach contains,

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd;
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold, these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.
The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did 'tend;
The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me, your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives?

Paling the place which did no form receive;—
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves.
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congeat,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

S Z

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O, cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinction hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears:
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to caustels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward?

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing trarriance for Adonis made,
Under an oster growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, boume'd in, whereas he stood;
O, Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * *

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, quoth she, hero was the sore;
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Venus with young Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me;
As if the boy should use like loving charms:
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

V.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young;
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinkst thou stay'st too long.

VI.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.
I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave,
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O, yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none fairer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth doth shine.
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder.

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost.
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XI.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share,
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I sup'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'Tmay be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'Tmay be, again to make me wander thither;
Wander, a word for shadows like thyself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the cast!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That lik'd of her master as well as well might be;
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest eye could see,

Her fancy fell a turning. [did fight,
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight;

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused, more nickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain, [disdain:
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gaw;
For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow:
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove e'en would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XV.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,

All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O, frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)

Fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep,
Procure to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through barkless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back creeping

Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was,
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan;
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou wouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial tike :

Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwe'd.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice swell ;
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)

But paimly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing always in her ear :

The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew :

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
And then too late she will repent
That she dissembled her delight ;

And twice desire, ere it be day,
That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—

*Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.*

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint :
Here is no heaven : they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.

Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear ;
For if my lady hear my song,
She will not stick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVII.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :

But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :

But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XVIII.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,

Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the flood,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near !

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the Phenix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the Phenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

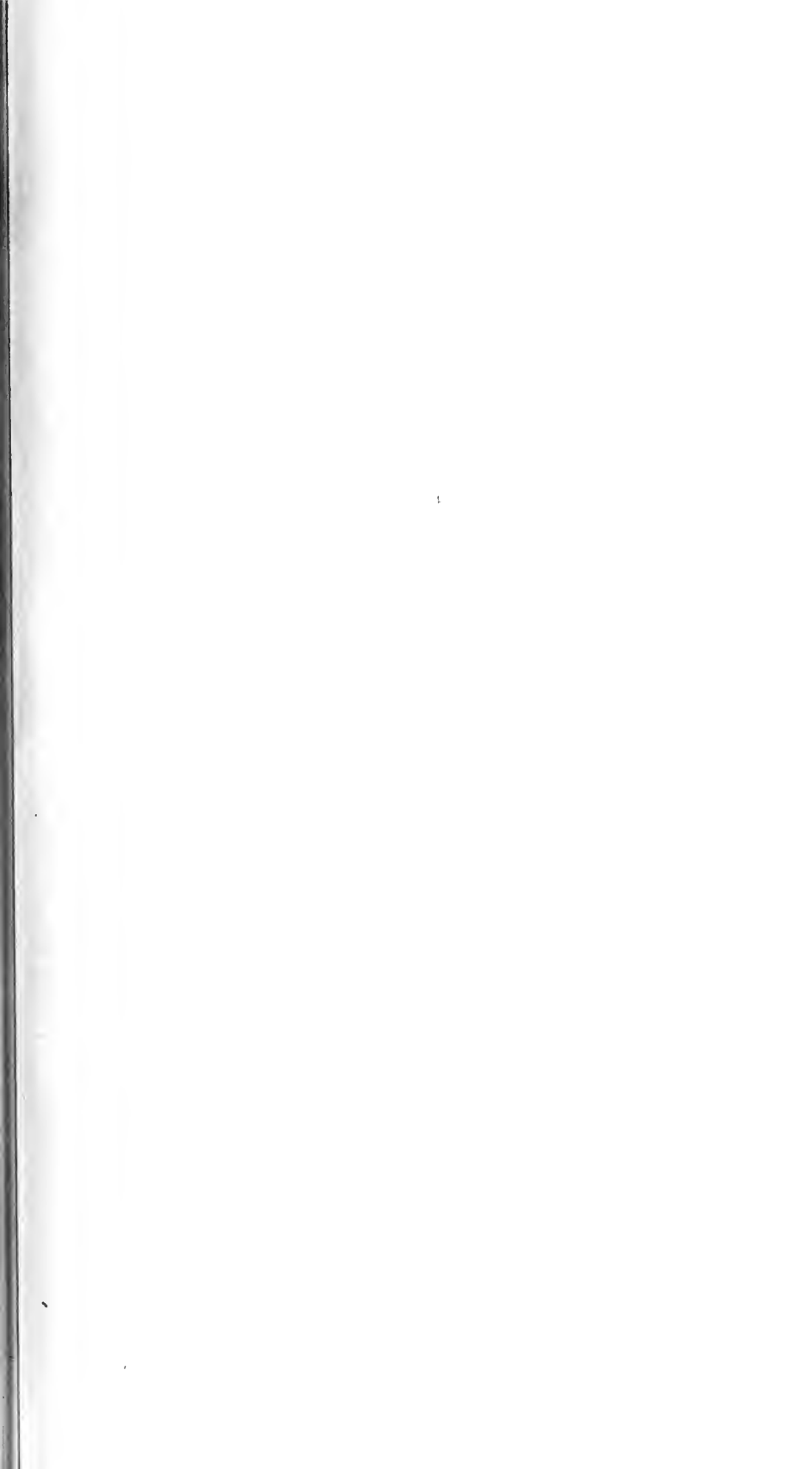
Death is now the Phenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

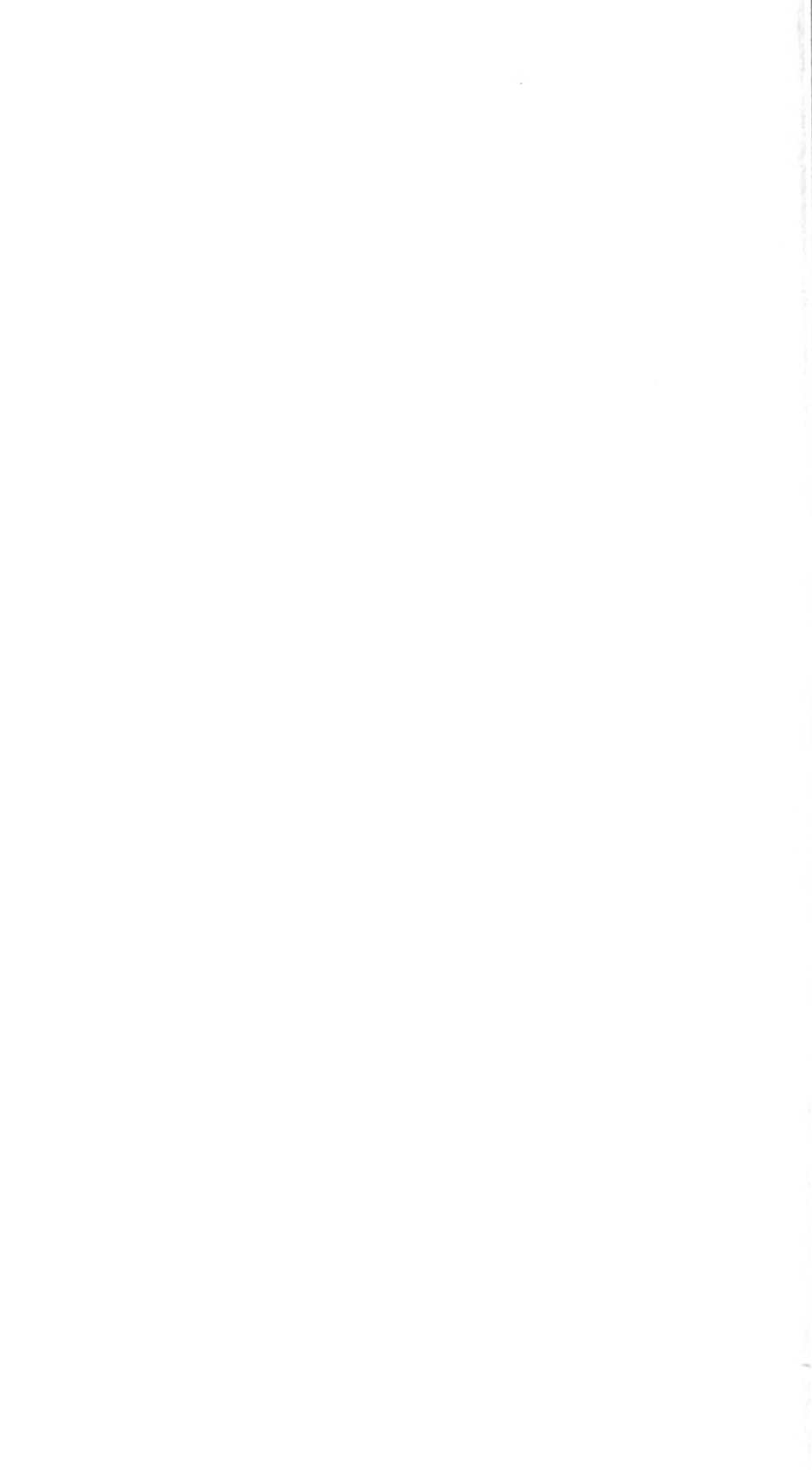
Leaving no posterity :—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

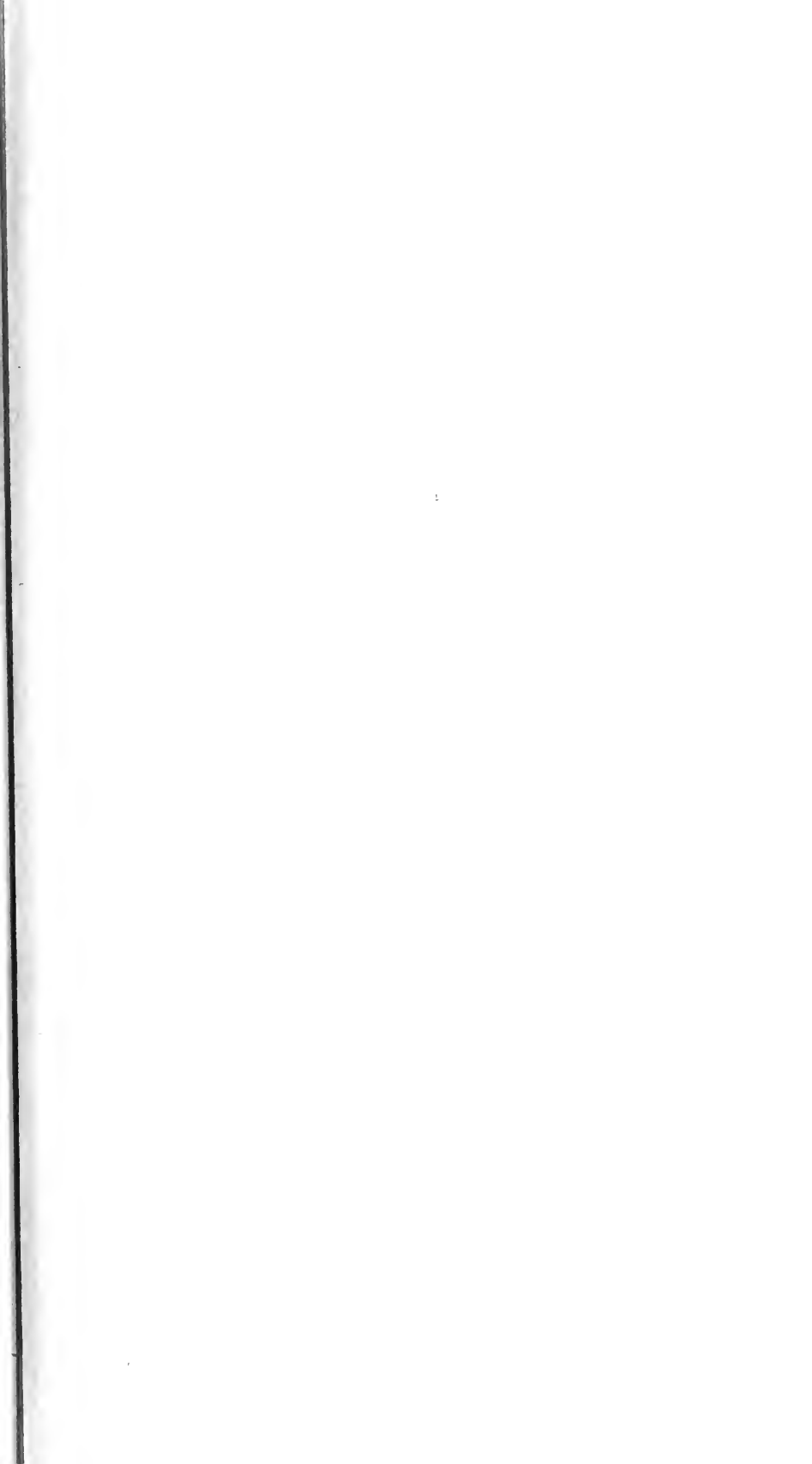
Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

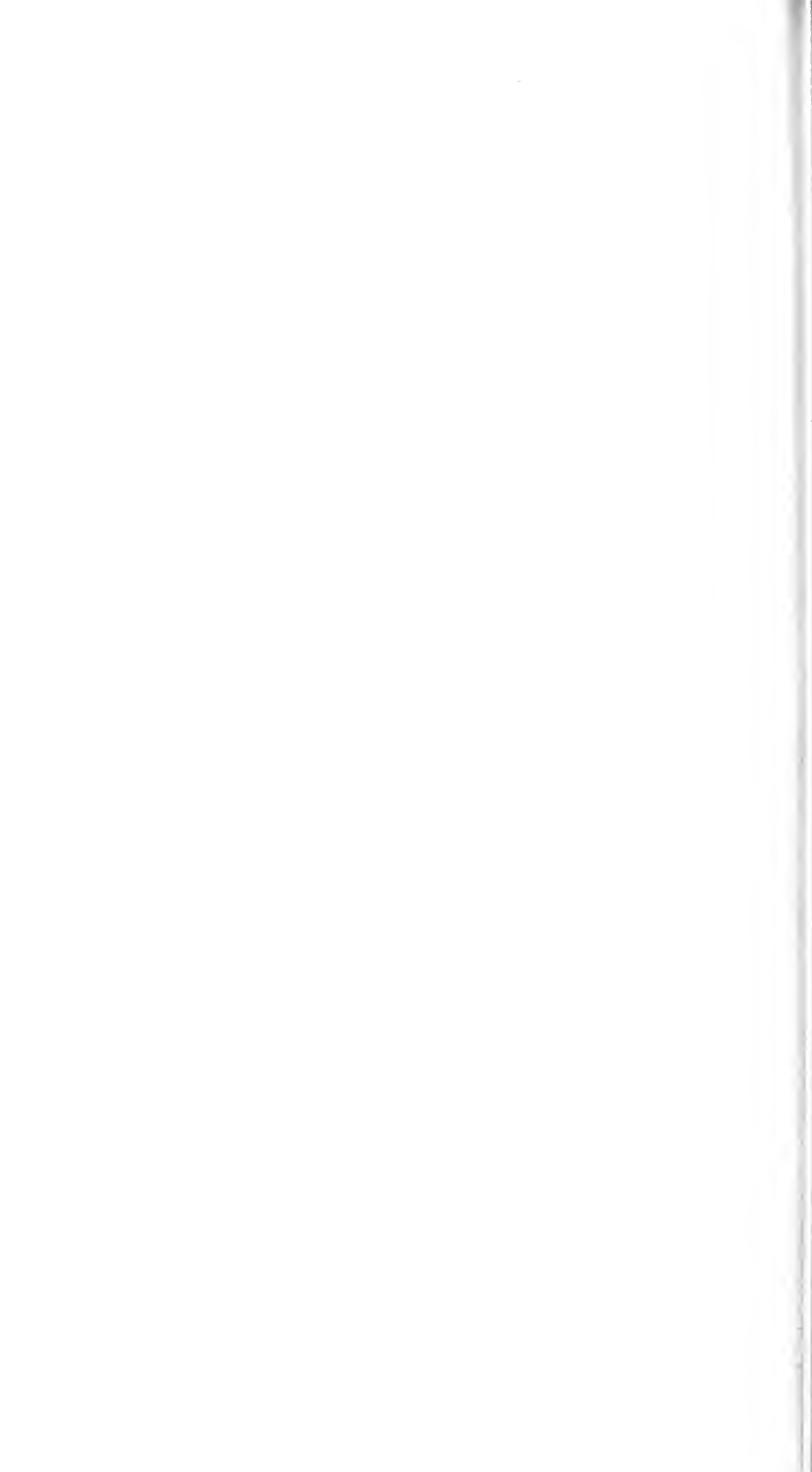
To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.









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